From the temple Roy took us all to the Rescue Mission at 7 Doyer St. A big sign outside said, "Stop ! ! If you haven't a friend in the world you can find one here." We were ushered inside a hall sprinkled with down-andouters. There were big signs painted all over the walls. They read, "How long since you've written to mother?" and "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." A kindly faced gentleman took us down into the cellar and said the mission was a nonsectarian Protestant organization, that it received what the saloon-keeper threw out, and the organization was averaging eight concerts a week.

We all got back into the bus and when everyone was settled Roy said, "What's my name?" "Roy!" everyone shouted. The bus rolled northward, out of the Bowery. On Delancey Street a gang of kids had opened a hydrant and were cooling themselves in the stream. "Hey, rubberneck!" they shouted and as the bus drove by they splashed water all over everybody.

HORACE SUTTON.

How N.Y. Got That Way

NEW YORK: The World's Capital City. By Cleveland Rodgers and Rebecca B. Rankin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 398 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by GROVER WHALEN

TEW YORK is today the world's capital city, and we of New York are proud of that distinction.

Sitting on a bench on the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr. Rodgers and Miss Rankin ruminate about the beginnings of the city, tracing it all the way from the first recorded discovery of New York Bay by Giovanni da Verrazzano in 1524. They show how New York developed under the Dutch, flourished under the British, who took over in 1664, and emerged as a powerful community when the colonies became independent.

But there is more than power, prestige, prosperity, and progress to New York City. There is more to it than its 8,000,000 people, its first-rank importance as a transportation and financial center. There is more to it than even its long and illustrious life and accomplishments. It is also a winning and warm-hearted community. Rather, New York is a collection of communities, each distinctive and each separated from all the others but joined in their common bonds of citizenship and Americanism. Every language is spoken in New York, and not even the tower of Babel had so many tongues. Nowhere else in the world

JULY 17, 1948

ANOTHER IMPORTANT NEW DIRECTIONS REVIVAL

The Other House ву Henry James

A little known but very good novel in which the master turns his gaze on-murder! Hardly a detective story, but excellent James, with a dramatic psychological situation building up through love to violence. With an introduction by Leon Edel. \$3.00

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

New Directions also publishes "The Spoils of Poynton" (\$1.50) and "Stories of Artists & Writers" (\$3.50) by Henry James.



live so many races and creeds and peoples of varying backgrounds and strains. Yet these millions live in harmony and understanding and exhibit a far greater degree of tolerance than any other place in the world.

New York began as a village where those loving freedom and individuality could find a haven, and in the more than 300 years of its existence it has always been a safe harbor for the oppressed, the underprivileged, and the persecuted.

I was born and reared on the Lower East Side of New York, and although I cling emotionally to my birthplace I hardly recognize the neighborhood today. Growth and progress have virtually eliminated every vestige of my boyhood. And yet it was only fifty years ago that the communities in and about New York agreed to merge their individualities as municipalities and become one city. In five decades since the consolidation New York has skyrocketed to glory and power.

This work on New York is not what might be called a guide for tourists. But you will find, as did I, that Rodgers and Rankin have provided a simply-styled, easy-to-read chronicle of just how the big city got that way.

Official and unofficial keeper of the latch string for New York City for a number of years, Grover Whalen is chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the Golden Anniversary.

Skyscraper Scene

NEW YORK, CONFIDENTIAL. By Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 316 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by ED SULLIVAN

T you assigned Chicagoan Jack Lait to pen a cook book, you could rest assured that his stabbing pen would sprinkle the copy with paprika and red pepper. Lait's talent as a pungent, arresting writer has accomplished as much for "New York, Confidential," on which the veteran teamed with Lee Mortimer for Ziff-Davis. This is a guided tour of New York, with Lait making it readable by frequent and colorful excursions into the Broadway and mob strata, where his flair for power-packed word coinage lifts the book far above the guide-book category.

Penning a book about Broadway months in advance of publication has certain occupational hazards. For instance, in telling of the Monte Carlo restaurant, the authors could not foresee that by the time the book emerged in galley proofs the club would be out of business and in the process of becoming a shoestore. Time, tide, and nightclubs wait for no man, and no tenant.

Lait, through the long years, never has lost the conception of Broadway and his appreciation of the tumult that rages there that first overpowered him on his arrival in New York. Some of us who write of Broadway, year after year, become depressed at the shooting galleries and popcorn stands that have taken over acres of Stem territory. Unlike most of us, Lait never loses sight of the fact that the street, aging as gracelessly as a harlot, still beckons to the ambitious youngsters of the country. It is his account of their acceptance of the challenge and their manner of winning over it that make him a colorful reporter of the Broadway blow-by-blow.

Broadway veterans may quibble with minor faults in this story of New York, may complain that the Amrons and dapper Joe Moss dreamed up the revolutionary Hollywood restaurant, rather than N. T. Granlund, who takes credit for it; that the Monte Carlo is better remembered as the incubator of Edgar Bergen, etc., etc., but these are mere quibblings.

Readers of the book, I believe, will enjoy the spirit that Lait, aided by Mortimer, has caught and projected against a screen of skyscrapers.

Ed Sullivan's column "Little Old New York" appears five days a week in The New York Daily News and is syndicated to twenty-five other papers across the country.

All Around the Town

NEW YORK CITY. One of the Look at America Series. By Frederick L. Allen. New York: The Editors of Look. 1948. 394 pp. \$4.

Reviewed by MEYER BERGER

THE editors of *Look* have put together a simple and beautiful guide book on New York City. It is nine-tenths fascinating photographs, one-tenth crisply informative text by Frederick Lewis Allen of *Harper's Magazine*; in all 394 attractive pages.

Mr. Allen's contribution catches New York's moods and atmosphere without a wasted word. It is not guidebook treacle. It shows the sooty spots with direct bluntness: "There is much in New York that is ugly," which, heaven knows, is true. The beauty is sketched in deftly.

The photographs bring New York City to life. They show it in sunshine, in rain, and through the four seasons. They show its people in movement.

New York by Night

Shelly and Finny Fare

New York's Fulton Fish Market is the largest fish distribution center in the world . . . hotels and restaurants get their fish fresher than the housewife . . . because their buyers cop the best long before she's had her morning . . . coffee.

Sweet's, 2 Fulton St.

THE KING OF THE SEA, Third Ave. at 53rd St.

THE LITTLE SHRIMP, 226 West 23rd St.

* * *

Heavy Date Coming Up

For sumptuous dining in a gorgeous, gracious setting, convoy her to:

FOUNTAIN ROOM of Hampshire

House, 150 Central Park South. DRAKE ROOM of Hotel Drake, 71 East 56th St.

EL BORRACHO, 51 East 55th St.

LA SALLE DES CHAMPAGNES, 135 Macdougal St.

* * Plush and Splash

Put on your sables, Mabel, I'm buying a table.

VERSAILLES, 151 East 50th St. PERSIAN ROOM of Hotel Plaza, Fifth

Ave. and 59th St.

LESLIE HOUSE, 30 West 56th St.

Celebrity Haunts

These are the places where syndicated columnists and the people they write about pretend they could live without each other.

STORK CLUB, 3 East 53rd St.

"21," 21 West 52nd St.

COLONY RESTAURANT, 667 Madison Ave.

SARDI'S, 234 West 44th St.

Shashlik and Vodka

Don't be surprised at the courtly politeness of your Slav-bloused waiter. Chances are he's a prince or something.

RUSSIAN KRETCHMA, 244 East 14th St.

CASINO RUSSE, 157 West 56th St.

Quick on the Snigger

I gravely doubt that your Aunt Beulah would be amused by the songs these singers sing at these places.

MONKEY BAR of the Hotel Elysee, 60 East 54th St.

BAGATELLE, 3 East 52nd St.

--From "Knife and Fork in New York." By Lawson Mackall, New York: Me-Bride, 1948, 249 pp. \$2.75.

The Saturday Review