

NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF... BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP 35%

with the very first shampooing!



A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35% ... remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.



FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. The only shampoo *guaranteed* to remove ugly dandruff with just one lathering or money back.

**Only FITCH guarantees
cleaner, brighter hair...
free of ugly dandruff!**

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just one lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

Reconditions too!

What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

Get a bottle of this new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you're not delighted with how it brightens your hair up to 35%—how it removes loose dandruff too, in just one lathering—return unused portion for full refund from manufacturer.

Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

**IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS
or money back!**

Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

I SUPPOSE everyone has his own favorite meteorologist, along with his favorite turf accountant, pedicurist, shepherd's horn player, phrenologist, and all the other specialists that go to ease the strain of this life. My own favorite meteorologist is Harold Arlen, who, I was happy to see, is well enough again to appear on TV. Harold is an old friend of mine, and when I heard he was in the hospital I wanted to go to see him, but then I read that a frequent visitor to his bedside was Marlene Dietrich. I asked myself: If I were in the hospital, whom would I rather have visit me? Dietrich, or—well, you know the answer. When I was in the hospital, a year ago, neither Dietrich nor Arlen visited me, so it wasn't a vexing problem.

If you wonder why I speak of Arlen as my favorite meteorologist, it is to avoid making any obvious statement about his ability as a composer. He certainly is a student of meteorological phenomena. I offer Stormy Weather, Ill Wind, Come Rain or Come Shine, Over the Rainbow and some less-apparent manifestations of his concern for the umbrella and galosh industries.

Whatever dough Harold has stashed away as a composer could have been doubled or tripled if he had also decided to sing to his own accompaniment. He has a personality and a style, and many's the happy hour I have spent listening to him at the home of his frequent lyric-writer, Ira Gershwin. Tell you somebody else who listened to him, with profit: Miss Judy Garland, whose style is at least partly Arlen. (She was also influenced by a man named Roger Eden, who is on the musical staff at M-G-M.) Arlen is a natural-born singer: his father was a cantor in upstate New York. But his own style is late-spot lament.

Practice those piano lessons, sonny, and maybe one day you will meet some interesting people. A friend of Arlen's and mine, who, you might say, used to turn the pages, had behind him a reputation as a Yale football player. Out of respect for his new career I will not mention his name. You see, about two years ago he became a Trappist monk.

At the moment Arlen is finishing the score of House of Flowers, a musical show for Broadway. His collaborator on that one? Truman Capote. The action takes place in an institution that I shall euphemize as a house of frolic.

My guess is that the opening-night tickets will fetch \$200 a pair, and that's fetching, all right.

THIS DEPARTMENT has just sent a gold cigarette case, suitably inscribed, to Bat Fungo, the non-existent baseball announcer. Bat's achievement is that he has gone this far this season without referring to that Chicago team as the Pale Hose.

★ ★ ★

AS A MAN who has spent considerable time living it up, may I caution you, Junior, that it is not always so easy to live it down.

★ ★ ★

THERE IS a story, which I'll probably garble in transmission, that when John Strachey first met Bertrand Russell, the two aristocrats faced each other, the young Strachey shy, the older earl at ease, and Russell is supposed to have said: "I had an unhappy childhood. Why are you a writer?" It is still all but inconceivable that any gentleman would choose to become an author, and one of the favorite questions of nonauthors is how you got that way. During my early, more flippant, years, I used to explain that I'd been kicked by a horse. (Kicked by a horse, like Senator Morse.) I also told people I had run away from home when I learned I was adopted. Now, in my mellowing, or brown, period, I am more likely to reply that I liked the hours. That's closer to the truth than most answers, although it's so far from the whole truth that it's almost a lie. However, one doesn't mind lying to people who feel free on first introduction to probe into writers' lives but who would consider it impertinent to ask Ben Fairless to justify his choice of career.

I'll admit that to outsiders we must seem a strange lot, and we seem so to one another. The five

AL HIRSCHFELD



Harold Arlen, Truman Capote are collaborating on a musical

local men I see the most of are a stockbroker, a man who runs a small industrial plant, a banker, an opinion researcher and another writer. Four Harvard men and a Yale man, incidentally, in the town of Princeton, New Jersey. They are men I have known from five to twenty-six years, so this is no sudden desertion of writing cronies. In New York, for instance, I will always go out of my way to put myself in the stimulating presence of John Steinbeck and Wolcott Gibbs, and in the summer I play a lot of golf with Chas. Addams, the cartoonist. But I happen to know that Steinbeck is happy in the company of medicos and scientists, Gibbs goes to prize fights with a clothing manufacturer, and Addams puts in a lot of time with the connecting-rod set.

So the next time you see two guys in a club car, obviously good friends, don't immediately decide they are a couple of Boston financiers. One of them may be John Marquand. (The other may be Charles Lindbergh, for Marquand and Lindbergh are friends.)

Speaking of club cars and the inhabitants thereof. You know those cocoabrown straw hats with the club hatbands? The new name for them is Madison Avenue Crash Helmets.

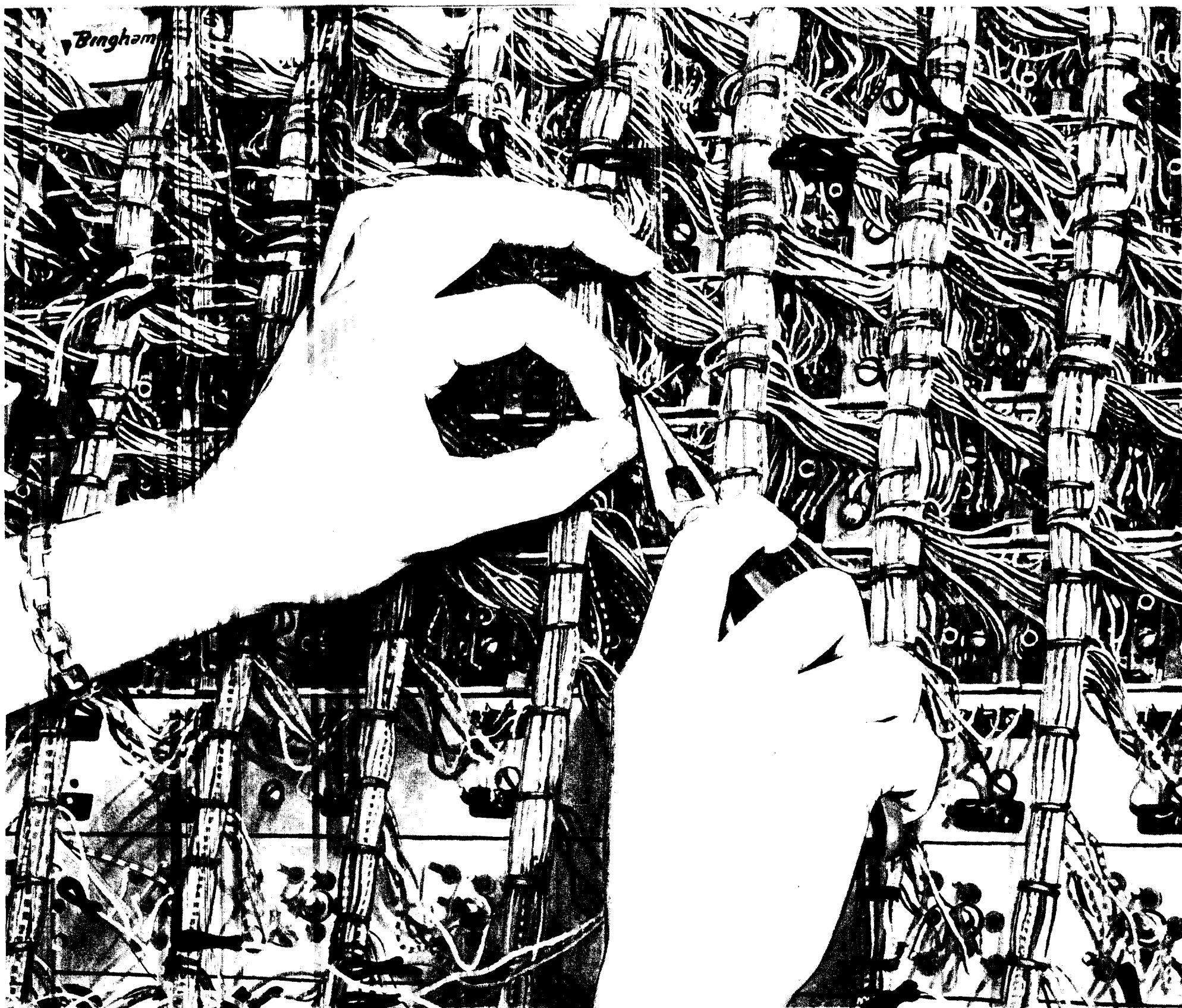
★ ★ ★

IN NEW YORK, Philadelphia and Boston I manage to get in a reasonable amount of walking, and I have made an interesting discovery. See if your own experience matches it. You are walking behind a young woman on Boylston Street, or Park Avenue or Chestnut Street. You have had no chance to look at her face. You wonder if she is pretty. Well, all you have to do is look beyond her to the men who are coming toward her. You get your answer from the expression on the men's faces. Try it. (But let it go at that; New York has some quite attractive female cops, and I imagine Boston and Philadelphia have too.)

★ ★ ★

I SEE WHERE Miss Elsa Maxwell has listed among great bores the man who talks about nothing but how much better the theater was in bygone days, and I think she has something. I am willing, for a starter, to forget a 1935 show called Jubilee, which had for one of its principal characters a character widely assumed to be based on Miss Maxwell. It was written and composed by two of her most intimate friends, Moss and Cole. I can't remember their last names. ▲▲▲

Collier's for August 20, 1954



Hands that help you say "HELLO!"

These are the hands of a girl at Western Electric, wiring switching equipment that goes to work in your Bell telephone central office when you make a call.

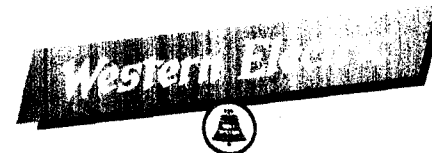
This equipment will take its place in the biggest, most complex machine in the world — the nation-wide network of the Bell Telephone System. Making the parts for this ever-changing, ever-growing machine — telephones, switchboards,

wires, cables—has been Western Electric's job for over 70 years.

New or old, these parts must all work perfectly together. And they do — for a good reason.

It's this: Western Electric — as the *manufacturing* unit of the Bell System — works in closest touch with Bell Laboratories people who *design* the equipment and Bell telephone company people who

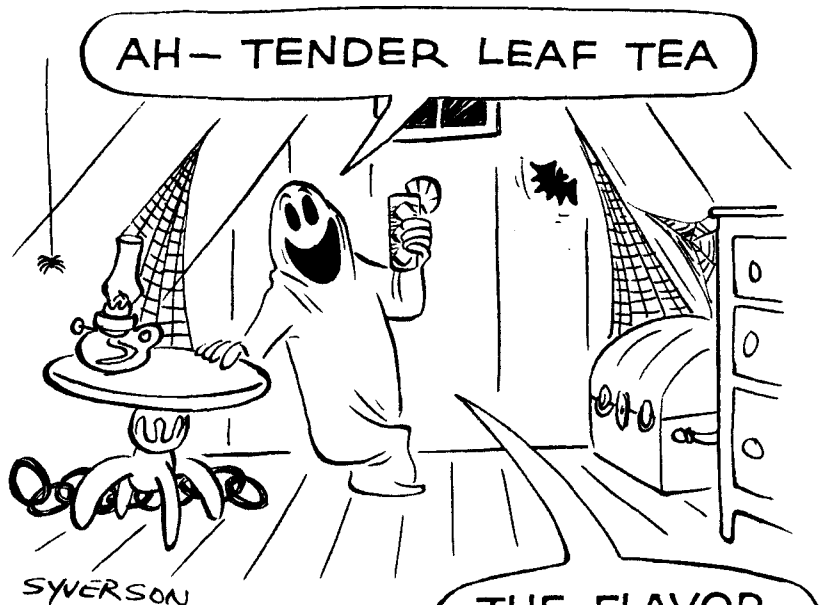
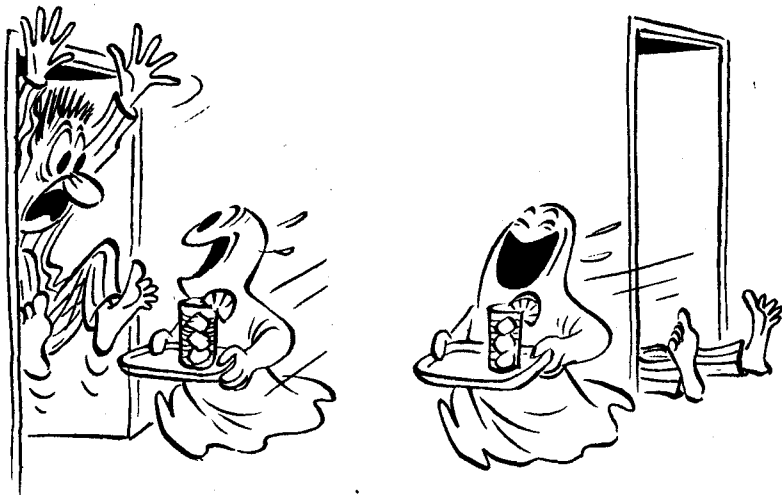
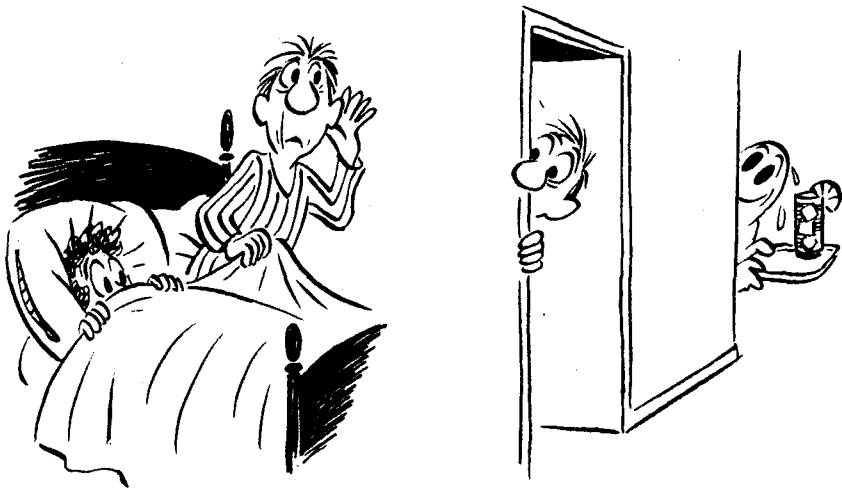
operate it. We're all part of the same outfit — the Bell System. Together we help you say, "Hello!" — to almost anyone, anywhere.



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



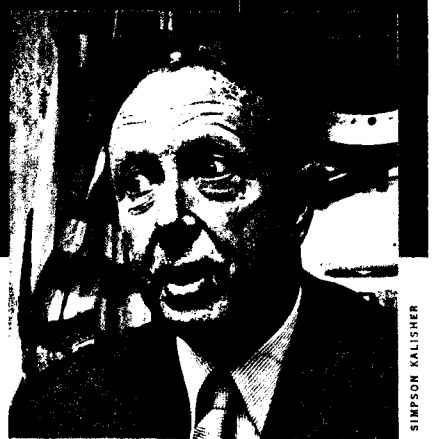
Gaylord the Ghost



Yes, here's iced tea—so flavorful, so refreshing, so wonderfully satisfying—you'll never switch brands again! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the flavor leaf that does it. Pick the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups—Tender Leaf Brand Tea. Loose or in tea bags—it makes the richest iced tea you ever tasted!

THE FLAVOR HAUNTS ME!

COLLIER'S CREDITS..



A. J. Cronin goes on a spree

WE WENT down to the boat in New York not long ago to wave good-by to A. J. Cronin and his wife on their umpteenth crossing of the Atlantic, and to tell him our spine tingled on reading his new suspense serial which starts in this issue.

The Cronins have with them, among other things, their car and their golf clubs. The car is for the tour of Spain, where Dr. Cronin will gather some background for his half-finished next novel. The other equipment is for a golfing spree and family reunion in Scotland, with three sons, two daughters-in-law and one granddaughter.

Each of his offspring seems to have inherited a different tendency from the Scottish-born doctor-turned-author. Vincent, the oldest, is a writer living in London with his French wife and their little girl. And his first book, *The Golden Honeycomb*, has just been published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Patrick, a doctor who has just received his M.D., is now on his honeymoon in Europe with his Canadian wife. Sixteen-year-old Andrew, now in Europe with friends, is the scientist. He has a laboratory in the basement of the Cronin home in New Canaan, Connecticut. "So far Andrew hasn't set the house on fire," his mother points out.

If the Cronin boys are like their dad, and they set anything on fire, it'll most likely be the world, we think.

FORTY-YEAR-OLD Drew Middleton is chief of The New York Times London Bureau. We think you'll find this distinguished correspondent's article on the British and their foreign policy an eye opener.

ADVISING us on our underwater feature was Ben Holderness, a thirty-eight-year-old Yale graduate who has been below the surface much of the time since 1944.

CASPAR NANNES, religious news editor of the Washington (D.C.) Evening Star, was graduated from Rutgers University in 1931 as a Phi Beta Kappa and tennis-team captain. He played in the national tennis tournament in Forest Hills; taught English at the University of Illinois and Rutgers until, in 1943, he decided to be a reporter, walked into the Star and got the job. As a result of this background he is also tennis editor.

ART BUCHWALD says: "I live quietly in Paris writing about the lighter side of Europe for the New York Herald Tribune. A new book, *Art Buchwald's Paris*, will be out in November. I intended to write one on Rome, but after this pinching business my wife has vetoed the plan."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



July 4, 1953



July 3, 1954

Collier's for August 20, 1954