

BIRTH of a DINNER CLUB

SITTING amid the soft lighting of pinks, orchids and purples, and surrounded by celebrities from screen, stage, television and the work-a-day world in the Harwyn Club — New York's

newest plush spot, which since its gala opening last No-

vember has set a dazzling pace — the enchanted diner, enjoying the royal squab *en casserole grand'mere* and the sunny, cheerful Tavel Rose, wondered how such a place came into the Manhattan picture.

Hours of probing, from front office to kitchen, disclosed that two incidents, spaced eighteen years apart, were responsible.

The first was in 1927. The band was gayly playing and laughter filled the air in the Salon Royale, a fabulous New York speakeasy.

"Texas" Guinan was shouting "Hello, Sucker" to incoming guests. Nick Prunis, the boss, was preening. The dough was rolling in.

A rowdy, with an automatic in a shoulder holster, came in with his girl. He was noisy. Frank Harris tried to placate him and lead him to a table. The rowdy pushed Harris about before he settled down. Harris was already dreaming dreams, dreams of his own restaurant, which



By

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would not be a "speak." As he walked away from the table, he knew that when he had his place such characters would not be admitted.

The second incident was in 1945. Springtime, and the "rush and roar" time in New York's Penn-

sylvania Station. Passengers were lined up at the gates . . . Trains were being called from the squawk-box . . . Red caps, hoping for extra tips, guided customers down their own secret passageways to trains . . . Babies bawled and lap dogs barked and tried to disarm porters of their brooms. Edward Wynne, 28, tall, handsome, brown as a coconut, had just returned from the Florida spring baseball camps. He stood there in the train concourse, patting the breast pocket of his jacket in which nestled a contract as an International League umpire. Wynne was to report in Rochester in two weeks.

But what was he going to use for money in the next two weeks? Wynne had a wife, a child, and another child on the way. He had an inspiration. Checking his gear, he walked into the station's Savarin Restaurant and asked for a job. Asked about his experience in the

restaurant business, Wynne replied, "I once had a job as a cashier in a Child's Restaurant." He didn't get a cashier's job — but the manager's. Wynne forgot his umpire's contract and began dreaming dreams about owning a restaurant.

THERE had been a day back in 1928 when prohibition agents raided and padlocked the Salon Royale. Harris got a job as a waiter in Longchamps and a year later went to work for Sherman Billingsley in his "speak" at 132 West Fifty-eighth Street. After a raid and a padlocking, Harris went on with Billingsley to One-and-a-half East Fifty-first Street, and then, after repeal, to the present location of the Stork at No. 3 East Fifty-third Street. Waiter, captain, and manager, Harris, save for a period of eighteen months, followed the fortunes of Billingsley until last year — although always dreaming of a place of his own. His wife and his daughter, Marion, worked to help him save against the coming of "that day."

Meanwhile, Wynne was learning the restaurant business at the Savarin, which he managed for three and a half years. And then one day, walking past the Stork, "just for the hell of it" he walked in and made an application for employment. Billings-

ley interviewed and hired Wynne as one of the custodians of the front door's velvet rope. A year later he became the day manager.

Harris and Wynne used to talk behind the Stork Club wine lists. They talked about a dream club of their own.

Wynne "took a walk" from the Stork in May, 1953; Harris followed two weeks later; and plans for the Harwyn Club got under way.

The building at 112 East Fifty-second Street was leased and designer Russell Patterson took over. While in the process of building and decorating, a clique of people (now regular clientele) dropped in daily to "supervise" the operations, giving advice, opinions and just generally "rooting." Even Henry Ford II and his wife, who were passing by, stopped in for ten minutes to lend their encouragement.

It has been said that a color scheme, a decorative motif, can launch a new club like a beautiful gal breaking a bottle of champagne on the bow of a new ship. Wynne, Harris and Patterson learned this with great pleasure when the clientele took to the pinks, orchids and purples immediately. They "took," too, to the inspired food of Pasquale Dallacqua, formerly of the Stork and a rare being — a chef without temperament.



The genial Ole Andreason — “Andrew of the Stork” — also “took a walk” and is *maitre de*. The menu features his famous *Crab Andrew*. Captains, waiters, office executives and others likewise “took a walk” and there are now eighteen former Stork employees on the payroll.

WHATEVER your heart desires, from *Escargot Bourguigonne* to *Duckling Bigarade*, is available. But non-temperamental Pasquale would like you to enjoy some of his specialties, even if you never get to the Harwyn. He loves to talk about his *Colossal Shrimps Harwyn* and *Duckling Bigarade*. So, here are his own secret recipes:

COLOSSAL SHRIMPS HARWYN

Buy (as many as needed) Alabama *jumbo* shrimps. Boil for five minutes in water to which salt, pepper and a few dashes of tabasco have been added. Peel and clean shrimps and split them. Dip in bread crumbs and fry in pure olive oil. Brown butter with garlic, pour over the shrimps and serve.

DUCKLING BIGARADE

Clean duckling (about seven pounds) thoroughly and roast about two hours before removing from oven.

In the meantime, cook wild rice according to directions on container, and slice oranges in quarters, and prepare the Sauce Bigarade while duck is roasting.

SAUCE BIGARADE

You will need: Red currant jelly, lemon and orange peel (cut julienne), one jigger of port wine, one cup of brown gravy. Use a sauce pan. Brown two tablespoonsful of sugar, add two tablespoons of currant jelly and one jigger of port. Let this simmer until jelly is reduced to liquid. Add the cup of brown gravy and let this simmer ten to fifteen minutes. Blanch lemon and orange peel to remove bitterness and glaze with butter and sugar. Then add to sauce while on flame.

Remove duck from oven, put quarter orange slices and wild rice around the bird, pour the sauce over the duckling and serve.

THERE are many other notable dishes, including breast of chicken with tarragon leaves in white wine sauce; venison steaks with purée of chestnuts; and many others which often surpass the finest foods served anywhere abroad.

The soft music of Ira Brant at the piano seems to blend with the colors in the Harwyn (which is a contraction of the names of the owners, Frank Harris and Ed Wynne). But there are distractions — distractions like Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Greer Garson and Janis Paige; and for lady guests, such distractions as Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, John Hodiak, Lloyd Nolan, and others.

As a wag put it the other night: “This place has everything but Sherm.”

By John T. Flynn

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Bridges and
"Good"

**Bridges and Byrd vs. the
“Good” Public Debt**

TWO TOPFLIGHT American Senators have come up with a proposal which might well get to be as big and noisy an issue as Free Silver in the days of Bryan and Prohibition in the days of Coolidge and Hoover. Senator Styles Bridges, Republican, and Senator Harry Byrd, Democrat, have joined in proposing an amendment to the Constitution.

For twenty years Uncle Sam has been floating around in a sea of red ink. Since 1931, our once thrifty Uncle, after a sober life of 141 years, went off on a reckless spending binge which has lasted for twenty-three years. As a result, our Federal Government owes 275 billion dollars — a sum so big it is practically impossible to visualize. The yearly interest on this debt is almost twice as much as the total yearly cost of the Federal Government before the New Deal. But now at long last the

spenders in Washington are frightened. And this fear has encouraged some leading Republican and Democratic leaders to try to bring this reckless era of spending to an end by means of a Constitutional amendment.

Their proposal, simply stated, is: (1) Two weeks after Congress opens its regular session, the President will send to it a complete list of all activities and plans for the coming year. (2) He will indicate the amount of taxes which must be collected to cover all these costs. No more borrowing; no more deficits.

There is nothing new or queer about this proposal. It means a return to the policy that was followed by our government for 141 years, during which it grew from a little rustic republic to the greatest, richest and most powerful nation in the world. I wonder if the reader can