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COLOMBIA GIRLS WEAR BLACK AND COUNTRY IN SAME MOOD

Mrs. McCarthy accompanied her husband, Dalton L. McCarthy, K.C., of Toronto, to the fourth conference of the Inter-American Bar Association, at Santiago, Chile. Mr. McCarthy was an official delegate of the Canadian government and the Canadian Bar Association. The trip included visits to Peru, Argentina, Chile, and other South American countries. In all, they covered more than 15,000 miles by air.

By MARY MCCARTHY

Here we are, flying over the equator at 11.08 Saturday, Oct. 13. And we were in our beds in Toronto last Sunday night. It's incredible!

They told us that some of the pilots mark the crossing by a slight leap of the plane. Ours didn't mercifully. They just rang the bell four times and the stewardess came around with cards to fill in with our names and addresses, promising at some future date that the company would send us each a signed certificate to proclaim to the world that on Saturday, Oct. 13, the 18 passengers of the P. 50 had crossed the equator. I hope they add "safely" on mine.

We couldn't be having a more comfortable or smoother trip, but somehow I never get over being frightened. I always walk up the steps to the plane feeling a little like Marie Antoinette mounting the steps to the guillotine. I can't really believe that I, who hesitate to look out a third-storey window, should have embarked on a 15,000 mile flight, which includes a hop over some of the highest peaks of the Andes.

I am planning to do the bit, from Santiago to Buenos Aires, by train if I can, as I would like to see the country at a closer range than from a plane window where it all looks pretty much alike, except when a mountain tries to get in through the window, as they have been doing all morning.

The flight down from New York to Miami took us exactly nine hours, with a landing every two or three, and as many meals and snacks in between. So it really goes very quickly. It seems to me that most of the day was made up of fastening and unfastening my safety belt and handing empty trays to the stewardess. It is extraordinary how hungry you get.

The president of Chile arrived at the Miami airport, at the same time as we did, on his way, so the papers say—to explain Argentina to Mr. Truman—which at the moment must be quite a job.

We spent just as long as it has taken us to fly the last 200 miles, trying to find a porter who would pay the slightest attention to us and our bags. When we finally did get one, he told us that ever since he had seen an Indian portante arrive last year carrying his shoes in his hands, he hadn't been so much interested in visiting firemen—and those were his exact words.

Senator From Quebec

Senator Morand of Quebec had joined us in New York, but he almost gave up the whole enterprise and gone straight back home again when the desk clerk at the hotel in Miami, called him up at his room, after he had registered, to ask him what country Quebec city was in. He said that if they had asked him where Toronto was he would have understood.

He is a most agreeable and amusing travelling companion and feels about flying just as I do, which is a great comfort. We spent a pleasant quiet day in Miami, which for once was not crowded, and is really a lovely place when you see it without the usual crowd. I spent most of the afternoon trying to buy some oranges, which is almost an impossibility there, though the shops are full of lovely oranges packed in boxes and wrapped in cellophane. These are not to be eaten in Florida. They are to be shipped "back home." I finally found an old man who said that he would sell me some, but I had to take California oranges, which were about the size of walnuts and cost five cents each. If you really want an orange in Florida, it is much less trouble to bring it from home with you.

We were called at 3.15 next morning, and if there is anything more grim than a cold gray dawn, it is a hot gray dawn, and that was what it was that day. We were in the sky well before the sun was, and landed in Cuba to refuel just about breakfast time. We had hoped to get a glimpse of our beloved Havana, but we came down at Camaguey and saw nothing but the smoke from the sugar factories in the distance.

By 10.30 we were down again—this time in Jamaica. The landing field there is a little slip of land right off the harbor, and from the air seems terrifyingly small. It looks as if you must run right into the sea, but when we landed it seemed to be quite adequate, and the rum punch they gave us at the airport was a most welcome and pleasant surprise.

Ten minutes there and up the guillotine steps again and straight to Barranquilla, where there is just 15 minutes between planes and I believe, that as is usual we missed the connection.

Two Important Words

It was there during a somewhat one-sided argument with one of the airport officials, that I realized how important my two words in Spanish were going to be; "manana" and "O.K." Everything you want down here is "manana," and the easiest reply O.K.

"Manana" I found doesn't mean only tomorrow; it means next week, some other time, and chiefly it means not now. This vocabulary limits conversation somewhat, but it gets me around. Well, there was nothing to do but spend the night at Barranquilla, as the next plane was "manana." As we were stand-



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ing around trying to find out what we could do in the meantime, having no reservations at the hotel, a man who had been travelling with us in the plane, came up and spoke to us and said that his name was also McCarthy—he was from Windsor Mills, Que., he lived in Bogota, and that he would be very happy to do anything he could to help us.

He then produced his extremely nice wife, and from that moment until they put us on the plane at Bogota, we clung to them like frightened leeches. I told him that he would wish that his name were John Smith and that he had never heard of the name McCarthy before they were rid of us. They could not have been kinder and more helpful.

By this time, it had begun to pour rain, which seemed to make it a little more bewildering. All we saw of Barranquilla was the drive from the airport to the hotel, which was through pretty dreary-looking, down-at-the-heel country. The Hotel del Prado is a strange contrast to the poverty which comes almost to its door. It is perfectly beautiful, a huge three-storeyed building, built three sides around a swimming pool, in a garden dripping with palm trees and flowers. The pool and trees are lighted at night and we found ourselves having dinner in what was a very good imitation of fairyland, and hot as blazes.

Rooms Like Cells

We soon discovered that most of the splendor of the hotel was on the first floor, and the bedrooms, at New York prices, were about as comfortable as prison cells. There was no bath—only a shower straight down from the ceiling, so if you value your by now waning hair-wave, cleanliness is somewhat of a problem.

In Colombia, there is no night flying on account of landing facilities, so we were not called until 4.15 which seemed like sleeping late. Its a lovely flight up to Bogota, over the jungle all the way, which is the last bit of green we were going to see for some time.

The city itself has the most enchanting setting. It stands on a little plateau at the feet of Guadalupe and Montserrat, and seemed from my window to be entirely sur-

rounded by mountains. These same mountains, until 1919, when a German company established an air service, made any direct communication with the outside world impossible. It is nearly 9,000 feet above sea level, and the journey from Barranquilla, unless you fly in, is made by river boat and road alternately, and takes from four to five days now. It used to take nine or 10, not so long ago.

Our good friend McCarthy still had us in hand and deposited us safely at the Granada hotel, with instructions to take it easy as the sudden change from sea level to 9,000 feet affects some people quite badly. Having suffered last year from being too energetic our first day in Mexico City, we decided to do our sightseeing in Bogota from the back seat of a car.

All Wear Black

The city itself seems to be a rather sombre and cheerless little place, except for the Plaza Bolivar which the hotel faces, with its beautiful statue of Bolivar and its gray-green eucalyptus trees. The streets are narrow and not too clean, and seem to be always crowded with grim-faced, unsmiling people. Maybe if you live so long cut off from the world and surrounded by mountains, it might account for a certain lack of gaiety in the atmosphere. There was no color whatever. Everyone wore black clothes. The women we saw at the hotel were dressed as smartly as anyone you see in New York, but always in black from head to foot. The poor people one saw in the streets wore a dismal looking garment called "ruana" which is the local interpretation of the Mexican serape, except that instead of the lovely gay colors of the serape, the ruana is in the inevitable black.

After lunch, we drove out to see the falls of Tequendama, highly recommended by our guide book, which is a 20-mile drive through the most desolate looking country imaginable. Personally, if you live with Niagara Falls on your doorstep as we do in Ontario, I feel no urge to see more water falling over a cliff.

But the senator and my husband were determined, so I went along for the ride. As I looked at the falls I couldn't help thinking of Mr. Churchill's classic remark to the reporter who asked him if he found any changes in Niagara Falls, in the 20 years since he had last seen them, and he replied that the principle seemed the same. Well the principle is the same at Tequendama, except not so much water and it was dirtier.

Favorite of Suicides

Our driver told us that the falls were a favorite place for suicides, and I am sure some of them must have been driven out there by him and decided a quick death would be simpler than the drive back. It was Columbus day and a national holiday. The roads were crowded with buses full of picnickers, and strings of sad-eyed, weary little donkeys, laden down with bags of everything imaginable and on top of it all their owners perched with their legs stuck out in front of them and their feet crossed on the donkey's neck.

No one in this part of the world uses his brakes in a car except as a last resort. So, for the whole 20

miles back, the horn never stopped. I found myself wishing I were safely back in the plane again, which will give you some idea of what the driving was like.

Later in the day, the McCarthys rounded up all the local Canadians and we went out to their charming house for a drink. The residential part of the town did much to relieve the gloomy impression the city had given us. The houses are built on the side of the hills and have lovely gardens.

The party carried on from the McCarthys to the famous Temel's restaurant, where, in spite of its 1910 mission furniture atmosphere, they gave us an excellent dinner, lobster, acres of steaks and a strange fruit I had never seen before. It is the fruit of the cactus and is called tuna. It looks a bit like a fat cucumber and has the seeds and texture of a grape. It was simply delicious. Mrs. McCarthy told me that it was a strange quality, that it always stays cold no matter what the temperature. Unfortunately it is not good for export.

It was a most interesting evening, and from what they told us, a most unusual one for Bogota, finding eight Canadians having dinner together; the two McCarthys from Toronto, two more from Windsor Mills, the Canadian trade commissioner, Max Stewart, from Wingham, Mr. Devers of the Royal Bank from the Maritimes, George Crookston by way of being from Toronto, and Senator Morand from Quebec City, Canada.

There was much talk of Canadian politics—trade conditions in Colombia, and chiefly how much they would like to have a Canadian ambassador there. We probably would have sat there all night except for the thought of that awful telephone call at 4.30.

(A second article by Mrs. McCarthy will appear in The Star tomorrow.)

PERU VALLEY KEPT GREEN BY PROFIT FROM MATCHES

Mrs. McCarthy accompanied her husband, Dalton L. McCarthy, K.C., of Toronto, to the fourth conference of the Inter-American Bar association at Santiago, Chile. Mr. McCarthy was an official delegate of the Canadian government and the Canadian Bar association. The trip included visits to Peru, Argentina, Chile and other South American countries. In all, they covered more than 15,000 miles by air.

By MARY MCCARTHY

This flight today, from Bogota to Lima, is an all-day one and over the mountains nearly all the way. They are strange looking mountains. They have no growth on them whatsoever and are just dark brown lumps of earth, with now and again a snow-clad peak shining in the sun, making them look a little more friendly. But altogether they are a pretty forbidding looking lot, especially from 12,000 feet.

When the light goes on for seat belts and you look out of the window, you still see nothing but menacing peaks, and the next minute the plane has dropped down into a green little valley which looks the size of a pocket handkerchief from the air. I am getting used to this, but I thought at first we were going to make a crash landing. Now I know you don't see the airports in this part of the world until you are practically on top of them. The steward has just told us 20 minutes and then Lima, so I will finish this on land.

Beautiful City

Lima. I would think this must be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Coming in by air gives you little idea of what to expect. It has snow-capped mountains at its back door, and the blue Pacific at its front.

His Excellency Dr. Laureys, our ambassador, Bill Stark and Freeman Tovell, both of Toronto, who are attached to the embassy here, accompanied by a representative from the president, gave us the most heart warming welcome at the airport, and started us off on a breathless three days. They had every moment planned for us, except Sunday morning, when they mercifully let us sleep until noon.

We are staying at the Gran Hotel Bolivar, an excellent modern hotel, with luxurious bedrooms and real baths at last. From my window, I look out into one of the most beautiful plazas, the San Martin, with its magnificent statues, its beautifully-kept trees and flowers all coming into bloom, and the buildings around the square looking immaculately white and shining as if they were scrubbed every morning. It's a smiling city of white marble, incredible flowers, sunshine and gay and happy-looking crowds of people in the streets.

Lima is one of the oldest cities in Latin America. It was built by Pizarro and originally was the capital of Spanish South America. The new part of the city has kept much of the feeling of the old, and they have been so wise in building nothing over seven storeys high.

The ambassador came around after lunch and took us out to the races. It was a lovely drive through streets and avenues of flowering trees with geraniums and cala lilies growing like weeds everywhere. The geraniums bloom all year round and make walls of scarlet flowers, which is enchanting.

Seldom Have Rain

I asked the ambassador how they managed to keep it looking so fresh and well-watered, as they seldom, if ever, have rain in Lima. He explained to me their system of irrigation, which is extraordinary. The government has built a system of aqueducts from the mountain tops, where condensation of rain clouds take place. From these aqueducts, the water runs down into the valley below and is stored in reservoirs and then distributed by means of tanks and water carts all over the city. This enterprise is financed solely by the government monopoly on matches, so they like it better if you keep your own matches for some other country and use Peruvian ones while you are here.

As a matter of fact, there used to be a fine of \$25 if you were caught using other than Peruvian matches. As these matches are excellent, to use them seems a small price to pay for so much beauty. I noticed that every tree on the streets is planted with a cement cup around it so that not one drop of water is wasted, and all these trees, thousands of them are watered once a week by the city.

The race track is no less beautiful than its approach. The buildings are white and modern and seem to be built right into the mountains, they are so close. The horses run the opposite way on this side of the equator, but thanks to Mrs. Tovell's uncle, who owns a very fine racing stable, marking my program, I won three races out of four. So it didn't bother me which way they ran.

The ambassador introduced us to everybody, and I was surprised to

find they nearly all spoke English as well as French and Spanish. It was a gala day at the races, as the president was coming, and all the diplomatic corps were there. This president has been in office only since last August and there are still reminders of the aftermath of the elections, when 800 angry voters found they had been left off the list. Armed with anything they could throw they did a fine job on the windows of the buildings where the votes were counted. Not a pane of glass was left.

The women were lovely looking, nearly all wearing the inevitable black clothes, dripping with silver fox and hats so high that the ones I had marvelled at in New York seemed flat by comparison. The most colorful figure of all was the Papal Nuncio, who, as in all South American countries, is the head of the diplomatic corps, and as such appears on gala days, even at the races. He wore a long brown robe with purple at his neck and around his large flat brown hat. He had a most interesting and intelligent face and there was always a crowd of people waiting to speak to him.

Tea With President

We ended up this highly successful afternoon having tea with the president in his private room. From the races we drove out to the Malacon, 10 miles of corniche road hanging over the sea. It was in this part of the city that the earthquake of 1940 did the most damage. Huge areas were completely demolished, with here and there bits of a house left standing, its lovely iron grills undamaged and desolate looking.

Back to the hotel to change and then to a reception in the American embassy. The present ambassadors is Hon. W. D. Pawley of the Flying Tigers. He has just come down, and has a very pretty young wife and a lovely house. The cocktail parties here begin at 7.30 and usually go on until 10 or 11 o'clock, but we left at 9 o'clock to go to our Canadian embassy to dinner.

We have just got a new embassy, a charming Spanish house surrounded by lovely gardens. It belongs to a newspaper owner who was on the wrong side of politics in the last elections and who felt a little holiday out of the country would do him good.

Mme. Laureys, who had moved into the house just two days before, looked as settled as if she had lived there for years. She said that as they were having a reception for us the next day, she had asked only the visiting Canadians to dinner. There were the Lynn Spencers from Welland, the Hon. Mr. Talbot from Quebec, the three of us, Bill Stark and Freeman Tovell with their young and good-looking Canadian wives.

We had a superb dinner and a charming evening and went home feeling very proud of our Canadian representation in Lima. On Monday morning, the men of our party went with the ambassador to call on all the local dignitaries and were welcomed everywhere with champagne and the warmest sentiments towards Canada.

In the afternoon, the ambassador took us for a long drive around the city and we all wished we could have arranged our itinerary to give us longer in this enchanting place. The Canadian embassy had a reception for us late in the afternoon, and we saw again many of the people we had met at the races.

The British ambassador, Mr. Roberts and his wife, who had just arrived from England were there—just as charmed with Lima as we were. It seemed to me that most of the Canadians we met living in this part of the country were connected with International Pete and they all came and told us how sad and shocked they were at Mr. Leseuer's death. We stayed there in the traditional manner until nearly 10 o'clock and then went back to the hotel to get ready again for that awful telephone call—at 3.15 this time.

CHILE IN INFLATION THROES

ONE CAN HEAR PRICES RISE

Mrs. McCarthy accompanied her husband, Dalton L. McCarthy, K.C., of Toronto, to the fourth conference of the Inter-American Bar association at Santiago, Chile. Mr. McCarthy was an official delegate of the Canadian government and the Canadian Bar association. The trip included visits to Peru, Argentina, Chile and other South American countries. In all, they covered more than 15,000 miles by air.

By MARY MCCARTHY

Santiago, Chile—The journey down here from Lima is a long one—it takes all day—and how we hated leaving that pleasant, smiling city. Do you remember where Gen. Sherman said he'd live if he owned Texas and hell? Well, if I owned Lima and heaven, I'd rent out heaven and live in Lima. It was really a perfect flight—I found myself almost enjoying it. I use the word "enjoying" pretty loosely here as I'm really much too busy when I'm in a plane for anything so frivolous.

I'm a self-appointed listener for strange sounds in the engines, and to keep my head clear for this important job, I have to swallow at least once every two minutes, and on a 12-hour flight this mounts up to quite a lot of swallowing—not to mention the listening, which is a full-size job by itself. The Senator wants to know what I propose to do if I do hear any strange sounds I'll leave that one to his senatorial wisdom—I can't do all the work on this trip.

From Lima, we followed the coast all the way down, and from the air, the mountains look as if they came right out of the sea. We have been flying over and beside them now for nearly 3,000 miles and they are still right across the square—they seem to be endless.

Jules Leger, from Quebec, the charge d'affaires here, and Mr. Davila, president of the Inter-American Bar association, met us at the airport, and from then on our worries have been over, except how to get a little sleep now and again. The Legers have taken us right under their wing and couldn't do more for us. They both speak perfect Spanish—know everyone and everything—from where I can get a dress altered in 20 minutes to the last word on protocol, which is taken very seriously in Chile.

Different From Lima

It is a completely different atmosphere here from Lima—it's a big, bustling, commercial city which doesn't seem to have made up its mind whether to go completely modern or keep a little of the lovely Spanish feeling you feel should belong here.

The beautiful square in front of this hotel is used for a parking lot for cars in the daytime, which completely destroys the romantic look it has at night when it is empty, except for a few hopeful political agitators rehearsing their speeches to one another—at least that's what I think they are doing—it may be only conversation in the Spanish manner!

We had all been laboring under the delusion that living in Santiago was cheap—one guide book went so far as to say it was a "poor man's paradise." What they should have said was a poor man's short-cut to paradise—he'd die of starvation in no time! They are in the midst of the most frantic inflation—you can practically hear the prices going up.

This hotel, the Carrera, is an excellent modern hotel, pleasant and friendly, if you have any heart for friendliness after you have seen your first four days' bill! We've decided they give us the bill every four days to soften the blow—no one could possibly stand the sight of what a whole week's living here would cost.

Could Raise Four Crops

Yesterday the Legers took us out to spend the day at a fundo—local word for ranch—at Chacabuco. It is a 60-mile drive from town, through what we were told is the most fertile country in the world, but apparently it is too easy—they could raise four crops a year if they wanted to, and they raise only one—and not a very good one at that.

I was amazed at how poor and untidy the whole countryside looked. This fundo is the second largest in Chile. It has 80,000 acres and 1,500



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people on it permanently, who all have their own houses, church and schools on the property. They bring in about 8,000 extra workers when they are picking the olives, which they are just starting to grow in Chile.

It's run on the old feudal system which, until lately, worked very well, but the general labor unrest in the world seems to have penetrated even to the Chilean fundos, and life no longer flows quite so smoothly for the owners or the workers.

Chacabuco is where St. Martin and O'Higgins defeated the Span-

iards in 1817, and established the independence of Chile. It is a thrilling story. The house is almost in its original condition, low, rambling and covered in blue and white wistaria, and the lovely little chapel adjoining it where St. Martin and O'Higgins held a thanksgiving service after the victory.

At the other end of the garden is an enormous swimming pool, with orange trees all round it, doing their amazing trick of having blossoms on one branch and fruit on another. Beyond it all are shining white mountain tops.

Looking round the table at lunch I thought I had never seen better-looking women anywhere in my life. I think it was Hudson Strode who said that if more people had Chilean mothers, the human race would be a better-looking lot. They're lovely.

Trend Is to Colors

They wear colors much more down here, especially in the daytime, and no one except the very young has short hair. The women look very much as they do in any North American city in the summer, hatless and stockingless, except the older ones who still go shopping in hat, veil, gloves and black clothes, looking very elegant. After 6 o'clock color seems to pretty well disappear, and out come the smartest black dresses and the highest black hats, and miles of silver fox capes. Short evening dresses are something that have never been heard of in this part of the world, and my two that have been pressed so hopefully all along the way are now permanently at the bottom of my bag. My one long dress is being worked overtime.

There is a luncheon given for us somewhere every day, and with a menu that extends well into the afternoon. The food in the hotels and restaurants isn't anything out of the way, except the fish, which is superb. But at these fiestas for us, the whole meal is superb, and everywhere we are given the most excellent red and white Chilean wines and often champagne as a final gesture.

Dinner is anywhere from 9.30 to 10.30 o'clock, by which time we are all starving, and we go all through luncheon again with a couple of extra courses for good measure. How the women keep their figures, I don't know.

On Friday night, we were loaned a car complete with Cockney chauffeur, and set sail for Vina del Mar for the week-end. It's a perfectly beautiful and perilous drive—two and a half hours through the mountains, always at top speed. A great many Chileans have summer houses there. It is the nearest sea from Santiago with a heavenly beach

and a beautiful climate. The sea is on one side of the road and on the other the cliffs go straight up to the sky and in every ledge and cranny they have planted flowers—so the whole cliffside is a mass of color. Geraniums with so many flowers you can't see any leaves—calla lilies and roses growing out of what looks like nothing but rock.

Was Envoy at Ottawa

The mayor of Vina, the Hon. Dr. Grove, who was for many years Chilean ambassador in Ottawa, gave a dinner for us and in his speech of welcome, he said the most pleasant things about Canada, which he loves.

I've been spending my mornings going to previews of auction sales of houses complete with all their contents, even glass, china and silver. It's an easy and informal way of seeing how people live. I asked Mrs. Leger if this was the safe season but she says it keeps up all the year round. Apparently in many cases when a Chilean decides to travel for six months or a year, he doesn't cover his house with burglary and fire insurance. He just sells everything and goes off with an easy mind. When he comes home he buys a new house, goes to a few auction sales, often buying his own things back, and starts from scratch again. Mrs. Leger said she thought this indifferent attitude to personal possessions came largely from living in an earthquake region, where so much is destroyed every year.

I haven't made much headway with my plans to cross the Andes by rail. There is only one good train a week. There seems to be two schools of thought about the journey by air, as it only takes an hour and a half to Mendoza, which lies on the peaceful plains of the Argentine. Some people say it is best to shut your eyes, take oxygen, the mere mention of which makes me feel I am ready for the last rites, and hope for the best.

The others say don't miss a minute of the view, it is one of the sights of the world. Personally, I am inclined towards the eye-shutting school. If I have the courage to open them I'll write a play by play description of the journey tomorrow.

FLYING 'THROUGH' ANDES LIKE RIDING BICYCLE IN TRAFFIC

Mrs. McCarthy accompanied her husband, Dalton L. McCarthy, K.C., of Toronto, to the fourth conference of the Inter-American Bar association at Santiago, Chile. Mr. McCarthy was an official delegate of the Canadian government and the Canadian Bar association. The trip included visits to Peru, Argentina, Chile and other South American countries. In all, they covered more than 15,000 miles by air.

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Well, the great moment has come at last and we are in the plane about to cross the Andes—as a matter of fact you don't fly over them, you fly through them—it is rather like weaving your way through traffic on a bicycle. I had meant to do a geographical description of this flight, but on second thoughts, I think an emotional description of it is about as far as I will get.

Just as we were about to get into the plane a funny-looking little woman came up and asked me if I were frightened—everyone talks to everyone else before a journey like this. I told her that "frightened" was much too mild a word—that "panic" was nearer to what I felt at that moment.

She said that she had never flown before and was scared to death. Just by way of cheering us both up she added, "If we are to be taken today, we will be taken." I almost cashed in my ticket then and there and settled down for life in Santiago.

There are a couple of hard-faced Wall Street tycoons sitting just across from me, the kind that look as if they would fleece their own mothers, who have just thanked the steward with such graciousness, for a piece of chewing gum, that you would think he was offering them salvation. Fear is certainly a great leveller.

These two gents were cutting up pretty rough at the airport in Santiago because one had lost a bag—I bet at this moment they would be willing to settle for a lot more than the proverbial tenth to feel Broadway under their feet again.

Flying at 18,000 Feet

We are now flying at 18,000 feet and the Andes have certainly ganged up on us. There is frost on the windows, and fear in my heart, and if my brave husband asks me just once more to look out and see how close the wing is to the mountains. I'm going to lie right down in the aisle and he can tell the passengers anything he likes!

If I ever get back to my little igloo in the frozen north, I'm going to devote my life to good works and sit there quietly till the grim reaper comes to get me. I am not going out of my way to meet him again. The next journey I take won't need a police certificate or a ticket from Pan-Air—and as far as this McCarthy is concerned, the good neighbor policy will just have to struggle on without me.

I know exactly how the soldier felt who said to the Statue of Liberty as he came into New York harbor, 'Say, girl, if you ever want to see me again you are going to have to turn around.'

The steward has just told us the fog is closing in on us and we can't get through the northern pass, and we are going to turn back and try—I don't like the word "try" much—to get through by the southern one. I am taking oxygen with one hand, writing this with the other and both are shaking and my feet are like lumps of ice.

If you don't inhale the oxygen on the right breath you feel as if the top of your head is coming off—I'm just getting the hang of it now. Back we go over Santiago again and into the southern pass and even here we can see only about half the mountains for fog. It's amazing how quickly the fog gathers. When we left Santiago, the word was that both passes were clear. Now one is completely blocked and it's catching up on us here but nobody seems to mind much as we have only about half an hour more before we land in Mendoza.

Santiago Planes Grounded

We have just been down at Mendoza to re-fuel and found all the planes going to Santiago grounded. Apparently we got through just in time. Nobody had told me about this but sometimes the planes are held up here for two or three days. The mountains have almost disappeared behind us and we are flying over perfectly flat, uninhabited country that looks like a sandy desert.

It is an extraordinary psychological fact, but with no more Andes to cross, no one is the least bit nervous any more. The tycoons have got their scowls back on their faces again, and the woman in front of me has stopped telling her beads—in fact, we are all back to normal, and I'm not quite sure if it's an improvement or not! From what I've seen this morning, I think a lot of people would be much pleasanter if they were kept in a plane 18,000 feet up, permanently—over the Andes, if possible!

I'm sorry now we couldn't get through the northern pass, because I should like to have seen the famous statue of the Christ of the Andes, which stands on the border of Chile and Argentina, guarding the peace between the two countries; but we had to turn back before we got to it. I must admit, now it's all over, that there really is no reason for getting into such a panic—I'm sure there are no better pilots in the world than the

Pan-Air Boys who do this flight—they take no chances whatsoever, and their planes are looked after like race-horses. With all the turning back, the fog dodging round the mountain peaks for three hours, the plane went as smoothly as a car on the road, with not one bump.

Miles of Treeless Land

We are now flying over the pampas—it is flat as a pancake on every side and looks a little like our own prairies. We are low enough to see the enormous haciendas, with miles of green treeless pasture lands, and so many cattle you can't believe there is a meat shortage anywhere in the world. We have one more stop at Cordova for fuel, and should be in Buenos Aires about 5.30. We have made up nearly an hour of our lost time, as, to quote the captain, "we picked up a tail wind," and have been travelling at about 220 miles an hour since Mendoza. We usually do about 180.

We are all wondering what is in store for us here as so little of the truth about the political situation gets out of the country, it is hard to know what to expect. A man on the plane told me that last week's revolution, in which eight people were killed, took place in the square right outside the hotel at which we are going to stop. He was there at the time, but didn't seem nearly as agitated about it as the papers in Santiago had been. Revolutions always sound so much worse a thousand miles away than they do where the shooting actually is taking place.

BUENOS AIRES—His Excellency the Honorable Warwick Chipman, our ambassador, met us at the airport here and whisked us through customs and immigration—which is no joke in Argentina these days—and on to this hotel—the Plaza—where they also are staying while house-hunting for an embassy.

Housing Situation Is Same

The housing situation all through this continent is the same as it is with us—only much worse as far as prices go—and even ambassadors have to take what they can get and live in their trunks in the meantime. They have arranged the most exciting program for our four days' stay here. It looks as if the hospitality on this coast is just as lavish as on the west.

I was amazed at the size and beauty of this city on the hour drive from the airport, through the widest and cleanest streets I've ever seen. There is an extraordinary feeling of space everywhere, which to me is a great relief after the endless wall of Andes on the other side.

An old friend of ours—a lawyer here who has just got out of jail—was at the hotel to meet us. We heard rumors of his arrest when we were in Santiago and couldn't wait to ask him about it. He said he hadn't the faintest idea of why they put him in jail, but what intrigued him much more was why they let him out!

It seems he was included in the general round-up of lawyers, maybe Mr. Peron has got something there! I'll know more about this at the end of the week, when I will be writing again.

(Another article by Mrs. McCarthy will appear next Saturday.)

TOLD TOO MUCH PROSPERITY CAUSES ARGENTINE UNREST

Mrs. McCarthy accompanied her husband, Dalton L. McCarthy, K.C., of Toronto, to the fourth conference of the Inter-American Bar association at Santiago, Chile. Mr. McCarthy was an official delegate of the Canadian government and the Canadian Bar association. The trip included visits to Peru, Argentina, Chile and other South American countries. In all, they covered more than 15,000 miles by air.

By MARY MCCARTHY

Buenos Aires—For the first time in my life I'm running out of words! This is the most amazingly beautiful city I've ever seen—it's all the big cities I like best in the world rolled into one. I've never read anything that begins to describe it and strangely enough Argentines who are enormously proud of it talk very little about it. I think they feel if you don't already know what an enchanting place it is you're too uncivilized to bother about.

To begin with its size is breathtaking—it covers miles—but it's not sprawling and frayed around the edges like most big cities—right out to where the pampas begins—it all looks prosperous and clean and well cared for—there is no evidence of poverty anywhere. I said this to an Argentinean at dinner last night and he told me rather grimly that he thought that had a great deal to do with the political unrest here—that there is too much prosperity.

The city itself has no natural advantages, it's built right on the edge of the flat, treeless pampas, but this same land that grows the best pasture in the world will grow anything and the trees and flowers that have been brought from everywhere do even better here than in their native lands.

Dreams of Beauty

The residential streets are dreams of beauty—many of them are two-way streets, unbelievably wide, and with boulevards of flowering trees down the middle. The houses—very often built of white marble, stand quite far back from the street behind lovely iron fences. Sometimes the whole side of a street for a mile or two has been made into a park, looking like the remains of a primeval forest, but in reality planted within the last 50 years. Many of the public buildings have almost a whole square to themselves which gives it all a lovely, uncrowded feeling.

There are two fantastic shopping streets—Florida and Sante Fe, where I'm sure you can buy anything in the world. They are funny narrow little streets but as there are no high buildings on them they are always filled with sunshine. No cars are allowed on Florida from 10 until 4 in the daytime so everyone walks on the road—it's crowded all day long—and in and out of the open doors of the shops where they are just as smiling and polite when you don't buy as when you do—which is a welcome change from some places I know. They are

nearly all specialty shops except Harrods—a branch of the English one where all the tourists flock—if you can't find anyone you just go and stand around the bag counter at Harrods and sooner or later they turn up—usually trying hard to remember if the little woman told them to bring home a brown bag or a black one.

Everyone Friendly

To me there is no feeling of strangeness about anything, I can't remember anything quite like it, the whole place has an atmosphere of good manners and friendliness about it that makes life most pleasant—I find myself wandering in and out of the shops on Florida as if I were at home and behaving as if English were a universal language, which it almost is here.

The leather things are what intrigue me most—I'd forgotten there were such shoes and bags. I was interested this morning when a man in a shoe shop told me a great

deal of their best leather was sent up to Davis's in Newmarket to be processed.

The only thing that isn't to be had in seemingly unlimited quantities is gasoline—they are even worse off than we were in ration days. Although so much oil comes from here it all goes up to the United States to be refined and has to be brought all the way back again. In spite of this taxis are unbelievably cheap—25 cents takes you a long way.

We spent the day in the country yesterday at an estancia—another local word for ranch. This was a sheep ranch and they gave us a most delicious lunch of roast baby lamb cooked in the special way they do it here over a wood fire in an out-of-door oven—it takes hours—maybe it's days—and has a special cook who sits by it all the time sharpening his villainous looking knife ready to hack off the piece you want. After lunch they took us to see their prize herd of sheep and one earnest female lawyer, with a passion for taking photographs of everything, practically ruined the day for me by starting out systematically to take a picture of each sheep separately. I suggested she take one sheep from all angles and have 50 prints made—they all look exactly alike anyway—but that smacked too much of fraud for her legal mind! By the time she had done the job thoroughly and honestly none of us ever wanted to see a sheep again.

Last Word in Luxury

This hotel we are staying at—the Plaza—is the last word in luxury and pleasantness, except as is usual in this part of the world, they are a little shy on bedroom furniture. We have no dressing table in our otherwise beautifully appointed bedroom and I'm doing my best to turn the enormous writing desk into one. I'm having a kind of running battle with the maid who will have none of it! Five minutes after I go out everything is whisked into drawers—there are dozens built into the wall—with the result that a great deal of my precious time is spent in a kind of treasure hunt for my be-

though—left so much out this morning—which is still here—that she has either gone out for help or means to let me have my own horrid way!

The night we arrived we dined with one of our legal friends here who has one of the loveliest houses in Buenos Aires. Amongst his many treasures he has a portrait of his wife and children done by Fujita, the famous Japanese painter of cats. He told us an amusing tale about

it. He said he felt there should be a cat in the picture somewhere and not having one of their own they had to borrow one which sits happily and peacefully on one of the children's laps—the true story being it had to be practically held there with grappling irons to prevent it leaping out of the window. It's the most entertaining portrait—the Argentinean cat looks quite Japanese—and the children look quite like the Argentinean cat.

Dine at Jockey Club

The Chipmans—who have given up the whole week we are here to looking after us—and they haven't missed a trick—gave a farewell dinner for us last night at the Jockey club. All the jockey clubs in this country have a club in town as well as at the track. This one in B.A. is the richest club in the world and looks it. It's an enormous building full of priceless furniture, and has a very fine collection of modern paintings which one of the members was smart enough to buy before prices went up even beyond what this club could afford.

The extraordinary kindness and hospitality that is shown to Canadians here is extremely heartwarming. Certainly to the casual visitor everything seems to be at peace and in order, but I believe it's quite hard to arrange a dinner party very far ahead because you're never quite sure who'll be available as every day a few more men join the ranks of those living at the expense of the government! As a matter of fact it's getting to be quite a badge of honor to go to jail—people talk boastfully of being "almost arrested."

I've been wondering how long I could go without talking about beef, or all the food here for that matter; it is consistently the best food I've ever tasted. The cattle we see in the country don't look anything out of the way, but on the plate they're unbelievable—it's a completely different food from North America's Sunday roast.

Miss Montevideo

The only thing we've missed seeing is Montevideo—it's the summer resort for B.A.—one hour by plane—and they say it's the most beautiful watering place in the world. We stop there on the way up to Rio but not long enough to see anything—we had hoped to be able to do a little juggling with our seats on the plane and get a day there, but if the juggling went wrong Pan-Air say we wouldn't be home for Christmas, so I'm afraid it will have to wait for next time.

We leave here tomorrow morning at dawn—or shortly before—for Rio. In spite of all the advertising I don't believe it can be any more lovely than this place—a subject no Argentinean would deign to discuss.

Another article by Mrs. McCarthy will appear next Saturday.

THOSE WHO CRAB AT T.T.C. SHOULD TRY 5.30 RIO TRAM

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By MARY MCCARTHY

Rio di Janeiro—Here we are back in the scenery department again and there is so much of it it's bewildering! It's a long journey up from Buenos Aires—nearly 10 hours in the air—but it was a perfect day, not a cloud in the sky, and the Atlantic which we flew over most of the time looking as calm and blue as the Pacific had done last week.

At Montevideo we picked up several Brazilians and I spent the day trying to get my ear accustomed to Portuguese. I had ample opportunity because not one of them drew a silent breath all day long. It's a most extraordinary language—I can't understand one single word of it after a whole week here—it doesn't seem to have any words to my ear—it's just a lot of sounds I can neither make nor make out. I'm back to O.K. again and it still works wonders.

Coming into Rio by plane is certainly one of the highlights of this trip. The airport is right in the middle of the city on the waterfront. They had to take down a mountain to build it and the only way the planes can make a run at it is to fly over the city, then out to sea again and approach it from the bay. If you don't know this you think the captain has decided not to land at Rio today or else has missed it.

Coming in this way you get a complete view of the city and it's extraordinary layout—wandering round the edge of endless bays and climbing up mountains. Geographically, it has everything—or better still two of everything. It's built on a narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea—with so many curves in the shoreline that wherever you go you always seem to be doubling back on yourself. I still can't go five minutes away from the hotel without getting lost.

Miles of Islands

For miles out into the sea there are islands—big and little ones—sometimes with good-sized mountains on them—and always with a sandy beach that looks like a white frill round them. The whole setting is so beautiful it's hard to believe it's real. I look out my window every morning expecting to find it all taken down and packed away for next year's show.

Our ambassador, His Excellency The Hon. Jean Desy, had planned a full week for us, but on account of the collapse of the government and the sudden illness of his wife, most of the week was lost. He had planned to exchange for the five-day habit minus territory.



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that's why I find this a little disappointing.

To begin with there is a great deal of building going on which gives the whole place an unsettled, untidy look, it's as if the city had suddenly outgrown itself and they are in the midst of tearing down mountains and clearing away whole blocks of houses to make wider streets. I'd like to come back when they get it all tidied up and see if they make it—as our guide book euphemistically describes it—"worthy of it's setting." It isn't at the moment.

We had planned to stay at the famous Copocabana hotel but as it's quite a long way out and the gasoline shortage makes taxis a problem, we settled for the Gloria, which is right in town and also right on the bay. The famous promenade the hotel faces is a curious mixture of dirt, noise and beauty. It has three traffic lanes with a wide boulevard of trees between each one—and beyond it all the sea—and shortage of gasoline or not, the traffic never stops. The noise is terrific and endless.

No Speed Limit

They use the same rules for driving here as they do on the west coast—hand on the horn always and no speed limit. You take your life in your hands every time you step off the sidewalk. And they are not too safe either. In the rush hours you are apt to be crushed against the buildings by the crowds hanging on to the street cars.

The tracks are at the sides of the streets, not in the middle like ours, and so many people hang on to the sides of the open cars that they actually bulge out over the sidewalk. I'd like some of our local grumblers to try getting home at 5.30 in Rio!

This hotel is typical of most hotels on this continent. All the splendor is in the entrance hall and well thought out discomfort elsewhere. I don't know how they can have managed to achieve anything quite so drab as our rooms. The bathroom is three-cornered, just to make

it more bewildering, and has so many pipes, large and small, running round the walls and ceiling that it looks like a Salvador Dali painting of cobras at ease. All it lacks to be an authentic Dali is a telephone hanging from the ceiling. Our's might as well be there for all the use it is. So far no one has understood a word I've said into it.

Our greatest comfort is our room waiter, a most engaging little old man who has taken us in hand for everything. He treats us as if we were slightly mental, but as he has never heard either of us utter one word he can understand maybe he thinks it's the easiest way to handle us. All our transactions are conducted in the sign language and only one so far has gone wrong. The night we arrived he brought me a sprayer of flit when what I wanted was a corkscrew. The gestures to describe both are not unlike.

The Canada School

We went yesterday afternoon to the first anniversary of a little school here called "The Canada School." How the amazing Mr. Desy did that one I don't know. It's a school for poor children and is run by the most charming woman who does the job for nothing. The children's interest and knowledge of Canada is astonishing. I couldn't help wondering how many children of their ages at home had ever heard of Rio except as Rita's first name.

They are trying to collect a little museum of things from Canada, with no very spectacular success. I promised the ambassador I'd do something about it when I got home. It seems to me this is just as good an approach to the good neighbor policy as trying to understand their politics.

Last night we went to a dinner at the Copocabana given by some of the American lawyers who have caught up on us after waiting days for a plane in Santiago—dinner, dancing, gambling, floor shows—something for everyone. I think fabulous is the best word to describe it all. We had been looking forward to seeing some startling local color in the floor show, which we had heard was excellent, but alas, it came straight from Brooklyn. The night before at Urca, another highly-advertised bit of night life, it was the same dreary disappointment; everything in Brooklynese except the top Brazilian comedian who apparently was very funny, but only in Portuguese.

The Canadian Embassy here is a lovely house, not very big, but perched high on the side of a mountain with a lovely garden and an unbelievable view, day and night. From the veranda you can see the lighted statue of Christ high on the opposite hill which at night really does look as if it were hanging in the sky. There is a great deal of Canadiana in the house—paintings and materials and furniture which Madame Desy has collected with great skill.

We are all a little sad tonight at the thought of leaving tomorrow on the long trip home.

Debit	102	170
Denison	8	145
D. Secar	86	86%
Photo	22	38
Piccadilly	36	440
Pick Ct	435	680
Pioneer	065	64
Pore Ren	60	55
Pore Ren	53	29%
Powell	29	29%
P. B. 10	10	14%
D. Cl. pr	13%	55
Dm. Bk	23	55
do pr	101	55
do	101	55
Dom.	70	55
do	29	55
do	115%	55
D. Secar	86	86%
Petrol	8	86%
Petrol	142	145

PLANE'S DINER IS TIDIED UP BY DEVIL'S ISLAND CONVICTS

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By MARY MCCARTHY

Leaving Rio was the earliest start of our whole journey. They began calling us at three o'clock and kept on at 10-minute intervals till they finally got us tucked into the taxi at 3.45 sharp. I think someone staying here must have once missed that early plane and the hotel was not taking any chances on us! Our good friend the waiter appeared at our door at 3.15 with the most enormous breakfast—usually we've had to catch a cup of coffee on the run through the lobby, but this was done in great style. He also presented me with a huge bag of bananas for the journey. I'd like to have put him right in the same bag and brought him home with me. Brazilian bananas are the best in the world—funny little ones about half the size of the ones we get at home—but much sweeter, and the Brazilian oranges on their native heath are superb.

We left just at sunrise—the island—spangled sea was every imaginable color and the mountains were all blue and purple—I've never seen anything more lovely than Rio Bay at 5 a.m., and it takes a lot of loveliness to even make me look at anything at that ungodly hour—much less admire it.

Stop Every 3 Hours

We had the usual stops every three hours or so to refuel—Racine and Natal, the last two, were the most interesting. They are right on the point of the bulge and are where the planes from Africa come in. They are both under lend-lease to the United States, and as airports are models of efficiency and miles of concrete runways—three transport planes full of returning Americans landed at Natal while we were there and the boys got a great reception from the local G.I.'s. We got into Fortaleza about seven and, even without the help of any kindly Canadian ambassador, we managed to find our way—and a long way it was—to the hotel. It's the kind of hotel I'd forgotten existed—I remember its counterpart in the hinterland of Cuba 30 years ago. It had a long, narrow entrance hall whose doors stand forever open to the street—people wander in and out—drink innumerable cups of bitter black coffee—which in Brazil is always on hand—have a little chat and off they go—and a new batch takes their place. This goes on all day and far into the night, and to add further to the general air of crowded confusion, there were always two or three hopeful merchants with piles of local handiwork, on the floor, on the chairs and anywhere they could find to show their wares. They had some beautifully embroidered blouses,



MARY MCCARTHY

ed, as they all are in this country, with the usual quota of statues, and the five or six open-air cafes doing a thriving business. It was too hot to think of sleep, so we spent most of the night wandering round the town. We left the next morning before it was light, so we didn't have a look at it by daylight at all.

We had our first bit of engine trouble in over 10,000 miles, at Balem. One of the motors backfired once as we were landing and in the usual reassuring Panair way of taking no chances, we waited at Balem three hours while they entirely rebuilt the offending engine. We went all round the U.S. army post there, which is a tremendous layout—some of the lads heard we were to have a long wait and they came down in jeeps and took us round the whole set-up. Having lost so much time, the question was then could we make Port of Spain by 6.30, which is the deadline for planes flying north to land there—something to do with the wind at night. We scuttled over the next 1,500 miles in record-time and got there with just 10 minutes to spare.

Cross Equator

Crossing the equator this time the captain gave us what he called "the works," and no certificate to prove it! The heat was pretty bad at this point, but after we crossed the mouth of the Amazon—200 miles of river and looking just like the sea—we got into cooler weather. We came down in all three Guianas and at Cayenne in French Guiana the steward told us the men who came on the plane to take off dishes and tidy up were all convicts from Devil's Island. He said they were the only people they could get to do any odd jobs. The lifers aren't allowed off the island but a great many of the lesser criminals work daily in Cayenne. The planes usually fly over the island as a matter of interest to the passengers, but as it is a few minutes out of the way and we were pressed for time, we had to skip it. At Port of Spain they had gallons of rum

form.

Flying Cockroaches

We finally wormed our way up to the desk and asked the completely bewildered, smiling Brazilian who was running the show, apparently single-handed, if we could have a room with a bath. He allowed we could but said to have a bath we must also have a parlor and he added, apologetically, it would be very, very expensive! As a matter of fact I think all this acreage came to \$7 for the night. We packed ourselves into a tiny lift, whose performance made flying seem like child's play, and with much squeaking and groaning we reached the third and top floor.

I could write a book on what that suite didn't have in it. The parlor—quite big—had two enormous wardrobes already occupied by a large family of flying cockroaches—which put an end to them for any practical purposes—one table, pocket handkerchief size—one straight-backed chair and one Morris chair—which as far as I could make out was mounted on an old pair of skis. I think they must have been added to give an international touch as there is no snow for a couple of thousand miles either way! Our bedroom was equally austere; but both rooms had the most beautiful inlaid native wood floors I've ever seen and shining like satin. The bathroom had all the appearance of luxury that the science of modern plumbing could devise—green tiles everywhere and a bath the size used in early Rome—but not one bit of soap and not one drop of hot water—in fact, the handles had been wrenched off the hot taps which cleared up any doubts on that matter pretty definitely—and no stopper for either bath or basin.

No Telephoning

It took me one hour in the sign language to get the smiling Portuguese boy who was detailed to look after us to find soap and stopper. At one point in desperation I took the receiver off the telephone—which hung just south of the ceiling—to see what luck I'd have with the desk, but he took it gently out of my hand as if it were dynamite and carefully put it back on its hook—I guess the \$7 didn't include any such nonsense as telephoning! At this point the senator appeared exhausted from the same struggle and suggested we have a drink. We had some whiskey that had been pressed into our hands on leaving Rio for just such a moment as this—and I had finally acquired a corkscrew, so we seemed all set, but to get ice and three glasses was like asking for the moon—we skipped that one finally—it was too difficult.

After a surprisingly good dinner and a bottle of sweet, but not unpalatable, native wine, we went out to see what we could of the town. We found all the night life was in the plaza just beside the hotel—it isn't very big but beautifully plant-

San Juan, Haiti and Cuba, only for about 10 minutes at each place, but long enough to get out and stretch our legs. It was a beautiful tropical night with a dark blue sky full of stars and the lights of the many little islands we flew over made the sea look starlit, too. At Puerto Rico we didn't get our walk—here we were on American territory, and they weren't taking any chances on our bringing in any rare tropical diseases. At 3.30 in the morning we all sat solemnly round the waiting-room with thermometers in our mouths—if they had taken our temperatures at the next stop after the Port of Spain rum punch they'd have put us all in the hospital.

Exhausting Journey

It's a pretty exhausting journey to do in one jump—nearly 24 hours and almost 4,000 miles. We changed crews three times on the way and I couldn't help wondering how Panair managed to find so many good looking and agreeable young men—they are a magnificent looking lot. The stewards—who all have patience rivalling Job's—some of the passengers are pretty hard to please—couldn't do enough for us. These boys contribute a great deal to the pleasantness of the journeys.

We got into Miami at 9.30 in the morning and I must say a bathroom with a hot tap intact and a bed to lie down on looked pretty good to me.

What has impressed me most in the whole trip has been the courtesy, pleasantness and good manners we have met with everywhere—it never seems too much trouble for anyone to go out of their way to help you. Perhaps they don't have enough bewildered travellers to be bored by them, but I believe it's more fundamental than that—they set great store by good manners—which to me is by no means the least of the enchantments of South America.

COLORS OF REGIMENT BACK IN BROCKVILLE

Brockville, Dec. 22 — (CP) — A regimental dinner of the Royal Canadian Regiment last night celebrated the return of the regiment's colors from London to their home barracks on the 62nd anniversary of the formation of the unit.

A 100-man escort marched with fixed bayonets from the station to the military camp with the colors, which were carried in the Northwest Rebellion, the Boer War and the First and Second Great Wars.

At the dinner, Lieut.-Gen. Charles Foulkes of Ottawa, chief of general staff and a former officer of the R.C.R., proposed the toast to the regiment.

DILIGENTI QUINTUPLETS OF BUENOS AIRES SEND GIFT



THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY has been put to practical purposes by the Diligenti family of Buenos Aires in co-operation with Mary McCarthy, special writer for The Star. She was permitted to secure an exclusive interview and these photos with the understanding that the proceeds go to the new Hospital for Sick Children fund in Toronto

O NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN IN TORONTO

TORONTO DAILY STAR:
Sat., Feb. 16, 1946

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AS A DIRECT GIFT from the Diligenti quintuplets, five stretchers will be purchased for the new hospital, one to be given in the name of each child. The children are never on display and little has been published about them, but their parents readily consented to this feature. Left to right are: Franco, Fernanda, Ester, Christina and Carlos Alberto

ARGENTINA QUINTS LOVELY BUT MOTHER EVEN LOVELIER

By MARY McCARTHY

This is a very nice little story about the good neighbor policy and how beautifully it sometimes works. Since we've come back from South America so many people have asked me about the Diligenti quintuplets in Buenos Aires, whom we were lucky enough to spend an afternoon with, that I asked—if I could get permission from the children's parents to write an article on them—would The Star publish it and give the proceeds to our new Hospital for Sick Children fund.

I was assured that The Star would be delighted to do this, so I wrote to Buenos Aires explaining the situation and telling them what tremendous interest there was in the children here and how little anyone knew about them except me. They didn't even wait to write. They immediately wired "Yes," which I feel is the height of Good Neighbor policy.

So here it is, complete with photographs, even unto delivery of the cheque which The Toronto Daily Star has given to Mr. Laidlaw as a direct gift from the five little Diligenti in Buenos Aires to buy five stretchers for the new Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, one to be given in the name of each child. That should certainly give them a permanent stake in Canada!

Live Quiet, Normal Lives

It was by great good fortune and the aid of a mutual friend that we saw the children at all. They are never on display and as a matter of fact spend a great deal of time in the country so we were very lucky to catch them in town as we were only there for five days. Wherever they are they just live the quiet normal family life of any children of their age. They have made only one public appearance in their lives and that was at a fiesta for charity last summer, which, if my memory serves me, was also in aid of a children's hospital.

They live in one of the pleasantest suburbs of Buenos Aires, in a lovely Spanish colonial house, standing in an immaculately kept formal garden, with pink gravel paths, some beautiful statuary and all surrounded by a high iron fence with a permanently locked gate, where you must ring and wait until a servant comes down the drive and lets you in.

This time, when we rang, Mr. Diligenti came down himself and unlocked the gate and gave us a most delightful, friendly welcome. He is a tall, fair, boyish-looking man with smiling blue eyes and an easy laugh. The children weren't quite ready to be shown off, so we were ushered into the house to see some new photographs of them that had just arrived.

A nice-looking, youngish woman was there to greet us. She shook hands with us all and murmured a few words of welcome in English and I murmured a few back chiefly. I'm afraid, congratulating her on her achievement of the quintuplets! I noticed she got a kind of glazed look in her eyes at my enthusiasm and didn't talk to me much more after that. I guess her English didn't run to disclaiming credit for one of the greatest human phenomena of the age! I gathered later she was a friend who had come along to help with the conversation. Little did she know the turn it was to take!

Brother, Sisters Lovely

The oldest son then appeared, a nice-looking lad about 18, who had been at school in the U.S., and spoke perfect English. Next the

SPRING TIDE TESTS ON DIKES AWAITED

The Hague, Feb. 16—The people of Walcheren island in the Schelde estuary are on tenterhooks today awaiting the "big test" for their repaired dikes, expected to come a week from Sunday with the first spring tides.

If the dikes, bombed by the R.A.F. in 1944 during the First Canadian Army's battle of the Schelde estuary, withstand the sea, the event will be celebrated Feb. 26 in the island capital of Middelburg.

Two oldest girls, delightful-looking children, one six and one nine, with beautiful manners and the shiniest curly black hair and eyes I've ever seen. They had come to announce that if we would come into the garden the quintuplets were ready for an audience.

Out we went and there they were standing all in a row and about the cutest looking objects you've ever seen, all holding hands with the three girls in the middle, a boy at each end and a couple of stiffly-starched, smiling maids and a trained nurse keeping order. Another unaccounted-for nice-looking woman who was standing on the side lines came up and shook hands with us all, and I, who was learning the hard way that day, thought this surely must be mother, but being still slightly shaken from my first fiasco I was a little more tempered in my enthusiasm.

It was as well, for she wasn't. She was a sort of governess who runs the whole show and was sweet with them all, big and little. The children have a house of their own at the end of the garden where they live their daily lives, but they sleep, complete with nurses, etc. in the big house.

The little house is charmingly done with one enormous play-room and many smaller rooms. The room where their toys were kept was fascinating, every kind of toy imaginable, and five of everything. They put on all their acts to entertain us. They danced. They sang. And Carlos Alberto, who could count up to five in as many languages, did so in a loud voice whenever the show looked like slowing up.

Most of the acts were done two at a time with the remaining three being a very bored audience. Sometimes, when the audience can stand it no longer, they all join in, which seemed always to end in disaster. Carlos is the boss of the whole show with Marie Ester running him a close second, in fact so close that sometimes she gets so mad at him she takes a bite out of him.

Different Personalities

They are not quite three years old yet but they all have the most extraordinarily marked and different personalities. They are extremely good-looking children with bright and smiling little faces, and beautifully turned out. They are all exactly the same height and the day we saw them the little girls had on enchanting spotless white smocked dresses, with blue hair ribbons, and the little boys had white suits with blue collars.

The impression I got in the little time we were with them was that Carlos and Ester were the rival bosses of the gang; Marie Christina and Franco, a little bit shy, were great pals; and Maria Fernando was the lone wolf who wasn't having any of them. She took a great

SEEK RUSSIAN COUNT AS NYLON PROFITEER

New York, Feb. 16—A Russian count was sought today as an O.P.A. price ceiling violator as a sequel to the sale of 1,113 pairs of nylons last December at a Marine Corps Womens' Reserve post exchange at Arlington, Va.

The women marines were delighted to get the nylons at \$3.33 a pair, but the O.P.A. figured they had been overcharged \$2,600. The purchasing officer, Maj. Anne A. Lentz, said she got the stockings from David Balzam of New York.

Balzam protested vigorously when he was fined \$500 and given a 30-day sentence, which was suspended when he said he was merely the middleman acting for Norman Rancoe, described as a Russian count.

Final action was postponed to March 15, with the O.P.A. ordered to produce Rancoe in court on that date.

shine to my husband and held his hand most of the afternoon, which I thought showed excellent judgment!

While the entertainment was going on the door opened and in came one of the most lovely-looking women I've ever seen. There was no mistaking it this time. They all fell on her shouting, "mama, mama," and when she had untangled herself from the mass of arms and legs and shaken hands with us I found myself too completely stunned by her looks to get off any of the polite remarks I'd practised so hard on the other two!

She is one of the most gay, sparkling women I've ever seen in my life. She is not very tall, looks about 25, has black eyes, black curly hair, a lovely figure and a smile that not only lights up her whole face, but everyone else's round her. How I wish I had a photograph of her!

Mother Stole Show

As I've thought of it all so many times since, I wondered if she had not appeared for the first hour on purpose for when she does she completely steals the show. She speaks only a few words of English, and we less Spanish, yet there was no embarrassment as there so often is on those occasions.

We spent a most delightful hour with them after we left the children, all talking our heads off, using whatever words came handy. They were full of interest and questions about our Canadian quintuplets and we promised to take them up to Calander to see them when they come to Canada.

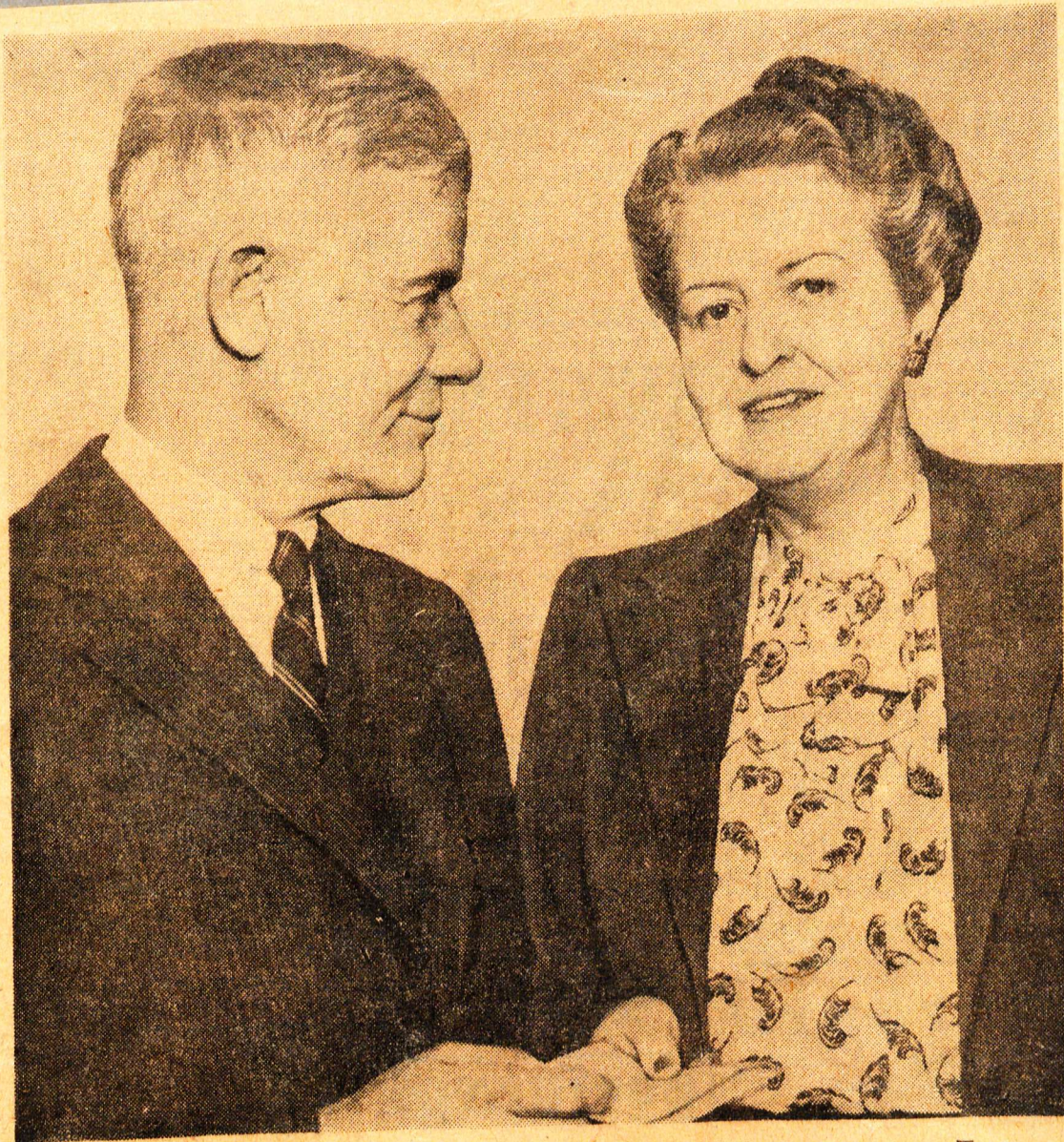
The big house was as charming inside as out, high rooms, modern decoration and filled with flowers. They have a most entertaining little modern bar built off the dining-room and opening on to the terrace where we sat and had a drink and watched the children playing in the garden. Every now and again one quint would escape and come up on the terrace and have a few words with us and be unwillingly retrieved by a nurse. They were enchanting, friendly little children.

I asked the English-speaking son to tell his father that my best wish for the children was that they would all grow up to be as beautiful and charming as their mother. He replied: "Would you ask the Signora if just one could look like me?" It isn't much to ask out of five! As a matter of fact Carlos and Ester, the two big bosses, do look like him as you can see in the photograph; they are much fairer than the other three.

As we were leaving the children came down almost to the gate with us, much to the delight of the crowd that had gathered in the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them. They each had picked a bunch of pansies for us which they gave us with shouts of "good-by, good-by," in English. I shall always carry the picture in my mind, as we drove away, of that lovely-looking woman standing on her pink gravel path, kissing her hand to us, surrounded by the three eldest children and her smiling husband shyly venturing, "Come back soon" in English, and the five little figures, well inside the gate, waving and shouting at the top of their voices.

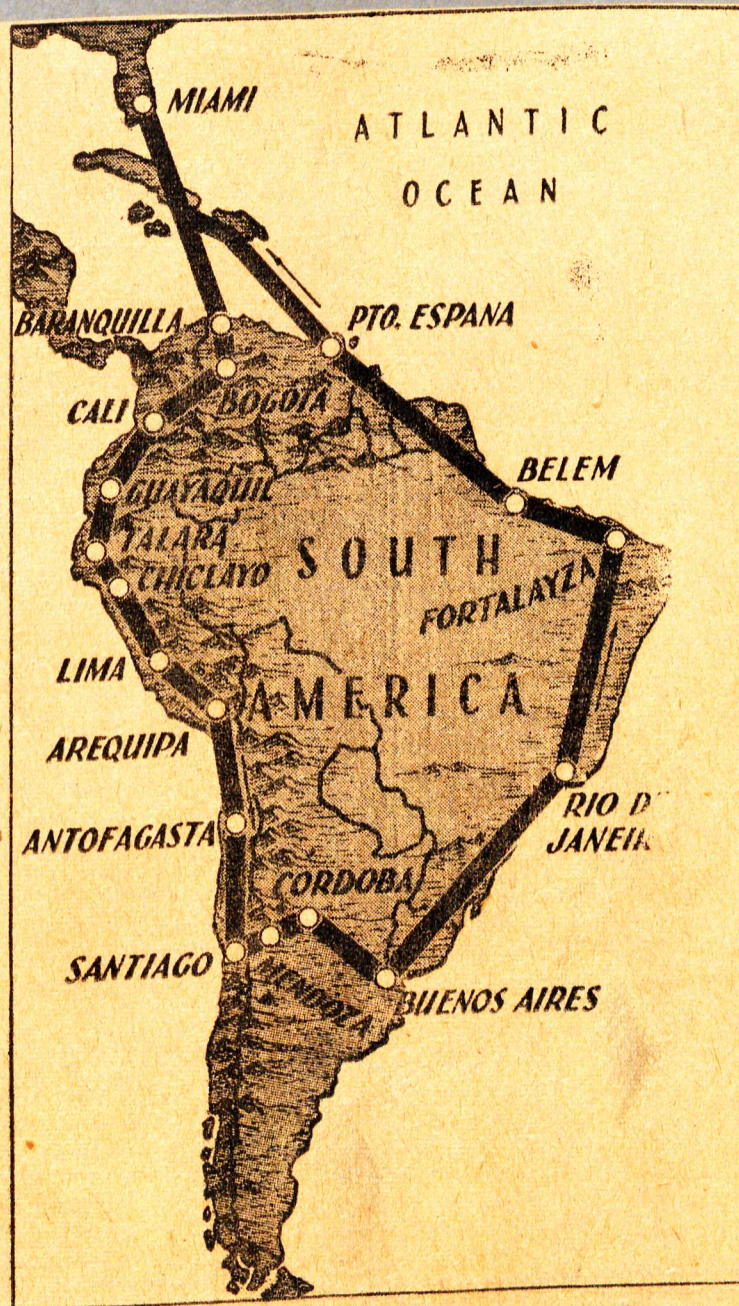
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MISSION COMPLETED, Mary McCarthy, wife of D. L. McCarthy, prominent Toronto lawyer, returns from Buenos Aires to present the Diligenti donation to R. A. Laidlaw, chairman of the Hospital for Sick Children fund. She spent five days in Buenos Aires

(All Pictures Copyright)



TRAVELLING 15,000 miles by air on their trip through South America, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McCarthy of Toronto, took a route as illustrated in this map. Mr. McCarthy attended the Inter-American Bar Association conference at Santiago, Chile, as a representative of the Canadian Bar association and the Canadian government

DIGESTION, NOT SIGHT-SEEING FIRST WORRY ON MEXICO TRIP

By MARY McCARTHY

If you're like I am when you are going to a place for the first time you're so engaged in planning what you are going to do that the "don'ts" kindly offered by experienced friends are either entirely forgotten, or regarded as the advice of weaklings.

Mexico City was certainly my Waterloo on this score! It doesn't matter if you have the constitution of an ox, the digestion of a mountain goat and a heart that's never missed a beat in 50 years—if you don't do nothing—and I mean nothing—for the first 36 hours you are in Mexico City, the blameless life you've led up till that moment will avail you naught. I don't know if it's different going in by train, that way you may have more time to become acclimatized; you certainly should have, as most of the trains arrive anywhere from one to three days late. I mean days—it's not a misprint! However, going in by air—which is only 12 hours from Chicago—as we went—the sudden change from sea level to 7,500 feet really has to be taken quite seriously.

I don't remember ever reading quite such grim warnings as these in our guide books, they all seem to be much more interested in architecture than digestion, but believe me gentle reader, if you don't take heed, you'll be thinking much more about digestion than you will about architecture for your first few days in Mexico City! and it doesn't always last just a few days either.

To begin with, alcohol and altitude don't mix any too well at any time, so if you can just put off all your friends and plane acquaintances who want to buy you a drink on arrival, with gay cries of Manana; if anyone can be gay while refusing a drink, you won't regret it. Also don't let any kind friends who come to the hotel to meet you, lure you out that night with promises of a quick little dinner, and an early night—there is no such word as quick in Mexico—there is no such thing as a little dinner—and the only way to get an early night is to go to bed at eight o'clock, lock your door and take your telephone off the hook.

There is no good telling the telephone operator in the hotel not to call your room—they don't hold with such nonsense—what do they have telephones for anyway. If you've followed me this far and have made up your mind to be firm, you go to your hotel and go to bed, and order up the kind of meals you have at home when you run out of ideas. Tea or coffee, toast, scrambled eggs—all the things you didn't come all the way to Mexico to eat—it'll pay you. I didn't—I ate an enormous lunch and went for quite a long walk, and by the time we'd turned our faces towards home the sidewalk was coming up to meet my feet at every step.

Altitude Was To Blame

I blamed this on tiredness from the journey—it wasn't—it was the unaccustomed altitude plain and simple. You'll probably arrive about 12.30 noon and if you know what's good for you you won't be mingling with your fellow men until the following evening. The dining-rooms in the hotels and cafes don't open till 9.30 or 10, but in some of the hotels they have that American lifesaver—the coffee shop, and if I remember, they are open 24 hours of the day. Here you can always get a bite of something to keep you from collapsing if you're not dining till 10 o'clock. In spite of the enormous dinners our friends pro-

vided for us at that hour, I noticed they themselves ate very little. And for a most excellent reason—the altitude slows up your digestion—so they go to town on a meal in the middle of the day and don't spoil their night's sleep with a heavy

dinner. There are only a few actual don'ts about food—no uncooked vegetables anywhere—I don't care what the guide books say, and no lettuce ever—which to me who am always on some kind of thinning diet that advises a head of lettuce as often as I can cram it down—is like words from heaven! And no raw fruit that hasn't a skin on it—taken off by your own hand. I don't know the explanation for this, but it's one of the surest ways to avoid much unnecessary pain!

Go Easy on Native Dishes

Water for drinking is out—I even used bottled water for my teeth—there is an excellent one called Tehuacan—the nearest I got to the pronunciation was Taawaakan—it's inexpensive and also a pain-saver.

The native dishes are excellent, but I think you have to go easy on these at first, too, coming from a land where our strongest seasoning at the moment is synthetic pepper—an innocent piece of turkey covered

with a sauce made of chiles, spices and chocolate has to be handled with discretion or else you're back in the trouble department again.

Now about clothes—Mexico City itself is never very hot—I found thin printed dresses and the kind of coat we'd wear here in the spring most useful—you won't need the coat from 11 till 3, but before and after that you usually need one. A thin suit would do—anything you can take part of off and put on again without taking time out to change is the answer. Nearly everyone wears a fur cape at night all year round. I was very glad of mine for the last two hours in the plane, too—it's quite cold going over the mountains.

Old Shoes Prove Good Friends

Women don't go about without hats as we've done up here for so long—and speaking of hats get one that's easy to put on and take off for the plane journey—because I defy even the most formal dowager to do fourteen hours in a plane and

not take her hat off. I always forget about putting mine on till the light goes up for seat belts and then it's too late to do any tidying up in the washroom, so something you can put on by the touch system is easiest. If you have a tired old pair of shoes that fit you like bedroom slippers they are also a good idea for the plane, because the air pressure flying at a high altitude as you do going into Mexico sometimes make your feet and ankles swell. The Indian potentate I told you about who arrived in Miami with his shoes in his hand isn't the only one who has got caught with his shoes off! Also if you intend to go sightseeing, and you will, outside Mexico City—you will want the same old favorites, as you'll find you walk miles on cobblestones.

For dinner in restaurants a short dress and hat does, but for dining in your friends' houses or embassies, a long dress is a must—what we used to call a dinner dress when we could get them—and I don't think I

ever saw a man in tails, it's always a dinner jacket.

Shopping Made Him Gloomy

Don't be misguided into thinking you can pick up with ease anything your wardrobe lacks. You can only pick it up with a lot of trouble and at a fantastic price. We had a man in the plane with us going down who kept apologizing for his clothes, but he was going to throw his two suits away on arrival and startle us with his elegance in "clothes made in three days of beautiful English material and for practically nothing." A friend had told him—I don't know what the friend had against him! He came home after his first shopping expedition sunk in gloom—the prices were double what they were in New York and they would promise nothing under a month. I never saw two suits get more punishment in the way of pressing than his two did! So gentlemen be warned!

Taxis are cheap, but it's best to get the doorman at your hotel to

make the bargain before you embark; when you arrive, it's too late.

On reading this over I'm afraid I've made your first 36 hours sound pretty grim, but you can always look out your window, and if you are lucky and are high up, you can see a range of snow-capped mountains which change color as you watch them, or if you are too low down for that you can always watch taxi driver wrangling in the street—there are collisions almost momentarily in the crowded thoroughfares—where crowds appear from nowhere, all anxious to take sides, and what sounds like a revolution is on!

Must Be Only Train Moving--Torontonion

By MARY MCCARTHY

Aboard The Chief, between Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Los Angeles, May 25—We must be the only train in the great U.S. still running. We haven't seen or heard another train since Madison, Wis., Thursday afternoon. All stations this morning are deserted and silent save for abandoned trains and eager newsboys and nobody seems to know quite what the score is. I feel that by tonight a moving train will be such a miracle we'll have crowds out to meet us everywhere.

It all has a covered-wagon atmosphere of high adventure, and I hope they give our train crew a civic reception when we get to Los Angeles where they say we will not only arrive today but will arrive on time.

The porter handed us the following grim warning as we boarded The Chief Thursday: "Message to passengers: There is possibility of a nation-wide strike of brakemen and engineers beginning at 4 p.m. Thursday, May 23, and if your rail destination is a point scheduled to be reached after that time, you may be subject to some delay and inconvenience, if the strike actually occurs."

The message outlined the steps taken by President Truman to effect a settlement. Then it added: "Don't be alarmed. We are carrying Uncle Sam's mail, and we won't let him down."

Brave words and better still they seem to be true. Last night there were crowds of people at all stations, and station masters were flagging trains right and left but The Chief rolled on its own unmolested way.

**Nine Hours Late
By SEYMOUR BERKSON**

Aboard "City of San Francisco" en route to Chicago, May 25—Nine hours behind schedule, this streamliner is racing eastward to Chicago.

With 216 passengers included are the Brazilian secretary of navy, Vice-Admiral Jorge Dodsworth Martins.

We pulled out of the Oakland,

California, terminal at 8.05 p.m., P.S.T., Thursday night, four hours after the rail strike began and three hours after our scheduled time of departure.

Nobody could figure why this particular train was able to continue its journey despite the strike. One rumor had it that Professor Oppenheimer, the famous atomic bomb expert, and a corps of fellow-experts were on board with some important scientific instruments bound for the east and that hence the train had been given a special permit.

But "Professor Oppenheimer" turned out to be a plain Mr. Robert Oppenheimer, of New York, who is in the hops business.

Less optimistic passengers envisioned the trains being halted by irate strikers in the Nevada desert or the Utah salt flats, miles from civilization, but on we rolled, rumor or no rumor, past deserted freight yards and small railway stations where amazed townspeople gathered to wave at this "freak" train.

Executives Run Trains

At Sparks, Nevada, a cordon of pickets was thrown around our locomotive to prevent a relief crew from getting aboard, but this occasioned only a slight delay because this train is being manned on this particular trip by veteran railroad officials who used to run these trains before they "graduated" into their executive jobs.

As non-union officials, they are not subject to the strike, thus this luxury streamliner has the highest priced crew it has ever had in its entire history.

ELECT PROF. F. A. KNOX

Prof. F. A. Knox of Queen's University was elected president of the Canadian Political Science association at the annual meeting in Hart House yesterday. Vice-presidents are: S. R. Noble, general manager, Industrial Development bank, Montreal; Prof. W. J. Waines, University of Manitoba; Prof. J. A. Corry, Queen's University, and F. A. McGregor, Ottawa.

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GHOST TRAIN DE LUXE THE CHIEF GOT THROUGH

By MARY McCARTHY

Hollywood, May 27—Here we are leaving Chicago at one minute after one on Thursday on that super train THE Chief, with a full quota of very jittery passengers. The partings at the station rival wartime days, or maybe that it is how they always say good-by in Chicago. I don't know what they think is going to happen to them by the look of most of them. Maybe they have all told the little woman they'd be home Saturday sure and even a railway strike won't square them. And here am I armed with clothes for every Hollywood emergency and not a thing to wear for cooking in an Indian hut in New Mexico where my friends in Chicago seem to think I'm probably going to spend the rest of the summer.

They couldn't have given me a braver send-off if I'd been going to the wilds of Tibet. As we came on board our porter handed us a printed warning from the railway company as to what we might expect if the strike materializes but added comfortingly in a "don't-be-alarm'd manner," "Ma'am the Chief's going through. We have two cars of Uncle Sam's mail and we won't let him down."

At the moment it all has a distinctly covered wagon atmosphere of high adventure. They tell us if we can't go through we can live in the train as long as the food hangs out, which won't be long if what I saw being devoured at lunch is any criterion. They all have the appetite of boa constrictors, but, perhaps, they are just eating to keep their courage up. The passengers are about 75 per cent. men—all hungry. There are only two children on board, one just learning to talk, who keeps continually asking, "Are we in strike, mommy?" If I'd only brought along an electric stove and an ice-box I could set up light housekeeping in our drawing room.

Pappy Bets "Yes"

It's the most perfectly equipped apartment I've ever seen with more gadgets than a modern kitchen. Beside my bed are 12 switches, but nothing earthly would induce me to turn off my reading light after I get into bed. I'll do that standing up in the middle of the floor just in case I push the wrong button and the bed snaps up into the wall with me in it and they take me out in Los Angeles—pressed flatter than a flower in a 1910 memory book.

The only definite information we have is that we will be in Madison, Wis., at 4 p.m., which is the dead-line. If we go on or not is in the lap of the gods. Our porter—who all the other boys call Pappy—is betting we will.

It's now 4 o'clock, the dreaded deadline, and here we are in Madison station which is the department of utter confusion.

The station master is out in his best store clothes flagging trains right and left. The platform is cluttered up with inquisitive spectators. No passengers. They've all given up hope of getting on any train today, and eager reporters are trying hard to get a few words out of the depressed-looking engine drivers as they climb out of their halted cabs. None of them look as if they are enjoying this strike very much.

Wonder of wonders—we are off again. The porter murmurs he thinks we must be in for trouble,

OTTAWA MAY CURB SALE OF ROCKETS

Special to The Star

Ottawa, May 27—Possibly restrictions will be placed on the sale of rockets as a result of the death in Toronto of Walter Zenuk, W. P. Campbell, acting chief of the explosives division of the department of mines and resources, said today.

The boy's death was the first one recorded from this source in the 25 years records have been kept, a quick examination of the records indicates.

Today fireworks are divided into two classes, those manufactured and sold only for use by professionals as part of fireworks displays, and those sold over the counter to juveniles and others, known as shop goods. Up to now, rockets have been classified as shop goods. It is possible they may be reclassified and sold in the future only to professionals for displays.

as two station masters had just come on board.

The passengers are aging mile by mile.

All the stations we go through are like cities of the dead. Miles of abandoned trains with laden freight cars marooned. That we should be tearing along at 60 miles per hour like a ghost train when every other engine for miles is silent, gives one a strange feeling of living on borrowed time. Friday morning, we're still moving, and the two station-masters seem to have disappeared.

Make Front Pages

We have just passed a moving train, which caused a sensation. It's our opposite number on her way east. Strike or no strike, these Sante Fe boys stick to their jobs.

The two passengers who have intrigued me most on this precarious cruise are two aging gentlemen who I am sure must be Hollywood moguls. Since we left Chicago they have played gin rummy steadily in the bar and the only words that have passed their lips in 36 hours are: "Make it two more doubles." They behave as if there couldn't possibly be a celestial indiscretion of such magnitude that it would stop a train they were travelling on.

Saturday morning:

We're going to make it, but to the great disappointment of the crew, one hour late. We're front page news.

At Beverly Wiltshire, five hours later:

I didn't know anything about strikes till we got here—the whole transit department of Los Angeles is out. For the last two days everyone in Los Angeles has had to stay put. Taxi services were too busy to pay attention to the fabulous sums they were being offered.

P.S.: I didn't realize how tired I was until a boy brought a wire and said: "Isn't it nice, the strike is settled?" and I said, "yes," and forgot to ask him which strike.

OUT OF GAY CHAOS OF SET COMES NEAT, SMOOTH FILM

By MARY MCCARTHY

It's ten days now and we're still at the Beverly-Willshire. My prophecy about the Irish hotel manager came through all right! I must admit I creep round the lobby as if I was on my way to rob a bank and whip on dark glasses—that complete Hollywood disguise—every time he looks my way—so whether it's his kind heart or my low cunning I wouldn't know. But from all I hear my only hope of getting a bed elsewhere is on a train—if I could find one going somewhere no one else has ever heard of!

I meant to come home by Reno—they say it's the gayest place in America at the moment, but it's booked solid for 1946. People have suddenly discovered how lovely Nevada is, so the quest for beauty seems to be crowding out the quest for divorce. Let this not be mistaken for any improvement in the marital behavior of the human race—Las Vegas and Florida are taking up that slack—and very successfully, too.

This week has been studio week for me. I finally battered my way through all those publicity departments I told you about. I've seen so many studios I'm beginning to hand out advice on how to run them.

Well, now for my first day on a lot—at 20th Century Fox—and where all these photographs were taken. Colonel Warwick-Owensmith came to collect me shortly after dawn and we spent the morning driving round the studio grounds, which cover 24 acres—and if you've never seen one before the set-up is extremely interesting and about as glamorous as any well run and successful factory.

Made Indoors

As 70 per cent. of pictures are now made indoors, you seldom see anything very much going on outside. Here and there we saw a

BOY BICYCLIST DIES UNDER TRUCK WHEELS

London, Ont., June 29—(CP)—Riding home from a picnic on his bicycle, Jack Rudd, 11, of Thorndale was instantly killed when he collided with a heavy oil truck on the First Concession, West Nissouri, last night.

Driver of the truck, Mike Kozowski, of Brantford, told police he suddenly came upon the Rudd boy and his brother Donald on a hill just as he rounded a curve.

Provincial Constable Forest Inch said the two bicycle riders were each in a track of the road, and sping the approaching truck veered to each side. Jack Rudd, police said, went to the right ditch, but the truck driver swung his truck in the same direction and the wheels of his vehicle passed over the boy's body.

Dr. Routledge said an inquest would likely be held.

western street—a bit of a New York street—relics of a village used in the Song of Bernadette—a couple of acres of storage dumps (I don't think they have thrown one pin away since the industry began) and then you suddenly find yourself in "Anna and the King of Siam" country.

They actually build a whole block of each street—houses, sidewalks, fences, trees—all made of plaster—the buildings just fronts, supported from behind as billboards are. I've been shown so many plaster trees in the last week and listened to so many comments on the skill of the artificers that I'm constantly reminded of the story of the old Chinese diplomat who went to see the first plane flown in China. His eager secretary exclaimed: "Isn't it wonderful, sir. It can fly." And the old man answered: "But isn't that what it's supposed to do?" I'm beginning to feel exactly that way about plaster workers!

As we were cruising round we got a message to say they were shooting Ty. Power and Ann Baxter in the Razor's Edge (Tidying up this one must have tied the Hayes office in knots) on Stage 29. I couldn't wait to get there. This was my first time on a set, remember. I was afraid it might be all over before we arrived! We needn't have hurried. Ty Power was going over the lines "You'd better take a coat, it may be cold," a sentiment guaranteed not to worry the censor, for the 100th time. He was still at it when we left an hour later and Ann Baxter was inviting him to get out of her life and stay out, which there seems to be but little hope of his doing for some time at the rate they are going at the moment.

Direction Means Much

Edmund Goulding was directing—it's a delight to watch him work. I'd no idea before how much a director means to a picture. It seems to me all they require is a few good-looking bodies that can breathe, walk and, of course, if they can string a few words of English together, it's all to the good. Every step, gesture and intonation of a word is directed, which all goes on with the most amazing amount of patience and good nature on everyone's part.

Lunch at their famous Cafe de Paris lunch room where everyone comes just as they are. As they have four pictures in production at the moment, the place was packed. Carmen Miranda sat close by us looking like anything but her usual gay and smiling self and talking very hard in her funny broken English—there is a studio ban on her learning another word, I believe—to the very harassed gent she was lunching with. They stopped production on her picture next day due to some hitch in her contract so maybe she wasn't feeling any too gay at that.

We spent the whole afternoon on

the set of "Carnival in Costa Rica." I think I must tell you a little bit about the inside of a sound stage—if you have seen one, just skip this week's letter—which at first sight looks like a dimly lit barn in the process of being demolished. The roof is a mass of rafters, with electricians crawling all over it like human flies, and the floor for miles round the amazingly small space where the picture is actually taken, is a tangled mass of wires, ropes, paraphernalia of every kind with the stars' portable dressing rooms parked wherever they can find parking space.

Camera Like Dinosaur

When your eyes get accustomed to the dim-out you find the technicians really do seem to have plan in what they are doing. Obscure though it may be, it's not destruction. The camera itself, which fascinated me, is built like a dinosaur and just as big—costing \$25,000 latest model. As my only association with photography to date has been with a No. 2 Brownie, costing the same number of dollars—I was duly impressed. But even at that price, it seemed to need a great deal of encouragement to make it work, it was crawling with people constantly doing all kinds of jobs to it and they push it round with all hands on deck with surprising ease.

I'm going to have an awfully hard time not to write the rest of this letter entirely about Gregory Ratoff, the director. He is an extraordinarily colorful person. Someone should do a picture of him directing a picture. I found it hard to watch anyone else. He is a strange looking man—no beauty—but one of those rare souls whose personality and charm have not the remotest connection with his looks—a rare quality in this neck of the woods!

He is a creature of no half measures—things are either unspeakable or superb. When not actually directing, he is either sitting in his folding chair with his head in his hands, calling loudly on his Maker for patience, or waving the walking stick which he always carries and shouting: "Superb, superb, it will be sensational!" He directs partly in English—partly in Russian and that day, for purely topical reasons I'm sure, bits of Spanish kept creeping in. He told me he had most pleasant memories of Toronto where he has many friends. He'd have friends anywhere, that one.

200 Extras In Scene

There were 200 extras in the scene we saw, a cafe in Costa Rica, and to watch how they put in their time when waiting for a take is just as entertaining as watching the picture. They play bridge or rummy, knit, sew, fall asleep anywhere they can find to lay their heads—as unconscious of their surroundings as if they were in their own living rooms. Quite often a bridger will turn and ask me or anyone passing for help with the score. It's a fantastic way to spend your days—at \$16.50 per!

I had always thought they sat round looking relaxed and lovely, hoping a director's eye would suddenly single them out, but I guess they leave that to the unemployed beauties sitting hopefully round the pool at the Beverly Willshire, where the atmosphere is so charged with hope it's depressing. There literally are hundreds of girls out here trying to smile their way into some hard-bitten talent scout's ken—while in their home towns said scouts are busily dragging lovely faces from behind counters and out of elevators—if I can believe a word I read!

Celeste Holm—lovely, young, and very gay was rehearsing her famous song—I'm sure she sang it 10 times—and then when they got all organized to Mr. Ratoff's liking the extras are summoned to their tables in the cafe by someone shouting: "Come on, kids, snap into it." They take their places. Mr. Ratoff booms. "Let's get quiet" and they're off. The camera man takes a final look, sticks his head round the camera and calls to the extras! "A

little more pep, kids. Look as if you're enjoying yourselves and for heaven's sake keep your jaws still for one moment. I'm not taking pictures of a gum chewing competition!" If anyone is spoken to personally their first name is always darling!

Maid Runs Out

Whenever there is a pause Celeste's maid—assisted by another maid—runs out, gives her hair a couple of pats, puts more powder on her nose and hops back to the side lines, and a general make-up man goes whirling round with a large beauty kit repairing extras' faces. The terrific heat from the lights plays havoc with make-up. But out of all this apparent confusion and chaos comes the perfectly coherent pictures you see. There's magic somewhere!

Cesar Romero, Dick Haymes and a charming little newcomer, Vera-Allen—who all look exactly like they do on the screen, which so few stars do, came and talked to us for a long while. They were all thrilled with the picture. They like working in technicolor—and feel about Mr. Ratoff as I do. Couldn't be a pleasanter set-up.

I was amused at Celeste Holm's slant on it all. It's only the second picture she has made, and she said the first was agony, but she was having fun with this one now she had got over missing her audience, and had learned not to look at the camera man! In her first picture she said she'd nearly killed herself throwing on the charm to try and get a spark of appreciation out of the camera man's eye, which is apparently a purely mechanical eye, interested only in lighting, angles and distances.

But she added: "I'm not complaining, darling. They pay me an astronomical salary for a job I enjoy, and that gives me time to crochet a bedspread in working hours, 96 more squares and it's finished! Where else can I get work like that?" I guess the girl's got something there.

On our way out we dropped into another stage to see the abandoned sets of the currently abandoned "Forever Amber." If you've been reading your movie columns lately, and heaven knows they have worn it threadbare, there is nothing that I can add except to express my mild surprise that Miss Cummings' chief claim to fame, as far as I can gather, is that she turned in a very excellent performance as Alice in Wonderland, in England last year. Now, personally, I've never been struck by any great similarity between Alice and Amber—have you? The picking of stars gets curiouser and curiouser!

Tomorrow we are lunching with Sir Aubrey and Lady Smith and spending the afternoon at Pickfair with our own famous Mary who has just stepped off the plane from England.

FINDS HOLLYWOOD CANADIANS HARDLY KNOW ONE ANOTHER

By MARY MCCARTHY

This should be my last letter to you from Hollywood, but in case you're still interested I'm afraid you're going to have at least one more or else I'm going to the grave with a lot of hard-earned chit-chat floating round in my mind in a guilty fashion! Once safely in print it no longer haunts me!

I don't know how long I'd have to stay in Hollywood to get out of the "surprised-at-not-finding" department. One of my chief and continual sources of surprise is how few of the stars seem to know one another, at least if they do, they give but slight indication of it. I now and again see a wan smile pass from one lovely face to another, but that's about all. I watch them coming into all the restaurants and night clubs (on Saturday nights only—the other six nights are a waste of time, not to mention the money) and I hear few glad cries of greeting being exchanged. I get a lot of amusement watching them watching each other—one great endless game of cat and mouse.

Also, I'd always thought fondly of all the Canadians going round in a happy little gang. Happy little gang nothing! Most of them don't even know each other. I think perhaps the English stick closer together than anyone else. At the Aubrey Smiths', where I've been several times, I've always met some of the English colony. I'll tell you about them next week. Sir Aubrey holds a very unique position in Hollywood.

Swimming Pools Scarce

Another of my daily surprises is how unpretentious most of the stars' houses are and how close together many of them are built, but they tell me a little job that would cost \$20,000 in Toronto would fetch from \$80,000 to \$100,000 out here at the moment. Maybe that's the answer. So the next time you read about one of your favorites buying something that cost a good-sized fortune,



don't think they are acquiring a palace with a swimming pool. Swimming pools are as scarce as hen's teeth, anyway. What they are getting is about 10 rooms and a nice bit of garden. They are in the midst of the biggest real estate boom California has ever seen.

Since I've learned what they can do with a camera in this part of the world, I'm beginning to understand how they photograph these houses to look as if they stood on vast estates, when often you could shake hands from one house to the other—that is, if you happen to have a hand-shaking acquaintance with the people next door! We lunched yesterday with some friends of ours who live next to Greta Garbo—the houses whispering distance apart—and they have never seen her. The only person I've met out here who does know her is Sir Aubrey Smith—he says she is charming to work with, and really has a genuinely startled-fawn attitude towards the rest of the human race. No visitors are ever allowed on any set she is working on. Apparently they paralyze her.

"Pickfair" on Hillside

However, I have been in one house that lives up to all advertisements, has a swimming pool, acres of garden and is something to dream about, and that is Pickfair. It was only through the good offices of a great mutual friend of Miss Pickford's and mine that I found myself within its sacred portals. I hear under ordinary given circumstances it's easier to get into the White House than Pickfair. So, wondering just a little what was in store for me, I presented myself at its famous front door on the tick of 4 the other afternoon.

I was ushered in by the most perfect English butler who led me upstairs to the drawing room. The house is built on the side of a hill and is all on different levels. Miss Pickford appeared almost immediately, looking startlingly like she did 15 years ago in pictures. I'd forgotten what a little thing she is—little dynamo would be a better description! She couldn't have been more chatty or charming. She is one of the few people who, having made a fortune acting in pictures, has proceeded to double it in producing. She sits on all her

companies' boards and they tell me never misses a trick.

She was still laughing at something L. B. Meyer had said to her at lunch that day re her business reputation. He had told her he'd heard she was the toughest person in Hollywood to do business with, and she had replied: "Mr. Meyer, I've been in this business all my life and I'm on to all the tricks. I never do anything to anyone they wouldn't do to me. I just stick round to see they don't do it to me!" I saw next day by the paper that Mr. Meyer had bought a large block of stock in one of her companies. I take it he spoke feelingly!

Nobody Walks

Her chief interest in life at the moment is the two children she has adopted—a girl of three, sweet looking child, and a boy of five. She said in the last few years between the stork and adoptions Hollywood was becoming one vast nursery. As a matter of fact the only people one ever sees walking on the streets in Beverly Hills are nursemaids pushing prams. You can go for miles and never see any one walking.

Gene Lockhart told me he and his wife were taking a little stroll outside their own house the other night, and he heard a woman at a window opposite call to her husband: "Come quickly, George, and look. There are people walking!" There are five cars to every seven people here, all determined to get their money's worth!

Miss Pickford was full of interest about Toronto—her grandmother, Mrs. Jamieson, came to Canada just 100 years ago, and she herself had just last week flown to the village in Ireland from which her grandmother had come. She said she had never been more touched—the whole village turned out to meet her. She's just back from a month on business in England and I asked her what she thought Mr. Rank was going to do with his new venture in Eagle Lion pictures. She said if the surprisingly good deal he'd made with the boys in Hollywood was any indication, he'd be O.K. I'm asked constantly if Canada likes English films as well as American ones, so I guess Mr. R. has made them sit up and think—in fact I know he has, I hear so much talk about him.

Fine Collection of China

After we'd had tea she took me on a tour of the house, every inch of it, and I'll give you a play-by-play description of how our most successful Canadian here has solved the living problem. The house itself is no great architectural gem—it's built into the side of a hill. It is painted white with green shutters and a mass of window boxes filled with pink geraniums, blooming as only California geraniums do. But the view from the house down the valley to the sea and out to Catalina is a dream of beauty and at the foot of the garden, just as it begins to fall away, is the most lovely swimming pool (the only one I've seen) that follows the line

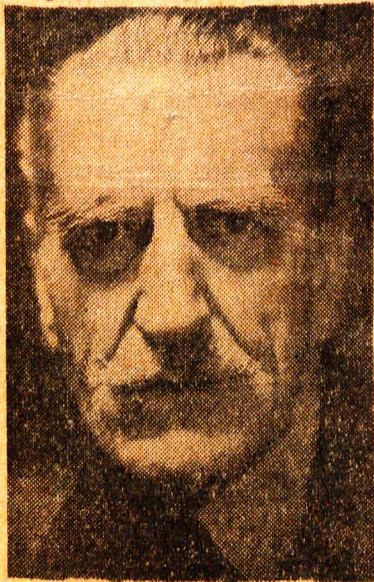
of the slope below and is painted the color of the California sky.

The inside of the house is a gem. It's done mostly in Georgian furniture, English chintz and the most lovely collection of English china I've ever seen in any one place—museums included! In fact, Miss Pickford said she was going to leave a lot of it to a museum. She is a real collector. She knows the name of every piece of china she owns and where each piece of furniture came from. She had just done over a little room off the dining room to house her collection of Rodin etchings—she has 35—the largest private collection in the world.

As nearly all her entertaining since the war has been for the U.S.O., she took half the ground floor and made a games room of it. She bought the entire trappings from an old pub that was being dismantled in Nevada—a relic of the big bonanza days; bar, chairs, tables, the whole shebang. It's here the boys still have their weekly party.

As we were standing by the pool looking down the heavenly valley to where Fred Astaire is building himself a new house, she put her arm through mine and said: "You know, I never look at all this without being thrilled. Don't you think this is a pretty good set-up for an unknown Canadian who came out here on her own more years ago than I like to remember?" And I replied from the innermost recesses of my commercial soul, "Miss Pickford, if you'd come with the backing of the Bank of England, it would still be good!"

(Another article by Mary McCarthy will appear next week.)



SIR AUBREY SMITH

CANUCK IS WHITE-HAIRED BOY PULLS DULL FILMS OUT OF RUT

By MARY MCCARTHY

I have grave doubts as to whether you are ever going to get this letter or not. I'm writing it with one of the new undefeatable fountain pens sent me this morning by a grateful customer who said he had enjoyed my article on the journey out here. I couldn't be more grateful to him, but not being a mechanical genius I couldn't be in more trouble.

I got off to a bad start today anyway. Some strange unaccountable urge made me get up at 6.30 and go into Los Angeles to the weekly meeting of the Los Angeles Breakfast club. Now I've always found it hard enough to speak a civil word to my blood relations till after the sun is well up, so to find myself confronted by 500 jovial breakfast clubbers bursting with cheer at 7.30 was a pretty shattering experience.

It was the most amazing demonstration of what California air can do. I've been at cocktail parties at home which would be reduced to the status of a Quaker meeting compared with the gaiety that goes on at this daybreak gathering—and all on orange juice—Florida oranges at that, I've no doubt!

A Man to Hear

As a matter of fact I went partly because I never seem able to say no to any invitation, especially one sent me a week in advance, and also to hear Bruce Thomas speak—I knew his name from articles of his I'd seen in The Star Weekly—and in that I was well rewarded. He is coming to Toronto to speak after he gets back from Bikini. Don't miss him. He speaks our language about the hopes of the world for peace.

They couldn't have been nicer to me—I was put at the head table and introduced loudly to America as Mary McCarthy of The Toronto Star, which I thought was pretty impressive even at that ungodly hour. But that wasn't the end—the kindly city father who has taken me to this festival was determined I was going to see more of Los Angeles. It was still only 9 o'clock, and I wasn't very wide awake—because when he asked me if I'd seen "Forest Lawn" I said no. Later in the day I might have been bright enough to know that the next word must be cemetery, and sure enough, before I knew it I was being whisked up to the top of a hill to see Aimee Semple Macpherson's last resting place!

I finally disentangled myself from all this civic pride and went up to Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer on the special invitation of Hume Cronyn (London, Ontario) to see them doing a bit of the atomic bomb picture "The Beginning or the End."

Hume is the white-haired boy at M.G.M. at the moment—the critics say he has pulled more dull pictures out of the rut in the last year than anyone out here. He is getting his reward this time, he is playing Dr. Oppenheimer, one of the leads in this picture.

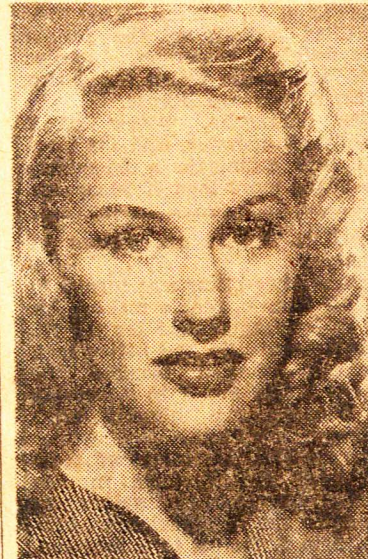
Silence on a Desert

Raymond Massey has just arrived back from New York today to play Mr. Roosevelt—that settles that discussion. It's all being done with the greatest amount of secrecy and positively no visitors on the set. By the time I'd gone through all the necessary formalities to get there I felt I must be going to see the bomb itself actually exploding. But what I did see, amidst the usual chaos, was six highly paid male stars in perfect silence walk across a bit of desert time and time again—the only visible sparks being from the matches they light their interminable cigarettes with.

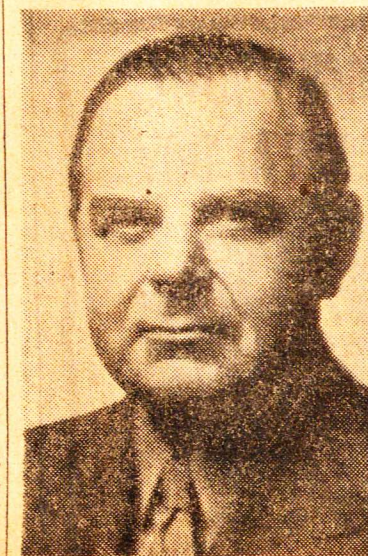
What was interesting was a long talk I had with Hume. I wanted him to come and have dinner with us but he said he comes on the set at seven in the morning and doesn't leave much before seven at night, so unless a holiday came along going out was impossible. All he had strength to do was crawl home to bed. His wife, Jessica Tandy, who had been in the folded "Amber," is off on a long weekend and won't be back before we leave. I am sorry not to see her. They say she is doing excellent work too.



HUME CRONYN



DOROTHY PATRICK



GENE LOCKHART

This is the first time he has ever done a living person in a picture, and he said it is an extremely difficult thing to do. The director has his idea—Hume has his, and Dr. Oppenheimer, who was arriving in the flesh this afternoon, also had a very decided idea of how he would like to be portrayed. It doesn't sound easy, does it? My guides or guards or whatever the two pleasant young men were who had me in hand on this hazardous undertaking—told me that Hume was fast getting to the very top of the tree and that he was one of the hardest workers they'd ever had on the lot. He has read every available scrap of information about Dr. Oppenheimer. Here seems to be a lad getting along in spite of having some ideas of his own!

The Pretty Patrick

On our way to lunch we ran into Dorothy Patrick, another of M.G.M.'s up and coming Canadians, who has one of the prettiest faces I've ever seen. She had just that second finished "The Mighty McGurk" and was feeling so let down she said she could hardly crawl. It certainly didn't show in her face! I asked her if she was going off to Palm Springs to sit in the sun. I thought that's what they all did

between pictures. But she said she was going to stay right at home and pray for another picture right away quick! The boys said she wouldn't have long to pray.

After lunch I had a most pleasant hour with Harry Rapf, the veteran director, who gave me the 30 years' history of the motion picture industry.

They have a great collection of animals at M-G-M. I wanted to see Lassie the collie—but she was on vacation—also the two cubs of the well known lion who snarls so engagingly in their trade mark, and is no more—but they were on vacation too, or had gone to New York to see the fight—which is the answer I get as to the whereabouts of so many of my favorite stars!

Greer Garson was rehearsing today but I couldn't get anyone to let me have a look at her. She was nearly drowned in her last picture—then had a bad go of poison ivy and was being directed by Mr. Cukor—who had a temperature of 103. Obviously no place for the press!

Better Looking in the Flesh

They did take me in to see Claudette Colbert who is in the midst of making "The Secret Heart" with Walter Pidgeon and Robert Sterling. Robert Leonard was directing with the usual patience and skill I'm learning to expect in directors. There were two children in the set I saw and he was amazing with them. They weren't precocious horrors either, they were dear little girls and worked like troupers.

Miss Colbert is even better looking in the flesh than she is in pictures. She is a little bit of a thing with a most engaging smile and a lovely voice and they say a glutton for work. I couldn't wait to meet them all as I had an appointment with Gene Lockhart at his home at 4.30 and one of the things you don't do out here is keep stars waiting.

He is also from London, Ont., and is one of Hollywood's best known character actors. He writes and directs as well as acts. One of his greatest successes in song writing is the words of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." I spent a most pleasant two hours with him talking mostly about Toronto, where as a lad he had been the Scottish dancer with the 48th Highlanders. He has certainly danced himself quite a long way since those days! He has a lovely house which he took me all over—it's built in the shape of an E—all on one floor—and every room looks out on a patio bursting with bloom.

Bad Publicity

As I was leaving, Mr. Lockhart said, "Mrs. McCarthy, do you think, as you are here to write about Hollywood, you could for once give us a little adult publicity. The majority of people out here in pictures live as dignified and hard working lives as do people in any other profession in the world, but unfortunately, much of the publicity we as a community get, is based on the cheap behavior of a handful of people who are in no way typical of Hollywood."

As a matter of fact a director had said exactly the same thing to me at dinner last night. He went further, he said many of the studios have now made it quite plain to their prize exhibitionists that they behave themselves decently—or else! He said personally he felt Hollywood was doing a sufficiently interesting job to make news without people having to go into the gutter to find it. I hastened to assure him that I hadn't been in any gutters—even little ones! I told both these gentlemen that I don't think this is entirely the fault of visiting reporters—I think it's their own motion picture magazines that go to such extravagant lengths to make them all sound like morons living in clover.

P.S.—I'm finishing this with my pencil, which has no inhibitions about where it writes!

FINDS HOLLYWOOD CABARETS DULL, BORING AND EXPENSIVE

By MARY McCARTHY

How I wish the late Robert Benchley had just once turned his sprightly wit to the subject of night clubs as adult entertainment—he made so many dull things gay—his touch is the only thing I know of that could instil the slightest element of entertainment into the whole matter as far as I'm concerned.

I've spent the last three evenings watching the doleful antics of the habitués of these spots (gyp joints as the natives lovingly call them)—and if it weren't for the fact that they close at midnight by law—or else close for an indefinite period—I'd be on a permanent spree of depression! The club where we were taken last night has just started on an enforced 30-day holiday, just a day too late to save me from two hours of very expensive boredom.

Bereft of Fun

I wish I knew what makes these places so gloomy. I think perhaps it's the current fashion of semi-darkness and crashing orchestras—so you can neither see anything nor hear one word of conversation—if anyone has the heart to make any! Also food at 10 times its normal price has always had a tendency to gag me. I can handle the champagne better—it goes down more easily and is only about four times its normal price!

I don't even think the funny man—that perennial prop of every floor show—is funny any more. Maybe I'm like the six-foot man in Punch who said when he was a small boy they had much more snow in England—it used to come up to his knees. I shudder to think that the brand of humor they are handing out at the moment ever came up even to my ankles! They have a much better idea of running these places in South America—there are always a few tables of your favorite games of chance scattered about, where you can lose your money even more quickly than eating your way through it—you get out sooner that way!

Nothing Ever Happens

There are four outstanding night clubs here, all equally lavish in everything except one spark of gaiety or wit—even the head waiter pilots you to your table as if he were leading you to a pew at the funeral service of a national hero—and even those intrepid souls who have dined not wisely but too well have quailed a little under all this leaden grandeur. I'm always hoping some good rowdy customer will throw a monkey wrench into the works, but no one ever does—in fact, I haven't seen one good rowdy customer since I came out here. I'm not complaining—I'm just stating a fact.

I grant you my feet sink into about six inches of broadloom carpet as I enter these so-called halls of merriment, but that's nothing compared to the depth my heart sinks when I look at my watch—by the light of a match—and find it's only 11.30! Some snoopers may have eyes bright enough to see what local celebrities are dancing cheek to cheek, but not me without the help of a flashlight.



MARY McCARTHY

In one brief moment of illumination last night I caught sight of Heddy Lemarr's lovely face—and lovely it is—and on the other side of me were Myrna Loy and Gene Markey, Ann Baxter, Gene Tierney and Ty Power—but before I had a good look, back came the darkness. I think it was just the electric light man testing switches! You don't want to hear any more about night clubs, do you—I'm beginning to bore myself all over again!

One Bright Spot

But I have found one restaurant that is gay—and that is Romanoff's. It is run by that amazing character, Harry Gergeson (alias Mike Romanoff), late of Brooklyn, about whom so many words, dull and otherwise, already have been written—but there is nothing dull about Mike. He is an extraordinary fellow with an Oxford accent that never slips—a nose for good food and never forgets a face. Could you think of a more heaven-sent combination for a restaurateur?

I've dined there several times—it's always been fun—the food excellent and the whole place alive with stars eyeing each other just as avidly as the tourists eye them. So if the check does look like the national debt—you do get something for your money.

Mike himself is usually there in the evening wandering round having a few words with everyone, and never once asks if the dinner is good—he knows it's good and leaves it at that. A pleasant change from most places, where head waiters take a fiendish delight in asking if you're enjoying your dinner, as you chew your way through a bit of steak tough as carpet—too weak from the effort to do anything but smile. This question seems to be a strange form of sadism peculiar to head waiters!

A Bit of Old England

One of the bits of gossip floating round at the moment is that when Lord Lascelles, the King's nephew, was out here recently, a well-known producer gave a dinner for him to which Mike was invited—but not so

any of the British colony! There's progress for you—progress for Mike anyway!

Now I'll tell you about something I really have enjoyed—and that is getting to know Sir Aubrey and Lady Smith. I told Mr. Carvell, the British consul-general, at lunch one day how much I should like to meet them and we were hardly back in the hotel when Sir Aubrey himself telephoned and asked us to go up and have lunch with them next day.

They live at the top of Cold Water Canyon Drive—isn't that a lovely name?—and have managed to tuck a little bit of England right into the California hillside. The view is the same as from Pickfair, only as it's about a mile higher up you see even farther. Sir Aubrey, who has just come back from playing "Old English" round the world, said he hadn't found a more lovely view anywhere. They are two of the most delightful people I've met in a long time; they both possess an amazing quality of gaiety and friendliness that age cannot wither.

Beloved By Everyone

Sir Aubrey is 83, which I find hard to believe. He looks exactly as I remember him all my life—with a lovely twinkle in his blue eyes, and the most beautiful voice. He is the grand old man of Hollywood. Everyone wants him for everything. He hands out awards, scores on Saturdays at the local cricket matches, opens and closes all kinds of chari-

table do's for every creed and color—and acts in pictures!

He has been in more pictures than anyone else on record. They say he is the only man in Hollywood who could have been knighted with the approval and blessing of everyone—which is almost a miracle in this land of so many different camps. He not only is beloved by picture folk but has just as many friends among the aloof from Hollywood citizens of Los Angeles. We went up several times again and it was always a delight to be with them.

I must tell you a little bit about life in this hotel before I leave—which is a story in itself. To begin with it's a most pleasant hostelry built right smack on Wilshire Blvd.—that crowded thoroughfare which runs from Los Angeles to the sea—but at the back are the most lovely gardens, tennis courts and swimming pool—and it's round this pool that life goes on. From 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. when it begins to get cold—it's a heavenly climate—the sides of the pool are littered with beautiful bodies, clad in bathing suits—obviously designed with an eye to leaving all that's lawfully possible over, to clothe the less fortunate—if that is the idea they must be pretty well clothed by now! They all have the restless quality of waiting for something to happen, and I suspect that something is the approving eye of a talent scout.

Too Many Darlings

About 5 o'clock these same beauties appear in the bar—in fact, hats, veils, long gloves—in fact, completely covered. They don't drink much. They take it out in talk. Every sentence begins with darling—until it becomes as monotonous as a word on a cracked victrola record. Well, they'd better have their fun while they're waiting to be chosen—it's then the real grind begins.

P.S.: On reading this over, I think I sound like a tired old crab about night life—but, if, as the intense research I've done on this subject informs me, night clubs were started for big butter and egg men—all I can say is let the B.B. and E. men support them; not me!

NOW, WHERE IS HOLLYWOOD IF IT'S NOT BEVERLY HILLS?

By MARY MCCARTHY

Beverly Hills, Calif., June 22—

My last letter to you was written on "the Chief goes through" strike-breaking train, which story is already in the famous legend department out here—and I am already surprising myself by talking as if I'd engineered the whole enterprise single handed!

We've been here now for four days and have successfully—I use the word advisedly—tidied away the national railway strike and the local transit strike, but we still have a strike of the technicians in the motion picture industry hanging over us. If that goes on I think I'll go on strike myself—two weeks out and you can draw unemployment insurance, which is a new one on me.

Also at this moment I'd like to tell you I'm having a mild attack of stage fright. As you perhaps know, my one and only other brush with the newspaper world was some articles I wrote from South America last autumn and that, thanks to your most civil reactions, is why I am here now.

But when I look back on South America I can't think of a more heaven-sent assignment—writing about a country of countless millions of people who not only couldn't buy The Toronto Star but couldn't read a word of it if they did! But this is an entirely different set up—here am I writing about a country with 130,000,000 people who can all buy this wretched paper—or am I over-estimating our circulation—all read it and say I'm all wrong about everything. I'm pan-stricken.

My chief problem at the moment is a strange one—I can't find Hollywood! I read the motion picture magazines at my hairdresser's one afternoon every week—and I'd just like to say in passing that next to a good shot of ether they are the best mental dope I know. All you have to do is to be able to read English words of one syllable—you never have to turn your mind over once—it's wonderful—and before you know it, your hair is dry.

So after some 30 years of this weekly information service I've got a very definite picture in my mind of life in Hollywood and even what the town itself looks like. To me, it's a city paved with gold, hanging in youth, beauty and glamour, with divorce mills grinding loudly on every corner, and where life makes Babylon sound like a bedtime story!

But, so far, I couldn't have been more misled—I can not only not find this mass of sin and glamour—I can't even find Hollywood. I began to wonder about this great illusion the first day I came when I got a letter addressed to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Hollywood—the Hollywood had been scratched out—rather angrily I thought—and Beverly Hills put in its place. Obviously I'm not in Hollywood, however much I thought I was.

Seeks Mythical City

Then I began to notice the addresses mounting on my engagement pad—20th Century Fox, Beverly Hills—Warner Bros., Burbank—M.G.M., Culver City—Sir Aubrey Smith, Mary Pickford, Beverly Hills—no mention of Hollywood anywhere. I finally started to make a few mild inquiries as to where I could find this mythical city. Usually when I asked my somewhat fantastic question people would look a little startled—turn to their neighbor and say: "Where would you say Hollywood exactly is? Mrs. McCarthy says she can't find it." No two people could ever agree on this one—they all knew in the dim distance there was a district called Hollywood, but it seemed to have no part in the motion picture industry.

Finally, a man next to me at dinner last night broke down and told me he had lived here for 25 years and wasn't quite sure where it was himself—except as a heading for columnists—and added what I think is the real answer—he said "Holly-



MARY MCCARTHY

wood isn't any definite subdivision or even a postal address as far as I know—it's a state of mind." He also told me—which I'd forgotten—that the question was asked on Information Please, last winter: "Where is the city of Hollywood?" The answer is: In Florida. It was muffed by the experts. No wonder I'm confused.

I must admit that I have found a large and imposing building labelled Hollywood high school, and 25 miles in the other direction I will find the Hollywood park race track on Saturday—and will probably spend Sunday heartily regretting I ever did! But all this is a far cry from the picture I've carried in my mind all these years.

Well, now that I've got that matter all cleared up in your minds—or, on the other hand, got you just as confused as I am about the whole set-up—I'll tell you what I have found, which is plenty.

To begin with, I came out here armed with letters to some of the leading citizens of Los Angeles which I thought, in my innocence, would open the doors of every sound stage to me. It's not as easy as that. It opened their own doors, and their hospitality could be more charming, but as far as the motion picture industry enters their daily lives it might as well be on the moon. Their paths seldom cross, and any business dealings the stars have with lawyers, bankers, etc., is all done through their agents—a happy solution for everyone, so they tell me.

My next line of attack was through our Canadian trade commissioner, Mr. Duclos—the still homeless Mr. Duclos. He has been here for a month now and has lived in so many hotels he says he has to write his address down when he goes out in the morning so he'll be sure to go back to the right one at night!

When you register at a hotel here they make you sign a paper saying you will "go quietly" at the end of five days—our time here is up tomorrow, but I'm banking on the fact that the manager, who is an Irishman, won't throw a McCarthy out into the street. To get back to Mr. Duclos—he rounded up Mr. Carvell, the new British consul-general, and Alan Copeland, of the Canada Life, and between them they've rolled up such a program for me that I'm breathless.

Hard to Enter Studios

It isn't easy to get into the studios—in spite of the fact that they all have publicity departments—public relations departments—international public relations departments—all of which would sound as if they had pretty well

covered every possible contingency to do with publicity, but as I have come with no note book in my hand and have evinced no burning desire to interview anyone—however humble—I'm something they don't seem equipped to cope with. They should add another department to that long list—one for handling but maybe that's just what they don't want. However, on my pad at the moment I have appointments at five studios in the next five days—so I guess I can't complain.

I've had a sneaking feeling lately that perhaps I'm too weak a vessel for this job—but I'm surprising myself how tough I'm getting. After the spade work I've done to get some of these appointments I'll bet I could get into the Kremlin with a note book in one hand and a camera in the other.

I've had a bit of good fortune in finding a Col. Warwick-Owensmith in public relations at 20th Century Fox—he enlisted in Canada and went to the war with the 3rd Anti-Tank Battalion—and in exchange for news of all his Canadian pals he has taken me under his wing and arranged for me to be given "the works" at the Fox lot yesterday.

I went up at ten in the morning, lunched at their famous Cafe de Paris lunch room, met directors, producers and countless stars and got home at seven o'clock. If anyone ever tells you this gang don't work hard they haven't seen them at it. They come on the lot at seven in the morning—have an hour for lunch and often don't leave till seven at night—for weeks and months at a time—six days a week. I hadn't any idea before how long it takes to make a picture—if they get five minutes of finished product from eight hours' shooting it's a good day.

Visits Brown Derby

After this exhausting expedition Col. Warwick-Owensmith took us to one of the many Brown Derbies to dinner—you know—built like a hat—couldn't be uglier, but advertised with such skill that by comparison Maxims sounds flat and unprofitable. But there the comparison ends—abruptly. It was bristling with tourists like ourselves—all eagerly eyeing each other in hope that by some strange alchemy their dreary looking neighbors would suddenly turn into Gable and Garbo out on a spree!

We were rewarded for this effort by not a bad dinner and by seeing Sid Grauman—that super showman—having dinner with what I imagine was his family—on the cook's night out. After dinner the Copelands took us up to Lewis Allen's to have a drink. He is an English director—now at Paramount—who recently did "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and made an even more amusing picture of it than the book was. They have a lovely house, full of English furniture and first editions, built high up in Beverly Hills and he and his wife had spent their day putting in a garden path.

They are sending a boy up to Ridley in the autumn, and Mrs. Allen was full of questions about our winter climate—my husband and Mr. Allen talked nostalgically about the English theatre—Babylon is getting further away moment by moment.

Next week I'll tell you in detail about my day at Fox. In the meantime, if you're having your hair

done, brush up on Ty. Power, Ann Baxter, Cesar Romero, Dick Haymes and that enchantress Celeste Holm, late of Oklahoma—all of whom I spent the day watching and talking to, and, most of all, to the finished product. The director this time, that engaging wizard, Gregory Ratoff. (Another article by Mrs. McCarthy will appear next Saturday.)

FINDS BRITONS NEED FOOD BUT GOOD HUMOR RAMPANT

By MARY McCARTHY

London, Oct. 30—Having made myself into a kind of animated question mark ever since I knew I was coming to England—I haven't been here for 10 years—I thought I'd a pretty fair working knowledge of the whole set-up, but from the moment we set foot on our little freighter in Montreal—a new mode of travel for me—I seem to have lived in a constant state of unprepared-for surprises.

Actually it is a most extraordinarily pleasant and comfortable way to travel, 12 rooms, 12 passengers. No waking up in the morning and finding yourself gazing with hatred into the faces of half a dozen strangers who share your loosely-called private room with you, which I am told is happening on some of the statelier craft at the moment. The food and service are excellent—there is no form of organized entertainment, which delights me. You can sleep the clock 'round without fear of missing anything. Next to taking a general anaesthetic it's the best form of escapism I know!

For eight whole days not even a paper. We turned on the radio at night just long enough for the English to hear how the test matches were going and then hurriedly switched it off lest some disturbing rumor from the outside creep into our temporary haven.

Liverpool was a shock. The destruction, which little attempt has been made to tidy up, is frightening. As I looked out the window of the newly-done-over Adelphi, where we waited for the two o'clock, at the acres of ruin and rubble, I couldn't help thinking surely to God there must be some more civilized way of settling differences.

The country from Liverpool to London was a revelation—every inch of land in crop. Not very good crops as three weeks of rain had all but ruined them. When you see the frantic effort that is being made to salvage what they can out of them, men and women working 18 hours a day in some parts, you realize the urgency of the food situation.

We travelled up to London in the carriage with Sir Ernest Lemon, do you remember, he brought the Royal Scot to Canada some years ago? He was formerly a vice-president of the L.M. & S. Railway and every time we passed a new railway carriage with British Railways painted loudly on its side, I could feel him wince. There is a lot of wincing by people round



Photo by Underwood and Underwood, Washington.

MRS. MARY McCARTHY

behind Buckingham Palace, I could see little change in 10 years. True, there was not much fresh paint about, but the geraniums hanging from every nook and cranny were doing a full-time job. If you can't paint your whole house you paint your front door and call it a day. This whole end of London has broken out in a rash of blue doors, with the brasses shining as they have always done.

Dinner, our first meal, in spite of worn table cloths, miniature table napkins salvaged from God knows what, and unmatched cutlery, was served, what there was of it, with all the old pomp and ceremony. I found strange unrecognizable substances given me with the same flourish as they were wont to heap your plate with caviar. And because they do it this way you keep up the game and eat it, even if you have to get out the bicarbonate later to help you into the sleep department.

If you're coming to England let no idle talk dissuade you from bringing your now-allowed 50 pounds of food with you. If you don't actually need it yourself it will lighten the burden for someone else. There is practically no meat. Fish and chicken, to use Mr. Perelman's phrase, "follow each other with the deadly precision of tracer bullets" and there are no fats. Eggs are in a class with diamond bracelets, and hardly any milk for anyone except children. Nobody complains about this angle of life, but the way a face lights up

one I've never heard of, I'm in the same mental state myself.

But seriously, I'm in a constant state of astonished admiration at the fortitude of these people. They live in a continual shortage of everything, not just food, and I hear no one complaining. They are still smiling and good tempered, and the slightest sign of a good day sends them all off to the races, the Olympics, Lords—or whatever they can get a seat for—as if they hadn't a care in the world. Maybe it's that resilient quality that keeps them going.

Lured on by a tempting shaft of sunshine we went to Lords ourselves one day. I thought they looked a well dressed lot. True there isn't much new look about, whatever that is at the moment, but I don't think anyone looked shabby. In fact I haven't seen one single person that looked actually poor since I came to England.

The welcome Canadians get in England at the moment is to me most heart warming. No more "come to tea a week from Monday" to visiting Canadians—they are on an abandoned spree of friendship which couldn't be more endearing. The only place they relapse into old-time English restraint, and still refuse to be cosy, is in railway trains.

VISIT RANK STUDIOS

We had a most lovely day when Mr. Arthur Rank took us to his studios at Pinewood—their show-place studio—about an hour out of London in Buckinghamshire. Formerly it was the estate of the late Grant Morden, one of our more successful Canadians, who made the whole place a dream of beauty. I've never seen a more lovely garden—miles of it—a lot of the outdoor scenes you see in English pictures are taken there.

Mrs. Douglas, the sprightly and charming wife of the well-beloved U.S. ambassador to England, and her much-photographed golden-locked daughter Sharman, were with us. Between us we were given the full treatment. Mr. Rank is a most charming and chatty host.

After lunch the place was ours. We did the rounds of everything they were shooting, and they produced such a barrage of stars for us I was bewildered, all asking the same question—do Canadians like English pictures? As I do I was meat for them all.

The difference between this easy-going atmosphere and Hollywood made me feel I was watching an entirely different industry. I was anxious to have more than a few words between calls with Jean Simmons, the wonder child of Rank Films at the moment, so without any Hollywood fuss they arranged to bring her 'round to the hotel to see me the next day. She is an enchanting little creature, with a pixie quality about her that is most disarming. Nothing pixieish about her salary, though, which, after I

wrong by wrong. Leaving a trail of broken lives and hearts behind him he finally leaves the enchanted audience to go out to Miami, live in luxury and escape what the government is doing to his way of life!

If he'd got the Miami idea along about the end of the second act it would have saved me a lot of suffering. It's about the most unmoral and unsavory three long hours I can remember and yet I'm intrigued to know what its tremendous appeal is—it's so un-English to me. Maybe that's it! I nearly forgot to say the acting is superb.

POLITICS CONFUSING

I found it hard to gouge any new light on the political situation out of any of my more serious minded friends. I say I'm confused—they say, so is the political situation! Also I think it's cheek to whip through a country for a week and offer any comment on their political set-up. I always resent it when visiting firemen do it in Canada.

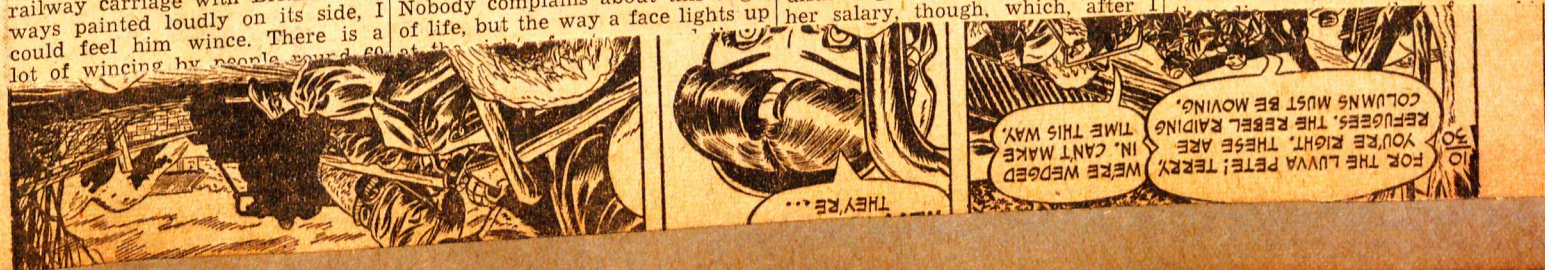
People seem to admire Sir Stafford Cripps in a distant sort of way. Winston, as everyone calls him, is still the most popular figure in England. It doesn't matter who is at a gathering he always gets the big hand.

Another grand day we had in the country was when my husband's perennial urge to see a good horse got the better of him, and that charming and well-known sportsman Mr. J. V. Rank, better known as Jimmy, took us down to Salisbury to see his racing stable. A day with Jimmy is an experience in itself, he is a most entertaining companion, never stops talking and his tales of yachting in the Caribbean with Mr. Jack Bickell were well worth the nerve-racking experience of meeting personally so many horses. The house, Druid's Lodge, where so many Canadians stayed during the war, is the last word in luxury. The four-laps-to-the-mile living room, hung with my friends the horses, seen through Sir Alfred Munnings' eyes, is one of the finest rooms I've ever seen.

Thanks to Dr. Hubert Dun and Mrs. Dun (our own Margaret Eaton), we've stepped out of our legal ranks and met a lot of the medical fraternity who are all much too interested in the new state medicine business to go far away at the moment. Where two or three doctors are gathered together it is always the burning subject.

I must say, after listening to miles of talk about it, I think the pros and cons are pretty equally divided. The G.P.'s looked a little haggard at the thought of 4,000 patients apiece on their books but many of them seem to think if it doesn't make the nation health conscious to the point of being neurotic, it should boil down to something really very fine.

I gathered from Sir Reginald Watson-Jones, that top-ranking or-



but I did spend one day going round the shops. Couponless, I might add, in case I was tempted beyond my financial strength! It really is an extraordinary set-up. The shops look full of things but I found anything in the way of clothes or household things, anything manufactured under the present high price of labor, was at least double what we would pay at home, or else marked for display purposes only.

On the other hand I thought antiques were remarkably cheap. Furniture is not too difficult to find. They may not be museum pieces but pleasant 100-year-old stuff selling far below Grand Rapids prices.

From this entire expedition I came back empty-handed, but my travels took me into the city and by St. Paul's. I've heard so many times that now the area around Mr. Wren's famous masterpiece had been cleared by German bombs you get a much better view of the cathedral. Well, I don't know how you'd feel about it the first time you see all that indescribable destruction, but my eyes were too full of tears to see much of St. Paul's.

One of the nicest things we've done is four days with the Birketts in their enchanting place in Buckinghamshire. Do you remember hearing Sir Norman, that great friend of Canada, broadcast? He did some beautiful jobs for the C.B.C. when he was in Canada in 1941. They only live an hour from London, but with the present petrol ration they can't do it by car so we went down by train.

PEACEFUL AFTER WAR

Once you get into their house, set high on a hill overlooking Amersham in the valley and far over the Chilterns beyond, it's hard to believe that peaceful countryside ever was in the path of war. We did a tour of the countryside on Saturday with saved-up petrol, the churchyard where Grey wrote his Elegy, the Quaker meeting house where Penn lies buried in the austere graveyard, a little stone marking the place, and finally the house where Milton lived.

We were walking through its hallowed halls, tiny, when an eager young seeker after truth, female, age about 20, said in a piping cockney voice to the solemn-faced academic-looking curator: "And have you any amusing little anecdotes you could tell me about Milton?"

I thought the old boy was going to have a stroke. If there are any amusing little anecdotes about Milton, that obviously is not the place to find them.

I can best describe our whole stay

down here in Rupert Brooke's lovely lines: "Laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness, in hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

PARIS LOOKS LOVELY AS EVER AND PRICES KIND TO TOURIST

By MARY MCCARTHY

Paris, Nov. 9—When I think that there was one unhinged moment in our planning when we thought of going direct from London to The Hague, where we are bound for, and not by way of Paris, I tremble. I wouldn't have missed this week here for anything. I don't know why when you're planning a trip 3,000 miles away it all looks so difficult.

Actually it's never been more easy or pleasant—there are so many air lines now that you can always get a seat on a plane (usually half-empty) at any time of the day or night you want it. And if you suddenly change your mind they'll change your ticket with the same speed and smile. This doesn't apply to Atlantic crossings, which I hear are still hard to come by. The tourist and his dollars, whatever your government will let you have of them, has never been made more welcome.

Unbelievably Cheap

Although prices in France have gone up tremendously since the war they don't nearly meet the spread in exchange since the latest devaluation of the franc. The last time I was here 1,000 francs cost \$40. Now they cost \$3, which makes everything unbelievably cheap. But this state of bliss is only for the tourist! If you wonder as I've been doing, why French things at home are so prohibitive in price, I've discovered it's because of the tremendous export tax France has whacked on everything going out of the country since the war.

Although all wages have been increased they still don't nearly meet the rise in prices for the natives and for the majority of people, at least in the cities, the business of living is still very grim. A few things such as fats, cheese and bread are still rationed and skimpily too, and milk, coffee, pepper and meat are practically non-existent, even for dollars!

Lovely as Ever

Paris looks outwardly as lovely as it has always done—gay, friendly and smiling, even if you sometimes wonder what they have to smile about. The only things missing are the statues; do you remember what the statues were there were all beautiful ones there were all through France? Well, with the exception of the horses on the Arch of Triumph not one remains! The Germans melted them all down when they began to run short of metal. Whether they liked the Arch of Triumph horses or whether it was too big a job to get them down still intrigues the French.

In spite of four years of occupation there was very little destroyed. The liberation came so suddenly the Germans hadn't time to destroy anything, except that any pieces of furniture they could lay their hands on they heaved out the windows the morning the U.S. forces came.

Full of Politics

Although the papers are full of the chaos of the ever-changing political situation, the carefree looking crowds we see picnicking on the Bois every afternoon don't look as if they had packed their political troubles in the picnic basket. When I said this to my host at dinner last night he replied, somewhat grimly, that they hadn't packed much food in those baskets either. In fact, he said, a good half of Paris goes to bed hungry every night, a disturbing thought to us who live in plenty.

I read in a guide book the other day that every human over six in Europe has a personal connection with the black market, and that anyone looking as if he had dollars in his pocket was constantly accosted on the street with better offers of exchange than the standard bank rate. I'm beginning to think I don't look prosperous enough, because, short of scattering dollar bills in the air, I've done everything I can to proclaim that I'm willing to subscribe to any conniving in exchange that will help spin my few dollars out.

Aren't Interested

So far no one but T. Cook seems to have the slightest interest in my exchange problems. I went so far as to try and interest the concierge in our hotel in me and my cash. My guide book, which I'm fast losing faith in, says they're all in the racket. But not this one. He just led me to the hotel cashier where the rate is even lower than Cook's! If there is a black market here I can't find it any more than I could in England.

We spent the week-end with some friends of ours in the country near Barbizon, which is enjoying a temporary flutter of fame since Princess Elizabeth went down there to a civic lunch at the inn, when she was here in the spring. They all speak of her with great affection—she charmed everyone—which is no mean achievement for the first time she had been out of the Empire (we still had one then!).

Burned Books to Keep Warm

The house we stayed in had been taken over by German officers during the occupation and consequently was extremely well kept, except for the library, when come a cold night and no kindling they lighted the fires with books. A lot of libraries in France went up in smoke this way.

I've been tremendously impressed by the solicitude of everyone here for England's present plight. Although many people, I think, feel it was worse to be occupied than bombed they have no doubt in their minds that England is having a worse time than they are now. Nobody goes from here to England without taking all the food they can lay their hands on.

We did a tour of the wine country and what a beautiful country it is—as far down as Chabils, and I was horrified at the amount of destruction in all the villages we went through.

Systematic Bombing

They told us that all during the occupation there had been a systematic Sunday morning bombing of the little towns and villages around Paris, maybe just one bomb each, about the time the people were going to mass. It was just enough to take the heart out of them and out of their villages as well. Not much of this has been rebuilt on account of the desperate shortage of any kind of building materials. In many places they don't seem to have even had the heart to tidy it up.

Lily Dache of hat fame, and her husband came down to lunch on Sunday. The famous Dache was hatless, which amused me. I always expect women as successful as she is to show some sign of the struggle in their faces, but whatever driving power she has she doesn't take out to lunch on Sunday with her!

Charming and Relaxed

She is charming and relaxed and looks as if her millions came like manna and not by the sweat of that unlined brow. I saw her gazing at my hat a couple of times with what I couldn't quite decide was professional curiosity or horror!

One day I went the rounds of the dress houses just to depress myself thoroughly. I can only tell you the newest new look here admits of not the slightest suggestion of padding on shoulders.

In an enthusiastic and misguided moment I went home and ripped all mine out, a course of action I don't advise. I no longer look like a prize fighter—I only look as if someone had left me out in the rain!

We lunch nearly every day at the Ritz—it still has the world's best food, and you don't hear as much French spoken as you do in the Ritz in New York. I think even the waiters have almost forgotten their native tongue.

It's bursting at the seams with U.S. nationals all looking a little self-conscious in their new clothes and anxiously watching each new arrival to see if any U.S. sister has had the temerity to purchase the same model. I saw a woman at the next table the other day barely able to choke down another mouthful of food after the exact hat she was wearing appeared on a younger and lovelier head.

Like Mars

What goes on in the Ritz dining room has about as much to do with life in France as if it was on Mars, but is amusing to watch. La Tour d'Argent, where we dined last night, has had its face lifted and had added a room with three walls of glass, where you can sit almost as if you were outside, and watch the moon come up over Notre Dame and make a golden path on the Seine, and eat as I did—the pressed duck, personally prepared by the third generation of Terrails.

In spite of all they provide in the way of luxury—for the tourists—I find myself so often with a catch in my throat. You can't help being conscious, even living amongst them for such a short time, of the millions of people in Europe for whom life holds nothing more than

to
"Watch the things you gave
your life to broken
And stoop and build 'em up
with worn-out tools."

LOTS OF ART, BUT NO TREES DUTCH BUSTLING, NEAT AS PIN

By MARY MCCARTHY

The Hague, Nov. 20—Coming into Holland by plane is a most nerve-racking experience for a self-appointed navigator like me—from the air there doesn't look to be enough land to put a moth down—let alone the giant Air France job we were in. In spite of all the flying we've done I'm still not what could be described as a carefree passenger. From the moment we're up I find myself taking full responsibility for everything that goes on. I look around me with envy at the happy couples who unfasten their seat belts, order a couple of double champagne cocktails, whip out a pack of cards and behave generally as if they haven't a care in the world.

Personally, I think they'd be much better employed in telling their beads like my old friend crossing the Andes! I will admit one improvement, however, when the stewardess finally slams the door I no longer feel trapped as I did for so long. I now have a resigned kind of feeling that I'm compromising with the inevitable! But I must get you back to this land of Rembrandts and canals and stop this fascinating business of talking about myself.

We came down in Amsterdam, no landing field at The Hague, and came along here by car after a most tedious half hour going through customs. They are polite and agreeable but firm, and when it's all over you are left clutching a slip of pink paper, with anything of value you may have with you listed thereon, and a firm admonition not to lose it or you may have difficulty in getting out of the country with your possessions. Also any changing of money you do must be accounted for on this miserable bit of paper, all very tiresome and restricted after the freedom of France and England.

Germans Cut Down Trees

The drive to The Hague is a dreary forty miles of double highway flanked on either side by canals and not a tree in sight. The Germans cut them all down for military operations or the Dutch crept out at night during the occupation and cut them down for firewood. The liberation came just in time to save a few on the streets in The Hague, but their parks, they were so proud of, were completely denuded and look now like a second year demonstration wood-lot in Ontario!

The Hague isn't a particularly beautiful city by day, but by night it's enchanting with all its lights reflected in the canals and the busy, brightly lighted little barges buzzing round far into the night. But as I spend every daylight hour tottering through the Art Galleries, which are fabulous, or in the Peace Palace listening to how the lawyers hope to save the world, I can't complain.

sentiments in Holland are considered pure heresy and show you know nothing about art! So many galleries with nothing but Dutch pictures make me hope I'll live long enough to see a whole gallery in Canada some day with nothing but Canadian paintings on its walls.

Haarlem is an enchanting little town with rows of spotless 400-year-old houses, looking in much better shape than some of our own wartime housing projects! And by the way Holland is doing a first-class job with their emergency housing; they've left out the word emergency in the building of them as well as in describing them. This whole enterprise comes under a most competent planning board and the new blocks of moderately priced apartments are architecturally good and built to last.

The burgomaster of The Hague had a reception for the delegates to our meeting in the lovely old town hall the night we arrived. I was amazed at how well everyone here speaks English, most of it with a good Canadian accent too.

All But Fish Rationed

There were lashings of food and drink, groaning boards set up in every room, but the way the natives fell on the food made me think it wasn't quite as easy to come by as it seemed that night. After the first half hour the tables looked as if the locusts had descended on them. I've found since I was right, almost everything is rationed except fish, and there is no meat. This is the first year since the Germans flooded Holland that the fields could be used for grazing. It's taken three years to get them back into shape and they are now full of fat black and white and belted cattle, and the Dutch are practically drooling every time they look at them in anticipation of the winter when there will once more be meat on their tables.

The American Ambassador His Excellency Dr. Baruch, brother of the famous Barney, had a cocktail party for the American delegates yesterday—and we being the only Canadians here were thrown in for good measure. He is one of the most charming and handsome old gentlemen I've ever seen. He looks like something out of the bible in Bond Street clothes. I told him as we went in how kind I thought it was of him to have asked us to what was obviously Old Home Week for the Americans—he said, "My dear Mrs. McCarthy—Canadians—Americans—all my life I've never been able to tell the difference."

Canada's Deluxe Embassy

Our Canadian Ambassador, His Excellency Dr. Dupuys and Madame Dupuys have been most kind and helpful and through them we have met a most engaging lot of people in their lovely house at Warsenaan. The embassy is one of the finest modern houses I've ever seen—it was built by a gent who made a fortune selling arms to both sides in the

Spanish war and was finally dispatched to his last reward when his ill gotten plane crashed into a California hillside. During the occupation the chief of the German staff lived there. He departed in a hurry but not in too much hurry to take every stick of furniture out

of it. The Dupuys, who have lived in Europe for many years, he's one of our earliest career men, have lovely things of their own. The whole set up is a great credit to Canada. We've been out there several times and met a great many Dutch people who all speak in the most glowing and affectionate terms of the ambassador and the excellent work he is doing for Canada.

I've discovered for myself one reason why there is no unemployment in Holland, and that is judging by the amount of literature in the form of tourist bait we've been showered with, at least one half of the population must be engaged in preparing same. One bit of information I can go them one better on, however, is, I quote "Do not leave your home before you have the confirmation of your hotel accommodation in your pocket."

Must Battle For Space

My advice is do not arrive at your hotel without said confirmation grasped firmly in your hand, the light of battle in your eye, and the determination to kick like a steer until you get the exact accommodation you've spent the last six months arranging for. You'll get it if you're firm! It only took me one night sleeping on a mattress that I think was stuffed with discarded windmills to get right into fighting trim! If you're coming here for any other reason than for the

propagation of peace and don't want to be near the Peace Palace, as we do, I'd advise staying in Amsterdam, where there is much more doing. It's a fascinating place, the endless traffic on the canals never ceases to intrigue me, and to watch it all stop on the stoplights just as the traffic on the roads does is an almost unbelievable anachronism.

To me one of the most frustrating features of life in Europe today is, that on account of the old bugbear international exchange, no one except people on special missions or diplomats ever get out of their own countries. A lot more people got around in covered wagons than Europeans do in airplanes today. I am constantly asked here about London and Paris as if they were on another planet. Not one per cent of the people I've talked to since I came to Europe have been out of their own countries since the war and consequently have little or no idea of what other countries are doing and thinking. How we are ever to achieve One World this way I wouldn't know.

One thing that has interested me very much is that a great many Europeans do seem to know that we have a very able young man in Ottawa called "Mike" Pearson. I am constantly asked about him. In fact I had to come to Holland to hear the slogan—"While there's Mike there's hope." See what I mean about getting around!

HAMBURG-BREMEN PORT AREA JUST MILE ON MILE OF RUINS

By MARY MCCARTHY
Special to The Star

The Hague, Dec. 18 — Remember the bit of pink paper I told you they listed all our possessions on coming into Holland—the one without which we couldn't get out of the country? Well, after guarding it with my life for 10 days, not only did no one ask to see it—there was no one to ask to see it. I don't understand that game; I think they only do it to annoy.

The only person who paid the slightest attention to our departure was the taxi-driver, who took us from The Hague to The Hook, where we got our train. Speaking a few halting words of English when we embarked, he addressed me at length, in Shakespearean English when I questioned why we should pay 50 per cent. more than the fare on the meter! I've found out now that between 8 p.m. and 8 a.m., taxi fares in Holland are a free-for-all and it's best to make your bargain before setting sail, same local rules as Mexico. As this was 8 a.m., I was in no mood to argue.

We did this leg, Holland to Denmark, by train so we could see what had been Hamburg and Bremen, and some other cities we'd known before the war. Unless you're bound for home or are a diplomat or member of the army of occupation, it's quite a business to get the proper visas to go through Germany at all. Air is the simplest way, but you don't see anything.

Ruins Were Terrifying

However, our efficient embassy got us fixed up and on a wet and dreary Sunday morning we embarked on the Copenhagen express for a 15-hour journey to Odense on the Island of Fyn, which, incidentally, took 19 hours. Fyn is an island in the middle of Denmark, in case you haven't heard of it before, as I hadn't. The part of Holland through which we went from The Hook to the German border, was entirely different from the country we'd seen before. It's quite like Scotland; little hills, heather and sea.

We got to the German border about 10.30 and until 11 that night, when we got into Denmark, it was just a succession of one ruined town after another. It's terrifying. There is practically nothing left standing. If there is "music in the midst of desolation" I couldn't hear it. I wish everyone could see what warfare leaves in its wake. If they could, I don't think anyone would be so quick on the draw next time.

For one hour outside Hamburg and Bremen from the train window, there is nothing but destruction. People walk around or over ruins. Not one brick is tidied up in this part of Germany. Hundreds of burned-out railway carriages stand forlornly on sidings, and engines sprawled drunkenly on their sides are lying round everywhere. Wreckage of ships lies in all slips in the harbor at Hamburg, and the loading cranes at crazy twisted angles make fantastic patterns in the sky. You can't believe the war is over—you can almost hear the departing

Stations Like Ghosts

No lights brighten the streets at night and people prowls about carrying lanterns. During the day I saw only two cars on the road, both U.S. army trucks. It's like looking at something that's dead; it makes you ashamed of being part of a civilization in which we are forced to do such things to each other in order to survive, and that only temporarily, if we don't soon find another way out.

The railway stations are like ghosts. Those with glass roofs haven't a whole pane left in them; not a sign is to be seen anywhere, not an advertisement, not a paper to be bought; nothing but a lot of drab and dreary people standing round looking as if the clock had been turned back 10 years. I don't think I saw one person smiling. Their faces were as dead as their cities.

They took us all off the train every two or three hours and herded us into whatever station building remained, and did an elaborate check of our passports and money. I wondered why they couldn't do this on the train and save time, but apparently so many people are trying to get out of Germany without passport, the only way to catch them is to clear the train and search for stowaways.

You hear a great deal about shortage of cigarettes, but out of the dozens of officials who inspected my passports there wasn't one amongst them whose fingers weren't stained a revealing brown.

"Quick-Change" Artist

When you run out of the crumbling cities you get an hour or two of lovely peaceful countryside, looking very like Ontario, and you begin to think perhaps the last town was really not as bad as you thought. First thing you know you bang into another town that's even worse. The train itself was far from what we were accustomed to in a pre-war European express. All rolling stock in this area is falling to pieces, no train travels more than 35 m.p.h. for safety reasons. Carriages are old, dirty and uncomfortable. Oddly enough meals are excellent, but my chief interest in the dining car was the steward, who took any currency offered, or assortment of same, and gave change with lightning speed in any cur-

rency you fancied, the right change, too.

So often I hear people lamenting no good poetry has come out of this war. How could it? To "have a rendezvous with death at some disputed barricade," certainly has a heroic ring to it, but to have a rendezvous with death while you're getting your husband's breakfast or putting the children to bed doesn't seem to leave much to sing about. And that's what war is by the newest set of rules. Although I will admit "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," has certain literary discrepancies compared with "O God of battles steel my soldiers' hearts"—I think the former is sounder, psychologically, if only we could get everyone in the world to think that way.

And if you think this is pacifist talk, you're right. And by the look of Europe today, if a great many more people in the world don't begin to think this way, we soon won't have any world to worry about. After all this gloominess I'd like to tell you one thing that does cheer me, and that is that no one here talks nearly as much or as glibly as we in Canada and the U.S. do about the next war—they know too much about war for any loose talk on the subject.

TORONTO DAILY STAR: Sat., Dec. 18, 1948

ENGLISH TAUGHT IN DENMARK AS NO. 1 FOREIGN LANGUAGE

By MARY MCCARTHY

Kerteminde, Island of Fyn, Denmark, Jan. 8—We're in the midst of our first taste of Danish hospitality, and believe me it makes the old days in Calgary sound like a Quaker meeting—and that is no faint praise. I remember Leonard Brockington once saying to me that to hear an old Calgarian describing life there in the early days made it sound nothing short of Babylon. This isn't exactly Babylon, nor do I expect was Calgary, but there is the most open-handed, open-hearted spirit abroad that I have ever met in any land.

The Danes like people, and are delightfully demonstrative about it—the fact that practically every man, woman and child in Denmark speaks English—not just a few halting words, but as it should be spoken, does a great deal to further this feeling of friendliness. English is the number one foreign language taught in all schools and to that they have added the most picturesque assortment of American slang I've heard in a long while.

My guide book says that "Denmark gives tourists the biggest and the heartiest welcome on the European continent," but I'd like to add a bit more to that—there is no feeling of come in and lose your money—they don't overcharge you, and they don't seem to care much whether you leave your dollars in the country or not.

Not Sure of Station

We finally did come to the end of that awful safari through Germany and arrived at Odense—our destination—at 2.30 in the morning. We had a little difficulty in identifying the station as by that time all the train crew except the solitary engine driver seemed to be safely in bed, and there were no signs on the station. I stepped on to the platform and asked the only two people I saw standing there if this was Odense—pronouncing it as spelled—well they don't—the "d," being difficult for the Danes to pronounce, is ignored and the final "e" is silent—try saying it this way, and you will understand my panic as I watched the Copenhagen express drag itself out of the station without me and two smiling gentlemen bowing and emitting what I thought was a series of discourteous grunts—which really was Oens—Oens—Oens—just to reassure me!

Troubles Then Over

However, in the midst of this bewildering conversation our friends from Kerteminde (pronounced Care-timeande) appeared—and from that moment on our troubles were over. It's a half hour's drive from Odense to Kerteminde, through the most lovely country.

There is a train service I believe each way once a day—apparently it's a slightly informal service—they say walking is quicker. The engine driver knows everyone along the line, and if he comes to a cross roads and sees any of his friends on foot he pulls up and asks them if they'd like a lift.

If you are coming here and can possibly manage to arrive by moonlight, do, it's enchanting—hills and woods laced with fiords gleaming like silver ribbons through the countryside. Kerteminde itself is a tiny little fishing village in the middle of the Island of Fyn and a favorite summer resort of the entire population.

Rent Their Houses

The fisherfolk move out of their immaculate little white houses into littler huts built along the shore, and rent their houses for July and August to city folks for enough to live on for the rest of the year—fish or no fish.

Our first real meal was lunch—just a little family affair of six courses. In my North American ignorance I took every course to be the last and ate accordingly—we began with smorgosbord—10 kinds of uncooked fish—some in aspic, and some tortured for days in brine and spices—I even found myself smacking my lips over eel in jelly—when I could forget what they look like hanging in shop windows. Holland's full of them.

Bled Country Dry

In the middle of the table was a great dish of raw eggs—on the half shell. This was a tremendous achievement of our hostess, as eggs, butter and meat are almost unprocurable—all kept for export. The Germans bled the country dry of these commodities which did much to upset their national economy, and since the liberation Denmark has, and is still, housing and feeding one million foreign refugees—for free.

To offset this added burden they are exporting practically all their dairy products—the only thing they have to export—to try and balance their trade budget once again.

Dinner is in the same pattern as lunch, only no smorgosbord, often a superb fish soup—which I think we entirely neglect in Canada. I wish someone would ask me to write a column on food at this very moment—the cooking here makes me feel we don't use much imagination in the Land of the Maple.

Most Lovely Houses

The country round Kerteminde has some of the most lovely houses in Denmark. My host tells me firmly they are not castles—we must wait till we get to Copenhagen to see those—but country estates of the landed gentry—I've never seen properties anywhere so well kept—thousands of acres per estate—with the thatched half-timbered cottages of the tenantry as immaculate as the master's mansion. This is the first years since the war that paint has been available and every building in the country is shining.

I find here, as elsewhere in Europe, that hardly anyone I met has been out of the country since the war, and they are all full of interest about what we've seen, especially in Germany. The consensus of opinion seems to be that as long as Germany is occupied no one is going to do much about tidying

up the shambles. They tell me—they were occupied themselves for four years you know—that no one does one more tap of work under occupation than they are actually forced to do to survive.

Was Two-edged Sword

One manufacturer said that during their occupation they had told their people to do as little work as they could possibly get by with, but, he added somewhat grimly, it was a two-edged sword because after the liberation it was very hard to jack them up to doing a good prewar day's work again. The Germans stripped the country of everything they could lay their hands on, but as far as I know they didn't destroy anything—that is nothing material.

We did a tour of the Island yesterday—first Odense—where the chief showplace is the house where Hans Christian Andersen lived. It's been re-vamped into a museum and the enormous entrance hall has life size murals on the walls giving you his life history—from a small boy until his final delight—besides telling fairy tales to children—that of listening to Jenny Lind sing.

Doing Conservation Job

They are doing a job on conservation here that would fill our local

boys with envy and despair. They have collected a number of typical old houses from all over the island and moved them into a park in Odense—given by some philanthropic and far-sighted citizens—collected perfectly authentic furniture and altogether done a beautiful job. This whole enterprise is supported by a small charge for going through the houses—they are open daily—and an endowment fund to which more and more people are leaving money. This seems to me an excellent movement for Canadians to please copy before our landmarks perish and decay.

