Music

Notable New Recordings

AVING devoted the last few pieces to H European affairs and told of various records which are difficult to get in this country you will perhaps be pleased to hear that there are a lot of good new ones over here. Of the ones which have come to my notice, however, the majority are noteworthy not on account of the novelty or particular excellence of the compositions played but because of the skill with which they have been played and recorded.

Outstanding from the standpoint of unusually brilliant execution which has been faithfully transcribed to the wax is the old standby, Dvorak's New World Symphony, as played by Erich Kleiber and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra1. The clearness and delicacy of the pianissimo passages and the extent to which a crescendo is achieved without blare or rattle marks a definite step forward in symphonic recording.

For sheer beauty of tone in a composition of rarely surpassed loveliness of melody Fritz Kreisler and Serge Rachmaninoff would be hard to improve upon as they play the Sonata in A Major, Opus 162, of Schubert². This is Kreisler at his best and the records might be criticized solely on account of the extent to which Rachmaninoff subordinates himself.

A single piano record which no lover of that instrument should be without is Paderewski's beautiful rendition of Chopin's Polonaise in E flat Minor, Opus 26, No. 23. Surely you know and appreciate what Paderewski can do with Chopin.

In the popular field the Victor Company and Waring's Pennsylvanians have lost no time in bringing out sprightly versions of Sing a Little Jingle and I Found a Million Dollar Baby from Crazy Quilt4; Falling in Love and You Forgot Your Gloves from the Third Little Show⁵; and Dancing in the Dark and High and Low from The Band Wagon⁶. These selections from our newest and brightest Broadway revues are all danceable and, as played by the Pennsylvanians, can be listened to as well. But, to my mind, the best lowdown news of the week is that the Boswell Sisters have recorded Sing, Sister, Sing and Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on, although the Dorsey Brothers unfortunately do not accompany them.

O. C.-T.

▶ Prose and Worse ◄◄

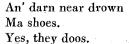
T a meeting of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, Mr. Davis, managing editor of Science Service, warned his hearers that if the radio audience suspected any desire to educate it, its radios would immediately be turned off. "In radio dramatization," said Mr. Davis, "probably lies the most effective means of presenting science over the radio. Within this category may be included the broadcasting of events in the field of science."

Well, leaving aside the question of whether or not the radio audience objects so much to features that are educational, or even intelligent, as those responsible for our programs seem to think, will Graham McNamee's broadcasting of the christening of a new telescope, or the discovery of a new

enthusiasm? vitamine, arouse your Science, it is true, offers a vast and virgin field for the sowing of Mr. Mc-Namee's wisecracks, and perhaps he can do for it what he has done for the newsreels, so vulgarized and cheapened that intelligent people now wear ear plugs. Or perhaps we shall have talks in German dialect by Herr Neanderthal, or dramatic sketches with Mr. Hydrogen, Miss Oxygen and Uncle Sulphur as dramatis personae, or a debate between Amos Science and Andy Religion.

Mr. Davis made one suggestion, however, which fired our imagination. "The least we can do," he said, "is to ease the listeners into the talk by theme songs." Now, these can't be the ordinary theme songs. They must have a scientific slant. And we have composed one to introduce a lecture on evolution, which we call "The Mammalian Blues." As the announcers say, with that charming rising inflection-Here it is!

Ah'm a mammal now, An' how Ah regret it! Ah've worked an' Ah've sweated For a million years To get where Ah am. Oh, damn! Oh, dry those tears! An' now Ah'm a mammal With a famil-Y to feed-Indeedy-deed! I got those mammalian blues-Oh, baby, what's the use? Ma tears run down



They's somepin, jest somepin that Ah can't explain,

A wigglin' an' a jigglin' in ma poor old brain:

I wanna go back to ma life in the mud When Ah didn't have brains and Ah didn't have blood.

Each cerebral convolution May be proof of evolution,

> It's just another wrinkle-Oh, baby, can't you see! And Ah think'll Lunge—plunge Back into the ooze and be a sponge Or a winkle. What a time We had, we amoebas In the prehistoric slime; Never had the heebie-

jeebas

Worse than a reptile,

Though we never had a dime. Then Darwin, darn him, Changed all my anatomy, Made a monkey out of me, Then he did worse, Made me what I'd rather be anything than-A man! (Oh, roll around the hearse!) Nature's stepchild,

With educated fingers and an unskilled brain. Oh, man, Let it rain! I wanna drown ma troubles In bubbles Not of booze, But of prehistoric ooze. I got those damn-where-Ah-am clammy mammy, Mammalian blues!

Aeneas B. Hooker contributes:

Who keeps the dusty highroad, Nor glances left nor right, Shall travel in good company And reach his goal at night.

But he who shuns the highroad And wanders at his will By unfrequented valley, By brake and glen and hill,-

He, though his coat be ragged, His bed the dew-drenched sod, Like Moses in the Bible tale Shall walk alone with God. WALTER R. BROOKS.

Brunswick, Album No. 30. Victor, Masterworks Album No. 107. Victor, 7391. Victor, 22707. Victor, 22706. Victor, 22708. Brunswick, 6109.

From the Life 44

By IBBY HALL

→ Mouse-Hunters

HE man who owned the cat sat on the front porch in his rocking chair, rocked violently by the effort of his thoughts, and staring hard at the pussy.

The leg was broken. Certainly the leg must be broken. But in spite of it she sat happily in the warmest spet of sunshine, blinking her yellow eyes, purring and dozing. Occasionally she roused herself long enough to sit on her haunches and yawn, stretching her sleek head backwards, closing her eyes, and sticking out a tongue as pink and delicate and curled as a rose petal. Then she would wash herself, paying special attention to the left foreleg-which certainly must be broken-biting and shaking and smoothing it as though it were a misbehaved kitten. But presently she would tuck it under her, only a trifle awkwardly, and settle down once more to her enjoyment of the sun.

The man in the rocking chair hitched himself uneasily. Her contentment had always flattered him. He didn't exactly know why, he had never tried to explain it, but vaguely and somehow, he thought more of himself on account of that cat. And now he was planning to murder her. They said cats knew everything, sort of like mind readers, but if that cat could see into his mind right now she'd never go on purring like that, so warm and comfortable and unsuspicious. He remembered the day she had first looked him up and taken such a shine to him and just sort of made up her mind to stay on. Scarcely more than a kitten. Well, he never was one to think much of himself-except for knowing that he had no nonsense about him and had a cool hard head for living and wasn't one to be put upon-but he had begun to say to himself, now, how about it? With hundreds of men to pick from, laying all around the country, whatever made that doggone cat elect to stay with him? Now how about it? And somehow he thought more of himself.

Well, but this was something different. What earthly good was a pesky cat to a man if she had her leg broken and couldn't go after the mice any more? Way out here in the country it looked like a good mouser was a downright necessity. He called to mind the days before this one took up with him. Well, he wondered, how many men had gone hunting after the worrying varmints in potato sacks? Or behind crockery on

the shelf? Or trapping them in the garbage can and not knowing what next? He chuckled bitterly to himself and he guessed plenty had done it. He had, at any rate; until she, there, had taken up with him. And a little milk and fish once in a while wasn't too much to pay her with.

Now she was no good. And he wasn't one to be put upon. If she couldn't go after the mice, there was another thing—she'd want regular food. And what for? Just so's she could sit in the sun and drag her leg around. He'd waited to see it get better. Well, it didn't look as though it was going to get any better.

"Hi, kid," he said suddenly aloud without turning his head.

A young fellow of about twenty with a fresh-faced, interested look was approaching the porch. He nodded solemnly, almost shyly, at the man in the rocking chair and came to a thoughtful standstill in front of the cat.

"Still broke," he remarked after a while. Later, he turned his eyes in the direction from which he had come.

"Here he is now," he said in the same oppressed voice but with a brief and lively look of expectation.

An elderly man with a somewhat forced expression of stern kindness was moving heavily towards the little group. He carried a shapeless piece of gunny sack in one hand while the other was closed upon a smooth, good-sized rock.

"Everything's all ready according to plan," he said to the rocking chair, but with his eyes on the cat. There was a certain false heartiness in his voice, and in response to it the owner of the cat got up slowly. He reached out his hand for the piece of gunny sack, discovered it to be a bag and, stooping, slipped it with unexpected firmness over the dozing pussy.

"Lead the way, kid," he said firmly.

The elderly man fell into step beside

"I'll just carry the rock till we get there," he said kindly.

The pussy, after a few mild struggles at the beginning of the journey, had settled down to comparative quietness. But now as the bag was opened for a moment her head made several thrusts upward, and one could see from her half-opened mouth that she was mewing softly. But only for a moment. The rock was dropped hastily inside the bag and the plaintive creature covered up once more. Her master hurriedly twisted and tied with cord the opening of the

bag and, sure at last that it was firm, walked slowly to the bank of the falls, his friends beside him.

Pounding, rushing, writhing, the water reached the edge of the precipice and dropped. One hundred and thirty feet the stream poured and flashed and sparkled into the rapids waiting below. One of the three men whirled his arm and let go. A torrent caught the small grey bundle and closed upon it. Vanished. Gone. All over.

The three friends walked slowly home. The creature had been a fool from the start, thought the owner of the cat morosely. She had chosen to live with a cold, hard man who never let himself be put upon. And then she broke her leg. Folks said that cats were smart. Well, cats were dumb.

When they reached the porch at last they lifted their eyes wearily. The sun had gone. But sitting peacefully upon the spot where the sun had been was the cat, washing herself busily, biting the broken leg and occasionally shaking it a bit.

The three men stared and blinked and swallowed. Then the spirits of one of them began to rise. There she sat telling the world calmly what a man he was—a master to come back to from the jaws of death! Proudly he stepped up on the porch. What were mice, he asked himself contemptuously, triumphantly. For he had begun again to think more highly of himself on account of that cat.

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