

# ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

**M**ONDAY—I have found my man at last, and tomorrow I shall be a viewer. Tracking down Harry Dubin, the television-set owner who has agreed to chaperon my viewing, has been an intricate undertaking. The area within range of New York's three television stations is a circle whose radius is forty-five to fifty miles; whose circumference, roughly and reading counterclockwise, touches Smithtown, Long Island; Westport and Ridgefield, Connecticut; Croton Falls and Highland Falls, New York; and Hamburg, Chester, Hightstown, and Spring Lake, New Jersey; and whose population of set owners with no professional interest in television is less than thirty thousand. In Manhattan, beyond whose limits I hesitate to travel, there are fewer than seven thousand such non-professionals and, I am half ashamed to record, not a single one of them is an acquaintance of mine. What complicated the search further was that I was not just looking for any old Manhattan set owner but for one so enthusiastic about his role as a pioneer that he would be willing to have me come to his home to view television in the bosom of a typical American set-owning family. My object is to learn what it's like to live with that new branch of entertainment which its trade press persists in calling the Video Art.

I phoned Mr. Dubin this afternoon and he was most courteous about my project, expressing considerable admiration for the Video Art. He has had his set since November, 1941, which makes him one of the two or three thousand most experienced viewers in the area. Even though he and his family are used to viewing, he told me, they continue to enjoy it. "Of course, it has detracted a good deal from my reading time," he said. "And with children it's not so good sometimes. I find they don't get their homework done." But he obviously attaches little importance to his reservations. After all, nothing in life is perfect, not even television.

Dubin is the owner of the Regent Food Shop, a natty grocery and meat market at Eightieth Street and Lexington Avenue, patronized by Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Harvey Cushing, Mrs. Marshall Field III, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Sidney Howard, Mrs. Fredric March, and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, among others. Alfred Lunt goes to the Regent when he needs a particularly toothsome bunch of finocchio or an extra-fancy sprig of tarragon. Dubin's apartment is on the third floor

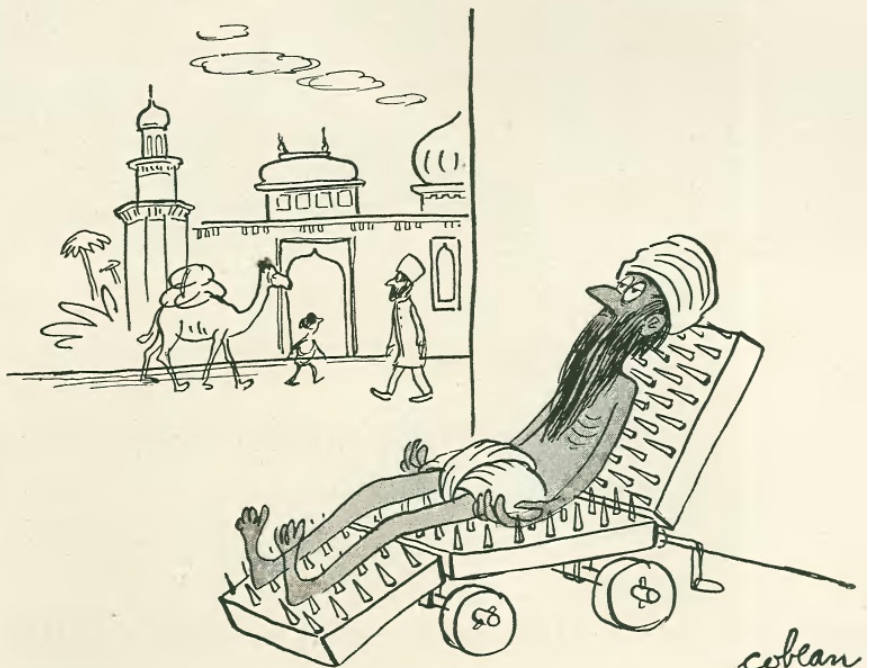
## DIARY OF A VIEWER

of a large apartment house at Eighty-sixth and Madison, and I am to be there at seven-thirty tomorrow evening for one of the family's favorite weekly programs, "Cash & Carry." I hope I enjoy the view.

**T**UESDAY—The members of the Dubin household are, in the order in which I met them this evening, Harry himself, a hospitable man with wavy hair and a bow tie, who was admitted to the bar before he veered off into the grocery business; his wife, Juliette, who has red-gold hair and who looked extremely attractive in black-and-white checked slacks and a yellow shirt; Ronald, an uninhibited fourteen-year-old high-school freshman whose hobbies include photography, drawing, and the care and feeding of tropical fish; Jane, ten and a half, pretty, auburn-haired, very subdued; Boots, a nine-month-old Boston terrier who barks when horses appear on the television screen; and, finally, The Set. My presentation to The Set was an elaborate ceremony, performed by Dubin while the other members of the family were arranging chairs in front of it for the evening's viewing. It is a big R.C.A. cabinet model with an eight-by-ten-inch screen, standing in a corner of the living room, beside the doorway from the foyer. It cost three hundred and ninety-five dollars in 1941. Assuming, and rightly, that in all matters relating to television I was thoroughly

unschooled, my host led me on a conducted tour through the knobs and buttons that control the set's operation. I was a little disappointed by the power switch, the channel selector, and the volume control, which have the same functions their equivalents have on the old-fashioned "radio," but the knobs that control the image were more satisfactory. I was allowed to make the image brighter and darker, to make it slide off sideways until it dissolved into a series of vertical lines, and, best of all, to make it slide up and down on the screen as if it were a series of frames on a movie film. By the time Dubin had pronounced me a promising beginner at tuning in a telecast (I trust that the creative minds now at work on television will soon think up some plausible-looking words to describe what they're doing), Mrs. Dubin, Ronald, and Jane had turned off all the lights in the living room and foyer, had taken their places, and were ready for "Cash & Carry," which was being telecast as a sustaining program by WABD, a station operated by the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc. Dubin offered me a comfortable chair with the best possible view, hastily seated himself in the chair nearest the foyer—"so I can get to the telephone fast," he explained to me with a mysterious wink—and cautioned all of us to pay strict attention to what was about to happen. "Remember the rules," he said sternly to Ronald. "No talking when the cues go on."

"Cash & Carry" is a contest pro-





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gram, enacted in a setting that is designed to represent a country store and presided over by a jovial party named Dennis James and a pretty, dark-haired girl named Joan Murchison. Within a few moments, it became obvious that a television camera is used pretty much the way a movie camera is. In the course of the program, the cameras (there seemed to be two in operation) moved around a good deal and switched freely and frequently from long shots to closeups to medium shots, and so on. The long shots were long enough to show, in focus, the entire store, while the closeups dilated to a full eight-by-ten-inches the faces of the performers or the various props with which the setting was cluttered, and blurred out the background entirely. The appearance of Miss Murchison caused some consternation among the Dubins, who recognized her at once as a newcomer to the show and wondered what had become of the girl who had always been James's assistant before. In a closeup, Miss Murchison explained that the other girl had gone on to better things, but she was rather vague about what such things were or could be. At this point, the image began to billow slightly. "Some girls look better that way," said Ronald. "Shh!" said his father, and he made a few delicate adjustments of the controls, causing Miss Murchison to stop billowing. James now told us that there was a barrel in the corner of the store (closeup of barrel), that something was in the barrel, and that the goal of both the viewers and a half-dozen contestants selected from the studio audience was to guess *what* was in it. (The studio audience as a whole we could hear but not see.) If a studio contestant guessed the answer, he'd get a five-dollar prize, and the first viewer to phone in the right answer would also get five. The second and third viewers to phone in the right answer would receive tickets to future shows. James went on to promise that clues to what was in the barrel would be contained in his conversations with the contestants.

The first contestant James called up to the camera was a Mr. Belcher, from Arlington, New Jersey. James said hello to Belcher and asked him if his name wasn't Belcher, if he didn't live in Arlington, New Jersey, and if he knew what was in the barrel. One of the things he said was "I don't want to hand you a line," which the Dubins immediately spotted as a clue. While Belcher, who also spotted it as a clue,

was guessing that the barrel contained a clothespin, the Dubins were carrying on a whispered consultation, which culminated in Dubin's saying insistently, "Fishing reel, fishing reel," and dashing off to the telephone to make his guess known to Du Mont. He returned a few moments later with word that fishing reel wasn't it, and the family composed itself to listen for the next clue. Meanwhile, James had called Belcher's wife onto the set. As a penalty for guessing wrong, Belcher was told




to attire himself in a raincoat, rain hat, and gloves, and instructed to catch five fish, which Mrs. Belcher would pick out of a pail and toss to him. He did all this, and James pulled a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and handed it to Belcher as a reward—two dollars per fish caught. James then took what he described as a string of Marvella pearls from one of the store shelves and handed it to Mrs. Belcher in tribute to her accurate aim. The Belchers walked out of the store, or, at any rate, off the side of the screen. To the next contestant, James said, "If you guess right, you'll be the receiver of five dollars." That clue was all Dubin needed. He raced off to tell Du Mont that the barrel contained a telephone. When he returned, he was crestfallen. "Gosh darn it!" he said. "'Telephone' was it all right, but a party called just eight seconds before I did with the answer." "Well, anyway, we'll get tickets," Mrs. Dubin said soothingly. There were several more contestants who made unsuccessful guesses and performed hilarious stunts, among them a teamster and father of five named Jackman, from West New York, New Jersey, who was put to bathing and dressing a baby doll. Jackman stuck the baby's head in a tub of water, and the studio audience could be heard laughing. "You know," said Dubin, who was on the show once himself, "James tells you when you go on to do something funny."

Neither of the two other New York stations—WNBT, which is run by the National Broadcasting Company, or WCBS-TV, run by the Columbia Broadcasting System—was on the air tonight, so when "Cash & Carry" ended, the Dubins left WABD tuned in to see what would happen next. The showing of a Western movie, "Thunder Over Texas," with Big Boy Williams, was what happened next, by courtesy of Chevrolet. Before the movie, which ran for an hour, began, an actor impersonating a cowboy appeared



on the television screen. "Howdy, folks," he said. "Me and the boys was herdin' around the Texas line and . . ." I didn't catch the exact phrasing of the rest of his remarks, but the sense was that there was nothing like a Chevrolet to go herdin' in. The elder Dubins and I withdrew to the other end of the room, and, to an accompaniment of gunfire, thundering hooves, and drawled adjurations by various partners to assorted hombres, the Dubins related to me some episodes from the family's long and happy relationship with the Video Art. Three times, they told me proudly, they have been the first viewers to guess what was in the "Cash & Carry" barrel, and several other times they have been close enough to first to receive tickets for the show. The time Dubin was enlisted as a contestant, James found out that the Dubin children were at home watching and he urged Dubin to say something to them. Dubin said, "Go to bed, Janie," which probably made Janie the first child in history to receive that well-known parental order via television. According to Dubin, the telecasting of movies has not worked out very well up to now. The film people have not permitted the television people to use any new feature pictures. For the most part, the movies used have been educational and musical shorts, newsreels, old Westerns, and such. Also, there have been technical difficulties. Large areas of black or white are not picked up too well on television. Too much black seems to create a kind of sporadic aurora-borealis effect on the television screen. Consequently, a telecast movie, right now, is rather unpredictable.

I asked Dubin how he had become a viewer in the first place. He told me that he and his wife, one evening in 1941, had visited a man who owned a set, and had seen a program featuring Little Jack Little and his band. "I was fascinated," Dubin said, "and I knew right then I wanted to have a set of my own." He went on to explain that he had been overcome not by Little Jack Little but by the idea that "all this movement and flesh could be carried into my living room through the invisible air." He is still impressed by this thought. I asked if owning a television set had changed their social life much. Mrs. Dubin said that perhaps they went out a little less frequently than they used to and entertained at home a little more. When they first got it, they never left the house, Dubin told me. Now they view only two or three times a week. They make a big occasion of events



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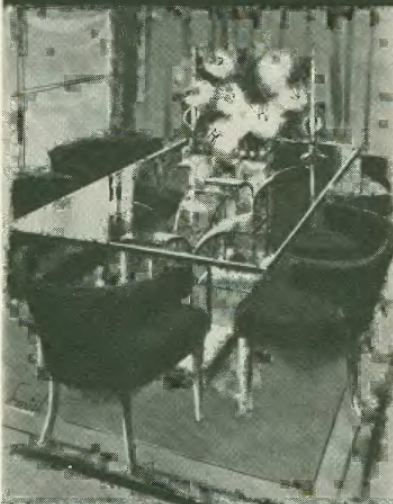
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like a Joe Louis fight, when they have twenty-five or thirty guests in. Dubin remembers the Louis-Mauriello fight last fall with particular vividness. "Just before it started, I went into the kitchen to fix a drink, or something," he told me, "and when I came back, it was all over. But I was not incensed, because I had paid nothing." In six years, the set has cost Dubin just sixty dollars to maintain, the price of replacing the original cathode-ray tube, which is the set's screen. His set has not, surprisingly, become obsolete. There have been minor improvements in television sets in the past six years, but nothing basic. In terms of clarity and sensitivity, his set bears about the same relation to the latest models that a 1941 radio would bear to the new radios. And a cabinet model with the same size screen as his would today cost much more than he paid.

By this time, Big Boy Williams had polished off his last varmint, and we returned to the set to see what was on. A lady was addressing Mrs. Housewife on the subject of how to reupholster chairs. "Oh, that reminds me," said Mrs. Dubin to her husband, "we have to get those dining-room chairs reupholstered." "This is a very timely program," Dubin said to me bitterly. The education of Mrs. Housewife was followed by a twenty-minute short on the Golden Jubilee of the Automobile, in Detroit, which in turn was followed by a commercial for United States Rubber. By then it was nine-thirty, and the station signed off with a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Jane went off to bed; Ronald took me to his room to show me his Speed Graphic and his tankful of blue gouramis, red platys, and black mollisnias; and I made a date with his parents to return on Sunday to watch N.B.C. attempt to cope, Video-wise, with "Twelfth Night," in observance of the three-hundred-and-eighty-third anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare.

**SUNDAY**—Only Dubin was on hand tonight to view "Twelfth Night" with me. The rest of the family were keeping a social engagement at which Dubin was due immediately after the program. If he were not taking his role as my host so seriously, I'm sure that he would not have stayed home at all this evening, despite his fondness for Shakespeare.

"Twelfth Night" started with the appearance on the screen of a placard bearing a picture of Elsie the Cow and a message reading, "Borden Presents."

This was followed by a placard reading, "Will Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,'" and by a placard reading, "Plus." Then came a closeup of a television script, on the top page of which was written, in longhand, "A Commercial." This changed to a medium-long view of an announcer holding the script. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "is the original manuscript of the commercial for this evening's program. It sings the praises of Lady Borden Ice Cream, and so it's really *inspired* prose." His voice continued, while onto the screen, to illustrate his remarks, came a picture of a carton of ice cream and then a live lady eating some ice cream and making extraordinary faces to show how delighted she was with its "full richness" and its "fresh, clean taste." Finally, the announcer said, "So ends the commercial, and our play"—pause—"begins." We then were vouchsafed a few moments of a motion picture depicting surf beating on the rock-bound coast of, presumably, Illyria. This turned into a setting representing a seacoast, and, with the colloquy between Viola and A Captain, the play started. I wondered what had become of Act I, Scene 1, which starts with Orsino's saying, "If music be the food of love, play on," but my fears that these immortal lines had been abandoned were soon dispelled, for this scene turned up presently as Act 1, Scene 2. In the course of pruning "Twelfth Night" to an hour's running time, N.B.C. had felt called upon to make some structural alterations.

Even among the most vehement admirers of Shakespeare, there are many who would just as soon spend no more than an hour on "Twelfth Night," and I'm sure that those of them who saw the show tonight were pleased. Somehow or other, N.B.C. managed to employ five settings, and the costumes were better than the Shakespearean average. The lines were distinctly enunciated, the actresses who played Olivia and Viola were nice-looking girls, and the actors portraying Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek made Dubin and me laugh. Dubin enjoyed the play immensely. "This is the first time television has risen to a professional level," he told me as we went down in the elevator. "I think it is coming of age. In a stage production, you're apt to miss some of Shakespeare's more beautiful word pictures, but this was done in a conversational way. It was excellent, excellent." As we parted at the corner of Eighty-sixth and Park,





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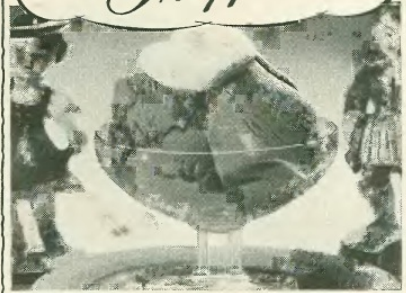
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he told me that the family will be watching some fights and wrestling matches Friday, if I care to join them.

**F**RIDAY—The Video Art this evening was devoted almost entirely to a series of personal encounters between muscular young and middle-aged men. On WNBT, there were the fights from St. Nicholas Arena; on WABD, there were wrestling matches from Jamaica Arena. The Dubins had other guests tonight, a Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Albert, who emphatically chose to view the wrestling first. "Wrestling's much funnier than fights," Mrs. Albert said. Albert, an attorney, is a dark, good-natured man who frequently attends sporting events. As he sat down in one of the easy chairs in front of the set, he said, "Don't you have someone to hit me on the head with a program or yell in my ear, so I'll feel natural?" Dubin said he was sorry he couldn't oblige. Viewing at the Dubins' has only one inconvenient aspect. When five or six chairs are put in front of the set, any movement through the doorway between the living room and foyer is fairly difficult. However, the only people likely to move are the Dubins, energetically foraging for pretzels or beating their way to the kitchen to mix drinks, and no one could possibly mind being stepped on in these circumstances.

We turned on the set a little before the matches started and, passing up a musical movie short on WABD, found ourselves, on WNBT, in the middle of Central Africa, surrounded by gazelles and acacia trees. The reception was not nearly as good as it was last week. "See that herringbone effect?" Dubin asked gloomily. "This should not be. That doctor in the building may be using his diathermy machine." The herringbones quickly vanished, but they were followed by an effect of overbrightness. He fiddled with the controls, and the lighting returned to normal. "Aha!" said Dubin. "The contrast was not in proper relation to the illumination." We were, it seems, viewing a movie travelogue. It was followed by a commercial for R.C.A. Victor. Next came an animated-cartoon commercial. A woolly lamb said, "I, as Botany's woolly lamb, predict tomorrow's weather," but before the prediction there was a little drama in which a villainous footpad held up the woolly lamb, not for his money, not for his diamond ring, but for his Botany tie. The weather tomorrow will be cloudy and cooler. We switched to WABD just in time to get a Longines Watch commercial, which showed motion pic-

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tures of football games and still pictures of stopwatches. This was followed by a placard revealing that the American Shops, a single, large men's-clothing store in Newark, were about to present wrestling matches. That made four commercials in a row. "Got any peanuts, boy?" asked Albert. "Sure. Here," Dubin said, handing him a bowl of salted ones.

The first match was between a pair of stout gentlemen introduced as Jesse James and Jimmy Marconi. They went through a complicated ritual of twisting each other's neck in the ropes, biting each other's calves, and bashing each other's chin with their forearms. Occasionally, a dramatic groan or an anguished yelp could be heard. Only one camera was being used at Jamaica, apparently, but it followed the wrestlers around so nimbly that our view was better than any we could have had in the arena except from the ringside. Presently, Marconi inflicted three brutal flying mares on James, followed them with three body slams, pinned his dazed adversary to the mat, and was declared victorious. A placard asserting that Kenny Baker says "I like American Shops clothes" instantly appeared on the screen. The next bout, which lasted a full half hour, was a draw, following which we learned that Ray Bolger also approves of American Shops clothes. The reception, which had been deteriorating steadily, was completely wild by now. Most of the time the image looked like a photographic negative, with all the blacks white and the whites black. When, on occasion, the tones returned to normal, the figures of the wrestlers began to multiply. It was nothing at all for seven or eight Sandor Kovacs to be putting seven or eight hammer locks on seven or eight Laverne Baxters.

Dubin switched to WNBTV, where everything was lucid, but after three or four rounds of boxing, with Gillette commercials thrown in between rounds, we all agreed that the wrestling, even when multiplied by seven, was much more entertaining. We got back to Jamaica in the midst of another match, which was even more stirring than the first three. The reception was so shaky, however, that we tuned out after about ten minutes, and Mrs. Dubin, who is one of the most bountiful hostesses I have ever met, passed enormous helpings of ice cream and cake. Peanuts, popcorn, pretzels, and highballs had been circulating all evening, and on a coffee table was a prettily arranged bowl

of fresh fruit. Before I left, Ronald invited me to spend tomorrow afternoon watching the Dodger game with him and his friends (he's a passionate Brooklyn fan), and Mrs. Dubin asked me to come over next Wednesday to view whatever entertainment we can find.

WEDNESDAY—As I would have expected if I had heeded Botany's woolly lamb, the Dodgers and I were rained out on Saturday, which led me to ponder the value of a device that is useless on a rainy Saturday afternoon and keeps you indoors on a fine one. Ronald and I switched our date to another Saturday. This evening, the Dubins, two other guests, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Gaines, and I had quite a session in front of the set. When I arrived, at about seven-fifteen, I found my hosts in a state of high satisfaction. They were the first viewers last night to guess that the "Cash & Carry" barrel contained a pencil, and they won five dollars. I congratulated them, and we tuned in WNBTV, which was having a gala. "The Kraft Television Theatre," presenting "The Double Door," was to be seen for the first time on a cathode-ray tube in this or any other hemisphere. "The Double Door," in the likely event you never heard of it, is a fifteen-year-old horror piece about an unpleasant lady named Victoria who disapproves so strongly of her brother's marriage that she locks his bride in an airtight vault. In the third act, the bride is rescued, and Victoria goes off her rocker. The play lasted an hour, and after it was over and the commercial had begun, Mrs. Dubin said she thought that during a play whose action covered several months the actresses should have changed clothes at least once. Being a groceryman, Dubin may be presumed to be a merchandising expert, and he

thought that Kraft's proclaiming in its commercial that McLaren's Imperial Cheese is "not plentiful and it's not low in price" was a dubious inducement to purchase it. The Gaineses offered

no comment. I asked the Doctor whether he had had any previous experience with the Video Art. "I saw it at a patient's house once for a few moments," he replied, "but it oscillated a little."

WNBTV's next offering was "In the Kelvinator Kitchen," with Alma Kitchell. Ronald pleaded with his father to get another station, but Dubin was firm. "I want to see what's cooking," he said. "Last week, it was a chocolate party pie," Ronald said in disgust. This



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week it was a planked steak, and Mrs. Kitchell found the raw materials for its preparation in, of course, a big, shiny Kelvinator. The Kelvinator occupied a prominent place on one side of the set, which was a fine, white modern kitchen. Opposite the refrigerator was a large stove. Mrs. Kitchell said that the steak she was going to plank was a porterhouse, and held it up to the camera so we could see how nicely marbled it was. Dubin became indignant. "That is *not* a porterhouse," he said. "It's a hip, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Gaines. "You're good," Dubin said. "I could see the bone," said Mrs. Gaines. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kitchell had put the steak in the broiler and was telling us she would keep it there only thirty minutes, because she liked it rare. Mrs. Dubin pointed out that the broiler didn't seem to have been preheated, and Mrs. Kitchell went on to show us pictures of various steaks. The pictures were like lantern slides. Each one filled the screen, and when it was on, Mrs. Kitchell could be heard talking but was no longer visible. The first slide, she said, was of a porterhouse. "That is *not* a porterhouse," Dubin muttered. The next one, she said, was a sirloin. "That's a porterhouse," Dubin said. She said the next one was a club. "A club doesn't have a fillet," Dubin said in exasperation. The next one, Mrs. Kitchell said, was a T-bone. "That's more of a club," Dubin said. The kitchen—with Mrs. Kitchell puttering in it—returned to the screen. Although the steak was under the broiler, the plank was not. "For goodness' sake," Mrs. Dubin said, "the plank is still on the table." Jane spoke for the first time in two whole evenings. "Who eats it?" she asked. "After it's cooked, they throw it away," Ronald replied. Dubin tuned in WABD for the fights from Jamaica.

Whatever caused the poor reception of last Friday's wrestling matches had been corrected by WABD, for tonight the fights came in admirably from the same place. Two cameras were operating, and we were shown a number of edifying closeups of cut eyes being swabbed, spectators cheering, and the timekeeper bonging the bell. Perhaps the fights themselves were not very stimulating, however, because the only details I can clearly remember are that Harry James, Arturo de Cordova, Jack Haley, and Ed Sullivan all like American Shops clothes.

**SATURDAY**—Across the windows in the Dubins' living room, this sunny afternoon, drapes were drawn and

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pinned together. All illumination was extinguished in the foyer, and Ronald watched the door to the kitchen jealously to guard against any eruption of day from that quarter. Ronald and eight of his friends (Billy, Bernie, Ferdy, Murney, Rickey, two Stevies, and Tommy) were assembled in front of the set, waiting for Post 40% Bran Flakes to bring them a baseball game between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Phillies, on WCBS-TV. It was the first Columbia Broadcasting System program I had seen. Ever since the Federal Communications Commission, back in March, ruled that Columbia's scheme for introducing color television immediately was unacceptable, WCBS-TV, evidently, has been in a sulk. Throughout the spring, N.B.C. and Du Mont were signing up new sponsors and putting on new programs, while C.B.S. dismissed almost all its studio staff and abandoned the production of "live" studio programs. It gets by these days with the Dodger games, some old movies, a news program or two, and a few other odds and ends.

Ronald and six of the other boys had contributed ten cents each to a pool on the game's final score. The seventy cents lay on a corner of the set. It took me about half an inning to become accustomed to telecast baseball. The view used most often was a medium shot from slightly to the third-base side of the plate, which put the pitcher in the upper left-hand corner of the screen and the batter, the catcher, and the plate umpire in the lower right-hand corner. I was able to follow the ball from the pitcher's hand to the catcher's, but when a batter hit it, I couldn't see it at all. When the ball was hit, the view would switch immediately to a closeup of the infielder or outfielder who was about to make a play or to a view of the whole infield. Occasionally, a long shot of the entire playing field was used, but only for purposes of atmosphere. In the closeups of the crowds and of men around the plate, first base, or third base, a great deal of detail was visible, often including the expressions on the players' faces. None of the players' voices could be heard. An announcer could be heard intermittently—though not seen—throughout the game. He would always tell who was at bat and would from time to time comment on a play, but he did not describe the details of the game as a radio announcer would. The noises of the crowd were constantly audible in the background. Between innings there

were brief commercials, all making it clear that Post 40% Bran Flakes were good for me and for my whole family, too. Ronald, who turned out to be just as thoughtful a host as his parents, was distributing pretzels, peanuts, popcorn, and potato chips.

Brooklyn scored in the first inning and Philadelphia scored in the second, following which the game settled into a relatively placid affair, with the Dodgers enjoying a one-run lead. "Will you please remove your head?" asked Ferdy, who was sitting next to me in the back row, of one of the Stevies, who was in front of him. "Yeah, mudface," replied Stevie.

Ronald announced that he was going to the drugstore to get some ice cream. "Open the elevator shaft and jump," someone advised him. Shortly afterward, Dubin senior came in. There was very little rooting in the living room. Perhaps everyone's mouth was too full. One of the boys said he wanted to see the Yankee game, which was on WABD. Dubin took a poll of sentiment. "The majority wants this game," he announced, "so I guess we keep it. That's democracy at work."

Ronald returned from the drugstore. "How many don't want ice cream?" Dubin asked. No one raised his hand. The ice cream was consumed, followed by a choice of grape juice or cream soda. That brought us to the middle of the sixth inning. The sixth was responsible for two of the most interesting moments of the game, pictorially speaking. The first came when a Brooklyn player was declared safe at first base, although the Philadelphia first baseman thought he was out. The television audience had no way of telling who was right, because the ball had not been visible, but most of our group took it for granted that the Brooklyn man was safe. The closeup camera had been on the play, and it stayed aimed at first while the first baseman threw the ball on the ground angrily and charged, bellowing, at the umpire. We could see the umpire bellow back, then turn and walk away. More angry Philadelphia players assembled, and the Philadelphia manager came out on the field to join the argument. What with the gesticulating and the soundless movements of the players' lips, it was like a scene in an overacted silent movie. When the fuss subsided, the camera followed the manager's outraged stalk down the foul line, in the course of which he stopped at the plate to tell the plate umpire his opinion. The second good closeup was of the Philadelphia second baseman fall-




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ing on his face to catch a line drive about a foot off the ground, then picking himself up to step on second base—which a Brooklyn runner had left when the ball was hit—for an unassisted double play.

During the eighth, Mrs. Dubin appeared with frankfurters for all, and Philadelphia tied the score. Most of the boys were so busy getting their hot dogs that they didn't see the run scored. The bottom of the eighth was devoted to the consumption of more grape juice and cream soda and to the banishment of Boots, the Boston terrier, who had been discovered eating what was left of the peanuts. No one else was hungry any more. During the ninth inning, the boys gave the game their undivided attention for the first time. Tommy, an anti-Dodger man, became quite vociferous. "Let's go, Howie! Blast an Old Goldie," he told the first Philadelphia batter. "Come on, Jepto, let's get it, boy," he shouted to the second. These pleas, and more like them, were to no avail. In the Brooklyn half of the inning, a man got on base with two out, and the Dodger partisans in our group set up a fierce clatter. "Come on, Peewee," they begged the batter. "Please, Peewee." "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy instructed the Philadelphia pitcher. "This is no good for me heart," Ronald exclaimed. "What heart?" someone asked him. "Clank, clank, clank," said Ronald, pounding his chest. Peewee hit a fly ball that was easily caught. The score remained tied.

Philadelphia scored a run in the tenth, and Tommy was bouncing with pleasure. During the second half of the inning, there was an unceasing uproar in the living room. "Now, here's murderer's row coming up," said one of the Brooklyn men. "Boo, Schmidt! Who told you you could pitch? Hey, Schmidt! Boo!" another Dodger supporter cried. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy crooned. "Bend it in there, boy." "I think you're overworking that curve, kid," Billy said to him. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy repeated. The first batter was out. The second was given a base on balls, which heartened the Brooklyn contingent. Dixie Walker fled out to his brother Harry, who plays center field for Philadelphia. "Traitor," Ronald screamed at Harry. That made it two out and a man on first base. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy murmured. The first pitch was a strike. "I demand a recount. Kill the umpire!" Ronald raged. The second pitch was a ball, and so were the third and fourth. The count was three and one. "Bend it

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in there, Freddy boy," Tommy implored, and everyone joined the invocation, the Brooklyn fans apparently in the hope that it would induce Freddy to give the batter a base on balls. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Ronald and all his friends repeated. "Bend it in there, boy." The batter hit the next pitch high in the air, foul, near the stands behind first base. With a fine closeup of the Philadelphia first baseman reaching into the box seats to catch the ball, the game ended in a victory for Philadelphia. Murney, a small, quiet boy in the front row, won the pool.

Within a few minutes, Ronald's friends were standing at the elevator, waiting to leave. "Don't forget, men," he called out to them. "Stop at your neighborhood grocer's and pick up a box of those delicious Post 40% Bran Flakes." —ROBERT RICE

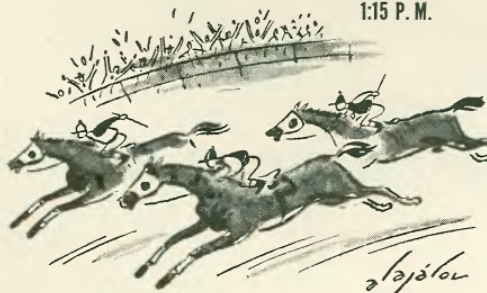
LOST—I was in the middle of reading "Of Time and the River" by Thomas Wolfe. What happens in the last chapter? Better yet, please return to Jane Faires, % Harbor Light, Easy Street.—Adv. in the Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror.

Well, in the last chapter there is this ship that is leaning against eternity, and some Americans approach it feeling a qualm along their loins. One of the people is a tall, sensual-looking woman who is in a hurry to find where her bed is located, but on the whole the crowd is rather silent and ready to die. "Oh, look!" somebody yells. Just then an ancient light falls on the coasts of evening, and one of the men happens to turn and see a woman he apparently hadn't noticed up to that point. It is unfortunate that he turns just when he does, because as soon as he sees her his spirit gets impaled on the knife of love and he can't shake it loose. The result is, the inviolability of youth gets broken, the woman starts beating in the pulses of his blood, then into the conduits of his heart, then begins stealing through the adits of his soul, and the first thing he knows she becomes a part of all he does and says. To make matters worse, whenever he touches any loveliness, she touches it, too. Another undesirable feature about this woman is that she has a million forms, whereas the man is fairly normal and has only one life. However, the whole collected passion of it gets hurled into the blazing certitude and immortal governance of love. After a while some proud, potent faces of rich Jews start glowing in the lighted cabins, the doors are closed, and somebody (presumably the captain) gives the ship to the darkness and the sea.



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