

y, he met an old man with a beard on whom butterflies settled, and so turned out to be John Burroughs, who introduced him to "my boys," Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison. The yarn is climaxed with a recipe, stiffening the title, "**Food for Men**" (heridan, \$3.50).

TRAIGHT to the heart of the country goes "**Carolyn Coggins's Company Cookbook**" (Hanover, \$2.95), its thousand-odd recipes and menus geared to folks whose entertaining is more neighborly than starchy and who don't use wines or liquors even in a casserole. All conceivable occasions accommodated, not forgetting gift food to the bereaved . . . Much the same audience is catered to, with specialized tact, by Marion Clyde McCarroll's "**Summer Cookbook**" (Barrows, \$3). They know her from reading her in the papers, coast to coast . . . Button, button, who's got the "**Mushrooms**," Countess Morphy? (British Book Centre, bucks twain) . . . Query "**What's Cooking?**" by Jane Kirk Levee, \$3.95), answered in quantity for church suppers and such . . . As mine of information "**Classical Recipes of the World and Master Culinary Guide**," by Harry Smith, with an introduction by Edith Barber (Macmillan, \$4.95), has a certain percentage of tag amid its ore. (Sample: Daiquiri defined as a kind of rum.) Best nuggets are local specialties of England and Scotland, from epicurean to curiosities.

The diet tussle: "**Eat, Think, and Be Tender**," by Leonid Kotkin, M. D. Hawthorn, \$2.95), mind over midriff; "**Gaylord Hauser's New Guide to Intelligent Reducing**" (Farrar, Straus Young, \$3), his latest dodge; "**Let's It Right to Keep Fit**," by Adelle Davis (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), truisms of a nutritionist; "**Outwit Your Appetite**," by J.W.D. Grant (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95), seesaw reducing plan; "**Diet Suit Yourself**," by Walter Ross McBride, \$2.50), lucid facts and tastes, take 'em or leave 'em, from experiments conducted by Medical Department of Am. Tel. & Tel.

For comfort read "**The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book**" (Harper, \$4). It has recipes by George Sand and Dumas, Jr.; that would strike a dietitian dumb—which, right away, is a relief. And it has many, many of the author's, that set your taste-buds dreaming. But, most of all, it has the esoteric quality of a personality as unperturbed to circumstances as a wooden Indian and as perceptive as an argus. I love her specifying a Dutch oven for preparing voluptuous French casserole dishes; there speaks the reconstructed Californian. But don't waste time listening to me. Read her!

The Trade in Taste

NOWADAYS unless a book publisher has Norman Vincent Peale on his trade list, or a good assortment of titles about climbing, preparing to climb, or failing to climb Mount Everest, he depends on specialty books to keep the money flowing in. He gets invigorating transfusions of dollars from textbooks, reference works, and do-it-yourself books. In the latter category the leader in the last few years has been the cookbook. From 1942 to the end of the war these taste-exciting items came out at a slow and steady rate, sixteen or so a year, many of them dealing with such un-Epicurean problems as stretching ration stamps and simulating steak with soy beans.

In the postwar years the number of titles per year increased slowly to over twenty in 1950, and then jumped to thirty-six in 1951 and forty-six in 1953. Figures for 1954 are not yet complete, but it looks as if it was the year of the cookbook, with volumes on infra-red cookery, casserole, barbecue, chafing-dish, and electric-blender cookery, hors d'oeuvre, chicken and mushroom cookery, as well as the national cuisines of all peoples of the world except those that favor grubs and fried grasshoppers.

For decades before this flood the giant in the field was Little, Brown's "**Fanny Farmer Cookbook**," which is now nearing its sixtieth birthday. It may surprise some readers to learn that there really was a Fanny Farmer, and that her cookbook embodied the curriculum of her famous Boston Cooking School. Still going strong, "**Fanny Farmer**" is revised every five years, and the current editor, Mrs. Dexter Perkins, is a relative and former pupil of the founder.

A more recent classic is Mrs. Irma Rombauer's "**The Joy of Cooking**" (Bobbs-Merrill), which made its bow during the war and found immediate success, partly because of its author's ingenuity with plain and unpromising foodstuffs. Mrs. Rombauer has received grateful letters from the ward-room mess officers of the aircraft carrier *Independence* and from a lady who spent the war in a Japanese prison camp, both of whom found her book a fine corrective to dietary monotony. Centrally located in St. Louis, Mrs. Rombauer often receives transcontinental phone calls from clients who find themselves momentarily perplexed mid-soufflé.

Although the general publishers have found cookbooks to be a solid sideline, they receive stiff competition from M. Barrows & Co., which publishes only "women's interest"

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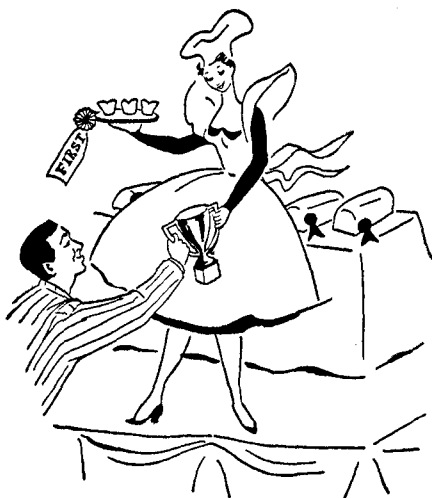
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HARPER

Lincoln's Doctor's Dog

Continued from page 10



—By Mary Anne Winkler, for "Cooking for Compliments."

books (antiques, gardening, cooking), and has specialized in cookbooks since 1904. Their current leader is Martha Deane's (Marian Young Taylor) "Cooking for Compliments," which contains 600 recipes designed to inspire the woman who has to cook day in and day out. With its editorial experience in the field, and with its staff of salesmen who know how to sell cookbooks, Barrows has built a strong, varied list with a full line of foreign cookery, appliance cookbooks, and such specialties as a "Summer Cookbook" with sets of guest menus for twelve weekends.

In the usual frantic pattern of the publishing business, since cookbooks have become popular and profitable, everybody has started publishing them, and the market has become highly competitive. Editors say that it is increasingly risky to launch a general cookbook, and increasingly expensive to launch any kind. Since they have little straight text and are studded with lists, illustrations, and lots of white space, all cookbooks cost more to set up in type. Unusual sizes and shapes, indexing, and conveniences like spiral bindings add to costs, too.

Nevertheless, they continue to sell well. As the American standard of living moves farther above the fat-back and hominy grits level, as pressure cookers, deep freezes, rotisseries, mixers, and barbecue pits multiply, as domestic servants get rarer, as interest in foreign cultures increases, and as labor-saving devices allow the housewife to devote herself more to the esthetically satisfying parts of housework, cookbooks will be more and more in demand. As Robert Burton says in "The Anatomy of Melancholy," "A cook of old was a base knave . . . but now a great man in request; cookery is become an art, a noble science: cooks are Gentlemen."

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

many are left. You needn't be embarrassed; it's not my money. I don't see that much cash in this job."

The doctor was busy counting. It was as hard as taking a pulse, he thought, because the patient was suddenly talkative.

"It belongs to an old colored man. He's a porter over at the Treasury, but he can't get his back-pay because he can't sign for it."

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"He's sick with smallpox."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Dr. Stone, retreating from the money. "I must wash my hands, and yours too. At once."

The patient really laughed, and writhed grotesquely in the bed. "Don't worry! He hasn't touched the money. That's the problem: they won't give it to him until he can sign, and he wants to send some of it to his old mother. There seemed to be so much red tape I had to take care of it myself. Put twenty dollars in one envelope, and the rest of it in the other, and mark them. I told the poor old coon I'd fix it for him."

"Let's wash our hands anyway," said the doctor. "If I pull the bell, can we get some hot water?"

"I'll be honest with you," said Dr. Stone later. "There's not much I can do unless you'll try to help. You need feeding up. Rare beefsteak and port wine would help; but I know you won't touch wine or spirits."

"I was always afraid to. I might get a taste for it."

"Anything that would help you to relax. You've got to have rest. You're tired right down to the bone."

"Deeper than that, doctor. The tired part of me is inside, out of reach."

That, the wise doctor knew, was too true for comment. "Another thing," he continued. "You don't have to see everybody that comes calling. They waste your strength, and most of them only have an ax to grind."

They had sent up a cup of soup from downstairs, and the patient seemed more relaxed. He had corked the ink bottle.

"I shouldn't mind that," he said. "I spent a good many years grinding axes."

"And I want you to spend tomorrow in bed. If you absolutely have to see anyone on business, let them come up here."

"I don't think I ever spent my birthday in bed. I hate to start now, at fifty-four."

"Tomorrow your birthday? I never even knew you had a birthday."

"Yes indeed, doctor. As Artemus

Ward said, 'I was born in the State of Maine, of parents.' Artemus Ward is a pretty good doctor sometimes." He rummaged under the bolster, and pulled out a book.

"No. This is the other one. Dr. Shakespeare. Sometime when you're not too busy, let me read you some. He's the doctor that seems to get farthest in." He held out a much battered and blemished volume, but didn't bother to open it. He recited:—

O polished perturbation! golden
care!
That keepst the ports of slumber
open wide
To many a watchful night. Sleep
with it now,
Yet not so sound, and half so
deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely
biggin bound—

"What does *biggin* mean? I always wondered."

"I'm afraid I don't know," said the doctor.

The other leaned forward to hold the book in the lamplight. "I wish I could stump the country reading Shakespeare aloud. Don't tell anyone—this was the first book I borrowed from the library when I moved in here two years ago. They've been too mannerly to ask for it back. I reckon I ought to buy them a clean copy. He just seems to take hold of your brain and squeeze it like a sponge."

MAYBE Shakespeare is good medicine, thought the doctor, noticing how the harshly carved face brightened with excitement.

"Wait till I find it," said the patient; his shirt was again climbing his neck as he ruffled the leaves. "There was an actor in town a while back, did 'Richard III,' that opening speech. He reaped me down like standing corn. What was his name? It was a sort of Shakespeare name but I could only think of him as Dick Crook-back."

Doctor Stone had been at the theatre too. "His name was Junius Brutus Booth."

"That's it! I must remember that name. Et tu, Brutus Booth. Never mind the book; I've said it to myself often enough windy nights:—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun
of York,
And all the clouds that lour'd
upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean
buried.

Now are our brows bound with
victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for
monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to
merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful
measures. . . .

"Do you know what they call that
ind of physic? It's a drug, doctor.
hey call it alliteration. He begins
ith a whole regiment of d's and s's;
ien he throws in the b's and m's for
aneuver. I tried to tell that to
McClellan but he went off to head-
quarters and said I was crazy. . . .
here's a stage direction in that play
bet means more to me than it ever
id to Shakespeare. *Enter Richmond.*"

Doctor Stone had an appointment
t the hospital, and also he did not
wish the invalid to get too lively.

"The winter of our discontent," the
atter repeated. "Will it ever come
o an end? . . . I'm sorry, doctor. I
didn't mean to get sour. You know
ow it is, when the helve is shrunk
he head is prone to slip off. Where
id you put that jackknife: I'll do
ome more whittling."

"Good. Now, my dear sir, I must
o. I shall send up some medicine
hat may help you to sleep. If you
want to read, try Doctor Ward rather
han Doctor Shakespeare. And re-
member, tomorrow, your birthday, is
o be a holiday."

"You make me feel patriotic," said
he patient. "You remember Artemus
Ward said he was so patriotic he had
given a brother-in-law to the Army,
and if necessary he'd sacrifice all his
wife's relations."

"I'll turn down the gas and you
ake a little nap. Is there anything
ou'd fancy for supper? I can tell
hem downstairs."

The doctor was pleased to see that
his patient had taken off his spec-
acles and was sunk back into the
pillows, but still clutching the horn-
handled knife with bright open blade.
You bet there is, but you can't get
t here. I'd like a fresh-fried catfish.
used this knife to gut them on the
aft-boats. It's about all I've got left
rom Illinois."

"Let me shut it for you. You might
oll on it. Like that." He put it back
nto the gnarled fist, which fastened
on it like a talisman.

"Not mud-cat," said the prairie
oice; sounding, to Doctor Stone's re-
ief, a little sleepy. "Not mud-cat,
ike you might get in this damned
reenage crick. No, sir, not the mud-
cat that mopes down in the sludge,
channel-cat that swims in quick
op-water. And maybe some hot
poonbread. Find me a channel-cat
or the Army; we've got too many
nud-cat generals."

The great figure stretched itself
more easily, and the doctor tiptoed
toward the door. The last he heard
was (he had often heard it before)
what Mr. Bartlett's new book called
a Familiar Quotation: "Why should
the spirit of mortal be proud?"

I'm damned if I know, said Doctor
Stone to himself as he went down-
stairs. But maybe I do know, too.

AS HE stopped at the cloakroom for
his hat and coat he heard weird noises
of baaing and bleating from the
meadow behind the house. "It sounds
like a farmyard," he said to the
usher on duty.

"Master Tad's goats," the man ex-
plained. "The kid forgot to arrange
who's to milk old nanny, and the
Secret Service boys are trying to do
it. But they say goats are mighty

choosy, she's kicked a couple of them
in the stomach."

"I better vamoose before they call
on me."

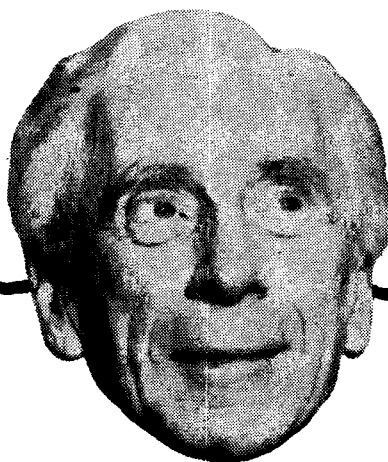
"Yes, doctor; this is a big day in
the family, the dog just had her litter
in the laundry."

"That's nice," said the doctor. "My
spaniel bitch had puppies a few weeks
ago. That'll be fun for Tad."

"Yes, sir. Downstairs we thought it
was kind of a pity the Madam took
him away to New York, but she didn't
want him to know where puppies come
from."

"From the laundry, evidently," said
Doctor Stone, and got thoughtfully
into his waiting carriage.

The carriage came again early in
the morning, but without the doctor.
The colored coachman came into the
portico, carefully carrying a covered



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basket that seemed to have life and voice of its own. A moist black nubbin, slitted with curiosity, twitched in a chink of wicker. The old door-man, McManus, had his own ideas of dignity.

"We don't require any more live-stock," he said. "We got old mooly-cow on the front lawn, goats on South Meadow, and a washtub of mongrels in the basement. That's more'n plenty. The Secret Service is so veterinary they got no time for rifle-drill. Did you know, there's a War?"

The coachman also knew his importance. "This ain't livestock, this here is medicine. Doctor Stone say take it right upstairs, and there's a rubber sheet goes with it. Here's his inscription, wrote right on the tag. He say he come along later, see how it takes."

Old Mac looked at the note, duly signed by Robert K. Stone, M.D.

Rx—Many happy returns! This is the tonic. Take, as judgment and occasion offer, for twelve hours. Keep your mind off yourself and on him. He will need rest too, but if he goes into bed with you, use the rubber sheet enclosed. Will call later. R.K.S.

Mac unhooked the lid. The muzzle and all-devouring eyes of a silky black puppy, perhaps a month old, tried to force their way out. The ears were little black flaps; the upcurled stub tail still bandaged with plaster where it had been chopped. "Done chew off his tail myself," said the coachman. "Doctor say thoroughbred tail always chawed, not cut. My teeth not so sharp any more, take me two bites."

McManus was disgusted, and waved him away. "Get out of here, clear the drive. We got the London *Times* coming any minute. If it's doctor's orders I'll send it upstairs." He carried the basket to the usher at the foot of the stairs. "This House gone croup-and-crazy these two years," he remarked to himself. "I bet I'd been more genteel to take that job at the Willard."

Doctor Stone was delayed at the hospital; it was early afternoon before he could call. He happened to meet the two young secretaries at the head of the stairs.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. T. S. Stribling—1933. 2. Margaret Wilson—1924. 3. Oliver LaFarge—1930. 4. Ernest Poole—1918. 5. Thornton Wilder—1928. 6. Louis Bromfield—1927. 7. Margaret A. Barnes—1931. 8. Willa Cather—1923. 9. Robert Penn Warren—1947. 10. Booth Tarkington—1919.

"How are we?" he asked genially; meaning whatever doctors do mean when they say it so comfortingly in the plural.

They crowded him close and, like well-trained secrets, they whispered. "What have you done to the Tycoon?" He wouldn't let anyone in, except of course the London *Times*. He had Mr. Russell in there for an hour, we heard them laughing like apes. If you've got him in wrong with Russell, we're licked. You know what he says, next after the Mississippi, the *Times* of London is the strongest pressure in the world. Stanton was trying to see him all morning and he wouldn't listen. And Seward too, and Gideon Welles. We haven't heard him laugh like that since he had his teeth out. He even denied himself to some Congressmen from Illinois, and to Horace Greeley in his white hat."

They lowered their voices even more confidential. "Doctor, you don't think he's gone off his wits? We were pretty near ready to telegraph Bob at Harvard. You know Bob has been studying philosophy, he might know better than we do. The Tycoon always says, if he could have gone to Harvard he could have studied hair-splitting instead of railsplitting."

Words came unexpectedly into Doctor Stone's voice. "Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings. Go back to your office and run the Government. I told him to take today off."

HE WENT into the room. His patient was sitting on the edge of the great bed, with legs lifted crosswise under him. He beckoned the doctor round the foot of the bed, and pointed to the floor. From beneath the bed came the deep tall hat, topside up. It moved slowly across the floor. Then Doctor Stone could see that a hole had been hacked just above the brim; large enough to protrude a small black snout. The hat proceeded, with small whines of enthusiasm, feeling its way to a saucer of cornmeal and gravy. As it neared the food it moved more briskly, and a trail of wet trickled behind it. The patient looked partly ashamed, but even more amused.

"I guess you've ruined an eight-dollar plug," said the doctor.

"I'll ask the boys to telegraph the Madam to bring me a new one from that store in New York. They keep my size in stock. This one was in bad shape anyhow, it had a nick in the brim already."

"How was that?"

"Oh, that time somebody shot at me when I was walking home late at night. Nobody noticed it but Mac, but I told him I tore it on a nail."

"You don't tell folks much, do you," said the doctor.



"Sometimes I do. I told that store in New York where I get all my clothes they mustn't use my name in their advertising. They said they wouldn't dream of it. It took me a while to figure that out." He grinned wider than the doctor had seen in many months. "I guess because I wear them so badly."

The tall hat was teetering, with difficulty, at the edge of the saucer. The patient strode across and picked it up. "I always wondered what a plug hat was for. It just fits a puppy. I think he's too young for much meat yet, isn't he? He better take his rest now."

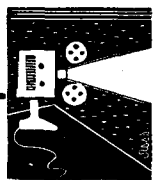
He swept up the struggling morsel and cornered it in his broad hairy chest. "You're a smart man, doctor. This critter has given me more fun than I've had, since I was a kid on the Sangamon." The puppy whined and nuzzled in his grasp. The patient dipped a long weathered finger in a bowl of milk on the bedtable, and gave it to be licked. Inside a loop of the nightshirt the silky infant fell asleep. The patient got carefully into bed again, and settled himself comfortably. "Funny, isn't it," he remarked. "All they have when they're born is nothing but love. Poor pup, thank God you're only a little dog and don't know what men do to each other."

The doctor gave the tall hat a shake, and set it on the windowsill to air. "By the way," he said, "I stopped at the Library to look up *biggin*. It means a nightcap."

"Just the name for him," exclaimed the patient, delighted. "I was wondering what to call him. He's as good as a nightcap, a real good prescription. Go to sleep, Biggin. I bet I'll sleep as long as he will. I'm going to take him to the Cabinet meeting tomorrow, inside my hat. I want to see Stanton when that hat walks across the table."

Doctor Stone hadn't been sleeping well, either; but doctors have no privilege of confessing their own fatigues. When he left the patient was drowsy; he curled up Biggin inside that hat where he wouldn't disturb his bed-mate. At his own home he patted Cleo, the black spaniel bitch, in her lair near the coal-frunace. "Good old Cleo," he said confidentially. "Your patient is the United States."

Cleo, not caring why, wagged her long-ago bitten stump. Doctor Stone slept better than usual.



More for Film Societies

JUST exactly what a *bona fide* film society is has not yet been answered. Most usually it is considered to be a group of people who informally share the work and cost involved in seeing movies together on a planned and regular basis, for more than casual entertainment purposes. If nothing else distinguishes it from other 16mm film-showing groups, there is often a clearly indicative name such as Cinema Guild, Film Club, or more often than not the such-and-such Film Society.

On April 7 and 8 the Film Society Caucus will reconvene at the American Film Assembly, this year in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to discuss the possibility of forming a federation. Federated film society organizations already exist in Canada and in Great Britain, where there is notably more self-sufficiency and longevity in the individual groups and fewer outside pressures than their American counterparts have faced and are facing. It is a matter of statistical interest that in the recent American survey 36 per cent of the respondents indicated interest in forming a federation, 33 per cent said probably, 23 per cent didn't know, 6 per cent gave no answer, and 2 per cent said no.

Everyone interested in the film society movement (whether delegated film society members or not) is welcome to attend the Film Society Caucus meeting in April. Further details about the program are available from Jack Ellis, Film Society Liaison, c/o Film Council of America, 600 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Meanwhile more and more feature films are being released to 16mm audiences. In addition to those reviewed in this column last month [SR Jan. 8], an impressive list of new titles is headed by Gian-Carlo Menotti's "*The Medium*," a dramatic opera in English, first presented on radio and on the stage. The film rarely goes beyond the limits of a stage setting, and finds pictorial strength and coherence in extreme close-ups, bold camera placings, and the magnificence and beauty of its actors' faces. As a filmed stage show it is surprisingly successful. Marie Powers as the failing medium presents a truly magnificent form and face, whether she is laboring up a flight of stairs or rolling her eyes in a mystical seance. Anna Maria Alberghetti as her young daughter

and Leo Coleman as the mute and dark-skinned Toby are personifications of beauty.

The story of "*The Medium*" was no story at all; it was, in fact an opera, a vehicle for dramatic singing, developed more by the rhythms of its own music than by the development of plot or of action. Since so much is contained within the sound track, it is important (particularly for 16mm showings) to provide the best possible acoustical equipment and setting. I found myself constantly adjusting the volume and tone controls, uncomfortably aware through most of the film that I couldn't hear all the orchestral and vocal sounds as clearly and sharply as I wished. Special efforts should be made in advance to get the best possible results from the film's sound track.

"*The Medium*" was not a success in motion-picture theatres, nor is this fact difficult to understand. Now that it is released on 16mm it has a chance to face smaller audiences who understand in advance that they are seeing a contemporary opera-on-film. The results should be more pleasing to everyone. Many film society groups, as well as music and drama groups and classes, will rejoice at seeing the film, despite its oppressiveness (for which Menotti is now world-famous). Others, I am sure, will dislike it. I recommend a small audience in a small room, with the best sound equipment at your disposal, if the film is to be shown at its most impressive and startling level. "*The Medium*" (81 min.) is available on a sliding-scale rental basis from Athena Films, 165 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Far more sinister is Jean Cocteau's "*The Strange Ones*" ("*Les Enfants Terribles*," 100 min.), produced and directed by Jean Pierre Melville, and adapted for film by Cocteau himself. Both story and film stray far from the patterns of plot and character to which we are accustomed—a brother and sister completely bound to each other, in an orbit of their own creation. If you cannot accept such strange and beautiful people within their little lost world, you will probably detest this film. If you can enjoy the faintly familiar feelings which the fantasy evokes, you are likely to feel it is an extraordinarily moving experience. I found it intriguing nine-tenths of the way, and oppressive only in the final few sequences. It is improbable

that you will find yourself lukewarm about it. Nicole Stéphane and Edouard Dermitre are a lovely pair as the starcrossed siblings. (An Edward Kingsley release, in French with English subtitles, available on 16mm from Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.)

"God Needs Men" (later called "Isle of Sinners," 95 min.) is Jean Delannoy's handsome and stirring picturization of a story said to have actually happened a hundred years ago on a small island off the Brittany coast. Because the scavenging island people prayed for shipwrecks to bring them daily subsistence, and even occasionally lured ships to their doom for the same reason, their priest abandoned them to their sins. Out of necessity the sexton (a magnificent performance by Pierre Fresnay) takes his place in the church, and gradually assumes the power which the islanders have assigned to him. The black-and-whiteness of the costumes and lighting, the exterior shots of sea and rocks, the simplicity and steady development of the story and characters add up to a sustained and credible mood. I objected to the heavenly choir music in the accompanying sound track. (In French with English subtitles, available from Brandon Films.)

In a dissimilar vein are two old-timers, probably the worse for wear, but still memorable films and worthy of repetition in film societies. Gustav Machaty's "*Extase*" (64 min.) dates from 1933 and stars Hedy Keisler (later Hedy Lamarr) in a Czechoslovakian film which is noteworthy for more than its brief scene of nudity—noteworthy, but a bit dated at this time. In contrast "*Pepe le Moko*" (86 min.), the original French version starring Jean Gabin, has much of the sophistication and excitement it had when it was originally released in 1937. The later Hollywood production starring Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr was a poor carbon copy, weaker and more diffuse yet patterned almost shot for shot and scene for scene from this French version. This is the film that put the Casbah on the movie map. Jean Gabin plays the leading role with near perfection, and Mireille Balin is the alluring Gaby. Both films are available for 16mm or 35mm rental from Trans-World Films, 2209 East 75th Street, Chicago 49, Illinois.

—CECILE STARR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "*All the King's Men*" [SR Jan. 8] is distributed only through licensed subdistributors of Screen Gems, Inc., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Among these is Association Films, and others whose names are available through Screen Gems.