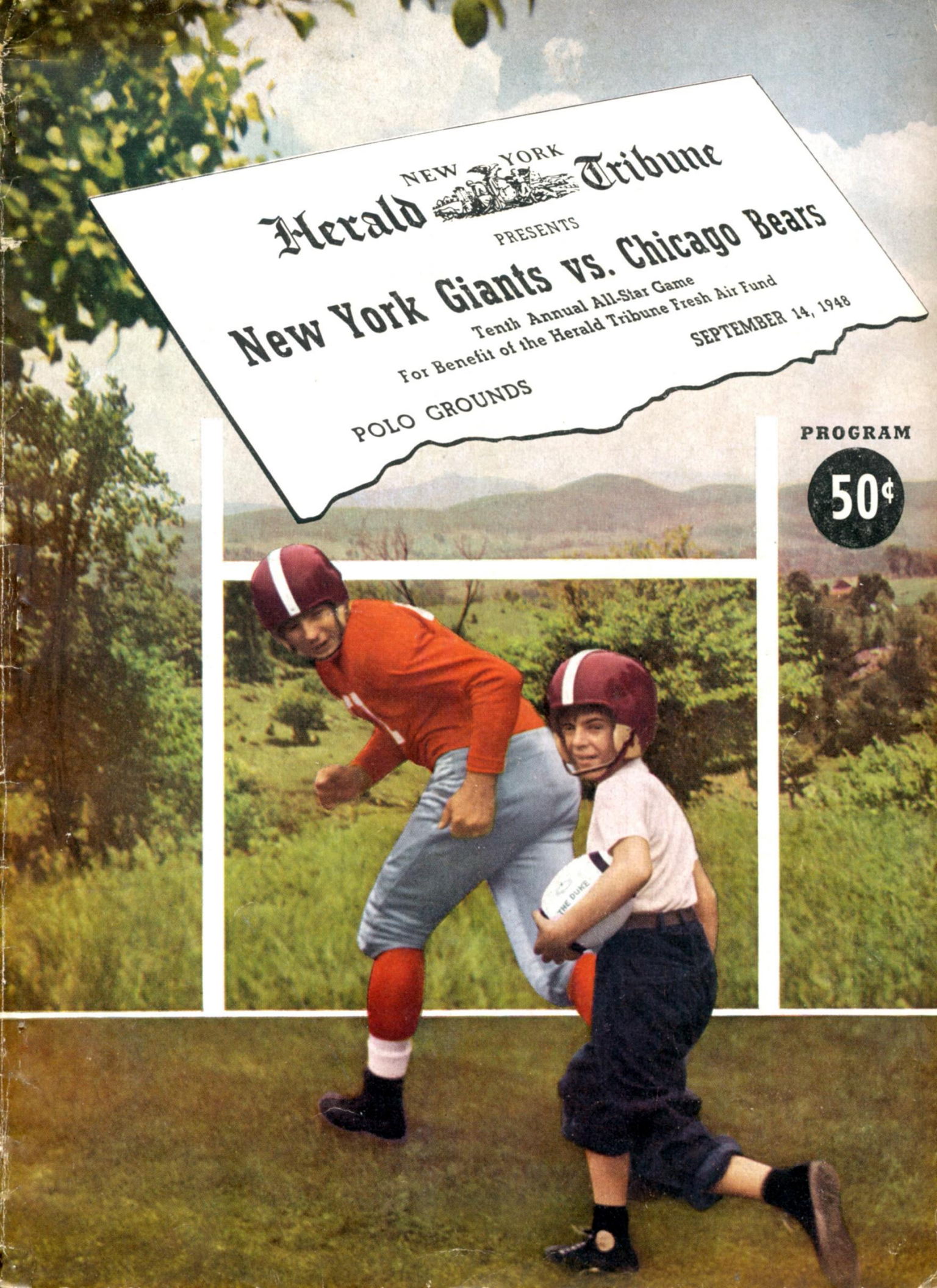
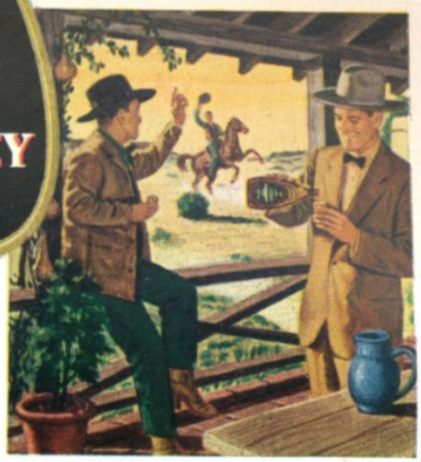

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
PRESENTS
New York Giants vs. Chicago Bears
Tenth Annual All-Star Game
For Benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund
SEPTEMBER 14, 1948
POLO GROUNDS
PROGRAM
50¢

When day is done...

you deserve SCHENLEY

6 o'clock in New York. Ask a smart New Yorker his idea of a perfect set-up, as he catches a few moments of well-earned enjoyment. He'll tell you it's good friends, good talk—and a Manhattan made with the one whiskey you deserve when day is done—light, mild, friendly *Schenley*.



6:30 on a Texas Ranch. Now visit the hard-working Texas rancher when his day is done. He'll want his whiskey neat—the *brand* is richer, *finer Schenley!*

5:30 aboard the S.S. America. Join us on this famous liner, and note the preference for light, mild, friendly *Schenley* highballs.

Barbecue-time in Palm Springs. In luxury hotel or rustic lodge, all America agrees: When day is done, you deserve *Schenley*.

From the House of Aged Whiskies SCHENLEY

Enjoy Schenley pre-war quality Blended Whiskey tonight!

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

These *facts* tell the story of Schenley's *finer* pre-war quality:

• The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. 10% straight whiskey 5 years old. 21% straight whiskey 6 years old. 4% straight whiskey 7 years old.

In distinctive decanter or familiar round bottle, traditional Schenley quality →

HERMAN BASCH & CO., INC., New York

a DeLeo design

your own fur salon will recommend

HAMMER BRAND

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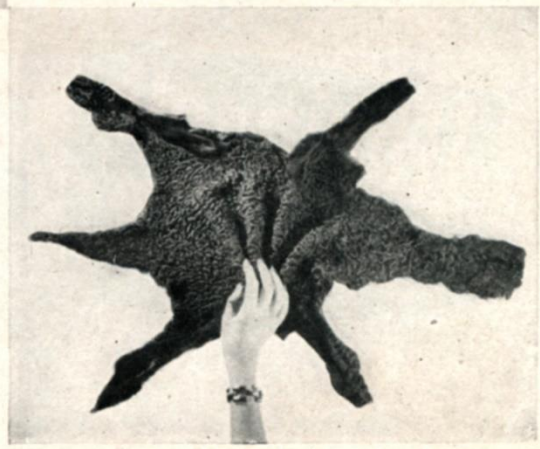
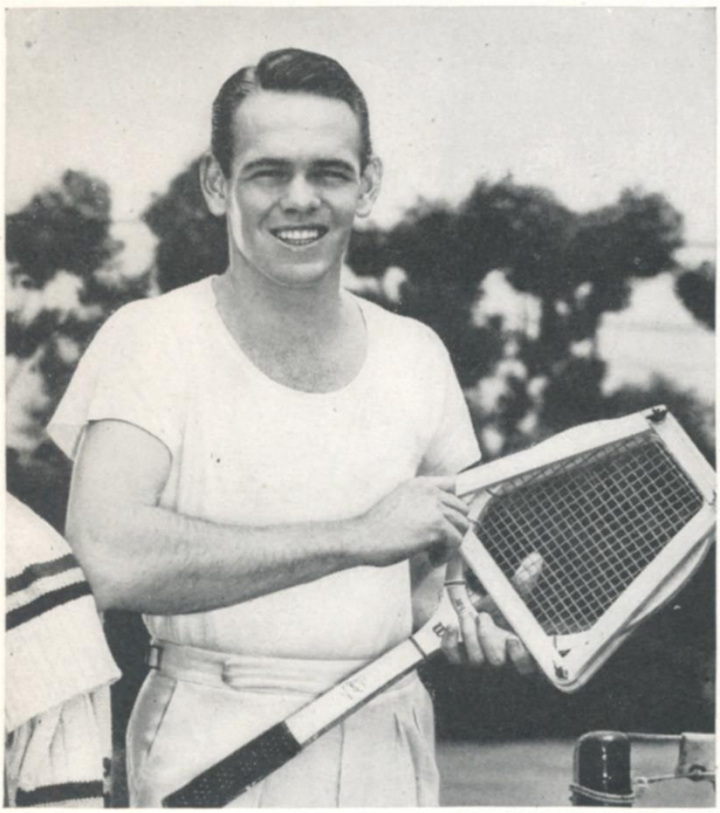
persian lamb and broadtail

by the world's largest and oldest processors of persian lamb and broadtail



"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the Dry beer!"

says JACK KRAMER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

1. **"The way to be a champion** tennis player," says Jack Kramer, world's number one tornado of the courts, "is to keep two jumps ahead of competition—and *never* lose your leadership. I guess, with beers, it's the same way . . .

2. **"That's why Rheingold** is the champion of beers. It certainly has that leadership—no wonder Rheingold is the best-selling packaged beer in town. I hear more New Yorkers asking for Rheingold than any other beer!"

Wherever you are, there's Rheingold nearby—more than 25,000 dealers in Greater New York. Try Rheingold *today.* As you fill your glass, notice its *pale crystal color* —symbol of superior brewing—appreciate its *bouquet,* enjoy its distinctive *dry flavor.* Compare it with *any other* beer—domestic or imported—you'll understand why Rheingold Extra Dry is New York's *most wanted* beer!

It's beer as beer should taste— **DRY** *tells you why!*

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 111 YEARS. EST 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

All-Star Game Program

and

The Feature Parade

Irving T. Marsh, Editor
Len Romagna, Associate

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The Front Cover

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DESIGNED and drawn by GEORGE GRELLER and PAUL FLAYER, of the New York Herald Tribune Promotion Art Department. The color photographs were made by DON RICE and CAMERON HYDE, of the New York Herald Tribune. The Giant player is JOE SULAITIS and the Fresh Air is GEORGE DUCAS. The plates were made by POWERS REPRODUCTION COMPANY.

The Illustrations

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ALL OF the cartoons were drawn by LEN ROMAGNA, of the New York Herald Tribune Promotion Art Department.

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ESTABLISHED 1853

CORN EXCHANGE BANK TRUST COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE

William and Beaver Streets

New York

o

74 BRANCHES CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN

GREATER NEW YORK

You Be The Judge . . .

By Frederick H. Lewis

NOT of the proceedings down there on the field, you understand—the boys in the bloomers and Eton caps will take care of that. Nothing to soap you, of course, from sounding off like a judge if you think it's a first down, or clipping, or backfield in motion. But experience shows that your opinion, however sound, or loud, won't make any difference one way or the other.

On the other hand, your opinion makes a great deal of difference to the work for needy children—which is the reason this game is being played. Why? Because it is people like you who make possible the extensive vacation program of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. About one-fifth of the Fund's annual $325,000 budget is raised by the September football game and the wintertime basketball game. The other four-fifths is contributed by individuals who, like yourself, make a judgment about the value of what the Fresh Air Fund does.

Chances are that if you have been able to afford the price of admission to this game, you have also been able to afford a vacation for yourself and your family. Whether you spent a lot or a little, chances are also that you felt the money it took to get a break from the city was well invested.

Question . . . *Is it worth a quarter of a million dollars a year to send 4,000 pavement children from New York's tenements to summer camp, and $75,000 more to send an additional 4,000 to the country to be guests of private families in rural communities?*

Naturally we at the Fund think it is. What really counts is whether you do too.

BACK in school now is nine-year-old Jackie W. Youngest of four children, who with father and mother live in one room, Jackie went to a Tribune camp this summer. Pop earns $30 a week. There is no other income. Mom isn't well enough to work. She is so discouraged that she has given up trying to make plans for her children. The family just drifts.

One steaming July day Jackie was sitting on the front steps of his battered tenement house trying to think up something to do, when a worker from a nearby settlement asked him if he'd like to go to camp. His dirty face lit up like a Christmas tree. When told he could go, he practically exploded with joy. Next day, dirty face, ragged clothes and all, he was on a bus headed for the Fund's Camp Deer Trail.

For two weeks Jackie swam and fished, played ball, slept in a tent deep in a forest wonderland, learned how to cook over an open fire and lived the life of Daniel Boone. He loved every minute of it. As he goes to bed tonight in his one room flat he has something to dream about, something to look forward to, for next summer is coming and he has learned that somewhere there is a better life a fellow can try for.

Question . . . *Was it worth $49 of someone's money to send Jackie to camp? You be the judge.*

SALLY L. is 11. Her father died in the Pacific in 1942. Her mother works nights as a scrubwoman in an office building, sleeps all day. Winter isn't so difficult, says Sally, because she is in school all day. But what to do with herself all day long in summer?

Though she could see them only in books and in cages, Sally is crazy about animals, reads all she can about them, writes poems about them. On her meager pay, mother could not possibly send Sally to the country where there are plenty of animals. This summer Sally received one of the Fresh Air Fund's invitations to visit a Friendly Town. A summons to Mt. Olympus could not have been more momentous.

No one ever left on the Queen Elizabeth with more emotion than did Sally as her ferry swished across the Hudson from the Barclay Street terminal. She was headed for a small town in northwestern Pennsylvania. Her head swam with images of the Land of Oz as her train threaded its way along winding rivers through the mountains, her nose pressed against the window of the air-conditioned Erie coach.

A happy family of four—father, mother and two children about Sally's age—met her at the small town station. They seemed genuinely glad to see her, even though they did not even know her name before she arrived.

For two glorious weeks, Sally was a member of a family. She ate heartily and regularly, slept soundly, played lightheartedly—and met all the animals that her heart could desire. She has been invited to return next year to spend the entire summer. And her hardworking mother has been invited too!

Question . . . *Was it worth $18 to make this possible for Sally? You be the judge.*

ARE these unusual cases? Selected for dramatic effect? The Fund can tell you hundreds of real life stories that are the equal and more of these two instances.

While you are preparing your verdict, consider the fact that the effect of the Fund's vacation program actually goes far beyond mere entertainment. Take Jackie's case. There were many "firsts" in his life besides a new form of recreation. Never before had any adult taken the friendly and sustained *individual* interest in him that his camp counselor had. This was a new relationship with an adult. Never before had meals been regular, balanced and ample. Never before had Jackie known what it was to be clean. Never had life offered so many possibilities for adventure. Never had there been a chance for the easy companionship with his mates where everyone has a chance to do his stuff, to get

(*Continued on page* 89)

FREDERICK H. LEWIS is executive director of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund.

..VACATION FOR MOM TOO

By Richard F. Crandell

OF COURSE when Fresh Air kids go to the Herald Tribune camps they have a wonderful time. They're safe from being run down by city trucks and they live in wholesome environment, eat good food and sleep, exhausted from play, in good beds. But most kids don't think, much. Thinking is for old folk. Thinking (and even dreaming) is for old folk, like mothers, the mothers who washed those clothes, packed that bag and shined those shoes the night before the kids went to camp. And kids never think that perhaps during those hours of washing and ironing for the big days at camp the very dream of having the kids safe in camp loomed before mother in the kitchen. They didn't know that when once the kids were safe in camp that their mother too could take a rest from the washboard, the ironing and the dishes and the worries and take off her shoes and sit down to rest an aching back for two weeks.

Actually the woman pictured on the opposite page, dreaming of her kids in camp, works in an office building in New York all night, comes home in the gray dawn, gets one off to school and then gets a hot breakfast for a younger child. And then, as a lusty youngster plays about the apartment, mother gets her rest, perhaps. You can't tell this mother about the glories of life in a Herald Tribune Fresh Air Camp. She loves it and has never been near one. She enjoys the children's outing, but good.

CITY TREES: The trees in the middle of this picture have no branches, but those "leaves" required the strength of four Paul Bunyans. They are the banners of the poor.

ALL SET: That suitcase being lugged aboard a shining train for a Herald Tribune Fresh Air Camp is filled with washed, patched and carefully ironed clothes, enough to last for two weeks, maybe. And the woman who did this is having her vacation now. She won't be playing third base or doing a half-gainer off a big board, but she'll be enjoying her recreation in her own way

SPIT 'N' POLISH: The photographer who took this picture of a little girl's patent leathers was surprised to find them on a Fresh Air guest. Little did he know that behind that little girl, as proud of her as a princess, was a mother whose back was still aching from the extra last minute washing and polishing. Best foot forward, you know

What is the cost of a child's smile? This little darling above was lugging a sack full of clothes and beaming in all directions as she took off for the Herald Tribune camp. And the minx at the left, all starched and curled did likewise. And the comic Joe at right chewed Animal Crackers and grinned all over the place

RICHARD F. CRANDELL is picture editor of the New York Herald Tribune

All-Star Line-Up in National Affairs

Bert Andrews
Joseph G. Herzberg
Herbert Kupferberg
Elmo Roper
Harvey E. Runner
C. Norman Stabler
Stephen White
Gill Robb Wilson

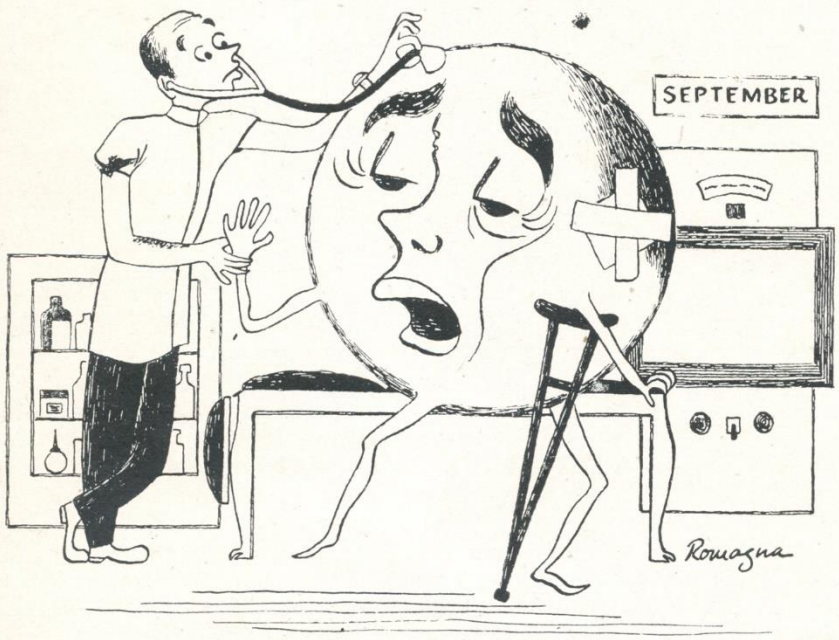
★ ★

Sporty Days Hath September. *By Bert Andrews*

WHENEVER a football crowd gathers, there's always talk of great games and great plays of other years.

And so, in the interest of nostalgia and to nudge Mr. Average Fan into realization of just how lucky he is to be able to root for his favorite team in pleasant surroundings today, let's take it away from football and talk about matters of other years—seven other years.

Take a few typical headlines from mid-September of those years.



September, 1941

"Shooting war put up to Axis by President. 'If Germany continues to seek it,' he says, 'U. S. won't shy the challenge.'"

(Remember? That was President Franklin D. Roosevelt talking. Pearl Harbor was less than three months away. The U. S. didn't "shy.")

September, 1942

"President tells Congress to stabilize cost of living by October 1 or he will peg prices, wages and profits.—Gas, speed, mileage cut, Baruch plan for all U. S. Thirty-five-mile top speed. 5,000 miles a year."

(Whatever became of that old hero, Mr. Stabilizer? And has anyone kept his "A" or "B" cards for souvenirs?)

September, 1943

"U. S. carrier force blasts Marcus Island. Tokio sees Japan's mainland threatened. U. S. Navy's task force bombs and shells base 990 miles from Tokio. Offensive in Pacific a sequel to Quebec."

BERT ANDREWS, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting in 1948, is chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

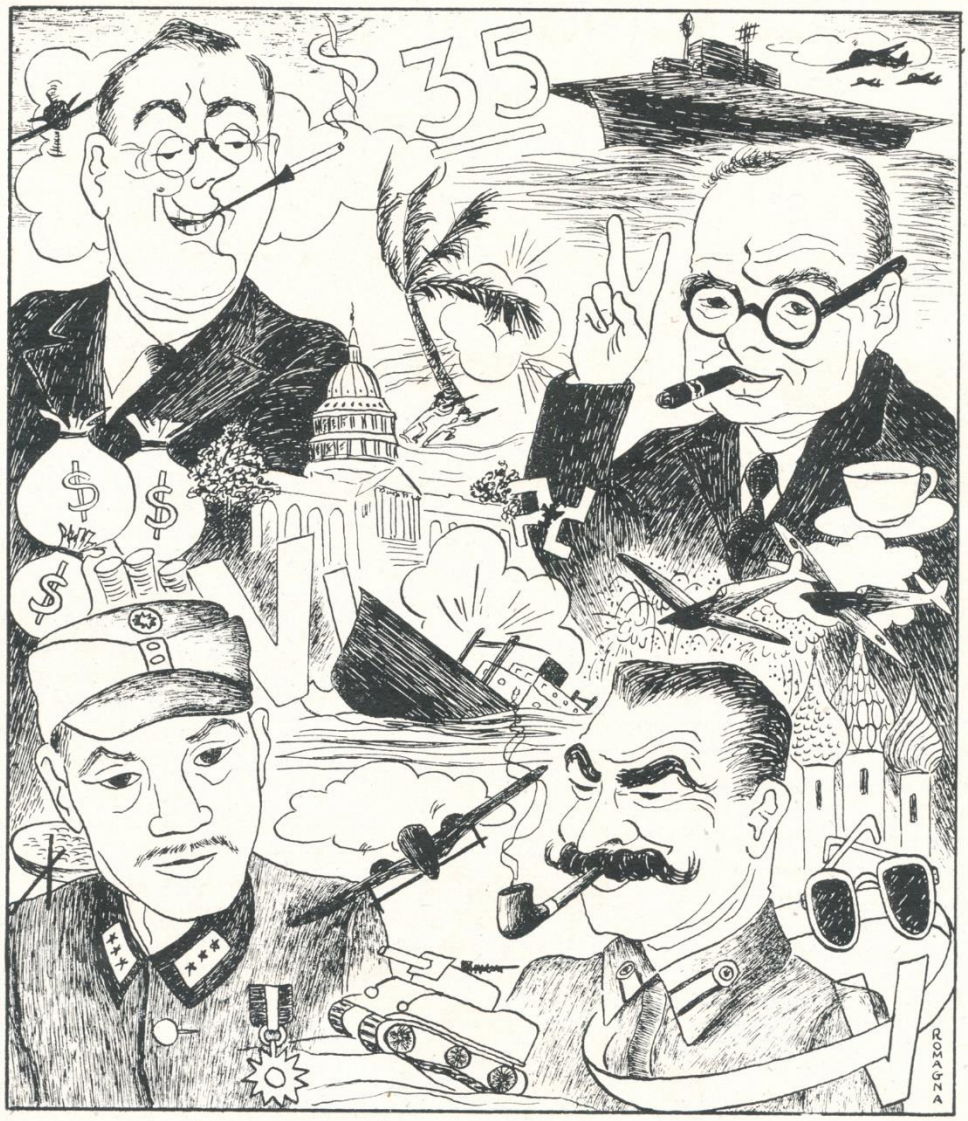
"Soong pictures post-war China on U. S. model. Sure of victory, he tells of plan for a constitution, president and congress."

"War progress summed up by President. Message calls Nation's job 'Amazingly Good,' but victory still afar. Admits mistakes on the home front. Promises intensified air war; says successes of allies are aiding Russia."

(Do those headlines of 1943 take you back? The first one contained a hint of what President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had decided at a historic conference at Quebec, and Tokio was certainly prophetic in seeing a threat to Japan's mainland. Headline number two wasn't quite as accurate. Dr. T. V. Soong, China's foreign minister, now seems to have been overly optimistic in thinking that China would settle down after the war to a government modeled after that of the United States. Maybe time will cure China's ills. Headline number three was written soon after the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Everything forecast in the headline came true.)

September, 1944

"U. S.-British Quebec vow dooms Japan. Roosevelt and Churchill declare joint blow will be struck in the Pacific. Conferees hopeful of early Nazi fall."



(This related to the second Roosevelt-Churchill-Quebec conference where the two leaders reached agreement for showering down jointly on Japan after victory in Europe. However, the United States was able to handle it pretty much by itself.)

September, 1945

"Patterson War Secretary as successor to Stimson."

(Peace was here by now, and President Truman was in the job vacated by the death of President Roosevelt. Henry L. Stimson was entitled to a rest after his arduous service as Secretary of War during time of hostilities. Robert P. Patterson, who had ably assisted him, was entitled to recognition in the top job, and so he got it. This was the period of high hopes for complete international cooperation among the Big Powers.)

September, 1946

"Soviet spy plot digest is made for Eisenhower. Army summary is reported stressing tie-up of Red networks in Canada, U. S."

(The dreams of 1945 were fast fading. A Russian spy plot in Canada which tied directly in with Russia's diplomats there caused grave concern. One worried man was General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Army Chief of Staff, who had the Army's G-2 prepare a comprehensive summary of the findings of a Canadian Royal Commission which investigated Russia's espionage activities.)

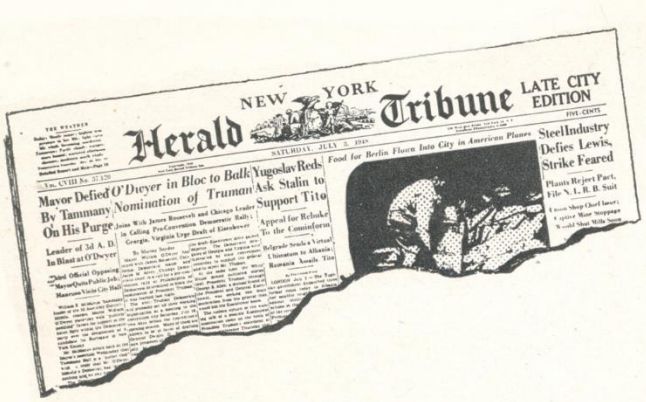
September, 1947

Secretary of State George C. Marshall, goes straight to the question of alleged Russian "frustration of the collective will" in major disputes. He offers a plan to prevent "abuse" of the Security Council veto. Marshall prefaces a series of challenges to Russia by observing that "more than two years after the end of the war, the fruits of peace and victory are still beyond our grasp and reconstruction lags everywhere. There is desperate need throughout great areas. In place of peace, liberty and economic security, we find menace, repression and dire want."

That's the way it looked just a year ago.

It doesn't look much better now.

(But the one great fact—with a silent prayer for the ones who weren't so fortunate—is that America is lucky that such a spectacle as this can be staged in peace in 1948.)



All-Star Line-Up in International Affairs

William Attwood
Gaston Coblentz
Mac R. Johnson
Walter Kerr
William J. Knight
Joseph Newman
Allen Raymond
A. T. Steele
Jack Tait
Fitzhugh Turner

★ ★

By Mac R. Johnson

VIVA VIVOS

BUENOS AIRES

TWO kinds of people live in Buenos Aires, the "vivos" and the "zonzos." It's a compliment to be called "vivo" and an insult to be labelled "zonzo."

A "vivo" is hep, he's sharp, he's the guy that gets the girl, the extra gallons when gasoline is rationed, turns a fast peso on a deal. He's alert, crafty and a bit of an opportunist. People look admiringly on this character and say he's "vivo."

The "zonzo" might be called his victim. It comes from a good Spanish word meaning "stupid" and that's just what he is. There's nothing of the knave or the rogue in a "zonzo," which is not to be confused with "you so and so."

These terms apply not only to the Argentines, but to several hundred thousand persons of British and Irish descent who live in Buenos Aires. All Britishers keep their accent and all Irishmen practice their brogue. They never sever relations with their home island nor do they refer to themselves as Argentines, even though they may be anywhere from the third to twentieth generation born here.

They call themselves "Anglo-Argentines." Most of them have never seen England, but some have gone to school there or made a three months' trip. However, they talk about how things are "at home," scream for cricket scores on teams they've never seen and discuss the new heir Princess Elizabeth will give the Empire next fall.

THE Irish follow the same pattern, still having their feet tangled in shamrocks although the fourth or fifth generation born on the Pampas. They are Argentines by birth, do their military service here and vote, but they are still more Irish than Argentine.

This reminds me of my favorite Argentine-Irishman. He believes that all cops in New York are Irish. He bases this strictly on the motion pictures, which he sees no reason to doubt. He also points out that Hollywood's glory is due to such people as Spencer Tracy, Maureen O'Sullivan and Pat O'Brien, that the only funny American jokes are about Pat and Mike and it was a great day for the Irish when "Ol' Dev" (Eamon de Valera) and Mayor O'Dwyer hit it off on a nice visit a few months ago. He is equally well informed on Ireland and will go there some day, he hopes.

All Anglo-Argentines are bilingual, that is, all except one man that I know of. His card read "Percy Cuthbert Clutterbuck" and can you blame me for addressing him in English?

All of these people, "vivos," "zonzos," Argentines, Irishmen, all eat beefsteak two or three times a day. In fact, this is the biggest beef eating country in the world. Its 16,000,000 men, women and children average about a pound a day the year around.

Everybody that makes over $75 a month eats tenderloin steaks nearly exclusively. They eat so many of them so often that one has the general impression that all they have left to export is roundsteak, rump roasts and hamburger.

Personally, I like sirloin, but this is a lowly cut of meat reserved for the servants. The tenderloins (bife de lomo) are delicious but just too tender for me. I've wanted something chewier ever since that Washington dentist inserted a new porcelain molar to compensate for a fall. (The sawdust was slippery.)

This further reminds me that after eating Argentine beef for a year, I have not contracted foot and mouth disease. I had

MAC R. JOHNSON is South American correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.

a bad scare, but the doctor said it was a cold sore. None of my friends have it either, nor their cows. This sometimes makes one wonder about the Western beef bloc and, aided by a few votes from the Cotton or Codfish bloc, keeping Argentine beef out of the United States.

This is a very complicated problem, irritating and controversial. The U. S. beef boys claim that the bug is carried in the marrow. They argue that some picnicker might throw an old T-bone into the pasture. The bugs would crawl out in the grass and infect some American cow who would spread it around and destroy our herds. Of course, some packer might bone the meat before exporting it, but that brings up the question of Argentina's tender beef possibly grabbing off the rich market on the eastern seaboard.

I guess, after all, you'd better come down here and have your tenderloin steaks. (I will still sneak out at night and buy a sirloin, telling the butcher it's for the dog.)

In Argentina, the people wash down their steaks with over a *billion* bottles of their own good wine each year and about half that many bottles of beer. You can tell the age of a child by the amount of soda his Dad add's to the lad's wine. When he gets down to one quick squirt from the syphon, the kid's ready for high school.

Incidentally, this is probably one of the few places in the world where you actually can order a half-drink of whiskey. This is opposite to the U. S. where you automatically get a half when you order a full. Anyway, the Argentines leave the whiskey drinking pretty well to the British, Irish and North Americans. The latter numbering about 3,200, manage to keep the price up.

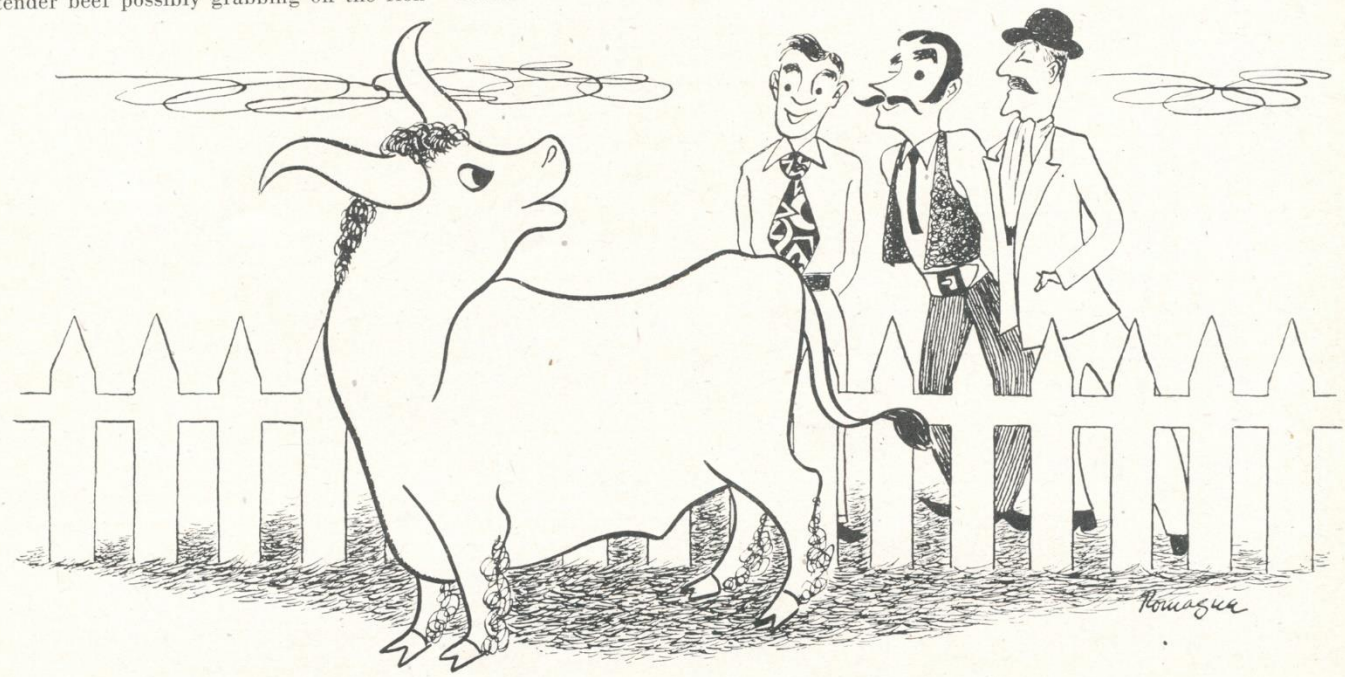
YOU can tell the Americans down here by their loud neckties. The Argentine male is well dressed, but superconservative on neckwear. However, they are strong on mustaches. I once thought that a smooth upper lip and a loud tie made one pretty "vivo" with the girls, but I now suspect that the black mustache and black tie combination is favored by the Buenos Aires beauties.

You never see an Argentine gentleman in a sports coat. Those who wear this contrivance are either Englishmen on horseback out in Palermo park, or American merchant mariners who just got into town.

One thing I'll say for the English—they've tried hard to make their Latin neighbors punctual. Argentines are 30 to 90 minutes late for all appointments, coming or going. If you really mean that you want to see some one at 10 o'clock, you add "hora Inglesa," or "English hour." In short, be punctual. However, it usually doesn't help.

There's also an Italian influence here. It's crept into the language. You say "chau, ché." It means "so long, chum." The "chau" comes from the Italian "ciao" and the "ché" from Valencia, Spain.

As I said, "chau, ché."



All-Star Line-Up in Arts and Letters

John Crosby — *Ernest A. Kehr*
Will Cuppy — *Robert B. Peck*
Beach Conger — *Eugenia Sheppard*
Otis L. Guernsey, Jr. — *Walter Terry*
Virgil Thomson

★ ★

Listeners, Professional And Amateur . . . *By John Crosby*

I WAS talking to a man the other day who has to read all the time, he being an aged fellow who lives off the sweat of honest writers' brows. Reading, which once was a delight to him, is now such a chore he can barely face the printed page without shuddering. The sight of a new book, with its festive covers of broad-bosomed ladies in ancient costumes, fills him with intense loathing, which of course affects his judgment of the book to a considerable degree.

Well, I have a similar, though not so violent feeling about radio. I'm rather handsomely rewarded for listening to the darned thing and, for this reason, I find it very hard work. I am constantly bewildered by the fact that there are approximately 100,000,000 people in this country who listen to the radio *for nothing*. What, I keep asking myself, do you suppose is the matter with these people? Obviously our tastes—theirs and mine—differ to an enormous degree, yet I find myself passing judgment on radio for their amusement, edification and instruction.

This is all wrong. We have nothing in common, the amateur listeners and myself, except the possession of a radio. Our listening habits are as different as our respective attitudes. Your amateur listens in his spare time, when nothing more inviting presents itself. My spare time is determined entirely by what is on the air at the moment. If a program is scheduled which wants attention, then it's working hours for me, not spare time at all.

A RADIO critics's life is run by the clock more assiduously than anyone outside babyhood. It presents the critic's wife with some fancy problems. Dinner, for instance, must be sandwiched in after, say, Edward R. Murrow finishes (8 p.m.) and before "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons" begins (8:30). The dinner hour is never the same on any two nights running. Nights out must be arranged with an eye to the radio log so as to miss programs already reviewed and not to miss the ones that aren't. Frequently my working schedule calls for an hour and a half of straight listening and note-taking, followed by a half hour breather, then more listening. What in hell do you do with half an hour's spare time? I haven't worked it out yet. Nothing in life (except a radio program) is arranged to fit a half hour—no more no less.

I lived at Fire Island some years back in a house situated about a hundred yards from Flynn's Bar. I would listen to the radio on the front porch for an hour, say 8 to 9, dash to Flynn's, arriving around 9:03, remain relatively relaxed for twenty-four minutes, nervously consuming whisky, then dash back to the porch just in time to hear some strikingly banal quiz program. The other customers in Flynn's thought I was crazy—and with good reason. I never arrived at or departed from

JOHN CROSBY, radio critic of the New York Herald Tribune, conducts a column called "Radio in Review."

Flynn's in anything less than a dead run, sometimes two or three times in an evening. After the third time, the other drinkers would edge away, leaving little pools of emptiness on both sides of me, and casting occasional furtive and significant glances in my direction. This sort of treatment is not calculated to enhance the spirit of calm, critical detachment of the victim.

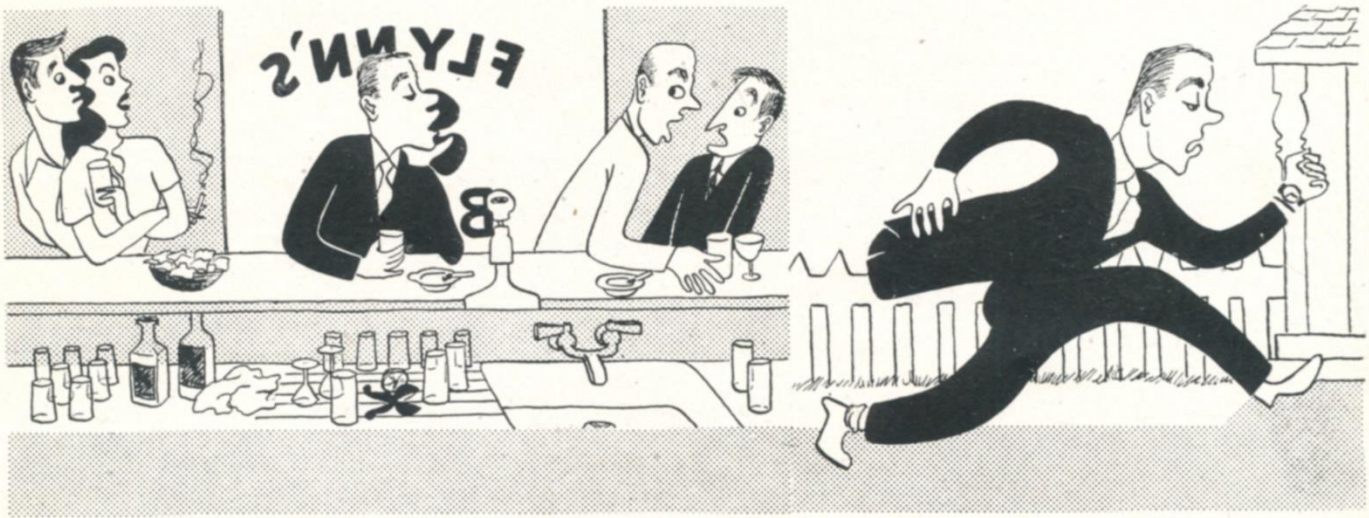
MY wife and I have learned to schedule our conversation in half hour segments. We can dispose of two or three minor problems or one major one in that time. However, a really vital problem—shall we buy the house or shall we not?—takes two hour periods, pausing briefly at the end of the first half hour for station identification.

Your amateur and professional differ in another important respect. The amateur discovers, after some experimentation, a couple of favorite programs and can't be persuaded to budge from them ever after. The professional listens to everything. But once he has reviewed a program its usefulness is ended. Nothing could persuade him to listen to it again for a long, long time, no matter how good it is. As a matter of fact, the goodness or badness of a program has little to do with the critic's enjoyment of it. He is interested solely in its susceptibility to being written about, and the bad programs are, in many cases, even more fruitful in that regard than the good ones. Nothing is harder to write about than the NBC symphony, though it is a magnificent program.

THAT leads to another peculiarity in the life of the professional listener. He must continue to write about programs, many of which have not changed format, ideas or personnel in fifteen years. In fact, if I had a single criticism of radio, it would be this: There isn't a single, sensible reason, apart from economic reasons, why a program should go on once a week for half an hour. There are many, many weeks in which Fred Allen would be well advised to boil his show down to fifteen minutes. There are weeks when everyone would be better off if he skipped it entirely and went to a football game, preferably this one. There are commentators with only five minutes of comment in them who persist in going on for fifteen minutes, simply because tradition and the sponsor demand it.

It's a criticism I realize that applies equally well to a lot of other things. I have never understood why "Life" or any other magazine has to come out every week. Now and then I think a rest is advisable for everyone concerned, including the readers. A Lifeless week, I feel, would be a great stimulant to a lot of "Life" readers, who would be forced to find some other occupation every Friday. It's a rather heretical thought, but this same thing applies even more forcefully to newspapers. No one has succeeded in explaining to me why a newspaper has to come out every day. There are many, many days when we could suspend publication and the world would be not a a whit poorer or more ignorant.

And, of course, the same thought applies to all columns, radio or otherwise.



All-Star Line-Up in the Sports World

Jesse Abramson
Bob Cooke
Fred Hawthorne
Al Laney
Bill Lauder, Jr.
Joe H. Palmer
Kerr N. Petrie
Rud Rennie
Harold Rosenthal
Red Smith

★ ★

Society, St. Cloud and Smith; Or, *the Feeling is Pari-Mutuel*

By Red Smith

THIS is written some days after deadline and some miles removed from the Polo Grounds, in a Paris parlor-bedroom-bath occupied by two bewildered Americans and a company of knowledgeable fleas. At the moment, the idea of young men tromping on one another's profiles in pursuit of a pig bladder full of air seems an unlikely thing, foreign and inexpressibly remote. Here they use pig bladders only in the hors d'oeuvres. The papers don't have the baseball scores, you can't learn how DiMaggio is doing, and except for a few hours of watching strenuous cretins knock themselves out at deck tennis on the ship from New York, the only recent contact with sport was a visit to the races at St. Cloud.

This, the racing at St. Cloud, is sport of purest ray serene. Lest there be any doubts on that score, it is so stated on the program, which is published by the Societe Sportive for the Encouragement of the Racing of the Horses. A party of us members of the gay, decadent international set went out the other day to see a

RED SMITH, one of the outstanding sports columnists of the nation, conducts "Views of Sport" six times weekly in the New York Herald Tribune.

beast named Goyama, the Stymie of France, win the Grand Prix de St. Cloud, a jaunt of 2,500 metres (about a mile and two-thirds) for 3,000,000 francs ($10,000).

INSTEAD of using an abandoned noodle factory like Jamaica or Aqueduct for the encouragement of the racing of the horses, the French set up their cavalry posts in spacious and charming parks in surroundings calculated to encourage the betting of the money on the races of the horses. St. Cloud, for example, stands on forested heights across the Seine from Paris.

You pay 250 francs (about 85 cents) to walk down an avenue of trees into the clubhouse, which is a wooden grandstand of modest size all frilled up with carvings and horse gargoyles which look like beaten favorites.

Trees encroach upon the sides and rear of these stands. There is real grass on the lawn sloping down to the track, and on the grass and under the trees there are horse players. Some of the horse players wear pearl gray bowlers and frock-coats, some wear Lelong creations and some wear diapers. All wear the look of horse players.

THE general admission area is in the center field where steepled buildings cut the horses off from view as effectually as the Widener Chute at Belmont. There is, however, some contact between the patrons in this space and the quality across the track. After each race, a carpet is unrolled across the track so the clubhouse customers may walk over and rub elbows with the peasants.

The carpet is to protect the grass of the racing strip, and that's the first thing that throws the visitor from America. He has known that French races are run on turf, but the chances are he has forgotten, and his first glimpse of the lush green ribbon that is the track startles him. Between races, characters walk around with long-handled bungstarters and tamp down the divots kicked up by the horses.

There is no tote board at St. Cloud. Scratches and jockeys are posted on a slate behind the clubhouse. You pay a man fifty francs at the start of the day and he gives you the changing odds before each event. He takes a keen look at the fifty francs, a keen look at your face, and thereafter he knows you as one of his customers.

Mutuel windows range from 100 francs (35) cents up. You can bet your horse to place but if the field does not exceed seven there is no show wagering.

AFTER the horses are saddled in a shed behind the clubhouse and have paraded in a hideously crowded walking ring, kicking the customers assiduously, the trainer leads them onto the track and turns 'em loose. There is no post parade as we know it. The instant the trainer releases the bridle, the jockey kicks his mount into a gallop and goes tearing up the stretch like the Lone Ranger.

The beasts come straggling onto the track in any old order, irrespective of saddle cloth numbers, and they run every which way when the bell rings. In one event preceding the Grand Prix, the field started from a chute at the top of the home stretch, ran up the wrong way of the back stretch, disappeared on a wide circle to the left, then came around the stretch turn and down for home.

There is no public address system, no band, and scarcely a sound from the crowd. As the rubber barrier flies up, there is a faint murmur, immediately drowned out by the starting bell. Thereafter you hear only the faintest of moans. This was so, at least, on Grand Prix day; no excitable Gauls set fire to the stands, but then, it was a good day for favorites.

[A collaborator, not in French sense of the word, testifies that the crowd has been known to give vent to its feelings in the best Gallic tradition. While the war was still in progress, and particularly after the Americans arrived, St. Cloud operated with a slightly substandard brand of the hay absorbers. But it operated.

The appearance of a celebrity induced the French version of the bobby soxer to transports of demonstrations far in excess of our local scream-kids. Maurice Chevalier, hastily accused of holding hands with the Germans, and later cleared, could provide a French race crowd with a greater thrill than Stymie making his bid in the backstretch. —Ed.]

GOYAMA, a five-year-old that has won everything in sight this season, was backed down to 1 to 10. His stablemate from the barn of the wealthy Marcel Boussac, a speed horse named Iror, set the pace as expected and yielded, as expected, to Goyama in the run for home. When the race was over, there was no nonsense about presentations in the winner's inclosure, no speech-making, no radio interviews. The boys just rode their horses the hell out of there.

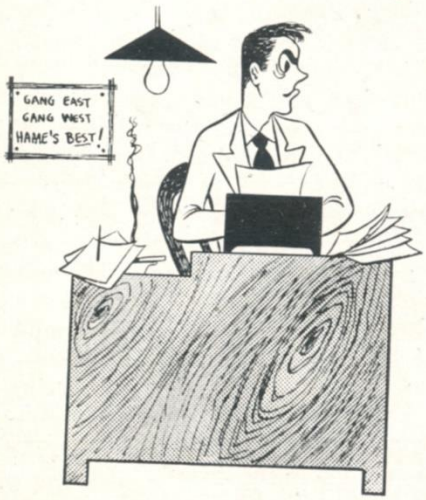
Nobody cheered a cheer. As the French say, Goyama had win it like breaking of the sticks.

It *Shouldn't* Happen To a Newspaperman

by Joseph G. Herzberg

DOZENS of good newspapermen have switched over to Hollywood and anyone might think that occasionally one of these emigres would tell a director something about the newspaper business. Yet the movie portrayal of newspaper life gets speedily worse. No film reporter ever gets stuck on night rewrite or is told to put up an obituary. No matter how scarce jobs are, the movie newspaperman always feels free to bawl out the managing editor, or to stay away from the city room for a couple of weeks. And of course from the way he throws around money while on assignment it is plain that his paper has no accounting department.

What is the composite of a reporter as Hollywood screens him? He is generally a cynical alcoholic, with no respect for such accessories of civilization as policemen or marriage. He has no decent friends and reserves his bantering for racketeer bosses and public prosecutors, both of whom are mortally afraid of him. He gets fired at least once during each assignment and then gets hired back after he has uncovered a story that has every big shot in town quivering in terror. But the story does not get printed until the District Attorney has been convinced the reporter is not guilty of having embedded Woodenhead Willie in a block of concrete and lowered him gently into the Gowanus Canal. Meantime, too, the reporter has handled firearms like Dillinger, driven a car like Ralph DePalma and used his fists in a way to make Stanley Ketchell quail.



NOW what of a real reporter? Give the once-over to the quiet fellow sitting next to you at this football game. If he seems to be an honest, law-abiding citizen, dressed neatly and with a hat that does not look like a discouraged souffle, maybe he is a newspaperman. And the man sitting with him probably is his uncle from Montclair, in the textile business and not the owner of the most vicious dive west of the Casbah. The reporter no doubt would choose this way of spending the evening, instead of table-hopping at the local Trocadero, where a Hollywood director soon would have him exchanging barbed innuendo with a celery-haired thrush over her relationship with the wealthy rat who recently departed this life under the influence of a .38. And why, incidentally, is the victim always found sprawled on the floor of a bedroom big enough to be a bus terminal?

A real reporter has lots of better things to do. Maybe not better, but at least things his city editor tells him to do. Moreover, the reporter goes about doing it in an extremely simple way. He merely tries to find out what the facts are. And when he does he does not rush to a typewriter and begin to pound out staccato sentences that will be printed under an eight-column banner. When a reporter has all his facts he talks with his city editor about it. The city editor tells him how much to write and sometimes even how to write it. And the presses do not have to stop because on a real morning newspaper these stories must be done early and generally the reporter's day is over long before a pressman has arrived on the premises.

IF a reporter could sue movie producers for damaging his generic reputation, a city editor should at least have them all arrested. The public would suffer incurable shock if a picture once showed a city editor whose tie was on straight. Or whose voice did not have the carrying power of an air-raid siren. Certainly, any city editor would be interested in a gang of murderers but he must be interested too in such relatively unimportant things (to Hollywood) as housing, schools, the traffic situation, strikes, the city hall, and even (MGM forbid) the United Nations. These need to be spiced with the stories about old folks, kids, screwballs and animals people like to read. Nor can a city editor forget stories about the weather, about prominent people dying, or meetings and dinners, charity drives and political campaigns. Just an idler, obviously.

IN a way, movie journalism is the best newspaper course there is. Just watch the movie newspaperman and you will see how it should not be done. Go look at a recent picture whose star, a reporter, starts his story by writing the headlines. That might be a neat way to eliminate the copy desk where headlines are actually written but what money a paper would save on copyreaders would certainly find its way into the pockets of libel lawyers. Guess how many printers would go crazy trying to make those reporter-written headlines fit.

IN another film epic, an opposition paper gets a story throwing down one its competitor had smeared over page one for a week. And where did the opposition learn the lowdown? Through a telephone call to the city editor from a shady individual, with no previous record for honesty. Did the city editor try to check the story? Did he act as if it were possible that since his caller was a paragon of lawlessness the information was not altogether truthful? Nonsense. That would be how it was done in the old days. This

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

Tales of Tokyo . . By Allen Raymond

TOKYO THERE are two cities in post-war Tokyo, one for the victor and one for the vanquished, one for Americans and one for Japanese. Once you look them over you realize how absolutely necessary it is to win a war if you're going to have one.

There is no doubt but that American army personnel and civilians, brought out here to conduct the occupation, are having the time of their lives. Thanks to the generosity of the American people and the leadership of General Douglas MacArthur, the best of everything isn't any too good for the representatives of the United States out here. Model housing developments have been built for them, with schools, movies, commissaries, clubs, requisitioned golf courses, requisitioned resort hotels at the beaches and up in the mountains, all at their service. Charges for absolutely everything, as long as they stay within the economy of American military currency and supplies, are far lower than they would be for similar advantages back home.

Once they stray out of American compounds to buy anything in Japanese markets, however, they are in immediate trouble, unless they go into the black market, which may bring them more trouble later. There is an inflation in Japan today that is reminiscent of Germany after defeat in each of the latest two wars.

For the top-flight occupiers of defeated Japan the finest remaining homes in Tokyo have been taken from upper-crust residents of pre-war infamy. They have been handed over to the conquerors. Field grade officers and upwards, diplomats of allied missions, veteran newspaper reporters perched high on their dignity as foreign correspondents are all riding the gravy train. Theirs is magnificent housing at minimum cost in the midst of ruins.

ONCE they adjust themselves to the army's unique way of doing things, there is no reason why all should not go merry as a marriage bell. Of course people have to be a little patient some times. It takes a long time for important papers to get out of "incoming baskets" on the desks of some officers, and then out of "outgoing baskets" and then to reach their proper destinations, properly check-marked by a succession of General MacArthur's disciplined helpers, each as scrupulously correct as a Boston spinster.

But there are great advantages for Americans living in Japan. Liquor and servants are cheap and plentiful. Nobody has to keep up with the Joneses, because the Army says exactly who the Joneses are, and you can tell at a glance by looking at their shoulders.

Things are a little rough out here for the Japanese, but not so rough as conditions are for the losers of war in Central Europe. Their beloved emperor, Hirohito, called the war off just before the full weight of American sky power dropped on them. Then General MacArthur strode into Tokyo, with all the majesty of the great god Mars in person, and took his rightful place somewhat above the emperor, like a member of the Tokugawa shoguns. Chivalry for his defeated enemy beat warm in his heart—except for a few outrageous criminals. Considerations of highest justice have led him to hang these varmints high on the gallows, stripped of their decorations and clothed in dungarees.

To keep down unrest and disease, the General has brought into Japan enough food to see to it that every little Japanese citizen, among the millions of little Japanese citizens, now multiplying like rabbits, is saved from starvation. The main trouble with the Japanese, as always, is that there are too many of them within the narrow confines of these islands. Beyond that the war has left their flimsy

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OLD AND NEW: Here's how the Japanese learned of their privileges under the new constitution. This poster, one of a series prepared by General Douglas MacArthur's government, points out what the police could do under the old system and what they can do under the new.

ALLEN RAYMOND is Tokyo correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.

You May Be In the Movies

★ *By Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.*

THIRD AVENUE: Scene from R.K.O.'s "The Widow" with Bobby Driscoll.

ON a warm Sunday morning of the summer just past, this reporter awoke to the bright promise of a new day off, stretched, arose and strolled to the living room of his ground floor Manhattan apartment with the idea of throwing wide the casement windows into the sunshine. Envisioning cool breezes and long morning shadows, he grasped the bronze handles, pulled them down and thrust outward. Obstructing the view of leafy sidewalk trees shivering gently in the quiet air of New York Sunday was one uniformed policeman, with shield outthrust and eyes staring straight into the reporter's.

"Shut that window, buddy," said the cop, speaking firmly but without rancor.

The reporter, an honest yeoman living in a democracy and bent on no more outlawry than opening his own windows on Sunday morning, balked at this suggestion. Having a thorough respect for the law, however, he let "The hell I will" wait upon "Why?"

"I got my orders," said the cop, shrugging his shoulders and not answering the question.

Up to that moment the reporter had not noticed the large group of people gathered in the middle of the street, and the bystanders ranged against the housefronts opposite. His attention was attracted when one man detached himself from the group in the street and came over.

"We're using this building for a movie," this other fellow said. "You know—a movie. We're taking pictures of this house," he added, then he explained: "We have all the windows closed in the first few shots, and we have to be consistent. We have to have them closed in every shot, or hundreds of thousands of people would object. So Twentieth Century-Fox and I would greatly appreciate it if you. . . ."

"What's the name of the picture?" asked this reporter.

"'The Dark Wood'."

"It'll probably stink," said this reporter, closing his windows.

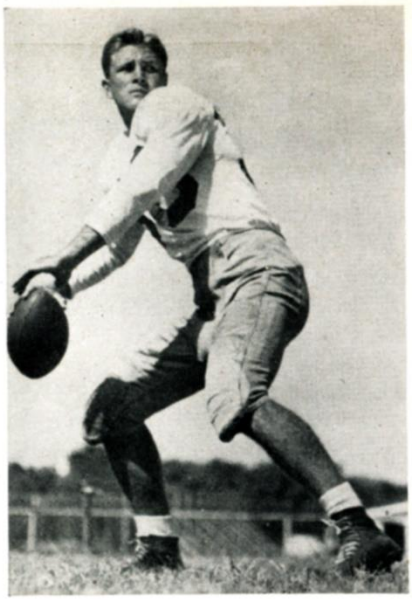
ALL the aforegoing is by way of illustration of what could happen to any New Yorker at any time. Encouraged by Mayor O'Dwyer, the Hollywood studios have broken out in a rash of location shooting here. It is not cheaper or easier to bring a whole crew of technicians, stagehands and actors into the East's unpredictable weather, but location shooting creates a detailed authenticity which, producers hope, will increase the quality of their films. Other cities and rural communities are being invaded by camera crews in a trend that has permeated the industry. But New York, being the locale of so many scripts, is the chief target for out-of-Hollywood film activity.

In the old, old silent days there were many studios in this area; but not since then has there been so much local camera-grinding as at the present time. The new trend was first indicated when Fox came to Madison Avenue, Columbus Circle

(*Continued on page 87*)

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

AND ELSEWHERE: Left is Victor Mature, as a police detective, invading the lower East Side in "The Law and Martin Rome." Center is a group, including John Garfield, the actor; Abraham Polannsky, writer-director; Ben Polangin, press agent; and George Yohalem, production manager, just before making a scene at Trinity Church for "The Numbers Racket," based on Ira Wolfert's novel, "Tucker's People." And at right, Franchot Tone and Betty Harper are enacting a scene in the Brooklyn Museum for the film "Jigsaw."



The Football Pot Is Boiling

By Jesse Abramson

ANOTHER intercollegiate football season, complete with new coaches, or old coaches in new posts, new teams, new hopes, huge crowds, is now coming to a boil. The mid-summer worry over the effect of the universal training program on football proved groundless insofar as 1948 is concerned. Married students will not be drafted now and unmarried students within the age range who start this semester will be permitted to complete their term.

The material presented herewith was gathered in numerous conversations with accredited football spokesmen in Milwaukee, Evanston, Ill., London and Paris under circumstances not entirely within the control of this agent.

Notre Dame will be the team to beat again, and probably no one will. The Irish, it is said, but not by Frank Leahy, will beat every opponent by at least twenty points. Army, with no Notre Dame game on its schedule, may go through unbeaten in the East and will challenge the Eastern leadership of Penn State. Penn, with Princeton coming on as perhaps the most formidable contender, will be fortified for the defense of the Ivy League title. The men of Nassau loom as the best in the Big Three as they were, surprisingly, last fall. Boston University, ambitious and therefore suspect by the varsity brethren, will be the most improved Eastern team, but won't have a big-league schedule to match its big-league eleven.

Michigan, defender in the Big Nine, will be threatened by Purdue and Minnesota, but the Wolverines will yield grudgingly, if at all. California, Oregon and Southern California start as the three favorites, more or less in that order, in the Pacific Coast Conference. The Southwest Conference is rough on defending champions, but Southern Methodist may defy the annual custom of beheading the titleholder in that league.

BOTH of last year's undefeated national leaders—Notre Dame and Michigan—were decimated by graduation and the beckoning of the professionals. Leahy lost a complete team, an item the master will not keep secret. The Wolverines lost eleven of their top twenty-four players, plus their coach, Fritz Crisler, and their entire offensive backfield spearheaded by the useful Bob Chappuis.

Notre Dame, however, is, as usual, ready with replacements in the style to which N.D. and Leahy are accustomed. The key to the season at South Bend may be the quarterbacking of Frank Tripucka, understudy for some sixty to seventy minutes to the invaluable Johnny Lujack last fall and now his likely successor. As superb a passer as Tripucka was in spots last year the Bloomfield, N.J., lad will have to prove he can be as poised under pressure as Lujack was or can call 'em in the Lujack manner. He'll never be the defensive giant Lujack was; he's too slow and quite likely Leahy will employ him only on offense.

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***FOOTBALL FACES OF 1948:** Upper left is Doak Walker, Southern Methodist passing star. Center is Frank Burns, of Rutgers, heralded as one of the top men of the new season. And at bottom is Terry Brennan, who is expected to make Notre Dame forget Johnny Lujack. At right is Frank Tripucka, another potential great at Notre Dame.*

JESSE ABRAMSON, one of the top sports reporters in the nation, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune. He has just returned from covering the Olympics.

Flying Is *the* Sport

By Gill Robb Wilson

OF ALL sports, that of flying is the most fun. The writer has had a whirl at practically every form of athletics and today, if he could recapture the zest of any one single experience, he would choose that of the early flying days.

Football, baseball, basketball and hockey furnish a particular kind of fun because they call for team play and physical shock. Boxing, track, golf and tennis throw one on his own and bring out the fun of self-reliance. Hunting, fishing and riding provide another type of fun by introducing necessity for getting close to nature and the creature world.

But flying is best of all because the satisfaction it gives goes deepest and stays longest. Anyone who truly knows a broad cross-section of airmen will have noted among them a spirit of fraternity which exists nowhere else in like degree. Nor is this fraternity based on mere community of skill.

All old airmen are sure God loves them. All know the humbling experiences through which each inevitably has gone. Each knows that each other has felt the sweat pouring down the back of his neck, has muttered eloquent prayers in a pinch, has heard sweeter music than ever earth-bound ears could imagine, has seen such glory among the clouds and under the stars as no artist ever painted.

I'VE often thought that no group of youngsters in all time ever had so much fun as we young Americans who tooled the old bamboo and bailing wire planes around the meadows of France in preparation to join the combat squadrons of the first World War. Mostly we were from the football fields and running tracks and hockey rinks of colleges back home.

There was "Heinie" Heinson and Hobey Baker of Princeton, Joe Wilson and Weir Cook from W. and J., Sheep Alexander from Harvard; Bud Lehr from Nebraska; Warry Hobbs and Ernie Giroux from Dartmouth; Runt Kinsolving from Virginia; Walt Avery, Harvey Conover, Chris Ford, Monk Hunter, of Yale; Tommy Cassidy, and so on through a roll call from which could have been picked a top-flight team in any sport ever played in the United States. But they all loved flying the best.

Countless tales have been told of the grimness of flight but far too little of the sport and fun of it. True, there are moments when the old college try isn't quite enough, but such times are rare. Mostly the business of flying yields top dividends to a normal output of judgment and effort. And flying has everything. There is a blending of teamwork and individual self-reliance to be achieved. There is perfection to be striven for and range of experience to be sought. There are tricks to be learned, and natural elements to be bucked, and competition to be faced.

And when the pilot gets along a little in the game, what fun to be had! Hitting a home run or ramming the winning shot into the cage, or tossing the winning pass in the last sixty seconds . . . pshaw, man, let me tell you about fun!

TAKE off some night and climb up under the stars till you can go no higher, then throttle back and drift till the sense of the world is gone and the night gets a chance at your soul. You'll think thoughts that your imagination could not otherwise encompass. You'll hear music that no maestro ever produced. You'll feel a lonesomeness that no far fishing stream or off-shore duck blind or deep woods deer stand could match. You'll have fun with the universe itself.

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

Then when you're saturated with the mystery of the night, nose over and drop a dizzy mile till the needle says no more speed. Now ease back gently and stand on your tail while the momentum takes you high again and you watch the milky way grow clear through the cabane struts. Fun? The whole sky for a roller coaster!

One day the writer came in from the west over a billowing overcast and, with all else blotted from view, there stood the lone tower of the Empire State building framed in indescribable whiteness and seemingly detached from the earth beneath. Nobody in this world ever has seen or ever again will see that vast building in such a setting that it resembled nothing so much as a bride standing before an altar.

I'VE swung up yonder watching distant lightning strokes burst against the ground in big balls of fire; twisted through caverns between fleecy cloud mountains till the awe of it made my hair stand on end; seen full 360 degree rainbows, of which my plane was the hub, roll along on top of a snow storm for minutes on end. I've seen the snow plumes blowing from the high peaks of mountains like Shasta, Hood and McKinley, till sure I'd found the origin of the Indian's feather head dress; looked down the red throat of volcanoes; followed a dancing waterspout across miles of open sea; hedge-hopped the ice plains of Greenland; watched the moose feed in the lilyponds, the elephant in the jungle; the seals sunning on the ice floes; the egrets settling like a white veil on the everglades bathed in afterglow.

Participation in most sports is limited to physical condition and, despite the fact that a major function of athletics is to keep one in physical trim, there comes a time when even golf or horseback riding or hunting is a heavy tax on one's physical resources. As the years accumulate, the skill and the power deteriorate. This is not true to the same extent in flying.

As in any other sport, the secret of good flying is relaxation, and the older one grows, the more valuable this relaxa-

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"Deflecting the Masses" • *Joseph Newman*

MOSCOW DIFFERENCES between the Soviet Union and the United States, Communism and capitalism, East and West, extend beyond politics and economics into the field of sports. Russian ommunists claim their sports and athletes to be superior, while those of America are on the skids of "bourgeois decadence."

Sports in capitalistic America are frequently denounced by Communist organs as individualistic undertakings conducted not in the interests of athletes or spectators, but for the benefit of profit-seeking American businessmen. Instead of building up health and strength in American athletes, Russian Communists claim, sports in the United States breaks them down and ruins young athletes at a tender age. Jimmy McLane, the sixteen-year-old Olympic swimmer, is cited by Moscow newspapers as an example of American youth being exploited by capitalists and foredoomed to a sorry fate.

Those attending the Herald Tribune's annual All Star American football game are witnessing "one method of deflecting the masses from class struggle"—in the words of *Culture and Life*.

This organ of the Communist party considers football a particularly savage, bourgeois sport belonging in the same category with wrestling and boxing. It cited figures to convince its readers that American football is fatal. "In recent years," it said, "500 American football players have been killed during play." Football is found to be almost as fatal for the referee. Heckling and fighting with referees is branded as "one of the brutal customs of American sports" which are now spreading into Western Europe.

SINCE Lenin fixed the aims of Soviet sports, thousands of sports grounds have been constructed and millions of citizens have been given physical training. To build an army of physically strong millions, of which Lenin spoke, the Soviet state had constructed, up to the outbreak of the war, 600 stadiums, 1,400 athletic fields, 4,500 volleyball and basketball courts, 6,000 skiing stations, 600 water-sports fields and 1,000 gymnasiums. Most of these were destroyed or damaged by the Nazis and the Russians are now busily restoring them. The current Five-Year Plan allocated 40,000,000 rubles for the achievement of this purpose by 1950.

Instructors to train this physically developed army are turned out by eleven physical culture institutes, thirty-eight high schools and 500 other sports schools. So far they have developed a total of 20,000 sports instructors. According to Soviet figures, over 16,000,000 persons (or roughly one out of every twelve) were actively engaged in sports to the extent that they participated in last year's track and ski meets.

The words of Lenin are cited to explain the purpose and aim of sports in the Soviet Union: "In our toiling country, there is needed an Army of millions of physically strong people, people of will, bravery, energy and stubbornness. To them belongs the future; with their hands will be conquered the right for the construction of a new basis of human society."

Thus Soviet sports have a political and ideological purpose—as Lenin explained years ago—to build an army of millions of physically strong persons who will be better able to develop Communism as a new basis of human society. Following Lenin's thesis, Communists declare that Soviet sports have "nationwide significance" and "develop discipline, tenacity, courage and the will to victory in the Soviet people." A. Apollonov, head of the committee on physical culture and sports which is in charge of athletic activities throughout the country, recently called on all athletic, trade union, and Young Communist League organizations for "boundless devotion to Bolshevik party and the determination to labor selflessly for the good of their country."

THE Russian federation, largest of sixteen Soviet republics, claims to have 3,000,000 people classified as "sportsmen," divided as follows: 1,000,000 skiers, 500,000 trackmen, 300,000 gymnasts, 200,000 chess and checker players, 300,000 volleyball players, 200,000 rifle shooters, 100,000 hunters, 75,000 skaters, 40,000 bicyclists, 10,000 boxers and 100,000 fist fighters and fencers.

While sports are described as largely a collective mass undertaking, there are pronounced post-war efforts to secure international recognition of Soviet sportsmen, to suggest their superiority over those of other countries. The chief of the sports committee fixed the goal in a speech on physical culture: "To us should belong first place not only in Europe but also in the world."

This broad goal was fixed after Soviet athletes had made a good showing at Oslo, Paris, Prague and Helsinki, where they won a number of international titles in track, weight-lifting, basketball, wrestling and boxing. To induce further exertions, the Soviet Government is offering gold medals to those breaking world records.

JOSEPH NEWMAN is Moscow correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.

Going to the Dogs

By Bill Lauder, Jr.

WOULD you like to be a competitor on the great American sports scene? Maybe you're fat and over forty or perhaps you've never played anything more strenuous than croquet with Aunt Kate. But, there is a spot for you if you have the ability to endure long hours, disappointments and insults—and if you own a pure-bred dog.

Showing dogs for fun, fame and fortune has tempted many a mild-mannered and polite individual who is sure that his Mr. Bones could beat "that funny looking thing" that won the recent dog show in his neighborhood. That's where he puts his foot in trouble up to his neck, but nine times out of ten, if he is stubborn enough, he becomes just as rabid and insulting as the next fellow and so winds up a full-fledged exhibitor and "expert."

Having been bitten by the bug and urged by his friends, our guinea pig, whom we shall call Mr. Surething, decides to enter his dog at a show which will be held in three weeks. He writes to the show-giving club and is told that he must do business with the superintendent—a dog booking agent who gets paid to run the show. So, he writes the superintendent and gets a note in return that he must have the American Kennel Club registry number of Mr. Bones, date of birth, name of the breeder and names of the sire and dam. And, the superintendent adds, it's too late to enter this show anyway.

With his mind almost made up to skip the entire idea—too much red tape—he succumbs to the jibes of his friends and registers the dog, but only after having worn his patience thin beating the bush for all the needed information and then having to wait a couple of months for the millstone to grind out the registration papers.

Finally, after the long wait, the dog is registered and all is in readiness for the next show. Mr. Surething clips and he brushes and he attempts to give the dog a lesson in ring manners—he read all about it in a magazine—and eventually dawns the fateful day.

THE show is a mere 150 miles away the dog must be on the grounds by 9:30 so he bundles the family into the car at the crack of dawn and sets out on

the great adventure. By the time he arrives at the show there isn't any parking space within a half mile, the dog looks as though he had been in a cat fight, the kids are hungry and squalling and Mrs. Surething insists he find a better parking space.

Mr. Surething finally gets the dog to the bench (a stall for the dog which the exhibitor sits on and shoves the dog into a corner) and then, surrounded by assorted breeds, wishes he had earplugs. It seems the dogs have a lot to talk over among themselves.

Then comes the first lesson. The rules say that the dogs must stay on the bench, except when being exercised (in tiny pens, one labeled "dogs" the other "bitches") or being prepared for the ring. Yet, he sees a lot of people walking their dogs around and another large group sending the animals through a beauty treatment of clipping, brushing and powdering.

He remembers the rules, but guesses he must have read wrongly, so takes Mr. Bones on leash and surveys the grounds. On his return an hour later he is informed by one of the superintendent's badge-wearers that he has broken the rules and that on notice to the American Kennel Club he probably will be fined $10.

But, then comes the moment. It is time for Mr. Bones to go into the ring. His first step towards victory. But . . . !

Ten minutes later Mr. Surething and Mr. Bones are back at the bench. No ribbon, no nothing. "Why," says Mr. Surething, "the judge hardly looked at Bones."

Mr. Surething gets a knowing nod from a stranger who followed him to the bench. "Didn't give you much of a play, did he? That judge never will unless he knows you. He plays ball with the exhibitors who belong to the breed club. If you want a fair shake with these judges you'd better get a pro handler to take your dog around the circuit."

AS A matter of fact there are lots of people around dog shows who honestly believe that politics sway the judges. That if you don't belong or know someone you won't win. Possibly there are some judges who operate on this system or one equally dishonest, but the great majority judge the dog without knowing or caring who owns it or shows it. But, Mr. Surething does need to improve his style.

It isn't just taking a dog into the ring which wins. The job of getting a dog into condition to show is no three-week one and it is no job for a tyro. Apart from preparing the dog to show, the handling of the animal in the ring is most important. This can be learned, but it takes hard work under a good teacher.

(*Continued on page* 92)

BILL LAUDER, JR. is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune who specializes in the coverage of dogs and dog shows.

Is Criticism Futile?

By Virgil Thomson

A COMIC drawing clipped from some periodical and sent by a correspondent to this critic represented a standard American married pair at home, with Mrs. looking up from her paper and saying to Mr., "Remember that film we liked so much? I just found out it's terrible."

The experience is one familiar to us all, I am afraid, that of finding an entertainment thoroughly satisfactory, only to learn later that some pressman with a by-line did not share our transports. From that to feeling that our judgments are not dependable is a short, though false, step. On the other hand, the critic who reviews a work or occasion unfavorably only to find later that the public has taken it to its heart, rarely concludes that his own judgment has been at fault. His disagreements with popular taste tend rather to enhance his pride, while the private customer's disagreements with printed opinion are likely to make the latter feel, on the inside of him, and if only momentarily, ashamed and uncertain.

There is no justice in the situation. Private tastes, even widely shared ones, are not necessarily irresponsible and of a low order. And printed comment is not necessarily authoritative, sound or intelligently arrived at. The only advantages in this respect that reviewers have over the rest of those present is occasionally a professional experience, a genuine knowledge of the subject treated or of the technique shown (as in the case of the author who reviews another author's book) and nearly always a larger acquaintance with current production.

IN THE first case, critical opinion, however biased, has a special validity. What any workman says about his own trade, no matter how eager he may be to grind an axe, is a privileged communication and a real one. In the other case, the reviewer who goes to everything (and stays awake, perforce, long enough to get material for an article) acquires a passive experience of any medium, a repertory of reactions, that gives his remarks about them a slight edge of sophistication over those of the merely occasional patron. He cannot find every show a wonderful show, because he sees them all. He is disabused, saturated, wary. Comparisons, though the habit is proverbially odious, are ever present in his mind. And when he compares one evening of his life with another, he is still comparing comparable things, since his evenings are mostly occupied in a similar way. Whereas, the occasional patron, comparing one evening with another, is satisfied if his outing has been a relief from playing gin-rummy at home or from listening to the radio or from whatever he has been doing on the other six nights of the last week.

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

Art needs no umpire, because art is not a contest. It justifies no judgment, after the manner of law and equity, because it violates no man's home or property. Save for indecency and sedition (touchy matters that vary from town to town), art can literally or legally, in the United States, do no wrong. How can anybody, therefore, be right about it, or wrong either? And how can anything one says about any piece of it have any interest beyond the weight of the experience behind the statement or the charm of its presentation? The former preserves criticism from being wholly subjective and capricious; the latter makes it, in a small way, an art in itself. Both make it a thing pleasant to read and possible to practise.

GOOD reviewing, therefore, has reality but no authority. It can tell what took place, describe or narrate an occasion. It can sidelight, floodlight, blackout or evoke. It can even distort, for expressive purposes. Because its expressive purposes are identical with those of art itself, namely, the transcribing of what is for its writer an "inner or outer reality." And since whatever is real to one man can always be made real to another, writing about any real thing is a true form of communication, even when the writer deliberately lies.

What is a real thing? There are only two, for literature (and any writing is literature)—memory and emotion. The reviewer who describes a play or concert as he really remembers it, and who infuses that description with the feelings he really experienced as a listener or spectator, will communicate. His memories must tally a bit with those of some of the other persons who were present, and his feelings had best be clearly labelled as personal. No one need share these, but without them the description will not come to life.

All the rest of reviewing—the calling of strikes, as if art were a sport; the judging of it as "good" or "bad," as if it were a moral action; the interpreting of it as "advanced" or "reactionary," as if artists were collaborating in some clear historical process; the estimating of it as "important" or "trivial," as if a work's carrying power could be guessed in advance with any reasonable degree of probability, or even certified after the fact by other than statistical means; and worst of all, the classifying of it as "delightful" or "boring," as if one man's attention were not the most deceptive of all criteria—all such games are pompous and futile. What one can remember of both fact and feeling is all the reality

(*Continued on page* 91)

By Elmo Roper •

A Pollster can *never* be right

THIS is the year, when among other things, a few of the more foolhardy of the public opinion researchers are supposed to predict the outcome of the Presidential elections. With crossed fingers—and a prayer for the future—I happily recall that our organization has come within one per cent of predicting the results of the elections in 1936, 1940, and 1944.

But for all of that, if you were to take a substantial part of my morning's mail on a basis for judgment, you would rapidly become convinced that a pollster can never be right.

Recently, for example, in my column "What People Are Thinking" I analyzed the public's attitude toward our most prominent leaders today as well as of the past sixty years. I mentioned the fact that Harold Stassen was most popular among supporters of the late Wendell Willkie; that Henry Wallace did not attract very many of the followers of the late President Roosevelt; but that Roosevelt was the most popular leader among all great Americans of the recent past.

Depending on which one of several dozen letters you might have read from the batch of mail which came in as a result of this particular column, I was an old guard Republican, a Communist, a starry-eyed New Dealer, and an anti-Communist Fascist who must have given aid and comfort to Hitler—all wrapped up in one.

A MAN out in Los Angeles, who undoubtedly had voted against Roosevelt four times, wrote, "I can tell you loaded that poll so that you could give your New Deal, Communist pal Roosevelt another plug."

But an ardent Wallace supporter from New York City wrote, "Your faked poll results are part of the campaign deliberately waged by the reactionary press to vilify the good name and candidacy of a great American, the heir of the Roosevelt tradition, Henry Wallace."

The final straw came from a Democrat deep in Dixie who took me to task for trying to "rig" the elections for Stassen, and then he added, "But I'm on to the game you Republicans are trying to put over and don't think you won't hear from us in November!"

ELMO ROPER is a special writer for the New York Herald Tribune who conducts a column called "What People Are Thinking."

SO I sadly conclude that so far as *all* the public is concerned we pollsters can never be right. Whatever we report the public is thinking will always be disputed by some part of the public itself. The answer is, of course, that a good many people are so convinced that they are right, that they cannot even conceive of a large group of their neighbors disagreeing with them. Thus, when anybody dares to say that such-and-such a percentage of Americans are inclined to think one way, and that happens to be contrary to what the man who reads about it thinks, then it follows, as night follows day, that it is the pollster and never the individual who must be wrong.

And it isn't just the crackpots who refuse to admit that polls might—once in a while—be right. Not long ago a high-ranking politician came into my office just after our latest survey showed his favorite candidate wasn't doing so well among the voters. I think that he was honestly convinced that his man was the overwhelming choice of the electorate. And when the poll showed that this wasn't the case, he immediately drew the conclusion that there must have been something wrong with the way in which the poll was taken. It developed that he thought we were wrong in the way we asked our question. As a matter of fact, that is probably the most difficult part of polling, and it's the one that gets the finger pointed at it most often. We had asked the question in this particular poll in this manner:

"Suppose the election were held today, do you think you would be likely to vote for Candidate X, Candidate Y, or Candidate Z?"

But my politician visitor suggested another question which ran something like this:

"Everybody knows it is time for a change. Therefore, are you going to vote for Candidate Y, or is there a chance that you will vote for either Candidate X or Candidate Z?"

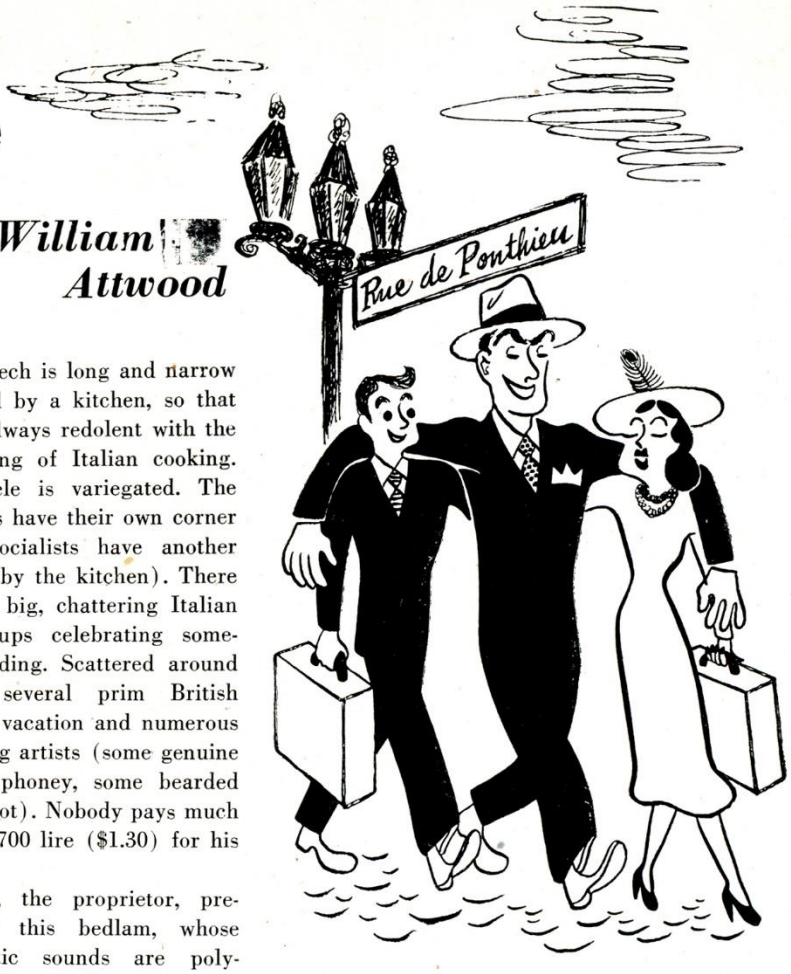
When I told him his question was biased and that it would add at least 20 per cent more votes to his candidate's total than he really had, the politician stopped me with, "Well, that would make it about right. We'll add at least that many votes to his strength before this campaign is over."

I suggested—as politely as possible—that he come back again after next November and we would have a long discussion about political polls. The heat of battle had apparently overcome his more objective natural self.

THEN there is the case of the indignant banker who called me on the phone one day to suggest that all public opinion polls should be outlawed. He explained that he had spent the better part of an evening trying to "straighten out" his son who had just finished his freshman year at one of the Ivy League colleges. He went on to say that by "straighten out" he didn't mean that his son's morals had gone astray, but that he had come into contact with "too many un-American ideas." After spending four hours lecturing to his son on the "American" way of

(*Continued on page* 92)

You Can Still Eat in Europe



By William Attwood

THE toughest thing about working in Europe during the summer is that your father's former business associates, the kid sister's school friends and third cousins you never heard of all seem to converge on your office with the idea that a foreign correspondent is a guy who is always ready to double as gigolo, money-changer and the American Express Company.

After two summers of shepherding great aunts and Vassar sophomores up and down the Eiffel Tower, around the Coliseum and through the dingier haunts of the Left Bank, I finally called it quits this year and came home just before the first wave of tourists hit the Cherbourg and Le Havre beachheads.

But I was already better prepared for the onslaught, thanks to past experience. Not only was I equipped with the usual professional excuses ("Sorry, but I have to go and pick up the communique"), but I had worked out an S.O.P. predicated on the conclusion that all tourists are on the lookout for good food in restaurants that are (1) quaint (2) "off the beaten track" and (3) cheap. Just show them the way to something like this, I figured, and they won't be pestering you about the Chartres cathedral and the Tower of Pisa.

The combination is a hard one to achieve in any country, let alone churned-up postwar Europe. But it can be done. If Cousin George were to turn up in Rome this summer, I would direct him to the Re Degli Amici; in Paris, it would be a joint I knew as Dave's on the Rue de Ponthieu; in Berlin I'd put him in a jeep and send him off to feast on caviar beneath Joe Stalin's portrait at the Russian Intourist restaurant.

These three places should fulfill all the requirements.

I DISCOVERED the Re Degli Amici—better known as the Ameech—in the course of trying to interview a Communist politician who took his meals there. I paused for a quick pizza, stayed on for ravioli, dolce and orvieto and kept coming back every evening for a month.

The Ameech is long and narrow and divided by a kitchen, so that the air is always redolent with the fragrant tang of Italian cooking. The clientele is variegated. The Communists have their own corner and the Socialists have another (separated by the kitchen). There are always big, chattering Italian family groups celebrating somebody's wedding. Scattered around are also several prim British couples on vacation and numerous gesticulating artists (some genuine and some phoney, some bearded and some not). Nobody pays much more than 700 lire ($1.30) for his meal.

Giovanni, the proprietor, presides over this bedlam, whose characteristic sounds are polylingual jabbering, kitchen noises and the flute and violin cacophony of at least three itinerant street musicians. His harassed waiters must elbow their way through swarms of little girls peddling black market cigarettes and the inevitable monks and nuns passing out pamphlets and rattling coin boxes. Through it all, Giovanni maintains the weary composure of a man who has seen everything at least once. But he does not know, nor would he believe, that I once helped him make 50,000 lire.

It started at supper one evening when a Hungarian sculptor named Tot was giving me a between-the-courses lecture on modern art. To illustrate a point he drew a rough sketch of a De Chirico painting on a paper napkin, and absent-mindedly added a facsimile of the artist's signature. When the gorgonzola arrived we pushed away the napkin and forgot about it.

THE next evening, Tot and I were amazed to find the napkin neatly framed and hung on the wall. Giovanni proudly explained that De Chirico himself had been in for lunch and had dashed off the sketch in appreciation of his, Giovanni's fine cooking. The story was promptly corroborated by Aldo, the waiter, who swore by various saints that he had personally handed the napkin to De Chirico.

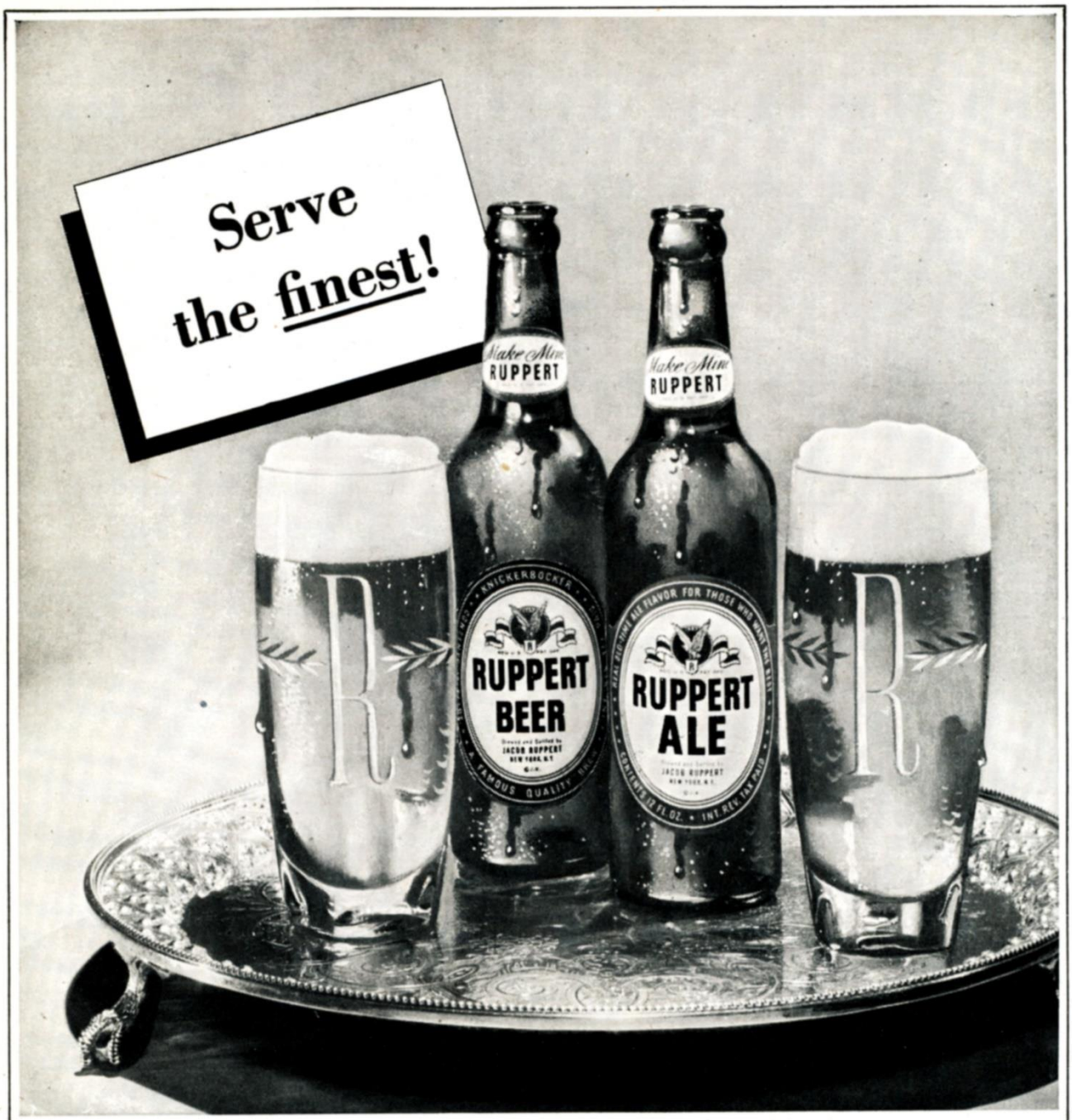
There was no point in arguing about it. And two weeks later, sure enough, the napkin was gone. "Yes," said Giovanni, "one of my customers, an art collector, begged me to let him have it. He offered 50,000 lire. How could I refuse?"

There are no artists at Dave's, in Paris. And if you want a napkin, they add five francs to the bill. The customers are mainly local shopkeepers, cab drivers and a few street-walkers bracing themselves before the long hike up and down the Champs Elysees. But for 300 francs, or one dollar, you get hors d'oeuvres, steak, real french fries, cheese, wine and coffee—a bargain I haven't been able to duplicate in the few weeks I've been back in the States.

The place is referred to as Dave's only by the Herald Tribune's Paris staff. The sign on the door just says "R S AURANT." It was the faded blue paint on the walls which first induced a former New Yorker to call it Dave's Blue Room. When the walls got a fresh coat of brown paint

(*Continued on page* 92)

WILLIAM ATTWOOD, formerly a European correspondent, now is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune.



Make Mine

RUPPERT

Ruppert Knickerbocker Beer and Ruppert Ale, Jacob Ruppert, New York City—1948

The Sport Of Dancing • *Walter Terry*

SPORTS DANCE: Jack Cole (right) and a member of his night club company.

MARTHA GRAHAM, known to theater-goers as one of the great dancers of our time and familiar to millions of radio listeners as the long-mysterious "Miss Hush," once remarked that if a newspaper in one of the towns encountered on the road could not send a dance critic to cover her concert, she wished that the editor would assign a sportswriter to the job. Miss Graham is quite aware that her version of dance is a controversial one and that many profess to be baffled by her dance works but she feels that a sportswriter would instinctively and by training focus attention upon the fundamental elements of dance: the dancer's body and the movements accomplished by that body.

Fifteen years ago, Ted Shawn turned not only to the sportswriter for encouragement in his fight for the acceptance of the male dance but also to athletes themselves as material for his ensemble of men dancers. His selection of college boxers, wrestlers and track stars had a twofold purpose: to further erase the stigma Americans had placed on dancing for men and to provide his proposed company with strong, healthy bodies prepared by sports for arduous dance training. With the coming of war and the draft, the Shawn group was disLanded, but its many tours and its repertory which ranged from primitive dances through sports suites to philosophical works made it eminently clear that the male dance artist and the athlete had many things in common, among them the elements Miss Graham mentioned: the body and the movements accomplished by that body.

THIS dance-sports relationship is by no means a one-sided affair. I remember well the occasion when I cornered the athletic coach at my university and wormed out of him the following remarkable statement: "I consider dance training essential to every male athlete." The coach, who had watched several of our dance classes for men at the university, knew what he was saying and even encouraged his men to join our classes, at least up to the time when he complained that his athletes were neglecting their own training for dancing.

Obviously, there are many major differences between dancing and sports and many comparisons which would be merely superficial, but the points in common are sufficiently numerous to warrant mention. Both dancers and athletes are governed by the limitations and potentialities of the human body and it is their business to minimize the former by developing the latter. Both, then, are concerned with developing body skills. Once the body-instrument is trained, the dancer or the athlete puts it to special use. The dancer uses his body and its movement range to create actions which are theatrically exciting, beautiful of pattern or expressive of emotion or idea. The athlete uses his body and its movement range to create actions which are exciting to the spectator and which may win a game or set a record.

One even encounters exchange of terms between dance and sports. Leap, jump, skip, run, kick and many other words descriptive of action are common to sports and dance, but further, the sportswriter will describe the "dancing of a boxer, the grace of a fencer, the rhythm of almost any athlete. The players leap for a basket in basketball is often identical with the ballet dancer's "pas de poisson"; one is aiming for a tangible goal, the other for a theatrical one; both are concerned with rhythm, timing, precision and form.

(*Continued on page* 87)

CONTENDING BALLERINAS: Nora Kaye, Alicia Alonso and Norma Vance in "Gala Performance," a Ballet Theater production.

WALTER TERRY is dance critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Night and Day And Larry MacPhail

By Bob Cooke

EVER since Larry MacPhail borrowed a brain from Thomas Edison and invented night baseball, there has been an alarming trend toward total operations after dark in the majors.

MacPhail had no intention of letting night baseball get the best of the daytime sport. It was merely his idea to garnish the game with a saucy trimming. He introduced night baseball in Cincinnati for the first time. Some think he conceived the idea because too many of the Red patrons were dozing during games. MacPhail figured he could at least keep them awake by turning on the lights.

What MacPhail has started, who will finish? At the moment, there aren't many answers to the question but it is a matter of record that ball players are appearing more and more infrequently during the day as the seasons come and go.

Night baseball is a stimulant to the box office. It has increased the revolutions per minute of the turnstiles and it has caused cash registers to jingle. The club owners didn't waste time making the above discovery. With the exception of Phil Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, and a confirmed matinee devotee, the remaining clubs in both major leagues have erected light towers.

The national pastime is no longer just a sport. It is also a nocturnal spectacle, a magnet for tourists as well as fans. Even the movies have suffered at the gate because of the tremendous appeal of baseball after dark.

IF baseball franchises didn't make money, there wouldn't be any baseball, so one cannot blame the owners for subscribing to MacPhail's original formula. The question remains whether the magnates, in their desire to consolidate certain outstanding debits, have overdone their schemes for nocturnal promotion.

Certainly the club owners took no thought of the player when they rushed to the nearest hardware store to purchase their mazdas. The athlete was not consulted. He was simply told that he would have to loaf during the day and work nights.

The players, as a whole, are not in favor of night baseball. They have no financial interest in the innovation. To date, no club owner has announced that his players will receive a bonus due to the tremendous profits accruing from night games. The profits reach the hands of the stockholders instead, and the player never catches a glimpse of the added income, much less a package of it.

It is common knowledge that night baseball, which is customary on practically every night of the week in the minors, is hurting the player. It is bound to for a number of reasons.

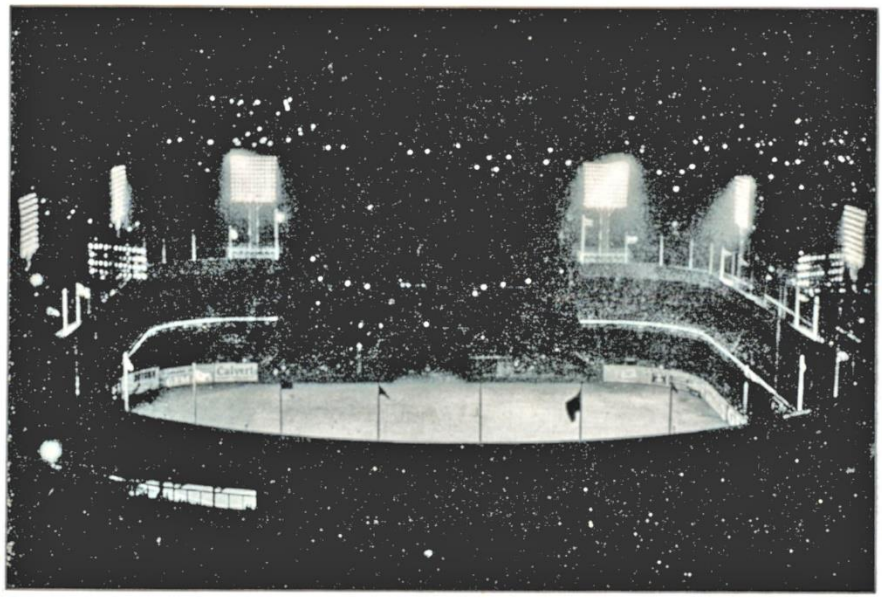
The minor leagues, including the wealthiest circuits, don't have enough money to build suitable lighting plants. In leagues lower than triple-A, the lighting systems are almost always inadequate. Players have to strain their eyes for a fly ball and have as much difficulty as an umpire distinguishing a strike from a ball at the plate.

In addition to jeopardizing the eyesight of baseball's younger generation, night baseball is also detrimental to arms, legs and physiques in general. Many a ball player will tell you that the cool night air has curtailed his effectiveness and put cramps in muscles which would have been unmolested under the sun.

IN the majors, where most club owners have large bank accounts and a keen desire for larger ones, the lighting systems are beyond reproach. But the minors have always fed the majors with talent, which entitles the baseball fan to ask himself what will happen to the game in the next ten years. Can baseball survive the evening air?

The only logical answer seems to be that baseball will survive but the player will eventually find his baseball lifetime running shorter and shorter.

If MacPhail had had his way, the number of night games in the majors would have been restricted to seven home games for each club. Instead of this ruling, various teams in both leagues have more than forty home games at night on their schedules. Commissioner Happy Chandler has done nothing to curb the flare for business after dark. Neither has anyone else.



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

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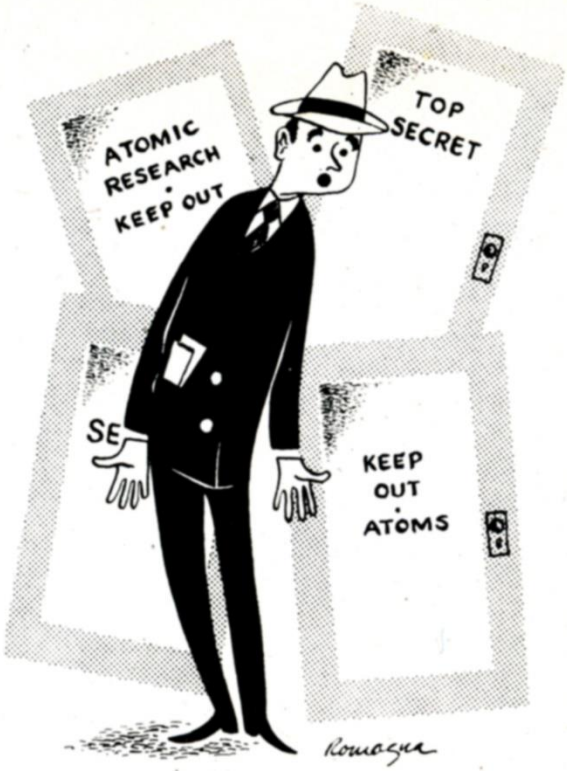

Loaded Words

By Stephen White

EVERYBODY who has ever worked for a newspaper quickly learns the techniques, the stratagems and the infusions of low cunning that will enable him to find out things he isn't supposed to know. It doesn't matter what the subject matter is—the physical condition of a left halfback or the strategic plans of a Congressional floor leader. A good reporter has his methods. They are his stock in trade.

All this makes the plight of the science writer—which this reporter was for three years ending about a month before you read this—all the more difficult. His problem is no longer to find out things he isn't supposed to know. Quite the contrary. His great aim, suddenly, is to keep himself from finding out exactly those things. And believe it or not, it isn't easy.

The point is that a science writer deals today almost exclusively with weapons: the atom bomb first and foremost; and also rockets, bacteriological warfare, poison gases, battlefield drugs and guided missiles. In everyone of those fields there is a large area marked "restricted." No one is supposed to know about them but the people who have been investigated and cleared.

Every instinct of the reporter leads him to seek out information about these things. Yet he knows very well that the law of the land says he mustn't know. The law of self-preservation says the same thing, because if he prints anything he shouldn't know he is well on his way to trouble. Finally, common patriotism makes him realize that such knowledge, in the hands of unauthorized people, must have been declared illegal for a purpose.

So the science writer goes around trying to keep from finding out things. And immediately the world of science appears to be engaged in a huge conspiracy to tell him everything it knows.

AS AN example, consider the case of this writer and an atom expert with whom he was talking idly one day. Just to make the affair more complicated, the expert in the case is one of those who has been most ardent about guarding the "secrets of the atom"—he is one of the extremists who wants everything but the weather kept under the government's hat.

We were, as I said, talking idly one day, and I was asking a series of casual questions about the atom bomb. So far as I knew, they were all inconsequential, and the expert was answering them quite as casually as I was asking them. But suddenly, at one question that seemed just as harmless as all the others, he stopped short and said "That's restricted information." Then he became somewhat flustered but the damage had been done.

What it comes to is this: he had given me information by NOT answering that question. Because now I knew that it was far from inconsequential and I had enough legitimate knowledge about the atom bomb to be able to put two and two together. That refusal to answer was embarrassingly informative.

What should he have done? Passed the question off calmly, I suppose, with a meaningless answer. But he had been caught off balance, lulled by the sequence of the amiable conversation.

And I suppose you say I shouldn't have asked the question. But how could I know it was a critical question? It is impossible to keep off a secret area if you don't know what the secret areas are. Either you ask no questions at all, or some of the questions are going to be improper ones.

That's one way you find yourself in the possession of knowledge you would rather not have. Another common way is even more difficult to avoid.

IF YOU are a science writer, you spend your time around scientists. Sooner or later, you get to know a little science and a good many scientists. The scientists, in turn, get used to having you around and drop their guard somewhat.

They still don't give out any information that's restricted, of course. They are very careful about it. But they do discuss physics. And on Tuesday one of them will say something that is perfectly all right, and I will take it in. Then, a week later, another physicist will say something else on the same subject that is also perfectly all right and I'll take that in, too. Two weeks later, a third physicist will add his contribution. And one day I will add them altogether, and say to myself "If this is so, and this is so, and that is so—why, then, such-and-such must be so!"

What I have figured I have often recognized to be restricted information. I'm sure that I have figured other things out that are also restricted, without my knowing it. And I honestly can't see that anybody is at fault.

I used to argue that if I could find such things out, so could an alien physicist, or an American physicist who is not supposed to know, and with a good deal more ease and efficiency. But one of my scientist friends has disabused me. "First of all," he said, "we are automatically on guard when we talk to a physicist. Second of all, we don't talk at all to alien physicists about these things.

"What's more, an American physicist, even if he is not 'cleared,' knows enough to realize when he has learned facts he shouldn't know. Automatically, he keeps his mouth shut about it. But you," my friend said to me, "you know all sorts of things you shouldn't know, and you don't even know you know them. You're a 'loaded gun'."

NOW let's see the dilemma out to the end. Perhaps you think I shouldn't be allowed to cover science at all—that no

(*Continued on page* 79)

STEPHEN WHITE, formerly a science writer, is now a member of the Paris Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Death Among the Holy Places

By Fitzhugh Turner

JERUSALEM WHETHER it's professional armies on the World War II scale or bands of amateurs doing the fighting, war is not very amusing. The Palestine struggle, which falls in the amateur class, has been a brutal mess most of the time, but it has had its moments. Moments, that is, for those who can get used to death among the Holy Places.

In Jerusalem, when the fighting started last December, it was something of a novelty to have Fourth of July every day. Arabs, Jews and British shot at each other all morning, knocked off for a long lunch and a nap, then took it up again. Some Americans got to giving cocktail parties on their verandas to catch the evening display of tracer bullets, flares and bomb flashes in the dusk. The practice stopped as the fighting spread. Guests became annoyed at having to crawl home on their stomachs.

There was the time a British general thought he'd show Arab guerrillas and Jewish colonists what he'd do to their towns if they didn't quit shooting at each other. He set up his artillery in a Judean Mountain road and for hours his men fired three-pounders and seventeen-pounders into a hillside, smoke shells, phosphorus shells, shrapnel, high explosive, all the trimmings. Finally he blew off the top of the hill with his twenty-five pounders.

FITZHUGH TURNER, formerly Palestine correspondent, now is with the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

WHEN the general asked the head men if their people were properly frightened, Arabs and Jews nodded solemnly. Half an hour later, when the British had gone, the two sides took up their home-made mortars and ancient rifles and began potting at each other again. But they didn't neglect to send word to the general thanking him for the show.

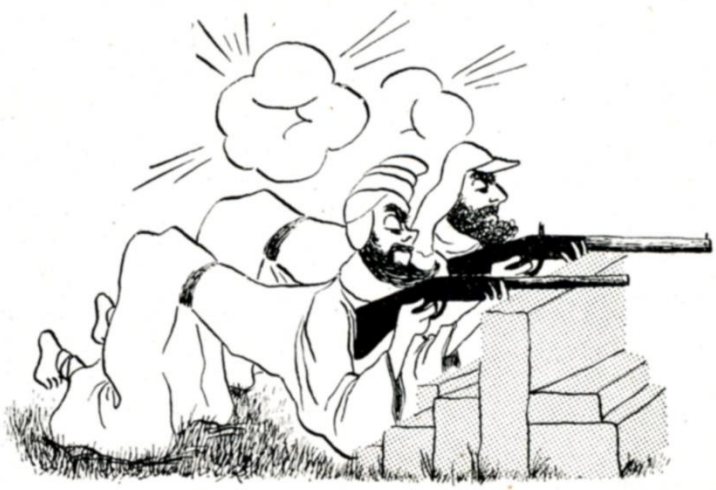
In a battle near Bethlehem on Easter Sunday, Arab guerrillas fought mostly with long, awkward French rifles of Franco-Prussian War vintage. Jewish planes came over gingerly at 5,000 feet and dropped homemade bombs, many of which didn't go off. An old, white-bearded Arab in a flowing robe was detailed to shoot down the attackers. Unsuccessful in firing from the ground, he led four younger men to the tops of a clump of fifteen-foot olive trees, and ordered them to fire in unison from among the upper branches. Kamil Urekat, the Arab commander, asked him what he was doing; the old man said he was trying to get close to the target.

The same battle attracted correspondents from nearby Jerusalem, British officers, neutral military observers and throngs of peasants out to watch the fun from the hilltops. Christian Arabs of Bethlehem, who had been doing no tourist business for months on account of the warfare, found a heaven-sent opportunity. They loaded trays with souvenirs, sandwiches and wine, and circulated among soldiers and spectators vending their wares. The sandwiches grew stale rapidly in the dry, hot sunshine, but the vendors did a booming business.

ONE country Arab, schooled in tales of Saladin, hacked off the head of a dead Jewish tommy-gunner and carried the trophy on a wooden plate into Jerusalem, where he displayed it with pride to worshipers emerging from Easter services at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. City Arab authorities, fearful of Western opinion, grabbed him and got him out of there with a warning not to do it again. The country Arab, his triumph deflated, was resentful, mystified at their behavior, and hurt—he wanted to know what he'd done wrong.

In Cairo, I watched a platoon of the Egyptian Army form a guard of honor for a cabinet minister at the airport. Their captain maneuvered his men in military formation for perhaps fifteen minutes trying to work out a procedure that would put them in position at the place the minister's plane would stop. He couldn't make it. When the plane landed and taxied toward him, the sweating captain grew desperate, and ordered his men to fall out. One by one, working against time, he pushed and slapped them into position, facing each other in a double line. He finished as the plane drew up, with seconds to spare. Then, when he spouted the Arabic equivalent of "Present arms!" one of his soldiers dropped his rifle. The weapon fell in an arc, and knocked the red tarbush from the captain's

(*Continued on page* 87)



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The Saga Of the All-American Raccoon

By Eugenia Sheppard

JUST about fifty years ago a few cold-blooded, northwestern farmers took to huddling under long raccoon coats while they did their chores. Little did they think they were starting something to make the fur industry rich and the eastern college aristocracy slap-happy.

Even before then the raccoon era had begun in a humble way with Chinese dog wraps, shipped to the west coast. They were long and bulky and showed a minimum of interest in style—just a hole in the middle for a head to slip through. It was a St. Paul furrier who decided to go the Chinese one better. He substituted raccoons for dogs, added sleeves but kept the famous long, shapeless look.

After a while, like all up-and-coming mid-westerners, the raccoon coat drifted east. It was soon a fad for well-heeled fathers and not long after a must for any well-heeled daughter or son who wanted to be anybody.

By 1919 the raccoon coat was going full steam ahead, and it kept right on going till the depression. It takes the blue ribbon as the only American fashion that ever stayed put for ten years without every designer trying to go it one better each fall.

The formula for the right raccoon coat—male or female version—was rigid as scripture in those days, according to those manufacturers and furriers who admit to a share in ancient history.

A MAN'S coat—they were way out in front for popularity by that time—took about thirty raccoons with the pelts worked skin on skin instead of the slim, svelte mink manner. Every coat had a shawl collar, a couple of stripes running around the cuffs and a double-breasted line-up of bone buttons. One of the musts was a re-inforced pocket to hold a flask.

Color shadings varied. If you got to be a real raccoon fancier you could tell where the skins in any coat hailed from, just as easily as you could spot a southerner by the missing "r." Your Florida raccoon looked sun-tanned and jaded, your mid-west cornfed and yellow. Your northwest raccoon that started the excitement stayed darkest, richest and rarest to the end.

A man's coat measured anywhere from 48 to 52 inches long. If you were just average college boy, according to Jaeckel, your coat cleared your trouser cuffs by two inches and you were lucky enough to own it. A step up the special ladder and you could take two steps inside your raccoon before anybody could see it moving. But if you were a real richie like Peter Arno, the Lord brothers, Benny Quinn, Roswell Taylor or Rudy Vallee—the men Lucious Beebe names for fame as the great fur coat boys of Yale '26—you wore the thousand dollar length. It frequently tripped you, and always threw you on your face if you were just a teensey weensey bit stiff at a football game. N.B. Sorry, boys, that I forgot to write this piece about coat lengths when you were grousing about the New Look a year ago.

Collegians liked to buy their fur bennies at Gunther, Jaeckel or Brooks Brothers, according to Lucious Beebe. All these labels carried authority and gave a man on edge of making Phi Upsilon and then Keys at Yale.

Raccoon was a classic uniform in those great tea dancing years and went with boxcloth spats and brogues from Frank Brothers, and a bowler from Brooks. For the opera, with a high hat and gloves, it was the last word in chichi. Lucius Beebe wore his to Gloria Vanderbilt's coming-out party.

A GOOD coat — six hundred and fifty bucks on up—might start its career at Yale in fall, but usually got itself passed around several colleges before a year was out. Your cousin Ed at Princeton might make arrangements to borrow it over an urgent social week-end. He would pick it up from the hat check girl at the Biltmore and return it for the next Friday to Monday bout.

Beebe for authority again, a raccoon had real utilitarian value. If you had no hotel room over a weekend, you simply borrowed a corner of somebody's apartment and wrapped yourself in your coat, away from the world. To say nothing of being able to raise fifty fish on it, even when the football season was well over.

All fur coats in the Beebe circle were inevitably lost or exchanged for somebody else's. When the Hale House or Fakir's Ball came along, it was smart to grab the longest, darkest at the end of the party, and run for it.

Actually it was two years after the Beebe era that raccoon-itis swept the country like the Japanese beetle. A single manufacturer turned out as many as 6,000, all identical. By this time they had found out how to make eastern and western skins look like the same breed of cats, and the price was down to under four hundred dollars.

In that boom season of 1928 five hundred men's coats went out from Gunther's racks alone. One afternoon old timers recall

(*Continued on page* 91)

EUGENIA SHEPPARD is fashion editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

this page
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Baseball Writers Are People..

by *Al Laney*

THE pictures accompanying this piece show baseball reporters in various stages of furious activity. They were snapped during the current regular season, at which times such men, peering intently day after day at their respective teams, the Yankees, Giants and Dodgers, suffer intensely.

The legend is, however, that during Spring training, these boys have it pretty soft. As a matter of fact they do. It is about as soft and pleasant a touch as can be found. You can make a lot more money in practically any other line of work, but you will very likely have to do a good deal more work. And the chances are good that you won't have as much fun.

This piece is supposed to be about the life of a baseball reporter during those Spring training trips which all the ball clubs take, beginning, of course, just when the weather in New York is at its worst. It will, however, be about only one such, the Spring training trip declared by those making it to have been the best ever. Those not making it declare some other, which they did make, to have been that. It doesn't matter though. There were many which were the best. There will be more.

THIS one was made by the Giants in 1937, when the Giants were champions. It embraced Havana, Cuba, parts of Florida, Gulfport, Miss., New Orleans, La. and a barnstorming tour with the Cleveland Indians on which twenty games were played in twenty towns in twenty days over about half of the United States of America. It also embraced William J. Klem, the Old Arbitrator, or more properly, was embraced by him.

These were the Giants of Bill Terry and Hubbell, Fitzsimmons, Hal Schumacher, Bartell and Ott. They had just won a pennant and were about to win another. They were not world champions, just champions of the National League, and there has not been a Giant pennant winner since.

Here are some of the things which remain in the memory from that Spring trip:

The various adventures, of Terry and the Pirates, meaning the reporters, with some of whom there was a feud . . . the impromptu parties in various parts of the Hotel Nacional in Havana . . . the ceremony in which Terry, formally retiring from first-base play, presented his glove to Johnny McCarthy while newsreel cameras ground . . . the party in the grounds of a huge brewery at which Batista, the local dictator, was host and his interest in the achievements of those great models, Mussolini and Hitler . . . the Cubans' adoration of "Pimiento" Martin when the Gashouse Gang came to town to play the Giants. The big New York executive who tried to crash a baseball party at Sloppy Joe's and got the old heave-ho . . . the pleasant hours on the beaches of various clubs where the writers were honorary members for the duration . . . the obscure Conga dancer at a dump far from the Malecon made famous by the visiting columnists and magazine writers who got aboard the gravy train that Spring. . . .

WRITER AT WORK: Here's Sports Editor Bob Cooke interviewing Joe DiMaggio in the Yankee dugout.

THE winter carnival in which some players and all writers took prominent if undignified part . . . the slot machines on the overnight ship to Miami and the old ballplayer who was purser of the ship . . . more pleasant days in St. Pete to play the Yanks and Daytona Beach for the Cards . . . the fishing party organized by Sam Leslie, first baseman, from his home town of Pascagula, Miss., on which writers caught no fish and were seasick . . . the Chamber of Commerce party in the firehouse of the same town . . . the Edgewater Beach hotel in Gulfport with its gambling room, tennis courts and golf course . . . the day in Greenwood, Miss.

(*Continued on page* 83)

AND ANOTHER: Here's Harold Rosenthal, Brooklyn Dodger writer for the Herald Tribune, with Leo Durocher when Durocher was still a Dodger.

AL LANEY, who has covered tennis, golf, racing, football, as well as baseball, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Baseball in Paree

By Herbert Kupferberg

BASEBALL being the logical sport it is, and the French being the logical people they are, it's not surprising that baseball is at last taking some sort of a hold on France. Of course, it's not very widely practiced yet, and whenever a group of French spectators stumbles on a game they stand around uncomprehendingly. But the presence of G.I.s during the war and of American students afterward has served to give the French a look at America's national game, and some of them have even begun to play it themselves.

To this revival, the New York Herald Tribune European Edition's team has made a signal contribution by joining a league of French and American nines, and finishing last for two years straight. As the former second baseman and manager of this team, which won one game and lost eleven before retiring from competition, I feel I am in a position to make a full report on the way baseball is played in France.

Perhaps I should begin by admitting that baseball is not likely to displace soccer and bicycle racing as the French national pastimes. The biggest sporting event of the year in France is a monstrous bike race known as the Tour de France, in which fifty or so contestants pedal madly through France for forty days while hundreds of thousands line the way. Baseball, naturally, is up against it trying to buck this sort of competition.

THE Judge Landis of French baseball —and, so far as I know, this fact has never been publicly revealed before— is a man named Jean Perpignan. Perpignan is not only the High Commissioner of French baseball: he also is the pitcher for the Paris Metro team, an aggregation of French subway workers, who currently are champions of Paris, and therefore France.

M. Perpignan—a lithe, personable young man—walked into the offices of the Herald Tribune's European Edition on the Rue de Berri one spring day and asked to see the sports editor. Ushered into the sanctum, he told the editor, an athletic Southerner named Jim Knight, that he had six French teams organized into a baseball league and wanted two American teams for what he called balance. The American Embassy, he said, had already entered a team, and he thought the other should come from the Paris Herald, as Europeans persist in calling the Herald Tribune's European edition.

Knight promptly agreed, and appointed me manager. I retaliated by installing him as the clean-up hitter, a post which, it is only fair to say, he filled with no less distinction than I did mine.

We opened our season against the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration nine. The game was played in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris's great park, before a not too exacting audience of three Frenchmen, who assured us they were enjoying the spectacle of "le sport Americain" very much.

It was here that we ran into our first difficulty with French umpires. It was a simple matter of linguistics: we couldn't understand them. Instead of calling balls and strikes, they used the French words for "good" and "bad"—"bon" and "mauvais." A strike was a bon, a ball was a mauvais. An out, for some reason, was an out, though the French pronounced it "oot."

DOUBTLESS this factor contributed to the outcome of the game, which was 14 to 5 in favor of UNRRA. The defeat, in retrospect, was all the more shocking, considering that the UNRRA team included two British cricket players and a Polish refugee whose knowledge of the game was so limited that he tried to run around the bases a second time when he hit a home run in the first inning with the bases loaded. UNRRA scored ten runs in that first inning; after that we outplayed them all the way.

The league proceeded on similar lines all summer and Perpignan grew more and more excited. It didn't bother him that nobody came out to see the games because, as he pointed out, we weren't charging admission anyway. But he admired the quality of the play and told me one day that he would consider the winner of the league season as the Champions of France.

"Then, after that," he told me one day with his eyes glinting, "we will challenge your champions, the Dodge-airs. What do you think of that idea, eh?"

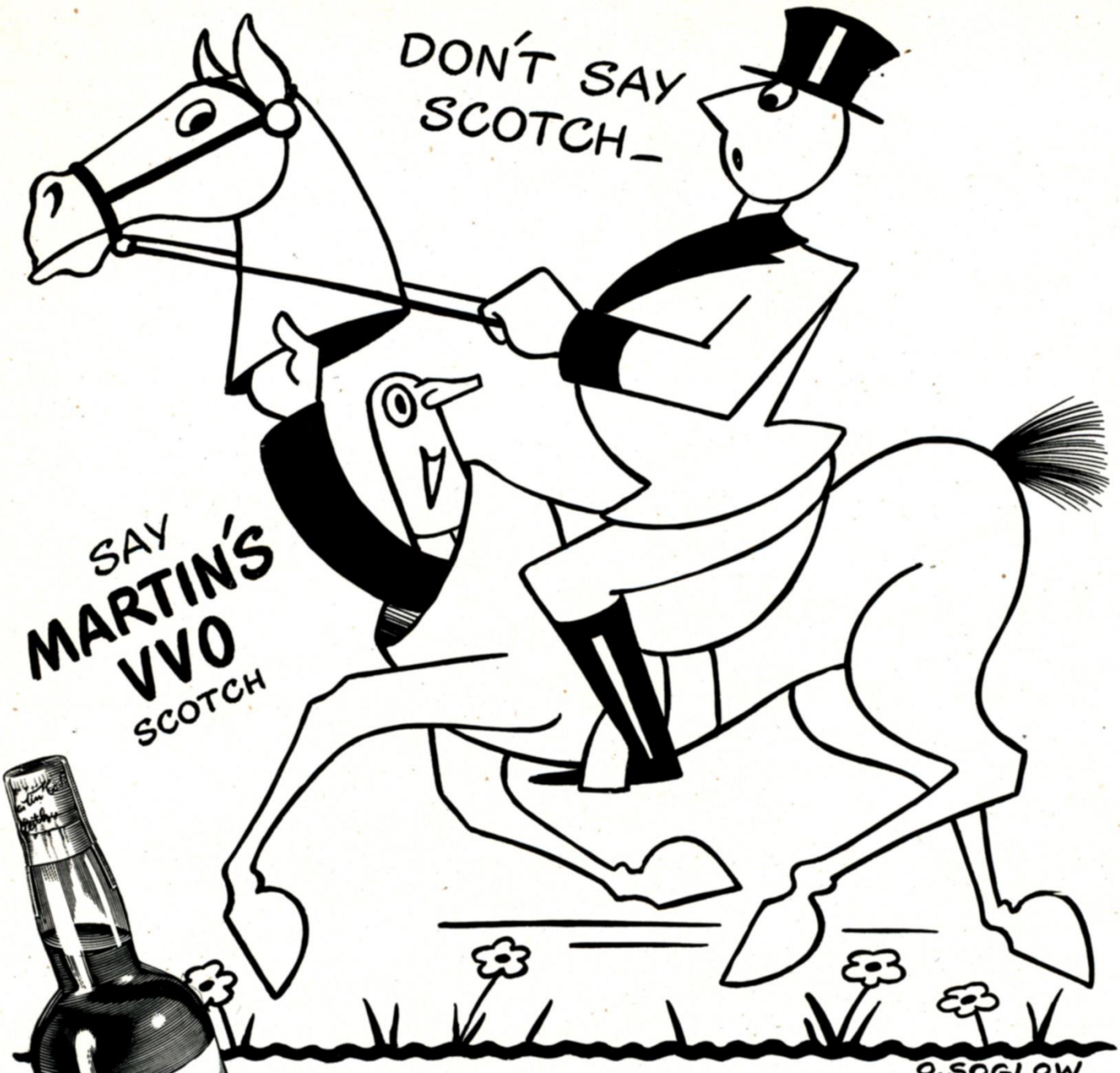
Being a Giant fan, I told him I thought it was fine, and would like to see such a game very much.

Our big game of the year was the one we played against Perpignan's own team, the French Metro (Subway) Workers. It was a big game in several respects. First of all, we had lost all our other games and we felt we weren't upholding the dignity of America very well. In the second place, it marked the debut of our star pitcher, John (Tex) O'Reilly, who had carefully trained for it. Thirdly, the Paris Metro decided to stage the game at its own private baseball field, which included a grandstand, at Croix-de-Berny, about ten miles outside of Paris.

WE had to get to Croix-de-Berny via suburban train, and we created

(*Continued on page* 79)

HERBERT KUPFERBERG, formerly a member of the New York Herald Tribune European Edition staff, is now a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune.



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Rud Rennie

The Giants Take to the Air

GREAT forward passers have performed in the Polo Grounds; but they were not Giants, they were visitors.

Cecil Isbell, of the Green Bay Packers, had a pretty good day in November of 1942 when Don Hutson caught fourteen, tying the National League record.

Sid Luckman, of the Bears, put on a show in 1943 when he was good with twenty-one for 433 yards and seven touchdowns.

Bob Waterfield, of the Rams, gave an exciting performance in 1946 when Jim Benton snared twelve for 202 yards.

And for eleven years, there has been Sammy Baugh, of the Washington Redskins, the greatest of them all.

The Giants, eight times divisional champions since the National League was divided into east and west in 1933, have had remarkable defensive teams and noteworthy ball carriers; but never have they had an outstanding, record-smashing, glamorous forward passing combination.

THE best passers the Giants have had were Jack McBride, Benny Friedman, Ed Danowski, Harry Newman, Arnie Herber and Frank Filchock.

The ends most adept at receiving were Glen "Turtle" Campbell, Ray Flaherty, Morris Badgro, Jim Lee Howell, Willie Walls, Frank Liebel, Chuck Corgan and Tod Godwin.

Danowski was the best percentage pitcher. He threw those short ones. In seven seasons he had an average of 48.5 (309 completions in 637 attempts). In that time only forty-two of his passes were intercepted. That's a record.

Liebel had the best season of any Giant receiver as far as touchdown passes are concerned when he grabbed ten. But the most spectacular receiver the Giants ever had was Godwin. A temperamental fellow from West Virginia, he was with them only a couple of years, but in that short time he made some incredible catches. If he could get one hand on the ball, no matter where it was, he clung to it.

The Giants, however, never have been considered a great passing team, like the Bears or the Redskins. They won the eastern championship with Frank Filchock doing the passing in 1946. But Filchock was no Luckman, no Baugh.

LAST year, without Filchock, the Giants fell apart. It was the first bad team in their history. They scurried around and got Paul Governali from the Boston Yanks to fill their crying need for a passer.

Governali, one of the good passers in the League, had little or nothing to work with. What with his receivers being strange to him, and getting no protection, Paul never had a chance to show what he could do.

That sorry showing last year brought about changes which should start a new volume in the saga of the Giants.

The Maras and Steve Owen, the coach, went out with a bankroll and outbid the opposition to get the most sought-after football players available, with an eye to making the Giants something they never had been before, no matter how successful: a great passing team.

They got Tony Minisi, a left-handed passer from Pennsylvania; Charles Conerly, from Mississippi; and Art Faircloth, from North Carolina State.

They still have Governali. So they have four outstanding forward passers this year.

They kept only one end from last year's team—Ray Poole, who was on the Mississippi team with Conerly in 1946. And they went out and signed that brilliant pair from Columbia, Bill Swiacki and Bruce Gherke. They also got Pete Lanzi from Youngstown College; Jackie Rosenthal from Pennsylvania; and Paulie Walker, from Yale.

"This is one year," said Owen, "that nobody is going to say we haven't got a passer. We have more potentially great young passers than any other team in the league. And we'll have ends who can catch the ball. We'll operate from a winged T. I think I'm going to enjoy this season. It ought to be a lot of fun.

RUD RENNIE, a member of the New York Herald Tribune sports staff, has been covering the New York Giants virtually since their inception.

New York Giants

Larry Beil, tackle (6.2, 225, 24) a Portland, Ore., native, played for Portland University last year.

●

Jim Brieske, center (6.2, 205, 25), was pivotman on Michigan's Rose Bowl victors last fall. He kicked 127 extra points in college, will probably handle that chore for the Giants.

●

John Cannady, center (6.2, 220, 24), shone defensively last year, his first as a pro, as a line-backer. He came to the Giants from Indiana.

●

George Cherverko, back (6.2, 195, 27), is a hard-driving runner who played football at Fordham and joined the Giants last year.

●

Ray Coates, back (6.1, 190, 24), was field general of four successful L.S.U. teams, joins the Giants with a fine reputation as runner and blocker.

●

Charles (Chuck) Conerly, back (6.1, 183, 24), Mississippi's record-smashing passer last year, was also the country's leading all-around back, ranking with the leaders in rushing and punting.

Dewitt (Tex) Coulter, tackle (6.4, 245, 23), made most All-Americas in 1945 while on Army's great war-time team. Last year the giant Giant played end, but is now back at his natural spot.

●

Joe Distasio, end (6.1, 182, 21), was a regular at Cornell for three years, excelling on defense. He is a rookie, lives in Newark, N. J.

●

Bob Dobelstein, guard (5.11, 212, 26), came to New York two years ago from Chicago Cardinals. A Tennessee product, he's been a starter ever since—fast, rugged and durable.

●

Bill Erickson, tackle (6.2, 210, 26), was ranked among the South's top linemen at Mississippi last year. His home is Hollis. N. Y.

●

Don Ettinger, tackle (6.2, 210, 25), was converted from fullback at Kansas last fall during a successful season. His speed enhances his offensive value.

●

Art Faircloth, back (6.0, 196, 27), joined the Giants late last fall after leading the American League (Jersey City) in passing. He is from North Carolina State.

Steve Owen, Head Coach

★ ★

Carl Fennema, center (6.2, 210, 22), is the youngest of four rookie centers on the Giants this season. He comes from the University of Washington.

●

Mike Gargoni, guard (5.11, 220, 24), all-Pacific Coast at U.S.C. in 1946, comes to the Giants this year from the Washington Redskins.

●

Bruce Gehrke, end (6.2, 190, 23), Columbia's best all-around athlete of the past fifteen years, was one of the East's leading receivers last year.

●

Bob Gordon, back (5.11, 185, 25), a speedy wingback and pass-catcher, Gordon joins the Giants this year from Guilford College, N. C.

THESE ARE THE 1948 GIANTS: Bottom row, left to right—Richard (Red) Smith, backfield coach; Ray Coates, Cliff Rothrock, Bill Miklich, Jim White, Ray Poole, Arthur Faircloth, Bob Gordon, Joe DiStasio, Dick Reinking, Ken Wiltgen, Paul Governali, Len Younce, captain, John Cannady, Bob Dobelstein, Pete Lanzi, Bill Owen, line coach.
Second row, left to right—John Wolosky, Jules Siegle, Mike Garzoni, Carl Fennema, George Cheverko, Jack Rosenthal, Don Ettinger, John Hanzel, Americo Mortorelli, Bill Erickson, Paul Walker, John Atwood, Joe Scott, Tony Minisi, Frank Reagan, Howard Hartley, Steve Owen, head coach.
Third row, left to right—Jim Lee Howell, end coach; Gene Roberts, George Reiss, Frank Pulattie, Emlen Tunnell, James Brieske, Stanley Stapley, John Treadaway, Larry Beil, Frank Lane, Joe Sulaitis, Chris Iverson, Bruce Gehrke, Ed Royston, Joe Johnson, Walter Macenka, Charles Conerly, Bill Hachten, DeWitt (Tex) Coulter, Howard Peterson, Bill Swiacki, Joyce Pipkin.

Bill Owen, Line Coach

Red Smith, Backfield Coach

Jim Lee Howell, End Coach

★ ★

Paul Governali, back (5.11, 190, 27), came to the Giants from Boston early last year, his second in the N.L. At Columbia, he smashed most of Sid Luckman's passing marks and made nine All-America teams in 1942.

●

Bill Hachten, guard (6.0, 210, 23), was hampered by injuries last year, when he joined the Giants after starring at Stanford in 1946.

●

Howard Hartley, back (5.11½, 185, 23), is a 9.8 100-yard sprinter who can also catch and throw passes, play defense. He is from Duke.

●

Chris Iverson, back (6.2, 210, 28), backed up the line and blocked excellently for New York last year after starring as a blocker at Oregon.

●

Joe Johnson, end (6.2, 195, 21), was one of Conerly's favorite receivers at Mississippi last fall.

●

Pete Lanzi, end (5.11½, 205, 25), a Youngstown (Ohio) product, is a sensational pass-catcher playing his first season of professional football.

●

Bill Miklich, guard (6.0, 208, 27), started last season as a rookie blocking back from Idaho and was switched to guard by Coach Steve Owen.

●

Tony (Skippy) Minisi, back (5.11, 190, 21), was number one draft choice in all professional football last year after starring as an open-field runner, southpaw passer and safety man at Pennsylvania and (during the war) Navy.

●

Joyce Pipkin, back (6.2, 203, 24), a rookie from Arkansas, will handle blocking and line-backer assignments.

●

Ray Poole, end (6.1½, 215, 26), is the Giants' only veteran wingman—starting his second year. Conerly's chief receiver at Mississippi in 1946, he is one of the famous football family.

Francis Pulattis, back (6.1½, 215, 26), big, rugged and fast, was the leading blocker for S.M.U.'s Doak Walker last year.

●

Frank Reagan, back (6.0, 180, 28), although a triple-threat All-American at Pennsylvania, has shone for the Giants on defense and in punting.

●

Gene Roberts, back (5.11, 188, 24), a power runner who gained over 1,100 yards at Chattanooga in 1946, is recovered from injuries which sidelined him early last year.

●

Jack Rosenthal, end (5.11, 185, 24), was captain of Pennsylvania's fine 1945 eleven and the American League's leading receiver last year.

●

Ed Royston, guard (6.0, 220, 25), an outstanding lineman at Wake Forest last year—fast, aggressive, powerful—he was traded by the Cardinals to New York for end Frank Liebel.

●

Bill Schuler, tackle (6.0, 215, 26), won a regular starting berth as a rookie last season. He was one of the best tackles Yale had in years.

●

Joe Scott, back (6.1, 194, 22), was Giants' second draft pick because of the speed, power and receiving ability he showed at San Francisco U.

●

Jules Siegle, back (6.1, 203, 25), is both fast and rugged, and at Northwestern last year did considerable pass-catching.

●

Stan Stapley, tackle (6.1½, 220, 25), played both guard and tackle at Brigham Young. He attended Utah before the war.

●

Tom Stewart, tackle (6.2, 220, 25), another first year man, played on the Tennessee Rose Bowl team of 1944 and later transferred to Chattanooga.

Joe Sulaitis, back (6.2, 210, 27), is the second oldest Giant on the squad, starting his fifth season. A top-notch utility man on offense and defense, he never played college ball.

●

Bill Swiacki, end (6.2, 195, 23), caught the passes that enabled Columbia to stop Army's 32-game defeatless streak last fall. His acrobatic clutches earned him All-America rating.

●

John Treadway, tackle (6.2, 250, 28), was brought up from Jersey City last year. A Stony Brook, N. Y., boy, he attended Hardin-Simmons.

●

Emlen Tunnell, back (6.1, 187, 23), was such a fine pass-catcher at Iowa last year that his equally fine throwing was overlooked.

●

Paul Walker, end (6.3, 210, 23), was one of Yale's greatest all-around athletes. All-America in 1944, he is playing pro football for the first time.

●

Jim White, tackle (6.2, 228, 27), was bothered most of last year by injuries, after an outstanding rookie year in 1946. He was All-America at Notre Dame in 1943.

●

Frank Williams, back (6.1, 212, 25), is a first-year man from Utah State.

●

Ken Wiltgen, end (6.1, 192, 22), was a leading mid-western wingman at Northwestern last year.

●

John Wolosky, center (5.11, 210, 23), on Penn State's great defensive team last year, backed up the line which yielded only 17 yards per game.

●

Len Younce, guard (6.1, 210, 31), the Giants' oldest player, starts his sixth season established as one of the league's best and smartest guards. He excels in team play, line-backing, pass defense and kicking.

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

CHICAGO BEARS No.	Name	Position	NEW YORK GIANTS Name	No.
.....	.....	Left End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Center	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Quarterback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Fullback	.....	.....

Chicago Bears Roster

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	College
4	Schumacher, Ray	B	6:00	185	24	Purdue
5	McAfee, George	B	6:00	175	29	Duke
6	Kindt, Don	B	6:01	207	22	Wisconsin
7	Sprinkle, Ed	E	6:01	207	24	Hardin-Simmons
8	Canady, Jim	B	5:11	181	22	U of Texas
9	Flanagan, Dick	B	6:00	208	21	Ohio State
10	Mullins, Noah	B	5:10½	176	29	Kentucky
11	Baumgardner, Joe	B	6:01	195	22	U of Texas
13	Garrett, Thurman	C	6:04	270	24	Oklahoma A&M
14	Cifers, Ed	E	6:02	230	31	Tennessee
15	Holovak, Mike	B	6:01	212	29	Boston
16	Norberg, Hank	E	6:03	220	27	Stanford
18	Osmanski, Joe	B	6:01	218	29	Holy Cross
20	Keane, Jim	E	6:04	220	24	Iowa
21	Drulis, Chuck	G	5:10	220	30	Temple
22	Layne, Bobby	B	6:01½	198	21	U of Texas
23	Serini, Wash	G	6:02	235	25	Kentucky
24	Davis, Fred	T	6:03	245	28	Alabama
25	Whitner, Glenn	G	6:02	260	21	No College
26	Abbey, Joe	E	6:01½	195	21	No. Texas State
28	Ecker, Ed	T	6:07	280	24	John Carroll
30	Smith, H. Allen	E	6:02	225	24	Mississippi
31	Clarkson, Stuart	C	6:02	218	29	Texas A & I
32	Lujack, Johnny	B	6:00	185	23	Notre Dame
33	Lawler, Allen	B	5:10	173	24	U of Texas
35	Stenn, Paul	T	6:02	248	28	Villanova
36	Cromer, Billy	B	6:01	195	22	North Texas
38	Milner, Bill	G	6:01½	215	25	Duke
39	Gulyanics, George	B	5:11	198	25	Ellisville, Jr.
41	Opela, Bruno	E	6:03	225	23	Notre Dame
42	Luckman, Sid	B	6:00	193	31	Columbia
44	Minini, Frank	B	6:01½	212	25	San Jose State
45	Stickel, Walt	T	6:03	245	25	Pennsylvania
48	Bumgardner, Max	E	6:02½	195	24	U of Texas
51	Kavanaugh, Ken	E	6:03	205	31	Louisiana State
53	Preston, Pat	G	6:02	215	25	Wake Forest
55	Fred Venturelli	B	6:00	218	26	No College
57	Boone, J. R.	B	5:09	160	22	Tulsa U
66	Turner, Clyde	C	6:02	235	29	Hardin-Simmons
81	Connor, George	T	6:03	240	23	Notre Dame
82	Bray, Ray	G	6:00	240	31	W. Michigan

New York Giants Roster

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	College
12	Gordon, Bob	B	5:11	185	25	Guilford
16	Atwood, John	B	5:11	185	23	Wisconsin
17	Cheverko, George	B	6:02	195	27	Fordham
20	Hartley, Howard	B	5:11	185	23	Duke
21	Sulaitis, Joe	B	6:02	210	27	Dickinson H.S.
22	Iverson, "Duke"	B	6:02	210	28	Oregon
26	Pulattie, Francis	B	6:01	215	26	S. M. U.
30	Scott, Joseph	B	6:01	194	22	San Francisco
31	Pipkin, Joyce	B	6:02	203	24	Arkansas
33	Williams, Frank	B	6:00	212	26	Utah State
34	Siegle, Jules	B	6:01	203	25	Northwestern
35	Roberts, Gene	B	5:11	188	24	Chattanooga
38	Minisi, Tony	B	5:11	190	21	Pennsylvania
40	Faircloth, Arthur	B	6:00	196	27	No. Carolina
41	Governali, Paul	B	5:11	190	27	Columbia
42	Conerly, Charles	B	6:01	183	24	Mississippi
44	Reagan, Francis	B	6:00	180	28	Pennsylvania
45	Tunnell, Emlen	B	6:01	187	23	Iowa
49	Coates, Ray	B	6:01	190	24	L. S. U.
51	Brieska, James	C	6:02	205	25	Michigan
52	Cannady, John	C	6:02	225	24	Indiana
53	Wolosky, John	C	5:11	210	23	Penn State
55	Fennema, Carl	C	6:02	210	22	Washington
60	Younce, Len	G	6:01	210	31	Oregon State
61	Royston, Ed	G	6:00	220	25	Wake Forest
62	Stapley, Stanley	T	6:01	220	25	Brigham Young
63	Garzoni, Mike	G	5:11	220	24	U. S. C.
65	Miklich, Bill	G	6:00	208	27	Idaho
66	Hachten, Bill	G	6:00	210	23	Stanford
67	Dobelstein, Bob	G	5:11	212	26	Tennessee
70	Treadaway, John	T	6:02	250	28	Hardin-Simmons
72	Beil, Larry	T	6:02	225	24	Portland
74	Ettinger, Don	T	6:02	210	25	Kansas
75	Schuler, Bill	T	6:00	215	26	Yale
76	Erickson, William	T	6:02	210	26	Mississippi
77	White, Jim	T	6:02	228	27	Notre Dame
79	Coulter, DeWitt	T	6.04	245	23	West Point
80	Di Stasio, Joseph	E	6:01	182	21	Cornell
81	Swiacki, William	E	6:02	195	23	Columbia
82	Poole, Ray	E	6:02	215	26	Mississippi
83	Gehrke, Bruce	E	6:02	190	23	Columbia
84	Wiltgen, Ken	E	6:01	192	22	Northwestern
85	Rosenthal, Jack	E	5:11	185	24	Pennsylvania
86	Walker, Paul	E	6:03	210	23	Yale
88	Johnson, Joe	E	6:02	195	21	Mississippi
89	Lanzi, Pete	E	5:11	205	25	Youngstown

THE STAFF

GEORGE HALAS, Head Coach
LUKE JOHNSOS, Assistant Coach
HUNK ANDERSON, Line Coach
PADDY DRISCOLL, Backfield Coach
GENE RONZANI, Quarterback Coach
GEORGE WILSON, End Coach
ED ROZY and ANDY LOTSHAW, Trainers

THE OFFICIALS

Referee—EMIL HEINTZ
Umpire—SAMUEL M. WILSON
Field Judge—CHARLES GAULT
Linesman—JOHN M. HIGHBERGER
Back Judge—EUGENE E. MILLER

THE STAFF

STEVE OWEN, Head Coach
RICHARD (Red) SMITH, Backfield Coach
BILL OWEN, Line Coach
JIM LEE HOWELL, End Coach
CHAS. PORTER and J. NEVINS, Trainer
DR. FRANCIS SWEENY, Team Physician
DR. ARTHUR G. CROKER, Team Dentist

Chicago Bears

Joe Abbey, end (6.1½, 197, 21), won "Little All-America" honors last year at North Texas State, played at U. of Texas before entering service.

●

Joe Baumgardner, halfback, (6.1½, 198, 22), is a former sprinter from Texas who also boasts unusually defensive ability.

●

J. R. Boone, halfback, (5.8½, 163, 22), shone at Tulsa last year as ball-carrier, receiver and place-kicker. His speed makes up for his small size.

●

Ray Bray, guard (6, 240, 31), for six years one of the N.F.L.'s leading linemen, has made all-league honors several times.

●

Max Bumgardner, end (6.2½, 200, 24), Bobby Layne's favorite target at Texas last year, owns speed, sticky fingers and defensive skill.

●

Jim Canady, halfback (5.10½, 180, 22), was Layne's teammate and aide as runner and receiver the past two years at Texas.

●

Ed Cifers, end (6.2, 230, 31), came to Bears last year from Washington, which he joined in 1941 from Tennessee. One of the league's defensive stand-outs.

Stuart Clarkson, center (6.2, 223, 29), is at his best as a line-backer on defense. He was Little All-America material at Texas A.&L. in 1941.

●

George Connor, tackle (6.3, 240, 23), Notre Dame's great three-time All-America, one of the most highly-prized rookies in the league, is exceptionally fast for his size.

●

Billy Cromer, fullback (6.0, 200, 22), another Texan rookie, used his speed to star at North Texas State, Texas U. and Arkansas A. & M.

●

Fred Davis, tackle (6.3, 245, 28), rated pro football's best tackle last year, came to Bears in 1946 from Los Angeles Rams in exchange for Tom Harmon.

●

John Drulis, guard (5.10, 220, 30), has been underrated by the fans but not by his coaches in three seasons at Chicago. Also from Temple.

●

Enrique Ecker, tackle (6.7, 275, 24), probably the biggest player in pro football, is starting his second Chicago season.

●

Dick Flanagan, fullback (6.0, 205, 21) was a key member of Ohio State's 1944 Big Nine champions when only 17. A rookie, he shines on defense, in blocking and power running.

George Halas, Head Coach

★ ★

Thurman Garrett, center (6.4, 265, 24), begins his second season with the Bears as their top kick-off man. He played tackle at Oklahoma A. & M.

●

Bill Griffin, end (6.6, 229, 24), a regular tackle at Kentucky last year, is seeking a defensive end berth with the Bears.

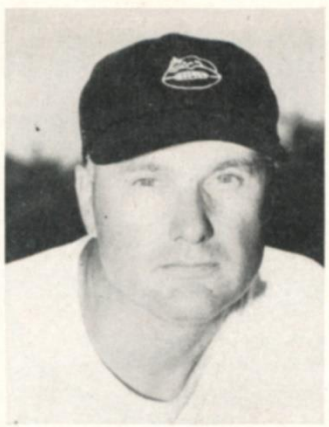
●

George Gulyanics, halfback (5.11, 198, 24), developed unexpectedly last year into the league's leading punter, a strong runner and defensive stalwart.

THESE ARE THE 1948 BEARS: Bottom row, left to right—Coach George Halas, Fred Venturelli, H. Allen Smith, Allen Lawler, Jim Canady, J. R. Boone, Noah Mullins, George Gulyanics, George McAfee, Ben Barber.
Second row: Luke Johnsos, Glenn Whitner, Bobby Layne, Ed Kolman, Chuck Drulis, Frank Minini, Joe Osmanski, Dick Flanagan, Bill Cromer, Ray Bray, Jim Keane, Sid Luckman, Coach Hunk Anderson.
Third row: Coach George Wilson, Ed Cifers, Paul Stenn, Don Kindt, Thurman Garrett, Washington Serini, Ken Kavanaugh, Ed Sprinkle, Clyde Turner, Ed Ecker, Walt Stickel, Bill Milner, Max Bumgardner, Pat Preston, Joe Papiano, Mike Holovak, Stuart Clarkson, Fred Davis, Joe Abbey, Trainer Ed Rozy.

Hunk Anderson
Line Coach

Gene Ranzani
Quarterback Coach



Luke Johnson
Assistant Coach

George Wilson
End Coach

★ ★

Mike Holovak, fullback (6.1, 215, 29), was All-American on Boston College's fine 1942 team. He came to Bears from Los Angeles two years ago.

●

Ken Kavanaugh, end (6.3, 207, 30), ranks with greatest pass-catchers of all time. All-American at L.S.U., he played on three championship Bear elevens and made all-Pro three times.

●

Jim Keane, end (6.4, 217, 24), N.F.L.'s leading receiver last year, an Iowa product, starting his third year with Chicago.

●

Don Kindt, halfback (6.1, 204, 22), averaged almost five yards a try as a rookie from Wisconsin last year. He may play fullback because of his speed and elusiveness.

●

Allen Lawler, halfback (5.10, 173, 22), another newcomer from Texas, ran 100 yards record-tying in 9.4 in 1947 National A.A.U. championships.

●

Bobby Layne, quarterback (6.1½, 198, 21), is considered Texas's all-time best passer. All-American last year, he completed 54% of his throws in four years of college competition.

●

Sid Luckman, quarterback (6.0, 195, 31), is the "old master" of Chicago's T-formation. Brooklyn-bred, he starred at Columbia, joined Bears in 1939, has made all-league seven times, set numerous passing records, won most-valuable-player award in 1943, and directed four title-winning teams.

●

Johnny Lujack, quarterback (6.0, 185, 23), was unanimously chosen All-American quarterback the past two seasons at Notre Dame. A triple-threat on offense and outstanding defensively, he won the Heisman Trophy last year.

●

George McAfee, halfback (6.0, 178, 29), the league's most-feared speedster in 1940 and 1941, has been slowed by injuries the past two seasons. He was All-American at Duke.

★ ★

Charles (Bill) Milner, guard (6.1½, 215' 23), is exceptionally fast and is starting his second pro season after stardom at Duke and South Carolina.

●

Frank Minini, halfback (6.1½, 215, 25), averaged over five yards per try as a rookie from San Jose State last year; he has both power and speed.

●

Noah Mullins, halfback (5.10½, 176, 29) is starting his third season with the Bears. His college was Kentucky.

●

Bruno Opelat, end (6.3, 225, 23), is the Bears' third rookie from Notre Dame (along with Lujack and Connor).

●

Joe Osmanski, fullback (6.1, 220, 28), was Chicago's top ball carrier last year, his second with the Bears. His brother Bill, a teammate through last fall, is now head coach at Holy Cross, their alma mater.

●

Paddison (Pat) Preston, guard (6.2, 220, 25), was an All-American tackle at Duke and Wake Forest, has great speed going downfield under kicks.

●

Ray Schumacher, halfback (6.0, 185, 24) is breaking into the National League from Purdue of the Big nine, one of the toughest college loops.

●

Washington Serini, guard (6.2, 235, 25), a fast-charging rookie, was captain of last year's South All-Star team. A Tuckahoe, N. Y., product, he played tackle at Kentucky.

●

H. Allen Smith, end (6.3, 225, 24), is a fine defensive prospect from Mississippi who joined the Bears last year.

Paddy Driscoll, Backfield Coach

★ ★

Ed Sprinkle, end (6.1, 204, 24), played center, guard and tackle before switching to defensive end, starting his sixth season with the Bears.

●

Paul Stenn, tackle (6.4, 245, 28), was obtained by the Bears from Pittsburgh this spring and was once a member of the Giants.

●

Walt Stickel, tackle (6.3, 245, 25), won a regular berth last year, his second at Chicago. He starred in college at Pennsylvania.

●

Clyde (Bulldog) Turner, center (6.1½, 235, 29), ranks among all football's greatest all-time pivot man. He has been all-League seven times and has played on four championship Chicago teams.

●

Fred Venturelli, place-kicker (6.0, 218, 26), is a field goal specialist trying for the Bears' regular place-kicking assignment.

●

Glen Whitner, guard (6.2, 260, 21), one of the biggest Bears, is a rookie with no collegiate experience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PAUL OATMAN
MY NEW GEM RAZOR GETS WHISKERS AT THE BASE!
GEM RAZOR SETS $1.25 and $1.95
GEM BLADES 5 for 25¢
Avoid '5 o'clock Shadow' with GEM

When a Giant Meets a Bear... *By Harold Rosenthal*

IF YOU follow this segment of literature down to the bottom of the page, then go leaping after it like a mountain goat as it disappears somewhere between a couple of frosty-looking beer ads in the back of the book, you do so at your own risk. Much of the material is hearsay, deponent having been twelve years old at the time when most of the action was taking place. A capable judge would throw the whole business out of court as testimony outrageously inadmissible.

The Giants and the Bears have met in National League competition thirty-two times with the twin objectives of (a) winning a football game and (b) altering the opposition's features. The first game, played in these same Polo Grounds, was the best. Having an important Boy Scout meeting to attend that afternoon, I wasn't there.

In later years a Bureau of Internal Revenue fellow who watched the turnstiles click back on the afternoon of Dec. 6, 1925 told me that it was then and there that he got his first inkling that life could be beautiful. A total of 73,651 people crowded into the joint that raw day. The arena's seating arrangements were such that approximately 10,000 more customers could be accommodated than can be today.

No one in professional football up to that time dared to dream that the play-for-pay boys could draw a crowd of such proportions. They didn't. The crowd came to see a fellow named Red Grange. Not one person in ten in the ballpark could name more than a half-dozen players on either team.

THE news that Illinois' Galloping Ghost was to make his first professional appearance in New York had the crowds lining up all week to buy tickets. It rained and snowed all week, too, but they stood around waiting to pay to see Grange.

It didn't rain or snow on the morning of the game but it was the kind of December day that made you want to sit home tinkering with your crystal set and wondering what Santa Claus was going to bring you in the way of bootleg hooch three weeks hence. Then one of the most amazing phenomena in the history of professional sports occurred.

Fans started to converge on the Polo Grounds in the hope that they would be able to pick up a last-minute ticket. They virtually broke down the gates. The cop in charge of the police detail developed a pair of callouses on his thumb and forefinger turning in riot calls every ten minutes.

Eventually the game was played and the Bears won 19-7. It seems that the 73,000 odd spectators weren't the only ones watching Grange. So were the Giants. They watched him so closely that little Joey Sternaman, the Bears quarterback, slipped away to two touchdowns. Grange, playing his sixth game in less than two weeks (and that's no typographical error) scored once. Everyone went home happy at having seen the greatest player of his generation perform in winning fashion.

Tim Mara, the Giant boss, was as happy as his most delirious patron. Pro football was never again to be sent around to the back door. To signalize the coming of the new era Big Tim chartered a special train and took every one who wanted to go along out to the return game in Chicago.

BUT Grange was only Grange. Superman wasn't to come along until fifteen or twenty years later. Midway through the week Grange suffered an injury. The Bears announced that they weren't luring any customers into Wrigley Field under false pretenses. Anyone who wanted his money back could have it. A lot of people took the Bears up.

Mara and his entourage from New York comprised a goodly portion of the audience. It sobered a lot of wild enthusiasts who had predicted the end of college football as a big-time proposition well before the end of prohibition. For the record the Giants won the return game, 9 to 0.

"Those early days were exciting enough," muses Jack Mara, the Giants president, "but I'll take that second 1935 game in Chicago when we beat them 3-0. Ken Strong had to kick the same field goal for us three times before we won the game. They said we were offside every time."

It will be quite a while before the Giants can overhaul the Bears in the record books. Right now the series stands at 19-12 in the Bears' favor. They hold more victories over the Giants than any other National League team. The Giants' record against the Bears is almost as good. Only Green Bay has beaten George Halas's men more times than have the Giants.

THERE has been only one deadlock in the series, a 3-3 windup to 1937 game. New York and Chicago each have won eight divisional titles in the fifteen years since the league competition has been split up into Eastern and Western divisions.

The last time the two teams met was in Dec. 1946 when the Bears hammered the Giants into broken-nosed submission and won the league championship. Tonight's game won't go into any record book and there's a regular league game listed in Chicago Oct. 31, but that won't prevent the various principals from beating the merry hell out of each other. And this being a Giants-Bears game, that will be a perfectly normal state of affairs.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.


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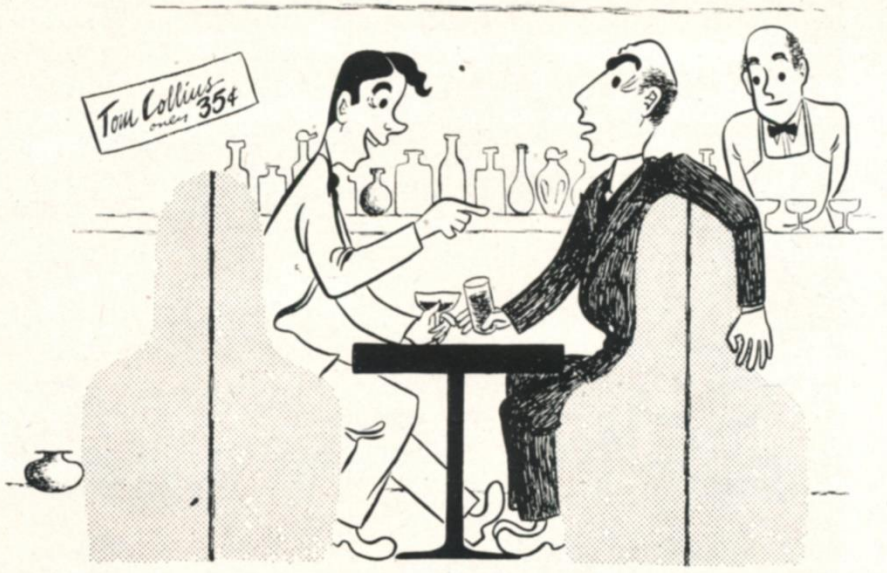
Mixed Signals

By C. Norman Stabler



A MEMBER of the Sports staff and the Financial staff meet at the Artist and Writers Club and the conversation becomes a little involved):

"I am very impressed with the Chicago Bears. They have loads of power and in my opinion they're just getting started."

"Why single out Chicago? There are just as many bears in New York, Pittsburgh or Oshkosh as in Chicago. They've been on the wrong side for more than a year."

"For a year? Why don't you read the record? They left the others at the post."

"It must have been the odd-lot post. Around all the posts I've heard of for months the bears have been taking a punishing. Some of them are short."

"They don't look very short to me. And what difference does that make anyway? Look at their weight. It averages around two hundred."

"What averages are you using? I don't say the averages won't go to two hundred, but they aren't there yet, unless you want to single out one specific group. For instance, I sort of like the packers."

"Yes, you have something there. The Green Bay Packers always give you a run for your money. We agree on one thing. It's a great sight to see them break through the line. I recall one time in particular, last November."

"It couldn't have been last November. The packers didn't do any better than the others last November. They didn't get going until March, and the breakthrough came in May, just about a year, almost to the day, after they touched their low point."

"You have your dates mixed. The season was over then. Let me give you a tip. You better read Best Sports Stories—1948, edited by Irving Marsh."

"What do you base your tip on? I like to know a little of what's behind these tips. And I don't keep a book. That's the job for the specialist. I just write about what happens, and try to form some judgment of what is ahead."

"YOU mean to say you don't own a book, not even one from your nursery days, even about cats and dogs?"

"I don't even want a book on cats and dogs. Too many fellows pick up a cat or a dog and then before they know it they can't get rid of the thing."

"If it has a pedigree, why should they want to get rid of it? Youp should have one. Keep it a few months, watch over it, and you'll learn to love it. You'll probably never let it go out on the street."

"The street is already full of them. There are more cats and dogs there than there are blue chips."

"I don't go in for gambling, at least not often. And when I do it is just on a sociable scale, small stakes, with red and white chips."

"You are wise there. Gambling is outlawed. It's all right for a fellow to back his judgment with some money, but the SEC says no gambling."

"Whose secretary says that? I never heard mine mention the subject. But then she has a lot of reserve."

"You need plenty of excess reserves if you're going to play along with those bulls downtown."

"I don't play with any bulls. What do you think I am, a toreador? I ought to drop you in a great big pool."

"Don't you understand that that's against the rules now, too? No more pools. Of course a few fellows might play along in a bob-tail pool. But in such a case each one acts for himself, and can get out any time he wishes."

"Naturally. No one should stay in a pool longer than he wishes. In and out, just for a dip, is the system."

"That's all right for those who can stand the pace. But I should think you'd want to avoid the dips. If you can stay in for six months your tax liability is cut in half."

"Who could stay in for six months? If I stayed in for six hours I wouldn't care any more about taxes or anything else. Do you realize what six hours in a pool might do to a fellow's ticker?"

"His ticker wouldn't be affected in any way. Besides, if it goes bad, just telephone Western Union and they'll send a mechanic up to regulate it."

"No mechanic is going to use any hammer and chisel on my ticker."

"I said nothing about chiseling. You were the one who said you traded in and out for a quick turn. If you can chisel a little here and there with that system, that's your business. But you should be careful about gambling, now that we have full disclosure."

"IN THE game I play there is no disclosure until the chips are all in. How could you have a game if everyone knew what the others held? No one shows his hand until he gets a call from the others."

"He can get a call in Wall Street for as little as $137.50."

"I was never in a game where they played with chips of that denomination. Small stakes but a rapid turnover is more fun. I'll take a seat any time the turnover is big."

"Who wouldn't? But a seat would cost

(*Continued on page* 85)

C. NORMAN STABLER is business and financial editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Let's Go on an African Safari

By A. T. Steele

NAIROBI, KENYA EAST Africa is making a concerted bid for the expendable dollars of American sportsmen and tourists. Big game hunting with gun and camera is a big business in these parts and it means dollars exchange for the dollar-hungry British Empire. It is hoped to increase this flow of hard money by arranging quick streamlined safaris for hurried Americans who can pay the price. It is now possible for the busy American executive to fly to Kenya, bag a nice collection of big game trophies, including maybe a lion or an elephant, and be back at his office within a month's time.

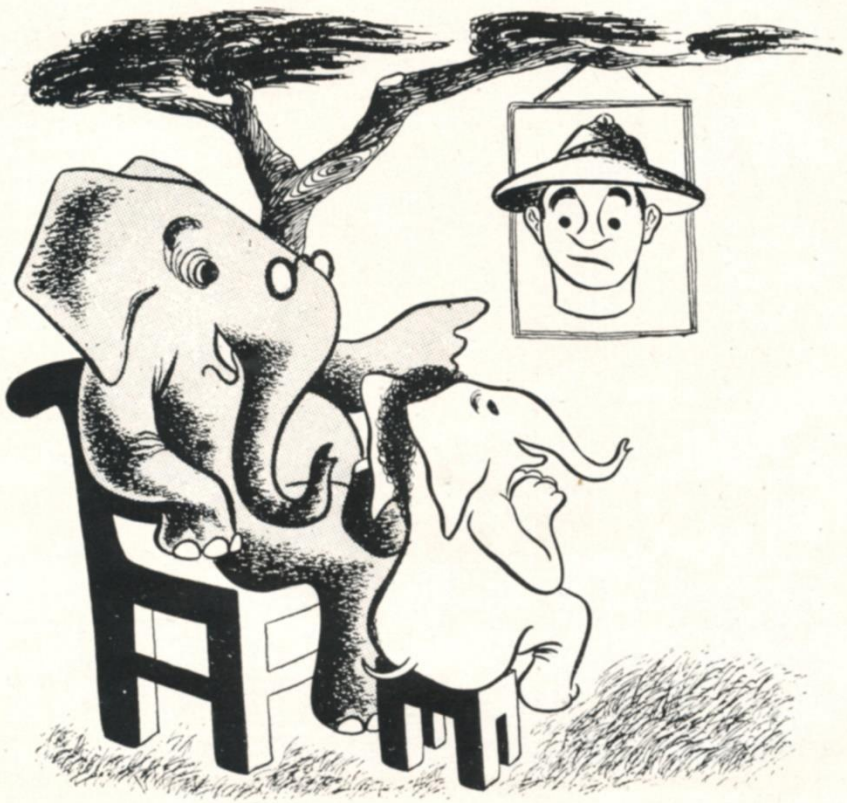
It is indeed a fact that the average American has an exaggerated conception of the time difficulty and discomfort involved in an African safari. The business is highly organized here and the only serious hazard involved is to the pocketbook.

I have been around to a number of the safari outfits here to check on costs. A typical all-inclusive rate for a one-month hunting trip for one person from Nairobi to the shooting country and back to Nairobi again is 3,000. For a party of two persons the cost figures out at about $2150 apiece. I was given a look into one company's books to see what goes into one of these hunting expeditions. The list, for a party of three Americans, included two cars, supplies and camping equipment for a month in the bush, an assortment of liquors, two white hunters and twenty-three native servants ranging from cooks to gunbearers.

ANOTHER list showed what was described as a fairly typical bag for one hunter in one month. This particular American visitor had shot a lion, a leopard, a rhinoceros, a buffalo, a zebra, a warthog, a hyena, a wildbeeste and five varieties of antelope and gazelle, for the "complete" safari—and that means both lion and elephant and the lesser game that goes with them—a stay of two months is recommended.

On these streamlined safaris virtually all the outfitting and preparatory works is done here and it's necessary only for the American dude to bring a few personal belongings, a supply of films and his favorite guns and cameras. Once in the field most of the routine jobs are done by the native servants and there is not much left for the sportsman but the chase itself. This involves a certain amount of walking (shooting from cars is prohibited) a little knowledge of firearms and a fairly steady hand and eye. The shooting itself is usually done in the presence of a professional white hunter who, if need be, will pick out the best heads, tell you where to aim and stand by to deliver the coup de grace in case the animal becomes unmanageable.

"The worst thing imaginable," one of these hunters told me, "would be for anything to happen to one of my clients. It would ruin my reputation. It is my job to see that the client gets the best trophy possible without hurting himself in the process."



IT WOULD be unfair to suggest that all sportsmen who come out here have to be nursemaided to this extent. Many who come are real hunters; some are real phonies. It is not always possible to tell from the trophy rooms at home which are which. The headstones in the cemeteries hereabouts bear witness to the fact that under certain conditions the game animals of Africa can be dangerous adversaries.

If you want to cut expenses you can hire a free lance white hunter and organize your own safari, but this usually involves more time and trouble. Photographic and sightseeing tours are less expensive than the shooting kind and often provide as many thrills. Some of the finest game reserves in the world are within easy reach of Nairobi by air and car and in areas where they are protected the animals are extraordinarily approachable.

Some visitors ship their own cars here by sea and rail. Others prefer to hire a car and drive on the spot. You can charter a car here at a rate of thirty cents a mile including fuel and maintenance.

(*Continued on page* 85)

A. T. STEELE, foreign correspondent, now is in China for the New York Herald Tribune.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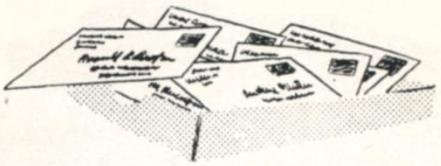
Outgoing Fan Mail

By Will Cuppy



DEAR SIR: Just what is this new suspense novel we are getting these days? How would you define it? —WORRIED.

Dear Worried: The so-called suspense story, or suspense novel, of current commerce has been defined in several ways, none of them quite satisfactory. One of our smartest mystery editors—a mighty fine girl she is, too—says it is a crime story in which you know who killed whom right away. You are not held in doubt as to the identity of the murderer through a whole book, as you are in the old-fashioned detective tale or in the ordinary whodunit. Thus a suspense story would appear to be a crime story with the suspense removed, or a mystery with its *raison d'être*, if you follow me, yanked out and thrown away in the first chapter. This strikes me as as the best thing said on the subject so far. (I mean what the girl said, not what I said.)

Now, what does that leave the suspense author for the rest of his story? Plenty. Characterization, as we of the old school call it. Writing, as such. There is no reason on earth, except one into which we need not go at the moment, why he cannot proceed to compose another "Crime and Punishment." How did the killer get that way? (This point is left somewhat vague in Dostoevsky's great work. In my opinion, the fellow was just no good.) Why was I ever born, Babushka? Will the cops catch him? Certainly they will. What's more, suspense authors do make efforts in all these directions. Are these questions as interesting to the patrons of the lending libraries as the old central problem of mystery: Whodunit? Unfortunately, no.

This mystery editor states that the fans are restive under the new suspense order. They are screaming for the dear old clews. They don't give a whoop why they were born. They want to guess whodunit. They don't wanna be told in the first chapter. The lady's appraisement of the situation seems to me to make sense. But remember, Worried, that the word "sense" in this business does not mean exactly what it means in other walks of life. I don't know why that is. It just doesn't. Meanwhile, the word "suspense" is having a time for itself.

* * *

Dear Sir: You won't remember the summer of 1920, but I am the girl who used to read your collection of books on psychoanalysis at High Hill Beach. What fun we had, talking of nothing but the libido and paranoia and all those exciting things. Why is it that mystery writers have taken up psychology only these last two or three years? Hadn't they heard of it before?—GWEN.

Dear Gwen: Of course I remember 1920. Weren't the green flies awful that summer? I have just read your questions

over the phone to Miss X, author of several psychological mysteries, and she tells me the public was not ready for psychology until about three years ago, when she wrote her first one. She was ready but nobody else was, get it? With your knowledge of the subject, you will gather that she is an advanced case of bolonia, with the typical morbid tendency to say whatever she thinks she can get away with. I have reason to suspect that she first heard of psychology in 1945, when she attended a movie in which it was featured. A lot of mystery authors saw that picture.

You and I need not take too seriously Miss X's assumption that there was no psychology until she invented it three years ago. By the way, in her latest success she has gone on from plain psychology to psychoanalysis (her own version), having stumbled across it, apparently, while swiping scientific terms out of some elementary text-book. It is perhaps not too much to say that no living author has done as much as she has to make a bum out of Freud.

So mystery is catching up with us at last, Gwen. I wonder what the fans were doing with their spare time all those years. They must have been awfully bored. I still carry on in spite of my arthritis and schizophrenia. The arthritis is a little better, hoping you are the same.

* * *

Dear Sir: Why do you keep harping on mystery characters who stare, whether at one another, at inanimate objects, or even into space, the last of which seems to make you especially furious. Why shouldn't they stare if they want to, and who are you, anyway, to lay down the law on this subject?—ANONYMOUS.

Dear Anonymous: To answer your last question first, I am just a fellow who does not like the constant use of the verb "to stare" in mysteries or anywhere else. What's wrong with the verb "to look"? I suppose I do feel too strongly about characters who have only this one means of expression at their command for any and all occasions. How can one love such people or care about their fate? What is one to think of an author who would repeat any one word, even a good word, as often as some of them repeat the verb "to stare" on page after page? This staring business, Anonymous, is the worst cliché I have encountered in a long and checkered career, and I was only trying to stop it, that's all.

As for staring into space—or more frequently staring *blankly* into space—as so many mystery heroines do most of their time, I object to it on the ground that it can't be done. According to Webster, to stare is "to gaze or look fixedly, as through fear, wonder, surprise, impudence, etc.; to fasten an earnest and prolonged gaze on some object." I submit that you cannot do that blankly and you probably cannot do it into space at all, because where is the object in that case? Try it some time, Anonymous, if you can find any

(*Continued on page* 79)

WILL CUPPY, author and humorist, conducts the column called "Mystery and Adventure" in the New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review.

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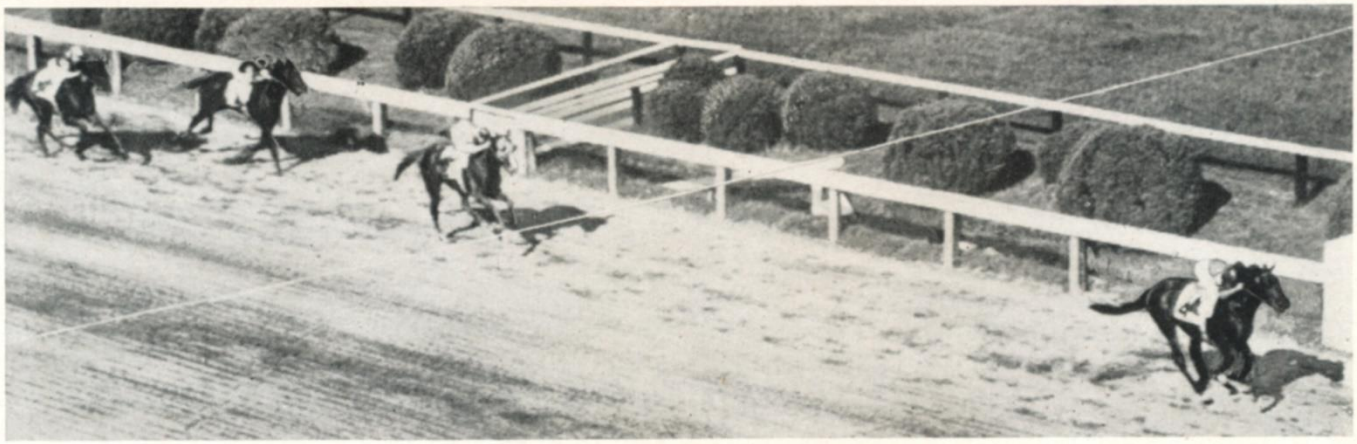

SECOND STEP IN THE TRIPLE CROWN: Citation running away from Vulcan's Forge, Bovard and Better Self in this year's running of the Preakness at Pimlico.

Wearers of the Triple Crown

• By Joe H. Palmer

ON last June 12 a bay colt came sounding to the furlong-pole at Belmont Park, and a vociferant crowd of 43,000 began roaring Calumet Farm's Citation to the finish wire, for with an eighth of a mile before him he was already the winner. He had brought off what only seven horses, in all the thousands before him, had been able to do. He had won the American Triple Crown—Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont Stakes—and he had won them all so fluently, with such fluid ease that even men who remembered Man o' War in action began to cast their minds back and to wonder if the golden chestnut of 1920 could have handled the sleek bay racer that had, in the Belmont, gone a full mile and then put in a 24 second quarter which smothered his opposition and had then galloped home at leisure.

This was the seal of Citation's greatness. Fairly poor horses have lucked home in the Kentucky Derby—Broker's Tip had never won a race before it—he never won one afterward, and he would not have won that one if Herb Fisher hadn't got into a hair-pulling contest with Don Meade. There have been lean years and poor winners of the Preakness and the Belmont. But thus far there hasn't been a bad winner of the Triple Crown. There isn't that much luck.

THE year before Man o' War came to his magnificent best, Sir Barton, owned by Commander J. K. L. Ross, was the first colt to bring it off. That was in 1919, and while Sir Barton has gone wherever good horses go, his trainer, H. Guy Bedwell, is still in successful action. Sir Barton had gone into the Derby as a maiden, but he turned back Billy Kelly, Under Fire, and others, flashed away from Eternal and Sweep On in the Preakness, and then had the easiest kind of time in the Belmont. There were only two other starters and Sir Barton, after beating the gate, cantered contentedly behind Natural Bridge for a mile, and then went away and won by five, with Johnny Loftus looking back.

THIS WAS THE FIRST STEP: Citation, with Eddie Arcaro up, receiving the wreath of roses emblematic of victory in the Kentucky Derby.

As to his quality, it is enough to say that in 1920, when the nation's horses were picked over to find one worthy to be matched against Man o' War, Sir Barton was that horse.

Then in 1930 came Belair's Gallant Fox, which completed the triple under the masterful hands of Earl Sande, and in that year set a record of 3-year-old earnings which stood until Assault came along in 1946.

Gallant Fox sent a triple crown winner back in 1935. This was Omaha, also owned by Belair Stud and beaten only once at three. He went abroad at four and almost won the Ascot Gold Cup, considered the world's most gruelling distance test. The great mare Quashed beat him a nose, and there were those who said that if the English had had a camera on the finish line, Omaha would have been the winner.

Man o' War didn't race in the Derby, but he got a Triple Crown winner in 1937, in Glen Riddle Farm's great War Admiral, which came sailing down the Belmont stretch to set a new track record of 2:28 3/5, and to equal the American record for a mile and a half. And the record he clipped—why, it was the one his sire had set 27 years before.

IN 1941 came the horse with the most smothering stretch rush of the wearers of the Triple Crown. This was Calumet's first Belmont winner, Whirlaway, of the long tail and the longer finish run. In the Derby he was away behind when Eddie Arcaro woke him up. In the Preakness he was impossibly last with only a half-

(*Continued on page* 91)

JOE H. PALMER, one of the foremost racing writers in the country, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

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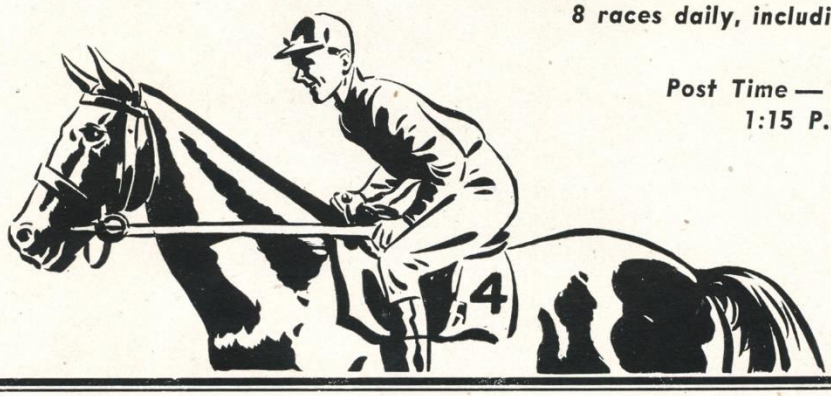
Thursday,	Sept. 16	The Broad Hollow 'Chase Handicap—about 2 miles	15,000 "
Saturday,	Sept. 18	The Manhattan Handicap—1½ miles	25,000 "
		The Matron Stakes—6 furlongs	25,000 "
Monday,	Sept. 20	The Lawrence Realization—1⅝ miles	25,000 "
Wednesday,	Sept. 22	The Vosburgh Handicap—7 furlongs	25,000 "
Thursday,	Sept. 23	The Brook 'Chase Handicap—about 2½ miles	15,000 "
Saturday,	Sept. 25	The Futurity—6½ furlongs	50,000 "
		The New York Handicap—2¼ miles	25,000 "
Tuesday,	Sept. 28	The Ladies Handicap—1½ miles	50,000 "
Wednesday,	Sept. 29	The Sysonby Mile—1 mile	25,000 "
Friday,	Oct. 1	The Grand National 'Chase Handicap—about 3 miles	25,000 "
Saturday,	Oct. 2	The Jockey Club Gold Cup—2 miles	100,000 "
		The Champagne Stakes—1 mile	25,000 "

8 races daily, including Steeplechase

Post Time — 1st Race
1:15 P.M.



Your Income—How You Spend It

• *By Harvey E. Runner*

THE American public earns more, spends more and saves more than the people of any nation in the world. The record of 1947 is typical of what has been going on in this respect since the end of the war. The pattern for 1948 is closely following that of last year, the only difference being that the dollar figures on earnings and spendings are larger than they were in 1947, for the public's income this year is running at a much higher rate than in any previous year.

Savings, although still substantial, are not likely to be as high as in 1947, the trend having been downward over the last several years. Taking a look at what happened last year, we find that the public's income reached a new peak—$196,800,000,000, or 11.1 per cent more than it was in 1946. This sum included wages and salaries ($120,700,000,000), income of owners of businesses, rent and dividend payments and various other personal receipts.

Personal taxes absorbed $21,500,000,000 of this total income figure, which left consumers with a disposable income of $175,300,000,000. Expenditures for goods and services accounted for $164,400,000,000 of this total and savings for the remaining $10,900,000,000.

The interesting question that naturally arises is: How and where did the public spend $164,000,000,000 in one year? The United States Department of Commerce provides the answer. Here is where the money went:

Durable goods: Automobiles and parts, $6,100,000,000; furniture and household equipment, $9,800,000,000; other durable goods, $3,900,000,000.

Non-durable goods: Clothing and shoes, $19,700,000,000; food, $50,900,000,000; alcoholic beverages, $9,600,000,000; gasoline and oil, $3,800,000,000; semi-durable house furnishings, $1,900,000,000; tobacco, $3,800,000,000; other non-durable goods, $9,700,000,000.

Services: Household operation, $6,700,000,000; housing, $13,500,000,000; personal service, $3,200,000,000; recreation, $3,600,000,000; transportation, $4,400,000,000; other services, $14,000,000,000.

IT should be noted that the biggest item —$50,900,000,000—was for food. The public, in fact, spent 30.9 per cent of each dollar for food. Clothing and shoes took 12 per cent of the dollar and housing needs accounted for 8.2 per cent. These three items alone absorbed more than half —51.1 per cent to be exact—of every dollar spent by the public.

The balance of the dollar was disbursed as follows: Automobiles and parts, 3.7 per cent; furniture and household equipment, 6 per cent; other durables, 2.4 per cent; alcoholic beverages, 5.8 per cent; gasoline and oil, 2.3 per cent; semi-durable house furnishings, 1.1 per cent; tobacco, 2.3 per cent; other non-durables, 5.9 per cent; household operation, 4.1 per cent; personal service, 1.9 per cent; recreation, 2.2 per cent; transportation, 2.7 per cent, and other services, 8.5 per cent.

The average American family has been able to increase its dollar income considerable in recent years. More people at work in each family along with higher wages have contributed to this condition. Millions of families which at one time had incomes hovering about at the subsistence level have moved upward into the middle income brackets.

The Federal Reserve Board reports that the "middle income" of 42,000,000 families in the nation rose to $2,920 in 1947, up $320 from 1946. The board explains that incomes for half the families were higher than the middle figure and for the other half were lower. Between 1945 and 1946 the rise in "middle income" was $200.

HOWEVER, 13 per cent of 42,000,000 families have annual incomes of under $1,000. On the other hand, 69 per cent of the families have incomes of more than $2,000 a year and 21 per cent have incomes of $5,000 or more.

Unquestionably, 1948 income figures, when compiled, will show good gains over those of 1947. For example, some economists estimate that the public will have about $15,000,000,000 more in disposable income (income after taxes) in 1948 than it did in 1947. Higher wage levels, bigger dividend payments and lower taxes largely explain the 1948 increase in income.

HARVEY E. RUNNER conducts business news columns called "Buyers and Sellers" and "State of Business" in the New York Herald Tribune.

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Le Tour de France

By Walter Kerr and William J. Knight

PARIS IT is generally believed in America that there is no country in the world that can compare with the United States when it comes to a nation-wide interest in a great sports event—whether it is a football game or the world series.

And yet the most fantastic sporting event of all takes place in France every year—a bicycle race around the country—in which not tens or hundreds of thousands of spectators watch what is going on but literally nine to ten millions of men, women and children.

Yes! It's a bicycle race—something that went out in America at the turn of the century, and yet it is a magnificent test of endurance in which something more than a hundred cyclists for twenty-six days cover a distance of 3,120 miles—farther than the distance between New York and San Francisco. They climb mountain peaks that are two miles high. They ride across dusty plains. No news story can take the headlines from them while they ride. It is the greatest show in Europe and a show that is near and dear to the heart of every Frenchman.

For this reason no newspaper published in Europe can afford to ignore the annual race around France. "Le Tour de France" as it is called over here.

And because no newspaper can ignore it, the European edition of the New York Herald Tribune—the only American newspaper published on the continent—carried its full report this year as it must carry it every year.

William J. Knight, a young American who is the paper's sports editor, wrote the story recently and this is the way he described perhaps the most astonishing occurrence that followers of sports can witness:

A STRANGE caravan of cyclists, trucks, automobiles and motorcycles reached Trouville late yesterday afternoon on the first of twenty-one laps in the thirty-fifth tour de France—a combination bicycle race and rolling circus which will be glimpsed on the nation's roads by 10,000,000 spectators and followed closely in the papers and on the radio by at least 20,000,000 others.

The tour is not merely the greatest event of the year for a nation of sports lovers who would rather pedal a bicycle than throw a ball around. It is an immense national festival, the French equivalent of the football cup final in Britain and baseball's world series in the United States. But the tour has the added advantage of lasting twenty-six consecutive days and playing before an audience which stretches 4,992 kilometers around the outer edges of France, into Italy, Switzerland, Luxembourg and Belgium.

There is probably no sports event in the world which has so close a contact with a nation's people. In the 800 towns and twenty large cities through which the tour will pass, hardly any one will miss the chance of getting a brief view of the riders and the colorful caravan as they arrive.

Sometimes mobs of avid fans pop up at barren, isolated points to see the cyclists work their way across the route's toughest tests. Last year more than 30,000 persons came from Briancon, Grenoble and Cannes and waited for hours along the slopes of the Col du Galibier, a 2,556-meter peak, which has ruined the chances of many of the tour's leaders in the past.

(*Continued on page* 81)

THEY'RE OFF: The start of the 1948 Tour de France, in which 120 riders passed in front of the Arc de Triomphe, last June 30.

WALTER KERR is chief of the Paris Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

WILLIAM J. KNIGHT is sports editor of the European Edition of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Open Season

By Beach Conger

AS A result of war-time travel restrictions, Americans are at last getting out of a rut in which they have been as far as travel is concerned. No longer do they feel they have to go to some resort when the so-called "season" is on. This so-called "season" is gradually disappearing, and it's healthier, economically, for the resorts and hotels, and far, far more comfortable and cheaper for the individual or family who wants a vacation.

During the war, transportation facilities for civilian travel were limited. Reservations on trains and boats were hard to get. There was more money to spend, so reservations at resorts and hotels were equally scarce. And many hotels were taken over by the armed forces. Vacations could not be given to all during the popular "seasons" lest production suffer in war plants. As a result, more and more persons had to take vacations in what was then known as the "off-season." And now, in some cases, the "off-season" is nearly, although not quite, as popular as the "season."

What are the benefits to the tourist or vacationist? He doesn't have to scramble or pay something under the counter for his transportation reservations. He is usually sure of the best accommodations available in hotels and resorts at a much cheaper price. Restaurants, night clubs, and other eating or entertainment places are much less crowded. There's less wear and tear on the nervous system, and no need to get home to recuperate from the vacation before going to work again. And spreading out the traffic throughout the year is also much more economical for those who transport, feed and house these travelers.

TAKE Florida, for instance. There simply wasn't enough room for everyone who wanted to go between December and April. So folks had to be content with the other months. They discovered that prices were much less, and that furthermore, the smart citizens of the neighboring states usually waited until the "season" was over and the influx of Northerners had receded before venturing into Florida. And some of the soldiers in training there—not all, I'll admit—decided that Florida wasn't too bad in the spring, summer and autumn after all. The result is in that such a popular place as Miami Beach, hotels and night clubs which used to close down for the summer months are staying open—at reduced prices. And their owners wouldn't do that unless there was enough traffic to warrant it.

Take the Caribbean area, as well as Bermuda. Most hotels there used to close in the late spring, except for those which stayed open for the occasional transient or commercial traffic. Now most of them remain open the year 'round, there are summer cruises to the area, and also an increased number of airplane flights. And the cruises are pretty well booked in advance, too. Before the war nobody ever went there in summer. The tropical heat, you know. Now they're beginning to think that maybe the chambers of commerce are right about those cooling summer trade winds. Certainly, these spots can't be any hotter and muggier than New York in the summer season.

OR TAKE Europe. During this past summer there was such a demand for accommodations and so few ships that many persons went in the early spring or late fall. And liked it. One line even opened its books several months ago for special Christmas tours to Europe. With hotel and restaurant facilities in Europe being such that the State Department won't grant you a passport unless you can show you have bed and board in Europe, those early and late sailors probably made out much better as far as comfort was concerned than did the July and August tourists. And the same situation will probably continue through next summer, at least as far as concerns those who prefer steamship passage. But even air-line travelers will run into the hotel accommodation problem if they go during the "season." No matter how they go, they will be competing against each other for a limited number of hotel rooms, taxicabs, buses, first-class train reservations, etc., during the height of the "season." As a result, for instance, the Riviera, normally a winter resort area, is fast becoming a popular summer tourist destination.

Then take New England and Canada. Formerly they were considered by the general public as primarily summer vacation areas. The increasing popularity of skiing gave them two seasons, and now they, too, are becoming year 'round resort spots. And for those who don't care to risk their limbs in winter-time on what sports writers call the "hickory sticks," many other types of winter activities are being offered by the leading resort towns and hotels. You can go riding in a dog

(*Continued on page* 83)

LUXURY IN CHILE: The Miramar Hotel, near Vina del Mar, the "Biarritz of Chile"

BEACH CONGER is travel editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

Empire City Racing Association

1948 Meeting

October 4th to November 15th inclusive

To be run at the

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

Stakes to be run include:

Monday, October 4 . . . . . The Fleetwing Handicap
Wednesday, October 6 . . . . . The Autumn Day Stakes
Saturday, October 9 . . . . . The Empire City Handicap
Tuesday, October 12 . . . . . The Questionnaire Handicap
Wednesday, October 20 . . . . . The Wakefield Stakes
Saturday, October 23 . . . . . The East View Stakes
Wednesday, October 27 . . . . . The Comely Handicap
Saturday, October 30 . . . . . The Westchester Handicap
Tuesday, November 2 . . . . . The Demoiselle Stakes
Saturday, November 6 . . . . . The Daingerfield Handicap
Thursday, November 11 . . . . . The Ardsley Handicap
Saturday, November 13 . . . . . The Butler
Monday, November 15 . . . . . The New Rochelle Handicap

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Saturday, October 16th
at Belmont Park

The Gold Cup - - $100,000 Added

Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Hockey With Sun

• By Kerr N. Petrie

NO apology need be offered for introducing the topic of hockey in this football program. The skate-shod athletes are right on top of the cleated boys nowadays. No sooner are the Philadelphia Eagles out of their "Nest" in Saranac Lake than the New York Rangers of the National Hockey League are clambering into their bunks. For years hockey was something of a shrinking violet among the sports. It opened its season belatedly because of football and closed it to make way for baseball. Now it overlaps both ways and, so far as can be seen from the rinkside, is no worse for the experience.

From the inner sanctum of the all-winter sport comes word that the revenue all around was again up last season, that the outlook for 1948-49 is for expansion both in amateur as well as in professional circles. The big news is that the Pacific Coast Hockey League has gone professional, thus adding a fourth loop to the professional string previously consisting of the National, American and United States Leagues. A little research made by the writer during a visit to California for the national open golf championship seemed to indicate that not only are hockey fans agog and breathless over this turn of affairs but that they feel the time is drawing nearer when they will have a representative or two in the N.H.L.

A few years back the N.H.L. had to consider the applications for membership of two groups from Los Angeles and one from San Francisco who declared themselves ready to build new arenas. Red Dutton, then the N.H.L. president, was sent to investigate. His recommendations never were made public, for the reason, perhaps, that such a hook-up would entail too much of a haul for an organization whose western frontier still is on the western shore of Lake Michigan. The inference is that the N.H.L. finds the change from amateurism to professionalism for the P.C.H.L. about as close as they can come to the problem for the moment.

THE N.H.L., of course, is not running affairs in the new league, although it appears to have given the new organization its blessing. Acting to a great extent independently of the N.H.L., as sponsors have been the American Hockey League and the United States Hockey League. The latter came into being relatively recently. With this Pacific Coast "jump" there are now four professional leagues, the newcomer having been accorded full professional status. Most of the teams in the new circuit are to have a working arrangement with teams in the N.H.L., A.H.L. and U.S.H.L. clubs. The new league will operate in two divisions, with Vancouver, New Westminster, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland forming the Northern Division and Oakland, San Francisco, Fresno, Los Angeles and San Diego the southern hinge.

At the outset only four of the above ten clubs were undecided about affiliating with any other of the existing big or minor leagues. Vancouver had declared for playing a lone hand. Three others apparently were waiting for the cat to jump, so to speak, but others such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Fresno, San Diego, and Oakland were joyfully tossing out their grappling hooks, convinced that California hockey stood to benefit by such affiliation.

Los Angeles has a working agreement with Toronto, through Pittsburgh, which may help to explain why Connie Smythe of the Maple Leafs may do with the players he has been picking up in trades. The new league opens another gold mine for the hockey players and assures the younger men not only of a new outlet for their talents but an opportunity to climb the ladder right to the N.H.L. top.

IT is interesting to note that Eddie Shore has plunged into the new league to the extent of taking over Oakland. This gives the former Boston defense star ownership of three clubs, one in each of the three minor professional leagues, his other

(*Continued on page* 91)

KERR N. PETRIE, veteran hockey and golf writer, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

New York's Copacabana Girls

LEARN THE FACTS OF Life!

Life! Life! Life!

It's the Great New Cigarette

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It's the Bestest-Tasting Yet

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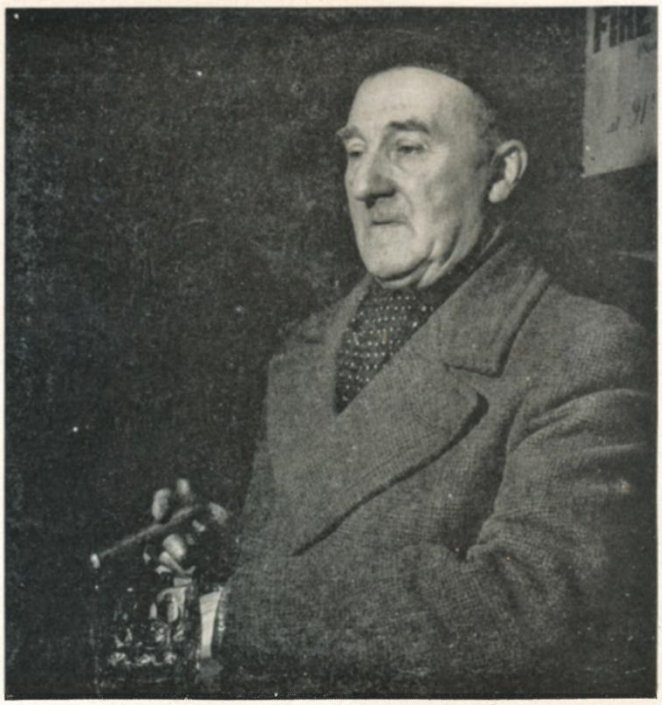
Why the Size is a Surprise

Luscious lookers from New York's famous Copacabana Club discover LIFE Cigarettes—and like them. "I like them because they're not King-Size . . . that's too long and thin!" says Evelyn Peterson. "I like them because they're not Old-Size . . . that's too short!" says Frances Keegan. And Rosalie Coleman chimes in . . . "We all like LIFE because it's LIFE-Size—just right!" Reader, you, too, can get more out of LIFE . . . now at popular prices!



England Eyes The Election

By Jack Tait

LONDON THE British people have a keen eye on the American election fight.

For one thing as reputable debtors they have a natural curiosity about the top-level make-up of their favorite bank. Furthermore, committed as they are to partnership in American foreign policy, they have a natural curiosity about the composition of their partner's directing force in international affairs.

This curiosity is widespread in Great Britain today. The taxi driver in the public bar of the King George Fourth will express it over a pint of mild and bitter. The same thing is true (over a cup of tea) in the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the Admiralty.

But the American election holds yet another fascination for a definitive group of Britons—political strategists of one sort or another, members of the labor government and eager Conservatives who are seeking the onerous duties of leadership.

Approximately eighteen months (barring surprises) after the Americans make their decision in November, the British people will go to the polls. In effect, it will be a yes or no plebiscite on Socialism. The November results of course will have no direct bearing on the British verdict, but they may, carefully handled by astute British politicians, have a degree of influence.

NOW, the average British voter, if he knows anything at all about Democrats and Republicans, believes the Republicans to be closely related to his own Conservative party. About the Democrats he is not so sure, because he is confused by the antics of some of the Southern representatives of the Democratic party, which to his mind since it is in opposition to the Republicans should be center and left politically. At the same time he realizes that even the most radical of Democrats would swoon at the idea of sponsoring some of labor's nationalization projects.

Many a trade union member is familiar with and sympathetic to Henry Wallace. But to the British politicians generally Mr. Wallace is of no consequence.

It seems safe to say that Conservative party strategists will heartily welcome a Republican victory in November, assuming of course that Dewey and Co. still salute Britain as friend and partner. The Conservatives will view a Dewey triumph as a trend in the right direction and Winston Churchill undoubtedly will commend such an American verdict to the British electorate.

Labor government leadership, however, must be pulling for the Democrats. For one thing there is the uncertainty of the unknown. Top men in London now know their friends and their enemies in Washington. Furthermore there is the general impression here that of the two parties the Democratic is the more sympathetic to Britain's brave experiment in Socialism. And again there is that matter of trends, which in this post-war era of closely knit Anglo-American partnership, must at least be worthy of consideration.

IF Senator Taft cares, Britons of all parties were worried about him. There was a general fear that should Taft achieve the White House, American Foreign Policy would pull inward, sucking with it security foundations of Britain and Western Europe.

Most of the Democratic countries of the West have held national elections in the last few years. Britain's Labor government, however, has been in power since the summer of 1945 and except for thirty-odd parliamentary by-elections the will of the people has not been expressed for three years. The by-elections have proved little, despite a record number of wins by the government.

But political machinery of all parties is already in mesh and revolving in anticipation of the great day. Election preparations in Britain begin early, much earlier than in the United States. This is particularly true of the opposition forces, be they Conservative or Labor. While the statutory life of parliament is five years, the government in power is in the driver's seat and may at an auspicious moment for itself spring a surprise general election. So the opposition must be on its toes and prepared.

Right now it seems doubtful if the Labor government can dig up an auspicious moment before normal polling time in 1950. But there is always a chance. In any event the election problems of both major parties are pretty much in evidence now.

CHIEF worry of Laborites is the middle class vote, the so-called swing vote which put Labor into the House of Commons in 1945 with an independent majority over all other parties combined of 146. When the old Parliament was dissolved the Conservatives held 358 seats and the Labor party 164. So a solid workers' vote, plus the soldier's vote and sizeable middle class support won a rousing victory for labor.

So far the government has set a record for new legislation. Most of the legislation has been concerned with nationalization. And iron and steel—"The Last Cita-

(*Continued on page* 85)

JACK TAIT is a member of the London Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

A STATEMENT FROM CANADA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENTDISTILLERY

We believe Harwood's is the finest whisky man, money or nature can produce.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole United States Importers: Carillon Importers Ltd., New York, N. Y.

I'd Like Vanilla

• • • By Ernest A. Kehr

I WAS once told, "You don't have to be crazy to be a stamp collector, but I guess it must help." A couple of years ago a friend of mine, president of an important chemical industry, was being questioned at the Department of Internal Revenue. The official was visibly staggered; he scratched his balding pate and managed, "you mean you actually paid $110,000 for a collection of *postage stamps?*" At the Centenary International Stamp Exhibition last year (which, incidentally, broke all attendance records at Grand Central Palace) a professional was hired to guard the world's most valuable stamp. Given his instructions he glared at his employer, "Who're you tryin' t'kid? That little beat-up scrap o' paper worth $50,000. . . .?"

That's a sample of what a stamp collector hears when he gets himself mixed up with a strata of the intelligentsia that hasn't become acquainted with a hobby whose ten dollar name is philately, and who think of stamps only as a source of lingual distaste, wishing they'd have vanilla flavored stickum.

But actually stamp collectors are neither fugitives from a booby hatch nor morons, and if you doubt it, meet some of the folks who are as internationally famous for their stamp albums as they are for their vocational achievements: John V. P. Heinmuller, president of Longines-Wittnauer whose watches are used to time this game; Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York; Adolphe Menjou, victim of Nine Tailors; General Mark W. Clark; Lauritz Melchior, the Wagnerian tenor; King Farouk of Egypt, and scores of others.

WHY do people collect stamps? Ask a hundred people and you'll get a hundred different answers. Nearly everybody pursues the hobby for different reasons. Some like the designs, others like colors, still others enjoy the sport of hunting for elusive, missing items, yet others—with a strain of investmentitis—hope for monetary profits from their albums' contents.

Fundamentally, however, stamps satisfy folks because they have a way of dispensing useful information without being pedagogic.

They reveal the very data which caused so many headaches when teachers expected us to dig homework from ancient text-books. But they do it painlessly and enjoyably. Ask the average person, "Who was the fifth President of the United States?" You know what the chances are for a correct answer. Ask a stamp collector the same question and he'll whiz back, "James Monroe." Why? Because Monroe is pictured on the current five-cent stamp. And that goes for Lincoln, who is on the sixteen-cent; Harrison who's on the nine-center, and so on.

Do you know the four territorial possessions of United States? Stamp collectors do, because Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska and the Virgin Islands all were honored by special United States stamps a few years ago.

Suppose you wanted to order something from Sweden, the price of which was 3 kroner. Could you reckon its value in our own currency? A stamp collector can without consulting any foreign-exchange reports. Back in 1875 the Universal Postal Union decreed that a postage stamp which carried a letter from any one country to any other foreign country MUST be blue. Take any foreign stamp printed in blue and you automatically know that its denomination is equivalent to five cents, U. S. currency (our five-cent stamp is blue). In Sweden it is 30 ore. (100 ore equals one krona; 3 kroner, therefore is worth 50¢.

Do you know what the chief commercial products of Guadaloupe are? Unless you're way above the average of non-stamp collecting citizens you wouldn't even know that such a place existed in the world.

THE filler of philatelic albums, however, will be able to tell you, "cocoa, vanilla beans, sugar." And then for good measure explain that it's an island in the Caribbean, a French colony and that its seaport capital is Basse-Terre. Why? Because all of that information is contained in designs of various stamp issues in his albums.

When was the first regular air mail service established? No, you're wrong. The United States this year commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of United States air-mail service, but folks sent mail through the air way back in 1870! That was when Paris was besieged by Prussian forces and for a period of slightly less than a year, balloons, released regularly, carried news and air-mail letters from captive Paris to other parts of France, England, Norway and even Egypt! Any stamp collector knows that.

When was the coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth? Not one person in a thousand can give you the answer unless he's a stamp collector. We know it was May 12, 1937 because Great Britain issued and used a stamp with that historic date, the portraits of their Majesties and the royal crown making up the design.

The educational value of stamps already has been widely recognized and

(*Continued on page* 89)

ERNEST A. KEHR is stamp editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

GET *YOUR WINNING COLORS*

Peppermint in the YELLOW Package

Spearmint in the GREEN Package

Peppermint in the BLUE Box

Spearmint in the GREEN Box

Pepsin in the RED Box

for fine flavor

Bouncing Czechs . . by Gaston Coblentz

PRAGUE ONE OF the most impressive athletic spectacles in the world is the gymnastic performance of the Czechoslovak Sokol organization, revived here this summer for the first time since the war.

Seventeen thousand men parade into the vast Masaryk Stadium to perform complicated gymnastic and calisthenic exercises in a mass formation in flawless unison.

The men line up in the stadium in rows 170 long and 100 deep. Their only guide is music played over a powerful loudspeaker. But it is rare to see even one man a split second out of time from one corner of the huge formation to the other.

The Masaryk Stadium, on a hillside west of the Vltava River overlooking Prague, dwarfs American playing fields. It seats 250,000 spectators, according to official Czech figures. The Polo Grounds would probably fit into it twice.

It takes the 17,000 gymnasts a quarter of an hour to march into the stadium fifty abreast and proceed in formation to the individual positions a few feet apart from one another where they begin the exercises.

They perform for about thirty minutes and then march off in a series of complex symmetrical drill maneuvers. They are immediately followed by 17,000 women, whose precision is equally perfect.

THE identical performance is repeated on three successive days without a misstep. It is varied for spectators by added side attractions, including gymnastic exhibitions by visiting foreign groups. The principal foreign performers this year were 400 Russians and 3,000 Yugoslavs.

The extraordinary Czechoslovak exhibition is the result of month-long practice in towns and villages in Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia before the Sokol organization converges on Prague for its traditional show, which in peacetime takes place about every six years.

The organization has more than 1,000,000 members—almost one out of every ten persons among Czechoslovakia's population of 12,000,000 belongs to it. It takes in the young and the old in every Czechoslovak community. Many of its thousands of local units are as small as fifty members.

About 100,000 members of the Sokol come to Prague to take part in the show. They have already gone through the exercises many times at home to the accompaniment of music from their local bands, or of a phonograph record if they have no band. When they reach Prague, they need only one or two rehearsals in mass formation.

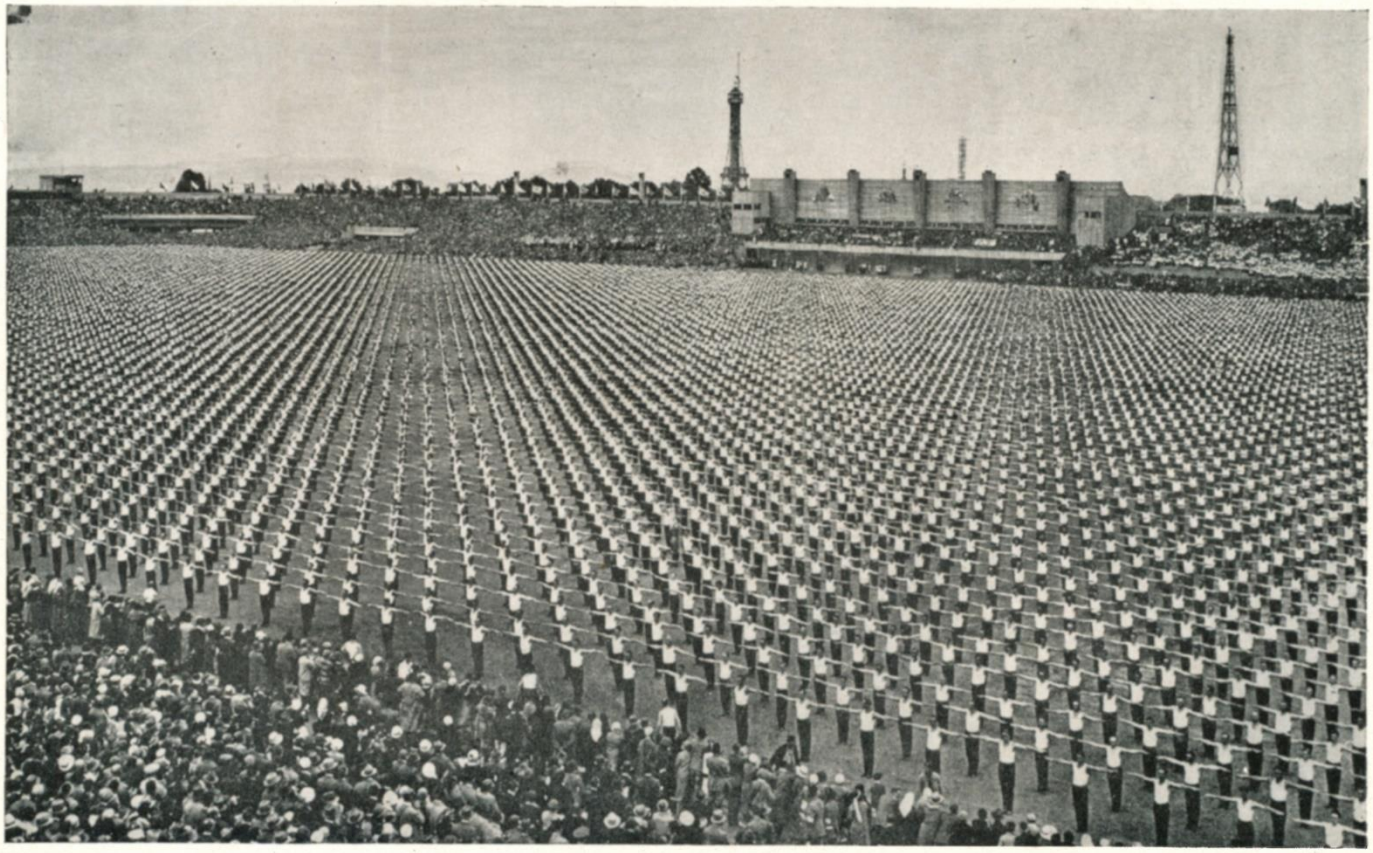
Prague opens its heart to the Sokol. Regardless of the current political situation, no Czech wants to miss the Sokol show, of which the whole country is proud.

In the streets of Prague the men of the Sokol wear their traditional parade dress. It consists of a grey tunic, grey jodhpurs, black boots, a round cap with a hawk's feather at the side, and a brilliant crimson shirt.

ON THE athletic field the men simply wear long navy blue gym trousers and white sleeveless shirts. The women wear white blouses and blue skirts and

(*Continued on page* 81)

GASTON COBLENTZ is Eastern European correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.



SOKOL: This is what the Czech Sokol looks like in action.

The Bed of My Husband

A Sketch by Robert B. Peck

THE hotel was not what the professor and his wife had expected. They were Quebec French, very certain of their station in life and what was due it. The professor, fragile with years and long immunity from ordinary human contacts, wore a long black cape with a velvet collar and looked not unlike pictures of the late Victor Emmanuel. Madame, younger, robust and somewhat florid, radiated competence but seemed somewhat ill at ease as they stood among their heaped-up luggage in the almost deserted office.

"If you will ring the bell on the desk," someone told her, "Mrs. McDonald will come."

That was an optimistic way of putting it. The hotel proprietor had flat feet. She had to rest in the afternoon. If the bell was rung often enough and hard enough to wake her up, she would respond, though somewhat reluctantly.

With obvious repugnance Madame moved to the shabby counter of golden oak and pressed the button. A bell buzzed distantly. Madame waited in growing disapproval. The professor sank into an armchair whose slip cover was soiled and ragged. Almost immediately he shifted his meager weight and, though the aloof dignity of his features did not change, every spectator, aware of the viciousness of the chair, knew that a coiled spring had struck at the professor.

SOME forty years ago the village and the hotel had been one of Prince Edward Island's better resorts. Its side porch had looked out on a lawn shaded by lime trees. On the other side the yard had extended back to the bluff overlooking the sea and offered bowling, croquet and umbrella-shaded tables. Only slight traces of that golden era remained. The hotel now was a part of Main Street on the sidewalk of which its show windows glowered with a sullenness only slightly mitigated by rows of geraniums potted in tin cans. Its principal customers were traveling salesmen and the engineers employed on the highway. Outbuildings had sprouted in the rear, diminishing in dignity as they retreated from Main Street and approached the sea. Bunchy grass a foot high grew in the side yard. The side porch was given over to clothes drying and to a litter of puppies.

Madame introduced herself and her husband with cold precision when Mrs. McDonald came in response to her third ring. Mrs. McDonald seldom paid much attention to the first two rings; it might merely be someone who wanted to buy cigarettes.

"We telegraphed three weeks ago for reservations," said Madame.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. McDonald vaguely; she was suspicious of people who wanted reservations in advance. In her opinion they were trying to take an unfair advantage; they should take their chances like the rest. "By good luck I've got a very nice room for you. It's three doors to the right from the top of the stairs. I would show you myself, only my feet is killing me. When Willie comes in he'll take up your bags; he must have gone off somewhere after school."

Madame scrutinized Mrs. McDonald with intense but restrained ferocity. If this was insolence, her glance said, she knew how to deal with it. Mrs. McDonald stared back placidly. Madame picked up the lightest of the bags and shepherded the little professor up the stairs. She was back again in five minutes and rang the bell on the desk. She rang three times. Mrs. McDonald came out limping, faintly truculent. Madame's dark eyes gleamed. Here lips were compressed. When she spoke it was apparent that French was striving for mastery over her English, which had been pellucid.

"The bed of my husband," said Madame with suppressed violence. "There is a mark on the pillow."

Mrs. McDonald looked surprised, though obviously not so much at the fact as at its effect on her guest.

"Is there now?" said Mrs. McDonald placatingly. "That's too bad, but you know how it is; we can't get any new clothesline since the war and the old clothesline sometimes does leave a mark."

"It is not the mark of a clothesline," said Madame with sibilant distaste. "It is the mark of a head. Someone has been in the bed of my husband."

"It must be," said Mrs. McDonald, groping for an explanation and finding nothing better than the true one, "that the bed wasn't changed. I'll speak to the girls about it."

MRS. McDONALD, who had the help of three or four coltish village girls in taking care of the hotel, always felt that she had offered not only an explanation but amends in full in offering to "speak to the girls," though it was seldom that anything ever came of it.

Again Madame gave her landlady a sharp glance of suspicion, but encountered no guile. Mrs. McDonald's placidity was impervious. Madame attacked maliciously on a new line.

"Is there no place to sit," she inquired, collecting with a glance the threadbare untidiness of the office, "but this — this bar for the common people?"

Mrs. McDonald was not resentful. She was almost eager in her display of the resources of the place.

"Yes indeed," she said. "Here's the ladies' parlor back here and just down the street is the beach."

The ladies' parlor had a great deal of red plush furniture which, being seldom used was in much better shape than that in the office. It had a cottage organ and a radio, numerous framed photographs of McDonalds, some of them tinted and a steel

(*Continued on page 79*)

ROBERT B. PECK is a member of the rewrite staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

SKI JUMP: Mezzy Barber taking the hop at Bear Mountain.

Behind the Ski-Eight Ball

• By Fred Hawthorne

THIS country, speaking for two or three million adults and juniors of both sexes, has growing pains insofar as skiing is concerned. As of today, the United States nurtures more hickory riders and floppers, than any other country in the world. We are proud of our champions a-ski, and rightly so, but, as a nation of athletes and satisfied with nothing but the best in any line of sport, we certainly received our ski bumps last winter in the Olympic ski championships at St. Moritz. "Oh, my poor back!"

The Scandinavian countries, Norway, Finland and Sweden and Switzerland and France also, furnished the bulk of the new champions. The hardy men and women of those nations forced our best to take their snow powder "dust" in every one of the many events on the program. There was one notable exception when Mrs. Gretchen Fraser of Sun Valley, Idaho, skied the victory path as she won the women's slalom race and also the downhill-slalom combined event by finishing third in the downhill.

As the only American to win the Olympic gold medal, Mrs. Fraser was justifiably acclaimed throughout the United States. Had the Idaho girl only been a resident of this, our "Golden Anniversary City," she would undoubtedly been met down the Bay or at LaGuardia Field by Grover Whalen, gardenia boutonniere and all, heading a welcoming committee to end all welcoming committees. Mr. Whalen might even have secured permission to re-name Park Avenue Fraser Boulevard and staged a three-siesta in tribute to the young housewife. Knowing Mr. Whalen's penchchant for the unusual, it would not have been surprising if, under such circumstances, our Grover had not found a vacant apartment for the Frasers.

But as it was, Mrs. Fraser's home folk did the best they could, what with bonfires in the snow, "Welcome Home, Champion!" banners strung across Main Street and the serving, in copious drafts, of hot buttered rum in silver beakers. Incidentally, Mrs. Fraser's time in the slalom was 1:17.2 for the two runs down the hazardous trail. A Swiss Miss, Antoinette Meyer, was a close second.

In the downhill race another daughter of Switzerland was the first home in 2:28.3, followed over the finish line by Brynhild Grasmoen in 2:36. Mrs. Fraser streaked across in 2:37.1.

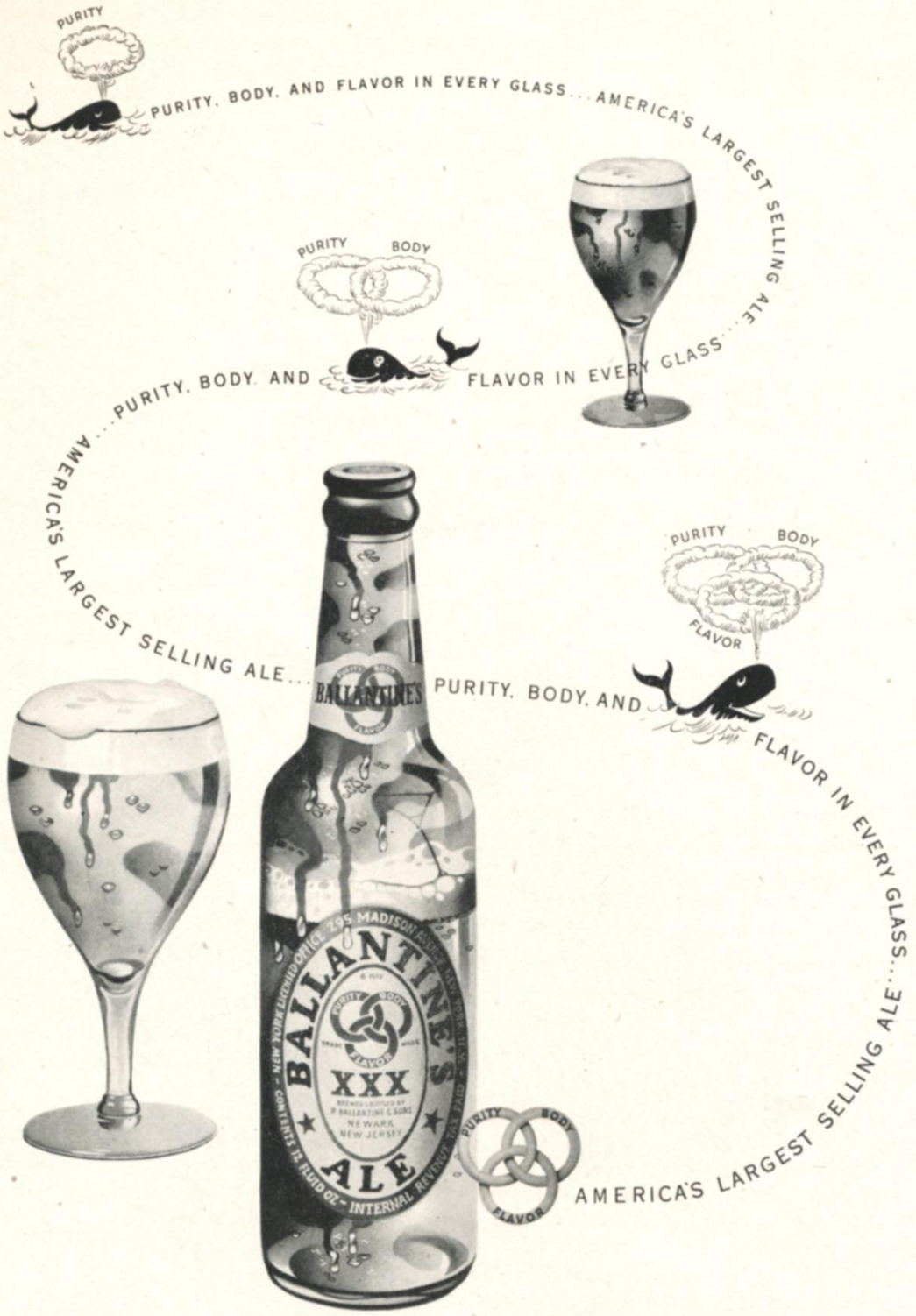
ONE of our outstanding feminine stars, sixteen-year-old Andrea Mead of Pico Peak, near Rutland, Vt., whose specialty is the slalom, had her chances ruined in the downhill and slalom by an accident in the program, else she might have won Olympic honors herself. But the next Olympic winter games are only four years ahead and Miss Mead will still be young

(*Continued on page* 83)

FRED HAWTHORNE, veteran tennis writer, also covers skiing and allied winter sports for the New York Herald Tribune.

START HERE: Skiing must begin at an early age if world championship skills are to be attained, says Mr. Hawthorne. Here is Dorothy Snow, of Springfield, Mass., showing how.

FINISH HERE: By starting early, it may be possible to achieve fast turns like this that Max Bolli is taking on one of the fast slopes of the Adirondack region.


PURITY
PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS... AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE
PURITY BODY
...AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE... PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...
PURITY BODY FLAVOR
BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE
PURITY BODY FLAVOR
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE...

By Herbert Kupferberg

(*Continued from page* 41)

quite a sensation among the other passengers by marching en masse into a second-class carriage, carrying our bats and gloves. A few Frenchmen left the carriage in fright when we entered, but most of the others smiled at us nervously and stuck it out.

At the field we found Perpignan and his cohorts awaiting us. For this, the big game, they had somehow procured uniforms, which was more than we had been able to do. Perpignan, as befitted the Czar of French baseball, had the best one, a snappy gray flannel job, complete to spiked shoes. The other men were attired in odds and ends of uniforms. The third baseman was a startling figure, wearing a pair of bathing trunks under a flapping baseball shirt, so he seemed to be wearing the shirt and nothing else. But the most astonishing of all was the right fielder, who was attired in a uniform of the 1900 vintage. Topped off with a nearly square cap, it looked like something Home Run Baker might have worn.

Perpignan told us he was short a man —a common occurrence in the league—as his center-fielder hadn't shown up. He asked if we could lend him a player. Unfortunately, the only extra man we had with us was the injured Bill Attwood, one of O'Reilly's Paris Bureau minions, who had nearly torn himself in half trying to run two ways at once when he had been caught in a run-down in a previous game. Perpignan appealed to the spectators and received a response in the form of a young White Russian resident of Paris, who volunteered to play center field provided that too much not be expected of him.

Meanwhile, it was decided to appoint Attwood official scorekeeper, in view of the fact that the French team had supplied the umpire. Attwood retired to a slope overlooking the diamond, where he was immediately joined by three female spectators wearing French bathing suits and supplied with a bottle of wine. They said they wanted to learn how baseball was played.

BEFORE the game got under way, Pitcher O'Reilly thought it well to apply a little psychology to the French men. He walked over where Perpignan was warming up and asked him:

"Why throw it so fast, my friend? After all, this is only a friendly game. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm just going to put a little spin on the ball—that's all. No fancy stuff at all."

This astonished the Frenchmen and threw their team into disarray. They didn't know you could put spin on a ball.

As the game progressed, we were distracted not only by the way the umpire was calling balls and strikes in French, but also by the rapid-fire chatter with which the Metro infielders were encouraging Perpignan, their pitcher.

"Ne vous enervez pas, Perpignan," they would yell, "Vas-y, doucement, doucement." (Don't get excited, Perpignan. Come on, easy, easy.)

To make matters even more distracting, Attwood's bathing beauties decided they wanted a closer look at the game, and sat down in the first-base coaching box. Our first baseman, a susceptible fellow, missed two routine throws before we could induce the girls to retire. But the Frenchmen had a rally going and scored nine runs before we could get the side out.

Entering the ninth inning, we were trailing by a score of 14 to 9, acccording to the official figures. With defeat beckoning, I am glad to say we rallied for eight runs, the key blow being a line drive by Jim Knight that nearly decapitated the White Russian center fielder. It came with the bases loaded and a count of trois mauvaises and deux bons on the batter, and won the game right then and there as O'Reilly spun the Frenchmen to death in their half of the ninth.

When we discovered the confusion in Attwood's scoring figures after the game, we immediately informed Perpignan, who was enthusiastically kissing the victorious O'Reilly on both cheeks. But Perpignan magnanimously insisted that the figures must be right and that we had won the game fair and square.

This outcome probably was best for all concerned, at that: it gave us our only victory, it contributed to Franco-American amity, and it convinced the Frenchmen that we did know something about our national pastime, after all.

By Robert B. Peck

(*Continued from page* 75)

engraving of the Colosseum. The beach which, tradition said, once had had eight bathing machines, was a level stretch of sand, three-quarters of a mile long between bluffs of red sandstone. Unfortunately, being just outside the corporate limits, it had been used for years as the village dump. Nevertheless, if you kept your eyes on the ocean, it was an invigorating walk from the rusty kitchen range to the dead cat and back.

Nobody ever found out which alternative Madame chose, but the next morning she told Mrs. McDonald that they must leave. It was too noisy for the professor.

"It's just as well," said Mrs. McDonald, "for I don't think we would have got on together. The lady, I think, was not used to living in a hotel."

By Will Cuppy

(*Continued from page* 57)

space. But watch out for the man with the net. He might not understand.

* * *

Dear Sir: Please tell me who wrote that story about the detective and the girl who turned out to be innocent in some magazine several years ago. Also what else has he written and where can I get it and how much would it cost? If it is not any trouble, please send me a list of the best mysteries ever written and the names of some you think my wife's cousin would like. If you have ever written a book yourself, please tell me what it is and I will rent a copy, even if I have to wait a month for it.—CONSTANT READER.

Dear Constant Reader: Why don't you go soak your head in a bucket?

By Stephen White

(*Continued from page* 33)

newspaper should ask any questions on this subject. As a matter of fact, this is an attitude that is rapidly growing. Well, science is represented by portions of the government that spend well over $1,500,000,000 a year, and on which the security of your country may depend, as well as the shape of its economy. Do you think it should be allowed to operate in absolute secrecy, as a sort of invisible subgovernment? No? Then I have to ask questions.

One demurrer and I am through. I've written so much about what I know that I may have given the impression that I am overflowing with all kinds of secrets. Of course I am not. But put all the newspapermen together, and we know a lot. Much too much, in fact. It makes us uncomfortable.

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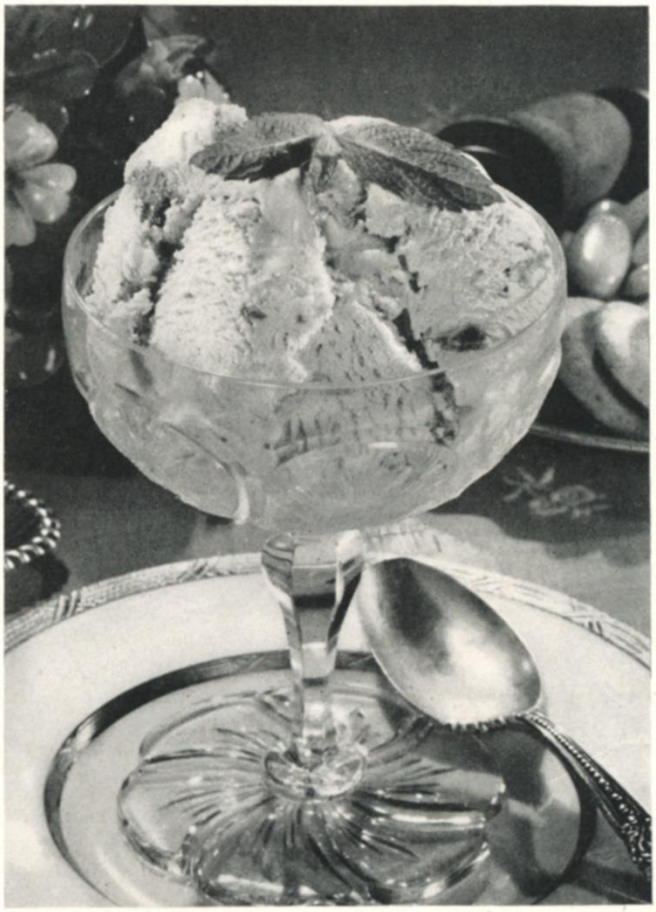

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*

ENJOY IT AFTER THE GAME...
AT THE FOUNTAIN...
OR AT HOME

By Walter Kerr and William J. Knight

(*Continued from page* 63)

Up to July 25, when the race ends at the Parc des Princes in Paris, the tour will be the single topic of conversation all over the country, and it would take the biggest news story of the year to push it off the front pages of French newspapers.

Fans need not despair in the towns which the tour has left behind, nor in the towns which have never seen the race. There are more than 200 reporters in the caravan to describe every kilometer of the route. Radiodiffusion Française will broadcast reports of each lap twice a day; hundreds of photographs will be taken, showing the riders oiling on a scenic background fit to be included in the best of travel brochures. Moviegoers will be driven to distraction for the next month with newsreels of each new departure and each new arrival.

THE tour owes its great popularity to two factors. First, it is free to the public; all a fan has to do is risk being crushed by going out on the highway and waiting for the caravan to come into view second, for a people whose favorite sports hero is a cyclist, the tour is the supreme test of Europe's champions. It tries their strength on steep mountain inclines, their stamina and speed on long stretches of flat country, their skill rushing down dizzy mountain roads and their over-all endurance in working twenty-six days on the toughest bicycle course in the world.

Because of the publicity needs, and the fact that the public does not pay, the tour's caravan has developed into a fantastic rolling city, which is about one-tenth cyclists and nine-tenths overhead. To make up the 40,000,000 francs already earmarked as expenses, the race's directors have been forced to deal in advertising and commercial schemes which once brought annual charges of frame-up in the course of the race, but which now serve only to increase the number of gas-driven vehicles which follow the riders around the country.

Out in front of the caravan, traveling an hour in advance, are fifty vans representing various products and equipped with loud speakers, which inform peasants and provincials that the Queen of the Cannes Lap wears their stockings, that Robic drinks their mineral water before he starts out every morning and that Vietto drinks their cognac when he arrives every night.

The rest of the overhead consists of motorcycle police to clear the way in front of the caravan and to prevent cars from telescoping it from the rear, cars carrying race officials and a long line of food and spare-part trucks and rolling repair shops. In all there are 244 automobiles and trucks and sixty-five motorcycles—a vast convoy movement which often completely screens the mere 120 men on bicycles from the view of the public.

Evidence of the tour's national importance is reflected in the fact that neither the distance nor the size of the caravan has been reduced because of France's post-war rationing troubles. Cyclists will eat meat on meatless days to replace the energy they left on the road; they will get plenty of the articles French housewives never have enough of—rice, bananas, chocolate and sugar.

The ordinary French motorist either goes to the black market or does without gasoline but the tour has been allowed to buy 22,000 liters to carry its convoy the full 4,992 kilometers. All this is government-authorized, and none of the fans would think of complaining about it.

By Gaston Coblentz

(*Continued from page* 73)

small red bandannas.

The men's exercises in the mass formation are largely arduous calisthenics. However, the men's show is notable for its gracefulness of movement. Although at least half of the men are middle-aged, they are remarkably agile.

They perform rain or shine. When the field is a sea of mud after the rain, they do push-ups and leg-raising exercises with the same mechanical perfection, never a man out of line. The women also perform unflinchingly in the mud.

The women's show is not only skillful but charming. Besides straight calisthenics, the women do intricate and rapid dance steps. The arena becomes a sea of swirling skirts as they spin round and round, arms akimbo.

The women are mostly between eighteen and thirty. Their national build is somewhat on the heavy side. But when they go into these dances they become light on their feet. The music is lilting. Their faces are happy. Their sense of rhythm is perfect.

Between the mass exercises in the mammoth groups 17,000 strong, there are performances by about 6,000 men carrying logs, and by the same number of women carrying Indian clubs.

THE logs are borne by ten men apiece. Six hundred ten-man teams march onto the field at a stately pace. Then, in virtual slow motion, they repeatedly toss the 600 logs into the air at the same moment, catching them dextrously.

Then they use the logs for high jumping. Six men hold the ends on their shoulders while the other four jump. This is done with precision, and the fourth jumper on each team completes his jump with the same motions and at the same instant all over the field.

The women use the Indian clubs with the skill of jugglers. During three days this reporter never saw one club fall to the ground.

The extremely active Sokol organization is based upon a hundred-year-old Czech tradition. After the Austrians suppressed revolutionary movements in Central Europe in 1848, the Sokol grew up under the inspiration of Dr. Miroslav Tyrs as a physical culture group which stressed Czech desires for freedom from the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The movement started in Prague, and spread rapidly through the country. Its first public appearance in Prague was in 1862. The Austro-Hungarian government forbade creation of a central Sokol organization until 1889.

In World War I, the Sokol groups provided the core of Czech resistance in Bohemia. Many Sokol members refused to fight in the Austro-Hungarian army. The organization was forcibly dissolved.

The recent Nazi rulers of Czechoslovakia recognized the Sokol as a strong source of Czech patriotism. They dissolved it, and imprisoned and tortured many of its leaders. After World War II, the Sokol was again promptly reconstituted.

The crimson shirt of the Sokol parade dress was adopted in the last century from the uniform of the Italian patriots who fought under Garibaldi. The designation "Sokol" derives from old Slav folk stories. The heroes of these stories were usually called "sokols" after the hawk, a symbol of alertness and courage.

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

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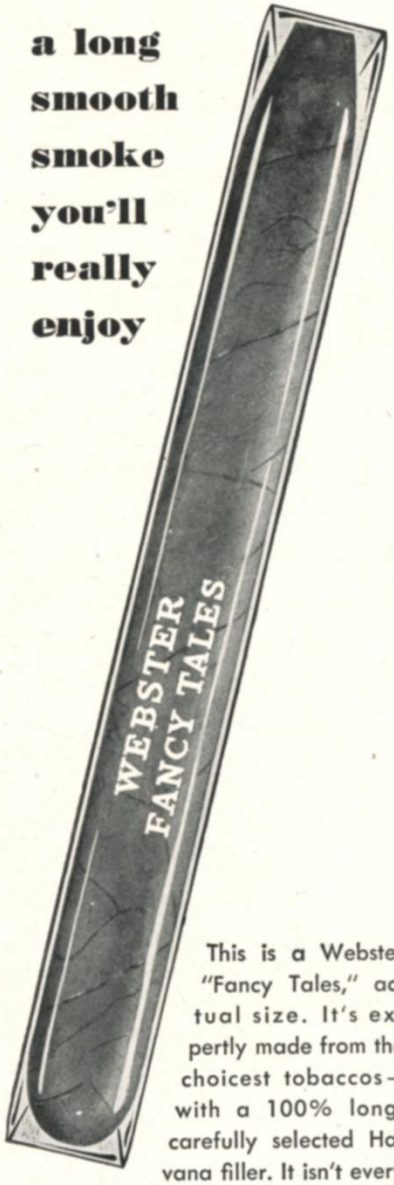

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enough to make her mark in the ski world.

There were many handicaps against which our boys and girls had to contend at St. Moritz, such as snow conditions they were not accustomed to, trails and slopes and atmospheric conditions that were mostly unknown to them and their chances were further lessened by unexpected accidents. One of our greatest performers, Art Devlin of Lake Placid, who used to rank as the finest jumper ever produced in this country, had broken an ankle months before the Olympic Games, been in retirement for a lengthy period and finally came back to the jumping hills at St. Moritz, hoping for the best. But ill-luck still pursued him and injuries kept him out of the jump, a title event that he would probably have won otherwise. Several others of our team were not able to approach their best form at St. Moritz. But such are the fortunes of the skiing sport and on the snow-covered hills and dales of our ski terrains there will come, inevitably, youngsters who will be fully prepared to invade St. Moritz again in 1952 and perhaps carry back with them the golden medals that eluded them last winter.

Our most successful men at St. Moritz were Gordon Wren and Jack Reddish. Wren took second place in the jump, when

By Fred Hawthorne

(*Continued from page* 77)

he won second place with a leap of 220 feet 2 inches, compared to the Swede, Sven Israilsson's 221.9. Wren was credited with the longest jump of the day when he covered 224.7 feet, but the judges decided his jumping form was below the standard set by Israilsson. Cory Engen, of the United States, was third, with 214.8.

IT was another Swede, Martin Lundstrom, who showed the rest of the big field home in the 18 kilometer cross-country race (11.8 miles). Lundstrom's winning time was 1 hour, 13 minutes and 50 seconds. The Scandinavians had this event pretty well sewed up and in the bag. The first Americans to come home were Wendell Broomhall and Don Johnson, but they were far down in the list at the end.

Finland provided a winner in the combined cross-country-jump event when Heikki Hasu piled up a total of 448.8 points, with second place going to Martti Huhtila, at 443.65. Switzerland came through with a winner in the two runs of the slalom, with big, blond Edi Reinalter being timed in 1:30.3, followed by a Frenchman, James Couttet, only a few strides back. France did better in the downhill and slalom combined as Henri Oreiller was timed in 2:55.0. Jack Reddish was the first American to show, some seventeen seconds back.

There was one event in which no American competed, the 50 kilometer (31.06 miles) cross-country race, a rigorous test for any man, and another subject of the aged but remarkably well preserved, King Gustav of Sweden, Nils Karlsson, came striding over the finish line, 3 hours 47 minutes and 48 seconds after the start. In second place was the great veteran, Birger Ruud of Norway and coach of that team. Ruud, who is well known in this country, had not intended to enter the long grind, but felt so chipper that he decided to have a go at it. He beat out all the younger men, with the exception of Karlsson. Cross-country racing and touring is popular in the Scandinavian countries, but the Americans apparently decided enough is enough and reported "absent" as the field got under way.

Even before the Olympic winter games, a visiting team of Norwegians toured many of the ski resorts of the United States and made practically a clean sweep, so it looks as though our skiers are still a bit behind the ski-eight ball when it comes to the hickory glide.

By Al Laney

(*Continued from page* 39)

when the Giant writers neglected their own team to write rave notices about a young centerfielder on the Milwaukee club who turned out to be Tommy Henrich, being "covered up" by the Indians and who was declared a free agent to sign with the Yankees a little later . . . the day in Vicksburg, Miss. when the Giants and the writers got their first look at an Iowa farm boy who turned out to be Bob Feller . . . after the first inning, Klem walked to the press box, twenty feet behind home plate, and said "Boys, I think we've got something here". . . . The Giants got one long foul in three innings and decided "He ain't as fast as Mungo."

THE parties in New Orleans during the Huey Long era, on boats and at various restaurants . . . the early morning when an Englishman recited Casey at the Bat in a New Orleans restaurant which the writers had kept open, with the Old Arbitrator calling balls and strikes . . . the Giant writer who shouted at a stately proprietress "Madam, you don't know how to run a house of ill fame". . . the day at the New Orleans ball park when Feller hit Hank Leiber on the head and the ball bounced just level with the press box on the roof . . . the joining up with the Indians for the long trek on a special train, a sleeper jump each night, a new town each day . . . the rushes from ball park to train and the taste of the martinis which the Arbitrator always had ready in the writers' pullman car . . . the dust storm in Hubbell's Oklahoma home town when 8,000 came in from the surrounding countryside to see him pitch . . . the huge placard which Jim Kahn, of the Sun, and Klem lifted from a circus parade in Decatur, Ala. . . . plastered to the side of the writers' car it proclaimed the train to be transporting "J. C. Lincoln's Sunny South Minstrels" and advertised that show all the way into New York . . . the battle in the club car at dawn when sandwiches were thrown into reporters faces like custard pies in the old Mack Sennett comedies . . . the Carnival in Charlotte, N. C. where the writers had a party with the performers in the dining wagon after the grounds were closed to the public.

By Beach Conger

(*Continued from page* 65)

sled, horse sleigh, toboggan, go skating, ice fishing, or ice boating, or just sit and relax in front of a wall of ice blocks which reflect the sun and give a winter sun-tan.

FINALLY, let's go out to the Southwest and Far West. There the Southern California area is promoting the slogan "Every Season Has A Reason," originally adopted by the Year-Round Vacation Committee of the National Association of Travel Officials, to show that tourists can expect vacation activities at any time of year. These territories are in the zone where one can, at certain times of year, go swimming in the morning, drive up into the mountains, and go skiing in the afternoon. But here, again, resorts and hotels are booking guests twelve months of the year.

And so it goes all around the nation and abroad. The Great Lakes states, formerly just summer resorts, are catering to visitors all the year. So are other Mid-West, Mid-South and Southern states.

By Jack Tait

(*Continued from page* 69)

del of Capitalism"—is yet to be nationalized before 1950.

The Conservatives have been making political headway by shouting that the Labor government is moving too fast and taking in more than it can digest. The middle class voters are listening, and, too many to suit labor, are agreeing.

Top politician of the Labor government, Herbert Morrison, has expressed a desire for a period of tranquillity and consolidation. "Let's slow up for a while" he has said in effect, "because we might begin to scare away votes."

Among his colleagues, such as Minister of Health Aneurin Bevan, Food Minister John Strachey and Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, comes this sort of response as expressed in the leftish labor weekly "Tribune": "The revolution must go on or the nation will perish." Also: If the public wants tranquillity, if the nation believes it can survive in this era without continuous and profound changes in our society, it will look to the Tories, and not to Labor, to satisfy its desires."

WHILE the Labor cabinet may harbor this type of disagreement, it is more or less united on the general case to be presented to the electorate.

A lot will be made of "full employment." The miseries of unemployment, wherever related to past conservative rule, will be recalled. Then there is the government's re-housing program. It is hoped that by election time, some three million new or rebuilt housing units will have been completed under Labor's auspices.

Also there is the constant government war cry of "fair and equitable food distribution under rationing." In addition working conditions have improved immeasurably for miners and farm laborers.

The Conservatives are expected to hit hard at the government's administration of nationalized industries.

Unless there is a surprising rapid economic recovery, Churchill and others will place the blame for Britain's economic plight on Socialism. If food remains short and rationed, the fault, according to the Conservatives, will rest with the government.

Greatest need of the Tories is a positive election program. Various blueprints—such as the industrial and agricultural charters—have been published by the Conservative party but it is another question to interest and sell the public something so undramatic and colorless.

Already a number of public opinion polls have been taken. Some have been more or less independent, others have been sponsored by Conservative newspapers. All show support falling away from the government.

Few, if any of the poll results, however, add up to a solid Conservative victory in the next election.

By C. Norman Stabler

(*Continued from page* 53)

you about $60,000 now."

"Sixty thousand dollars! Why the best seats for the Lewis-Wolcott go were only $100. It wouldn't cost me a cent, not in my club. I just walk in, take a seat, and then the action starts."

"You can bet the action would start if you tried anything like that down at Broad and Wall. You'd think you were in the ring at Madison Square Garden."

"I've covered assignments there many a time, basketball games and hockey matches. Did you ever see the Rangers in action?"

"Are they from the Misabi range, where the iron ore comes from?"

"If there's a Misabi on the team he must be a youngster they're keeping under cover."

"This Misabi I'm talking about was operating before you and I were born."

"If he's that old he can't be much good."

"Misabi is still in good condition. And there's more of the same up in Canada."

"Of course, Canada has given us some of the best, Toronto and Montreal especially."

"Not Toronto and Montreal; Labrador."

"Labrador could never possibly get in the big leagues."

"Don't be too certain of that. here are untold possibilities there, and in the Northwest as well, and in Alaska."

"THEY may have some good fellows there, but the gate would be small. You'd never be able to get the tariff. you'd have to operate on a shoestring."

"I grant that shoestring operations are risky, and usually fail. But a few have made out all right. And don't worry about the tariff. With all our reciprocal trade agreements, the tendency is to lower the tariff rates."

"These outfits don't go in for reciprocal trade. Of course they trade some ivory back and forth every season."

"Ivory trading must be over-the-counter. It's not done by the Big Board."

"The big bored who? There's nothing boring in the business. A manager could lose his shirt if he isn't careful. The bidding is most competitive."

"I knew that competitive bidding was required in the public utility and railroad business. But this ivory trading is a new one on me. I suppose there're a lot of factors in it."

"Plenty. Every sort of factor enters into it."

"What commission do they charge?"

"The Commission doesn't make charges; it hears the charges if any are made."

"You have me off base there. I think I'll go out for some fresh air."

"That's the first sound word you've said! Go to the Herald Tribune football game for the Fresh Air Fund, and then some youngsters can get some fresh air too."

By A. T. Steele

(*Continued from page* 55)

Hotel expenses are extra. The hotels in the backcountry range from poor to fair. It is physically possible to do a 4,000-mile tour including most of the highlights of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda and the eastern Belgian Congo, in a month's time, but it would be pretty strenuous. Except in the Congo the roads generally are mediocre or bad.

Although big game has been shot out in many of the settled areas of East Africa it is still impressively plentiful in the reserves and the more remote regions.

Some animals—elephants for instance—are actually on the increase. In the Makueni district, east of Nairobi, hired hunters recently carried out a game clearing operation so that the area could be made safe for native habitation. To everybody's surprise—and to the shock of some—more than 1,000 rhinoceros were killed in that relatively small district.

The best seasons for visiting East Africa are between July and October, and between December and March. These are the dry periods when most roads however bad are at least passable. It will be a long time before travel in East Africa is as easy and comfortable as in the United States, but it is even now a good deal simpler than the Hollywood safari pictures would lead one to suppose.

By Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.

(*Continued from page* 20)

and other locales to re-stage a spy story entitled "The House on 92nd Street." It continued with Ray Milland staggering up Third Avenue clutching a typewriter in "The Lost Weekend." It is now in full bloom, and New Yorkers will recognize real sections of their city in more than half a dozen films to be released this fall and winter.

Before this month is out, Fox will probably have released "The Law and Martin Rome," a cops-and-robbers melodrama with Richard Conte as a ne'er-do-well East Side boy and Victor Mature as the law. Scenes for this were shot across the street from Klein's on Fourteenth Street, on Sullivan Street, and in an area near the Eighth Street I.R.T. kiosk.

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL has a comedy about airlines called "You Gotta Stay Happy." Starring James Stewart, Joan Fontaine and Eddie Albert, it takes place around Newark Airport, the Forty-second Street Airlines Terminal and Park Avenue.

R.K.O. has a murder melodrama called "The Window," which brought a crew up to Third Avenue around 106th Street. Its leading players are Barbara Hale, Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy.

Roberts Productions' "The Numbers Racket" created quite a stir downtown in early August when it moved into the Wall Street area for location shots. Based on Ira Wolfert's novel "Tucker's People," directed by Abraham Polonsky from his own script, and starring John Garfield as a numbers racket lawyer, this picture received permission to take movies on the grounds of Trinity Church. It also shot around the Sub-Treasury Building, Riverside Drive and the George Washington Bridge. It will be released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Portrait of Jenny," produced by David O. Selznick with Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones and David Wayne in leading roles, spent a long time in New York shooting in Central Park and other Manhattan locations. It is a fantasy, the story of a painter who "meets" an imaginary girl.

A racket-buster melodrama called "Jigsaw" will star Franchot Tone and his wife, Jean Wallace, in a New York locale. This company concentrated on the Brooklyn Museum, the Telephone Building, a pet shop on Madison Avenue and several apartment buildings.

Other pictures, like "The Girl From Jones Beach," sent camera crews here to take authentic background shots, which were later filmed on Hollywood process stages with actors in front of them. Curiously enough, with all this local activity, the Henry Morgan film entitled "So This Is New York" was made entirely in Hollywood.

NEW YORKERS may recognize their own blocks in some of these pictures, but they probably will not see themselves on the screen unless they already know that their pictures have been taken. Except for "The Lost Weekend," which took great pains to conceal from bystanders that a movie was being made, there have been almost no instances of "secret" picture-taking. Movie work always draws huge crowds of spectators, making it very difficult to work on the sly.

"The Dark Wood"? Word comes from Fox that the production has been temporarily shelved, despite the fact that this reporter spent a stuffy, airless Sunday morning so that it might come into being. He was also very curious about it. He wanted to see what his two-room-and-kitchenette apartment would look like after the camera panned through the doorway of the authentic house front and went inside to a studio-built interior set. Marble hallway, probably, oak staircase and crystal chandeliers all over the place.

By Walter Terry

(*Continued from page* 29)

IT is interesting to note that Europeans often decry the athleticism which they say they find in the dancing of Americans, and even American critics, quite rightly I think, object when dancers discard style and dramatic purpose for sheer acrobatics unless, of course, the performers are exponents of acrobatic dancing. Since Americans are an athletic people it is perfectly natural that certain qualities of the athlete should color their dancing. Thematically, our dancers have performed such works as Shawn's "Olympiad," Charles Weidman's "Ringside," Agnes de Mille's "Rodeo" and, most recently, Sophie Maslow's "Champion," based upon the Ring Lardner story of a boxer.

The vigor of our athletes is to be found even in dance works which do not employ a sports theme. I remember when Karen Conrad, in a mazurka from "Les Sylphides," crossed the great stage of the Center Theater in what appeared to be two record-breaking (as to elevation and distance) leaps. The Russian choreographer, Michel Fokine, was upset by this display of energy, but Miss Conrad was not being acrobatic, she was simply being an American sylph to whom athletic bounce came naturally.

It is natural for American dancers to try and jump higher, balance longer and accomplish more demanding feats than have been done before. Each is his own rival of yesterday and this is good, but when the dancer tries to fight it out on the stage with another dancer, the result is a contest and not theater art. Such dancers are hams and deserve the satirization they get in such a ballet as "Gala Performance" in which three ballerinas battle for supremacy.

Although dance in America has grown enormously in popularity over the past twenty years, it is not yet our favorite form of theater activity. Many individuals seem to feel that they would not understand it and perhaps some, with no dance background, might at first miss points in style or in technique or find initial difficulty in recognizing the dramatic expressiveness of dance movement.

By Fitzhugh Turner

(*Continued from page* 35)

head. The minister, a gentleman, looked the other way.

Late in 1947, the Syrian Army got some new training planes, and its air forces conducted what it called a long distance flight. The general staff proudly awarded medals to those pilots who survived and reached their destination—500 miles from the starting point.

At an Arab settlement called Abu Kebir near Tel Aviv, British interference with his riflemen irked a chieftain called Sheikh Hassan Salameh. About that time an army truck of a Highland regiment blundered along with a lieutenant and eight men. Jews would have been slaughtered, but Hassan Salameh had orders not to kill British. So he had his Arabs ambush and surround the truck, capture the British rifles and take the British uniforms. The sentry at regimental headquarters a few miles away was a bit startled that night to see what appeared to be a British officer lead a squad of unarmed men into camp, all of them barefoot and clad in long woolen underwear.

By Frederick H. Lewis

(*Continued from page* 5)

into the show. In short, here was a brand new kind of life in which everybody gets an even break, where things are decided by the group, where you get a chance to put in your two cents worth.

Or Sally's case. Think what the country means to a child who has never been outside of the city limits; or to the youngster who has once seen the open fields and is trapped by tenement walls because there is no money to escape them. A Friendly Town vacation might seem dull to you if you go to a summer resort, but to Sally, the chance to live with a farm family for a while is more exciting than the Chateau Frontenac is to you.

To have the comfort and privacy of a room and bed all to oneself, to share in the secure life of a happy rural family, to breathe the clean air of country scented by new-mown hay and sweet clover—there is more than just vacation to this. There is a new conception of life, a renewing of the spirit, a new sense of pride in the strength and beauty of America.

So we come back to our question—is the Fresh Air work worth the time, effort and money spent on it? If you should let Sally and three-quarter of a million deserving kids who have had Fresh Air vacations in the last 72 years join with you in being judge, we are sure that your verdict will agree with ours.

Question . . . Wouldn't you like to back up your judgment with a check to the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund, New York 18?

By Allen Raymond

(*Continued from page* 19)

cities in ruins, with shortages of almost everything needed for restoration. Prices of everything are heart breaking and high, particularly black market food and clothing.

THERE are three little anecdotes going the rounds among Japanese in Tokyo which illustrate their reaction to four of their most urgent difficulties. These are the inflated prices, the rationed food shortage, the surplus of people, now that millions have been brought home from the lost empire; and the crime wave which fairly inundates the country, now that the nation's police force has been reduced and de-centralized in the name of democracy. These anecdotes concern baseball, which is even more a national passion among the youth of Japan than it is in the United States.

Anecdote I.

A Tokyo father was talking to his son who had come home wearing a baseball uniform. "What position are you playing," he asked.

Son: I'm a catcher.

Father: Wait a minute. Don't be a catcher.

Son: Is it because of the danger?

Father: No. A catcher's position is too expensive. You have to buy a mask. The child went out, but soon returned, saying, "Papa, I've got a pitcher's position."

Father: No. Don't be a pitcher.

Son: Why? I think the pitcher is the best position.

Father: I don't agree with you. A pitcher gets hungry too often. Be an outfielder.

Anecdote II.

Son: I played in a ball game today in which the opposing team had ten members on the field.

Father: Ten men in a ball team? Why, was it softball?

Son: No. One boy in the outfield played with a baby on his back.

(This is probably a true story, because the production of Japanese babies is so high that older brothers and sisters start carrying them around on their backs at the age of five or six at most.

Anecdote III.

This is about the crime wave, which has brought about a great deal of criticism of allied occupation policies among well-to-do Japanese in private conversation, although they refrain from criticism in their censored newspapers. The Japanese ruling classes simply do not believe that a decentralized police force will be adequate to hold crime on these islands within reasonable limits. The crime wave story runs like this:

Mother: Son, I really wish you wouldn't steal a glove. I'll get you one.

Son: When can you get it, mama?

Mother: Just as soon as papa steals a bicycle and I sell it.

For all their inconveniences due to defeat in the war, the Japanese people as a whole today, beneath the rule of a kindly conqueror, are as "fat and sassy" as anyone's heart might desire. They are working like beavers, rebuilding their cities. Watching their enormous industry, and the conspicuous fertility of their women, from day to day, you can understand why neighboring peoples in Asia, less advanced and ambitious, are afraid of them.

By Gill Robb Wilson

(*Continued from page* 22)

tion becomes. It is to be noted that among the ranks of those who fly continuously for fun are many physicians, lawyers, and engineers whose normal routine of work is one of high nervous pressure. Good outdoor fun of a challenging kind is not too easily come by for men and women forced by necessity of occupation to sedentary habits. Flying is about the best balanced answer in the whole category of good athletic fun.

THERE'S just enough bodily exercise to bring on a kindly physical weariness. There's just enough skill required to sharpen the mind.

Whether one loafs over autumn fields, marking the yellow pumpkins among the cornshocks or noting nature's artistry in the variegated colors of the woodland or studying the cloud signs of the coming winter sky, or confines himself to a routine of precision maneuvers, or flies out a pattern of precision navigation, there's always a blending of interests which means good health to mind and body and spirit. And even though the flying skill grows rusty, there's no rust in the ever changing conditions in the realm of the air which is good for fun from seventeen to seventy-seven.

By Ernest A. Kehr

(*Continued from page* 71)

schools are encouraging pupils to get into the hobby because they teach pleasurably what texts can't. And because it is an *avocation* and not an assigned *chore*, not only are stamp facts more easily learned, but more permanently retained. An added social bonus, is the fact that collecting stamps keeps its advocates so absorbed that a youngster who has an album just hasn't the time or inclination to become a delinquent.

So the next time you run into one of us, don't sympathize with us. We may seem crazy, but we love it, and it's such a profitable kind of insanity!

By Jesse Abramson

(*Continued from page* 21)

Leahy's biggest loss in the line was his four tackles, and the new tackles will be Ralph McGehee, a third stringer last year, and Jack Fallon, who was out with a damaged knee. But the rest of the line will be manned by such notables as Leon Hart and Jim Martin, ends; Moose Fischer and Marty Wendell, guards; Bill Walsh, center, and the backfield includes Terry Brennan, Red Sitko, Pep Panelli, Mike Swistowicz, Ernie Zalejski, with his knee repaired and solvent in the classroom to boot, and Bob Williams, a sophomore from Baltimore who may take over at quarterback if Tripucka should falter. And even if he shouldn't.

Michigan has a new coach in Bennie Oosterbaan, their all-time greatest end. An assistant throughout Crisler's Ann Arbor stewardship, Bennie will carry on the Crisler methods, including, of course, the famed spinner attack from single wing and the end-around series which Oosterbaan devised. Bennie's team will be heavier, with less depth and it may be necessary for the Michiganders to play both offense and defense this year. Gene Derricotte, not the passer that Chappuis was but a greater runner, will be the tailback, and Dick Kempthorn is headed for a big season at fullback.

THE situation in the East shapes up as follows:

ARMY will be powerful. Red Blaik, the first at West Point to hold the double portfolio of football coach and athletic director, has lost Rip Rowan from his backfield and Joe Steffy and Shelton Biles from the line, not to forget the departure of Herman Hickman from the coaching staff and the groaning board at Bear Mountain Inn. Blaik has plentiful holdover material, plus outstanding newcomers like Cain, a track-fast solid halfback, and another Foldberg at end, coming up from the plebe class.

PENN STATE, undefeated Eastern paladin in 1947, will be lighter in the line with the loss of Suhey, Wolosky, Potsklan and Norton, but Bob Higgins will have virtually his entire backfield intact, plus Joe Colone, a crack punter and fullback who played briefly last season.

George Munger at PENN, though mourning the loss of Skip Minisi and big George Savitsky, has numerous seasoned holdovers in the line and backfield, led by Chuck Bednarik, perhaps the nation's best center.

PRINCETON figures to show continued rapid development under Charley Caldwell, who has twenty lettermen bolstered by sophomores from a 1947 freshman class that was so good that old Tigers are licking their chops.

YALE starts a new regime under the vastly popular Herman Hickman, who made a big hit with his rascals in spring practice. The moulder of great Army lines will be short of rugged beef in the line, but the bard of the Smokies will get the best out of them and will have such backs as Nadherny, Furse, Jackson, Fitzgerald and Olympic shotputter Fuchs. Yale will revert to the more orthodox T from Howie Odell's power T. Thus Nadherny, The Bull, will shift from half to fullback.

HARVARD also has a new coach in Art Valpey from Michigan. He inherited a comple team from Dick Harlow, plus excellent sophomore prospects. One of them is John West, 203 pound spinning fullback, just what a Crisler-trained coach would have ordered. Lou Little at COLUMBIA will have his usual troubles—not much depth, and a green line lacking seasoned tackles and ends, behind which his dynamic backs, Rossides, Kusserow, Olson, Nork and Russell, will operate with elan. DARTMOUTH, with a good, young team, will show steady progress for Tuss McLaughry, who will get some excellent sophomores. CORNELL will move up a step. Hillary Chollet, who missed all of last season, will be back. Harvey Harman retains virtually all of his first two teams at RUTGERS. Frank Burns, ace quarterback, will direct the team for the third year. The Scarlet will be good in its class, and much too good for its Middle Three colleagues, having outgrown them in size and strength.

THE most improved team in New England and in the East as well will be BOSTON UNIVERSITY, which pushed into the varsity big-league set last fall under Buff Donelli. The Terrier cubs beat all their freshman rivals, including Harvard, Holy Cross and Dartmouth, last year. Bill Boucher, fast and versatile, joins the backfield behind a big, rugged line. B.U.'s schedule however is spotty.

At BOSTON COLLEGE, Denny Myers will have much the same team, a rollicking offense spearheaded by little Joe Diminick, and a stiffened defense now that Herb Kopf is handling that department for Denny. HOLY CROSS is switching from single wing to the Bears' T under Dr. Bill Osmanski. He will have impressive material which looked crude trying to assimilate the new style in the spring. BROWN will lack reserved but Rip Engle's Bruins figure to knock off a Yale, Dartmouth or Holy Cross during the season. VILLANOVA will be big, rough and tough. FORDHAM and N.Y.U., however, will plug along in a minor key. Ed Danowski and Hooks Mylin hope for some improvement.

In the Middle West the outlook for others besides Notre Dame and Michigan: PURDUE and MINNESOTA are the pre-season co-favorites with Michigan in the Big Nine. Stu Holcomb will know what he has at Lafayette, Ind., in short order. Purdue meets Notre Dame, Northeastern and Michigan in a row away from home at the outset. The Boilermakers have about the same team that was unanimously picked to finish last in 1947 and placed third. Bob DeMoss, quarterbacking for the third year, and a .500 passer, could bedevil Notre Dame in the opener. Minnesota, which almost beat Michigan last year, will be strongly backed off that performance. The Gophers are huge, tough and rugged in the line, but it is no great shakes in the backfield where Billy Bye must carry the burden.

WISCONSIN, depending on a strong running game, will be a threat, but will lack seasoned quarterbacking. NORTHWESTERN has a killing schedule again, established backs in Frank Ashenbrenner and Art Murakowski, a brilliant center in Alex Sarkisian. ILLINOIS, grouped with them, is potent at fullback, weak at tackle and has 27 lettermen.

By Joseph G. Herzberg

(*Continued from page* 18)

city editor bellowed something to his composing room foreman and then began to write the story himself. That was a great comfort. It demonstrated Hollywood's belief that city editors could read and write. I suppose city editors should be thankful for even such small favors.

One more thing. Sometimes there should be a movie newspaper office where the girl reporters are not all candidates for Miss Universe. Not that the other reporters wouldn't love to have it that way. But the City Desk has enough trouble now getting reporters to meet deadlines. With all those handsome girls around, maybe even the City Desk wouldn't care about deadlines, either.

By Kerr N. Petrie

(*Continued from page* 67)

interests being Springfield of the A.H.L. and Fort Worth of the U.S.H.L.

Nor has the new management of the New York Rangers been slow in seeing opportunity for player development in the new league. Scarcely had the news got around that the P.C.H.L. had gone pro than announcement was made that Murray Patrick had signed to coach Tacoma. Patrick, son of Lester of the Rangers, had been coaching St. Paul for the last two years. Muzz intimated he wanted to go back to the Pacific Coast but it was obvious to all that the smoke must be coming from a fire kindled near Madison Square Garden.

Formation of the Pacific Coast Professional Hockey League was probably the biggest news that came out of the summer get-togethers of the hockey people but it was not everything. Lest anyone should feel that the hockey officials believe in allowing the past to bury its dead the N.H.L. went back to discussion of the fracas which closed the Stanley Cup competition and especially as it involved the goaltenders of Detroit and Toronto, Harry Lumley and Turk Broda.

While the writer was not a witness to the mix-up a season's study of the two players involved, leads to a certain conclusion. Lest that prove to be erroneous let it be said that the N.H.L. appears to look upon an ice squabble between rival goalies as something so unnecessary and unlikely as to call for special legislation. An offense of this kind hereafter will carry an automatic fine of $50 for a professional while amateurs will be sent off to serve a minor penalty of two minutes.

As it takes two to make a fight there will be a double substitute should amateur goaltenders start throwing punches at each other, provided, that is, that the squabble occurs before the game is over. Obviously, when a fight occurs at the end of the last game of the season a two-minute penalty carries no weight whatsoever.

In such a case as that of Lumley and Broda there may be a fine legal point involved. Playing in the post season series, hockey players have ceased to draw pay from their clubs. Has provision been made for deducting fines from the players' kitty?

By Joe H. Palmer

(*Continued from page* 59)

mile to go. In the Belmont he was a little closer, but there was the same withering rush past his field, and he was only galloping at the end.

Mrs. John D. Hertz's Count Fleet, in 1943, was another horse which had the back stretch saying, "the best since Man o' War." He had beaten his horses so badly in the Derby and Preakness that only two starters met him in the Belmont, neither of much quality. Count Fleet went his way alone. He led by eight lengths after a half mile, by twelve after a mile, and by twenty-five at the end. His was the fastest Belmont until Citation tied it this year, in 2:28 1/5.

Then, in 1946, came Assault. As he whirled through the Derby, Preakness, and Belmont, he picked up $268,420, which supplies an interesting contrast to the $57,275 which Sir Barton got for the same feat 27 years earlier. Assault, owned by King Ranch, went on to win $424,195 in 1946, setting a new record for a single year's earnings at any age. In 1947 he proved beyond cavil his right to be called great, when under a crushing 135 pounds he wedged his way between Stymie and Gallorette to win the Butler Handicap.

GREAT horses, all of them. But not a one, so horsemen incline to think, that could have stayed with Citation this year as he won the eighth Triple Crown. When he won the Belmont, he had earned more money than any horse had ever won at the same stage in his career, for his 2-year-old season had been more brilliant —one defeat behind a stablemate—than any of the earlier Triple Crown winners. Money isn't the measure, for purses rise and fall with the years. But Citation had proved that, whether you went five furlongs or a mile and a half, you still found Citation ahead of you, running easily.

By Virgil Thompson

(*Continued from page* 25)

there ever is to write about, and that is also all the residue that going to a play or reading a book or hearing music leaves with any customer. If Mrs. remembers the film that she enjoyed, or even remembers her enjoyment, she is that much richer. If she finds it amusing to remember also that some critic thought the film "terrible," then she is still richer, because she knows a good joke, too. But if either item is to be forgotten, I rather think it will be the critic's opinion. People remember their own experiences better, I think, and profit by them more, than they do the account of anybody else's experience. Certainly this is true when art is the subject of the experience. Criticism, unless it is as true an account of vivid experience as any poem or novel, cannot possibly compete with these in memory.

By Eugenia Sheppard

(*Continued from page* 37)

hailing in the shop's delivery boys to double as clerks. The word went out, "Don't bother to sell, boys. Just stand there and they'll buy, anyway." They did.

Soon after that the raccoon fever started to peter out, though it lingered along fitfully into the '30's. Around 1940 there was a brief flurry in the feminine fashion world when raccoon turned up again, looking remotely like silver fox. This year you have to squint at the price tag before you know whether the coat's sheared beaver or raccoon just masquerading as something more pedigreed.

REAL old-time raccoons, in all their garish glory, have holed in at Gunther's, Jaeckel's, and other plush fur storage vaults. There you can find plenty of them intact, and with name tags that read like Who's Who in America.

Every once in a while, these uptown furriers report, a raccoon owner, now middle-aged and thrifty, will call up wistfully, to inquire for his pet, hoping that it's about due for a renaissance or a revival as a valuable antique. So far the advice has been, "Just go on storing it, sir."

Last fall a Jaeckel scout, always on the lookout for new trends, spotted a trio of raccoons slinking through Penn Station after the Yale-Princeton game. He ran after them. They were the real thing all right, he reports gleefully. They were a little ratty around the shawl collars and scuffed at the heels but those re-inforced flask pockets were still holding up strong.

By William Attwood

(*Continued from page 27*)

this winter, we merely dropped the Blue Room part.

Dave, the stout, taciturn proprietor, spends most of his time behind the six-foot bar, where he rests his paunch on the sink and has a glass of wine with any customer sociable enough to buy him one. Towards evening he is generally a little bleary but never too far gone to overlook the amenities still prevalent in the smaller Parisian restaurants. These consist in bidding good-evening to all the customers when you enter and shaking hands with the proprietor. The ritual is repeated as you leave, and Dave's greeting is always rendered with just the proper dignity.

ALTHOUGH it's almost impossible to get a really bad meal in Paris, too many tourists never get to places like Dave's because they fall for the hocus-pocus put on by the fancier clip-joints. At the Tour d'Argent, for example, which seems to rank with the Louvre and the Folies Bergere in most post-war guidebooks, you have three or four waiters in stiff shirts hovering around your table and the ducks are tagged with numbers so that you can pick out your bird when you order roast duckling. But the service is no quicker and personally I never saw the point in eating a duck with a number, especially when they charge you an extra two bucks for the privilege.

Berlin is rather in a class by itself, gastronomically speaking. An American with an appetite has three choices: (1) army chow, mostly out of cans, served in sanitary messes, wholesome, nourishing and monotonous; (2) a German black market restaurant, where you get to feel as soiled as the high-pressure crooks at the neighboring tables; and (3) the two Russian Intourist restaurants in the Soviet sector of the city.

These last, which displayed the only neon signs I saw in Berlin this spring, were set up for the convenience of Soviet Military Government officials and their guests. But westerners with hard currency like dollars are also welcome (they were, at least, in June). For less than four dollars, you could get a generous portion of caviar, borscht, shashlik or steak with potatoes and vegetables, ice cream, coffee, beer and a small bottle of vodka. Try ordering a quarter pound of caviar in New York some day and see what happens to your bankroll.

The main reason the Intourist people are pleased to get American customers is that the Russians need dollars, Swiss francs and Swedish crowns for commercial purposes. I realize that my three Intourist meals may have enabled the Russians to buy a couple of ball bearings in Stockholm for their military machine, but I still think it was worth it.

The atmosphere in these places is dignified and a little stuffy. Smartly-uniformed Russian officers and their hungry German guests occupy most of the tables, while a string quartet plays dinner music and a benign and bemedalled Stalin surveys the scene from two picture frames. It's not until late in the evening, when the vodka is low in the bottles, that the Russians begin to thaw out and start singing—the one thing, I think, that they can do better than anybody else.

I realize that Cousin George and Miss Vassar '49 and all of the people who were going to look me up in Europe this summer will be surprised at the seeming abundance of good food over there. And I know that this piece doesn't seem to square with the newspaper cartoons of tattered Europeans holding out their hands to Uncle Sam.

But the fact remains that there is a lot of truth in those cartoons. A majority of Europeans are still undernourished. It is well to remember that the one dollar meal at Dave's is beyond the means of a Parisian worker whose minimum wage is still $35 a month; that the average Italian never sees the inside of a place like the Amici unless he goes in with a hat or a tin box in his hand; and that the only Germans you see at the Intourist are the handful who have been befriended by Russian officials.

By Bill Lauder, Jr.

(*Continued from page 24*)

But, in spite of it all, Mr. Surething still wants to show his dog and after a course of sprouts feels he is qualified. Hah!

The next show starts out fine. Fine day. Wife and kids and Mr. Bones are well-behaved and happy. Then, disaster.

In the ring the handler of another dog gets in front of him and before he can get Mr. Bones set up again the judge starts them all moving around the ring. Then the handler, following him, pushes closer and closer. Mr. Bones won't pay attention. All he wants to do is play with the nice man and dog who are running up his heels. By the time they are lined up again Mr. Bones is excited and when the judge comes to look him over he won't stay put, pulls away and frisks all over the place. The judge walks away and when the ribbons are given out—nothing.

This time the "friend" tells Mr. Surething that, "The handler gave you the business. He's famous for that when he gets a greenhorn in the ring. He's not the only one, you'll get it again. Nice game, isn't it?"

IT CAN be a nice game. There are lots of fine people in it. But, sad to relate, it seems that the dog game has more than its share of poor sports and all's-fair-if-you-win exhibitors. If you really want to have fun showing your dog let someone else show him. Then you don't have to get up at the crack of dawn, go through miseries in the ring, sit on the bench all day and get home too late for cocktails. Unless, like Mr. Surething, you don't drink and are stubborn.

By Elmo Roper

(*Continued from page 26*)

thinking about matters of public concern, he said, he picked up his favorite newspaper the next morning to read in my column that a majority of the American people agreed with his son!

He was kind enough to say that he didn't question our motives in making the survey, but he bitterly objected, "For God's sake, if you have to print such things in the first place, put a big headline on the top and again at the bottom saying 'THE PUBLIC IS WRONG!'"

The weight of public opinion in a democracy is, to be sure, a mighty important weapon in any argument. But what a good many of the people seem to forget is that deep in our heritage is the right to disagree with what a majority of our fellow Americans might think. I would much prefer that people settle their arguments on the logic of their case, rather than any appeal to the results of the latest poll.

But as for pollsters never being right, how about our election predictions in 193—. . . no, I won't say it. This is an election year and we pollsters have to go out on a limb again. I'd better save that question until after next November 2nd.

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