



Art's most uninhibited showplace.

THE MUSEUM AND THE REDHEAD

By **ROGER BUTTERFIELD**

Often bizarre but never dull, the Museum of Modern Art goes onward and upward with Sally Newmeyer, an agile press agent who will corral anything from a president's mother to an escort of mounted cops.

JUST off Fifth Avenue on 53rd Street, near the center of Manhattan Island, stands the glistening home of the Museum of Modern Art. Its face is a razor-edged pattern in blue tile, white marble, stainless steel and glass. Around in the back there is a garden dominated by a thirty-foot totem pole, along with some nude and bulgy statues which accumulate icicles in the oddest places. Sophisticated New Yorkers sometimes stroll past the garden on a winter afternoon just to see the icicles.

Inside the museum a casual visitor would be bound to notice a large contraption made of steel wire and scraps of colored aluminum which is suspended over the main staircase. According to the catalogue, the name of this is Lobster Trap and Fish Tail, and it was designed by a sculptor named Alexander Calder. It is very light, and sways in every passing breeze; but even so, it is one of the most permanent things in the museum, which resembles nothing more than a fancy six-story jack-in-the-box which is continually popping out with something new and remarkable. Practically everything inside the building—including all its "permanent" collections of paintings and sculptures, its electric lights, and even its walls and floors—is subject to sudden removal or change.

Everything, that is, except a redheaded press agent on the fifth floor whose official name is Miss Sarah Newmeyer. When "Sally" Newmeyer was a schoolgirl her hero was Red Grange, and she wanted to be a boy, so she could play football all the time, instead of just once in a while. Later she engaged in such highly competitive activities as writing Broadway plays and love stories for the magazines. She spent several hectic years as private secretary to a big-shot (Continued on Page 108)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY KEIGHLEY



This piece of Henry Moore sculpture would not enthrall everyone, but to lovers of modern art it is significant stuff. The object's name: Figure, 1937.



The Residence of David Twining in 1787, though not new, still rates as modern art. The artist, Edward Hicks, was one of the so-called Quaker primitives.

Movies, too, are art. The museum's library includes everything from The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, an 1895 film, to the 1945 invasion of Germany.





Miss Newmeyer. She breaks through editors' defenses repeatedly, gets her client ten times as much publicity space as any other art museum receives.

At the annual Winter Fair for children, there are few holds barred. Connoisseur at the left, Eileen Bliss, is a grandniece of one of museum's founders.



This fur-lined teacup is from the 1937 Fantastic Arts show, which did nothing for the museum's prestige but made surefire publicity fodder.



One conspicuous fiasco was the showing of this and other paintings by the late Morris Hirshfield, manufacturer. Critics gave it a drubbing.

Modern art at its most esoteric—White on White, by Malevich. The girl, being an art student, understands; her escort wonders what it means.



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the middle of the road, trying to resolve opposing extremes into workable government." As to the "inconsistency" charges, he admits he has made some spectacular reversals, is not ashamed of them, and can give convincing reasons for his change of mind.

He is not always pliable. When labor and the railway brotherhoods put on the pressure to override Stabilizer Fred Vinson's wage ruling in 1943, Vandenberg was one of only four senators who had the nerve to vote for holding the line. Because of this, Vinson, now the Chief Justice, still bows and sweeps off his hat in friendly salute when he meets Vandenberg.

He has won many senatorial fights—for reapportionment; for bank-deposit insurance; against Passamaquoddy and the Florida Canal; for revising the Social-Security-tax setup. He helped map the strategy which defeated Roosevelt's court plan, in the course of which he wrote an 80,000-word speech and then heroically suppressed it for tactical reasons. He has always been one of the hardest-working men in the Senate.

He is a friendly and likable person. He talks freely and engagingly, his large, surprisingly bright brown eyes sparkling as he scores a point, the cigar supplying jets of smoke for punctuation. His attitude toward himself varies from the sardonic to the humorous to the portentous. On his desk is a

metal plaque with the words, "And this too shall pass," which, he says, is "the most salutary advice a man in this business can confront, in triumph or disaster." At times he declares that early experience made him a confirmed cynic and fatalist, but his friends think his writings and career belie this. Again, he jokes about his foibles and political stratagems. And still again, he looks upon his own life with a wide-eyed and undisguised admiration.

He is something of a romantic, something of an actor, something of a card. But with it all there is a great deal of solid ability and achievement. He has been nineteen years in the Senate, and his colleagues there, Democratic as well as Republican, regard him with a singular unanimity of liking and respect.

Today he is a world figure and a presidential possibility. Many political prophets, including Jim Farley, think there may be a deadlock between Dewey and Taft, after which the convention will draft Vandenberg. He is well aware of the contingency. Kind friends, reporters and political promoters plague him with questions about it. All he says publicly is "I am not a candidate, and anticipate no campaign on my behalf." He feels it is a job for a younger man. He regards the possibility of a draft with an apparently genuine but obviously bemused reluctance.

THE END

THE MUSEUM AND THE REDHEAD

(Continued from Page 20)

Cleveland manufacturer who gave everyone he knew, including his wife and children, a working number and always referred to people by number instead of by name. His own number was 64, and when he was exactly sixty-four years old, he dropped dead—a victim, quite probably, of autosuggestion.

In 1934 Sally Newmeyer became publicity director of the Museum of Modern Art. The results, viewed from any angle, have been phenomenal. Not only is her museum the most highly publicized in the world—it receives roughly ten times as much publicity as any other museum, and probably more than all the other museums in North America put together. The latest statistics show that as many as 131,750,745 newspaper and magazine readers in the United States and Canada are exposed to Sally's propaganda about the museum in the course of a single month. In addition, 101,500,000 news-reel goers see frequent reports of museum activities, and millions more keep in touch by radio or by actually attending the museum's traveling exhibitions and films, which are circulated to 1158 other institutions in all forty-eight states and thirty-nine foreign countries.

This would indicate that the number of persons who are constantly being informed about the museum is approximately 250,000,000, or almost double the population of the United States. Even Miss Newmeyer regards this overlapping total as incredible, though not downright impossible.

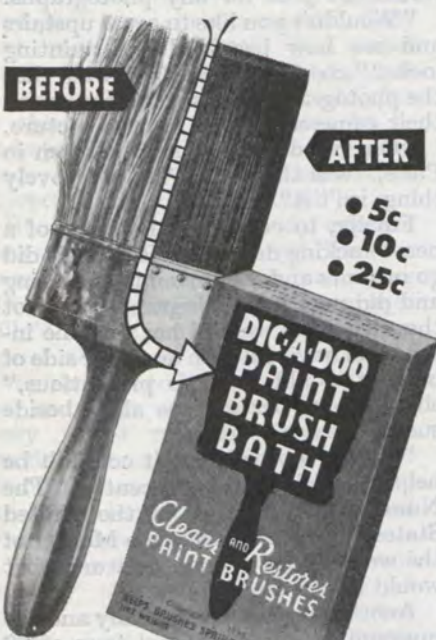
Of course, she has wonderful material to work with. The Museum of Modern Art is a press agent's dream of heaven. Other publicity experts frequently say to Miss Newmeyer, with envy dripping from their voices, "You can get all the publicity you want; the pictures you show are so funny!"

This is true, to a limited extent. There are very few art critics with souls so dead that they have not rushed to their typewriters at some time or other and poured out their conviction that the Museum of Modern Art is a mad, ridiculous, outrageous, fascinating and exhilarating institution. Ordinary citizens who run into Salvador Dali's painting of watches melting in the sun, or the famous White on White, which consists solely of a grayish-white square painted on top of an ivory-white square, sometimes have to pinch themselves to make sure they're not dreaming.

But there is a lot more to the museum than such seemingly screwball stunts as these. Its exhibitions have included the finest collection of Italian masterpieces that ever traveled out of Italy, along with the cream of American, European and Latin-American art of the last 100 years or more, much of it strictly "classical" in inspiration. It has also put on what the critics called the most brilliant shows ever staged of the primitive arts of the South Sea Islanders, of African Negroes, of American Indians and European cavemen of 25,000 years ago. Then, swooping back across the centuries at its usual dizzy pace, it has given the first museum showings of streamlined, tubular-steel furniture, modern architecture, Russell Wright chinaware, and many other innovations in design which have become popular with many Americans. It was the first museum to dramatize the history and importance of photography, stage and ballet design, the movies and other neglected arts. It has collected the most comprehensive film library in the world. And down in its basement is a comfortable little theater where, for twenty-five cents, visitors can sit and watch the whole history of the moving picture from The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, of 1895, through the films of Fairbanks, Valentino, Garbo and all the rest, to the invasion of Germany, in 1945.

Taken all together, the museum's activities are numerous, widespread,

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and often bewildering. One day the distinguished art critic of The New York Times, Edward Alden Jewell, who had written scores of articles about the museum's shows, decided to go behind the scenes and see how it actually operated. He emerged in a thoroughly chastened mood. "I thought I should not be able to make head or tail of what was afoot," he wrote in his column, with a slight mixed-metaphor effect. "There were moments when my head just swam, as we say."

The Museum of Modern Art has always had that effect on people. It was started in 1929 by three rich New York ladies who had no idea what they were getting into, Miss Lillie P. Bliss, Mrs. Cornelius Sullivan and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The three founders were collectors and lovers of the paintings of Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh and other modern masters, and their general idea was to have a museum where such works would be displayed and kept. Mrs. Rockefeller and her son Nelson—who is now first vice-president of the museum and was formerly president—have been especially active in its affairs. This fact in itself made interesting publicity in 1932, when the museum staged the first exhibition in history of mural designs by American painters. One of the invited artists submitted a design entitled The Last Defences of Capitalism, showing old John D. Rockefeller, Sr., crouched behind a machine-gun barricade with J. Pierpont Morgan, Herbert Hoover and various cops and deputy sheriffs, while an army of workers with picks and shovels advanced from the other side of the picture.

Some of the museum staff members thought this picture should be barred from the show, but the Rockefellers offered no objection, and it was shown along with the rest. The critics generally agreed that it was not a very good mural, and that the capitalists came off better, in general, than the artist himself.

Not long after this, the museum staged its first and last publicity stunt. It was having an exhibit of

paintings by Maurice Sterne, showing scenes in Bali and other Pacific islands. Someone—not Miss Newmeyer, for she wasn't there yet—had the idea of inviting in the artist's wife to dance in native costume in front of her husband's paintings while the newsreel cameramen took pictures. The newsreels endorsed this idea strongly and sent their men. But at the last minute dissension broke out among the museum officials themselves over the effect this might have on the public. It all wound up in an undignified argument, and the cameramen departed in a nasty mood, without any pictures that they could use.

It was after this that the museum trustees decided they needed a smart publicity director, and hired Sally Newmeyer. She was living and writing in California at the time, but packed up immediately and started for New York. On the way she stopped off at Chicago to see the Century of Progress Exposition, which was featuring, among other things, James McNeill Whistler's world-famous picture of his mother.

Many years ago Whistler's Mother was hawked around the United States for \$1000, but no American museum would buy it, so it went to the Louvre in Paris, where it now attracts more American visitors than any other single painting. Before sending it to this country for exhibition, the Louvre insured it for \$1,000,000.

Now, it so happened that the Museum of Modern Art had been responsible for wheedling the Louvre into sending Mother to America in the first place, and put her on display in New York for several weeks before starting her on a grand national tour, which included the Chicago exposition. But to Sally's horror, there was no mention of this in any of the Chicago publicity about the picture. This stark omission of credit to her new boss set all her red-haired metabolism in motion.

"By the time I hit New York I was hopping mad," she says. "The first thing I did was to get Mother back into the fold."

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The way she did this was to send out a flood of national releases—four weeks in advance—announcing that Mother would next be shown at the Cleveland Museum, in co-operation with the Museum of Modern Art. Thereafter, whenever Mother moved to a new city, Sally was ahead of her with a press story telling all about her trip, her \$1,000,000 valuation, how Mr. Whistler almost fought a duel over her, and how hard her museum had to work to get her here at all. The local museums were pleased with this because it made publicity for them too.

To lend more drama to the situation, Sally assigned a photographer to take a new picture of Mother in every city, alongside the front page of the local newspaper showing a news story on her arrival. These pictures, according to Sally, were promptly rushed to Paris in order to provide the French government with documentary proof that Mother was safe and sound. The local papers were flattered by this idea and didn't mind giving Mother a lot more publicity than they would have to any other visiting painting.

The result of all this was that Mother's tour became a nation-wide sensation. Governors and mayors turned out to greet her at city after city, the Federal Government put her on a postage stamp, and more than 2,000,000 people swarmed into the nation's art museums to see her. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts assigned two police dogs to patrol the building every night to scare away possible thieves.

After the Boston showing, Mother was due back in New York to rest for a few days before starting home to France. But this did not satisfy Sally. She wanted the picture back at her own museum for a triumphant return engagement. In order to justify this, she arranged to have Mother unveiled by Mrs. James Roosevelt, the mother of the President. In as much as Whistler's painting had just been seen by several million Americans and was familiar to the point of boredom to all the rest, the idea of unveiling her all over again did not seem to make much sense or news either. Nevertheless, all the New York newspapers, press services and major newsreels decided to cover the event in a big way. On the day the unveiling was scheduled to occur, the museum was swarming with celebrities, reporters, cameramen, detectives and lady trustees wearing large orchid corsages. And then "Mother" Roosevelt decided not to come.

"My dear, I'm just too tired," she told Sally on the telephone. "I've been with the hospital-campaign people all morning and I'm really worn-out."

"But, Mrs. Roosevelt," gasped Sally, "all the cameramen are here to take your picture!"

"Oh, they won't mind," said the sweet old lady. "They all took my picture this morning, and they won't want to do it again."

"But please," begged Sally, grasping for any straw. "Couldn't you just lie down an hour, and then let us pick you up?"

"No," said the first mother of the land. "I believe I'll just go right on back to Hyde Park." And she hung up.

But Sally wasn't licked yet. She picked up the phone and called one of the museum's most influential trustees. "You've got to bring her here," she ordered. "The museum can't stand another fiasco with the newsreel men. Mrs. Roosevelt has got to come."

Soon after this, Mrs. Roosevelt and the influential trustee arrived together,

both slightly out of breath. But now a new difficulty arose. Mrs. Roosevelt would not pose for any photographs.

"Wouldn't you like to come upstairs and see how beautiful the painting looks?" cooed Sally, well knowing that the photographers were all set up, with their cameras focused on the picture.

"Oh, no, dear; I've seen it often in Paris," was the reply. "It is a lovely thing, isn't it?"

Finally, to cut short the story of a nerve-racking day, Mrs. Roosevelt did go upstairs and did unveil the painting and did pose for photographs, but not the way Sally wanted her to. She insisted on having a man on either side of her. It would be "too pretentious," she said, for her to pose alone beside such a great picture.

"It was too bad, but it couldn't be helped," Sally recalled recently. "The Number One Mother of the United States and the Number One Mother of the world of art—what a natural that would have been!"

Another big success for Sally and the museum was the national tour of 28 Italian Old Masters in 1940. These paintings were so valuable—they were insured for \$26,000,000—that the Italian government sent two experts along to pack and unpack them at every stop. They traveled around the country in an air-conditioned baggage car with guards armed with tommy guns watching them day and night. Even with all these precautions, the Italian Senate grew increasingly nervous, and while the pictures were being exhibited in New York a law was passed forbidding them ever to leave Italy again.

All this made good publicity, of course, but it was just a starter. When the paintings arrived at Manhattan—some had been sealed in special copper cases, so they would float if their ship was sunk—Sally arranged to have them met by an escort of mounted police for the trip to the museum. Police cars with sirens cleared a path through New York streets while cameramen stood on the roofs of their automobiles and took pictures of the big parade of art. At the museum's back door, floodlights were installed, so the newsreel cameramen could grind away as each precious case was unpacked. The Italian experts hovered around with thermometers, taking the temperature of each canvas. They said they were afraid that the strong lights would blister the canvas.

But the job which Sally regards as her masterpiece was done for the museum's great Vincent van Gogh show in 1935. Van Gogh, of course, was the "mad" Dutch painter who spent most of his productive years in abject poverty, painting landscapes, flowers and working people in vivid swirls of bright, thick colors. He turned out hundreds of pictures, sold a handful of them for a grand total of \$109, and ended up by shooting himself in the head. Within the last few years a single one of his paintings—a bunch of sunflowers—was sold for \$50,000.

"We played that van Gogh show like a polo game," Sally says. "Dribbled the ball down the field first, and then, bang, right between the goal posts! It was a honey, if I do say so myself."

Her first dribble was to send out an announcement that Alfred H. Barr, Jr., then director of the museum, was going to Europe to look at the many van Gogh paintings which had never been shown in America. Sally's story went on to recall all the details of van Gogh's sad life, in words of high and sentimental emotion.

"The van Gogh story is the universal story—nobody appreciated him when he was alive, but everybody appreciated him when he was dead," Sally said recently. "That's just what ninety-nine out of one hundred people in this world think is going to happen to them. People don't want to be understood; they want to be appreciated. I decided if nobody else would appreciate van Gogh, I would."

But practically everybody appreciated van Gogh, it turned out. There is no record of any hard-boiled managing editor actually breaking into tears over Sally's release, but many of them assigned their best feature writers to cover the story. A peculiar feature of the campaign was that practically every writer reprinted the famous anecdote about how van Gogh cut off one of his ears and sent it to a girl who had asked him for it. But Sally had never mentioned this.

"I wanted to emphasize his art, not his ears," she says. "You can go all through my releases and you won't find a word about van Gogh's ear. That's one they can't pin on me!"

In any event, when the museum's showing of borrowed van Goghs opened, public excitement over the one-eared artist was intense and almost universal. To Sally's great delight the crowds were so big that the superintendent asked her to telephone for police assistance. She telephoned for the police, and then telephoned the newspapers to come and take pictures of her police lines. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt visited the show five times, and nearly 1,000,000 Americans saw it as it toured the country. Van Gogh colors appeared in dresses, scarves, tablecloths, and even bath mats and ash trays. Even The New York Times sports department covered the show during the height of the football season.

Perhaps the most heartfelt tribute of all came from James Ryan, a night watchman at the museum, who com-

posed the following verses for the occasion:

*Poor Vincent van Gogh
Was certainly slow,
To sell his work so cheap.
Were he alive today
He'd make it pay;
A fortune in Dollars he'd reap.*

*But he had nothing in Life
But sorrow and strife;
His days were often sad.
He got no credit
And little merit.
It was enough to drive him mad.*

*Now, when he is dead,
His fame, it has spread
To different parts of the world.
At the Museum of Art
It got a good start;
His name on a flag is unfurled.*

Sometimes Sally's job is not to get publicity, but to stop it. That was what happened when the museum's trustees decided to give a big show of the paintings of Salvador Dali, a Spanish-born artist whose pictures of protoplasmic nightmares, haunted deserts and paranoiac faces are now so popular that they even appear on neckties. Dali is every city editor's idea of what an artist should be: sleek, witty, photogenic, and willing to do anything—and that means anything—for publicity. He has been known, for instance, to pose on a grand piano in the middle of a pond and to bring a Hereford bull into a drawing room in order to get his picture published.

But instead of rushing at this phenomenon with open arms, Sally gave him a stern cold shoulder. "No personal publicity for Dali here," she ruled. "The papers are saying we're crazy anyhow, and Dali cutting up capers in the museum would be too much." One thing that Sally had very much in mind was an incident that had



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THE banter between "Yanks" and "Rebels" aboard United States Navy ships was a popular pastime—nothing more—but at one crucial moment in the history of the carrier Yorktown, it turned out to be a morale booster on a par with Betty Hutton.

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flight of "zoot suiters" headed straight for the ship. Gunnery Officer Lt. Comdr. Thomas J. Patterson, a six-foot Texan with a keen wit, was as tense as the rest of us. But as the Jap planes zoomed almost within range and the crews waited for the order to open fire, it was he who broke the tension and restored the coolness the crew needed to drive off the onslaught.

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occurred a short time before in New York. Dali had been engaged to design some window displays for a big store on Fifth Avenue. One evening, as he strolled by the store, he saw some workmen making unauthorized changes in one of his displays. He stormed into the store, burst into the window from the rear, picked up a heavy tub and started to empty it, but slipped and pushed it through the plate-glass window, which came down with a crash and almost cut off his head. Every city editor in New York swore that it was a publicity stunt, but it wasn't—just a normal fit of Dali temperament.

So when the museum put on its Dali show, Dali had to stay away—"We don't want any windows broken here," said Sally. On the morning before the opening she relented slightly—"Let him in for a few minutes to see his pictures," she said. "But he can't be interviewed by anybody. And he must be gone before the critics get here." So Dali tiptoed around the gallery with a long-handled brush and a pot of varnish, touching up a few of his pictures, and departed without making any fuss—or any publicity—at all.

Even Dali's pictures seemed sensible when compared with other concoctions which the museum has served up from time to time. In 1937 it held a Fantastic Art show which included a furlined teacup and saucer, a lamp shade made from a mail-order catalogue, some original cartoons by Rube Goldberg, a collection of spools and buttons which had been assembled and mounted on a wooden board by a psychopathic patient in France, and some broken spoons from the cell of the murderer, Bruno Hauptmann. There was another "art object" in this show which consisted of a bird cage containing lumps of sugar, parrot food, a thermometer and an inverted postage stamp, the whole business labeled "Why Not Sneeze?" There was also a painting of a slice of ham with a human eye in the middle of it, and another one of the rear end of an elephant.

Possibly the all-time peak in museum foolishness was reached in 1942, when it exhibited "the most beautiful shoeshine stand in the world," owned by a New Yorker named Joe Milone. According to the release which Sally sent out to more than 1000 newspapers and magazines, this exhibit included "a bootblack chair, stool, and large and small foot rest, all completely encrusted with gay baubles and brilliant ornaments gathered over a period of years from pushcarts and five-and-ten-cent stores." Along with this went an official statement by Mr. Barr, the director of the museum and an important authority on modern art, in which he said:

"Joe Milone's shoeshine furniture is as festive as a Christmas tree, jubilant as a circus wagon. It is like a lavish wedding cake, a baroque shrine or a super-juke box. . . . Yet it is purer, more personal and simple-hearted than any of these. We must respect the enthusiasm and devotion of the man who made it. . . ."

Miss Louise Nevelson, a sculptress who discovered Milone's talents, was even more sweeping in her interpretation. "This shoeshine box," she said flatly, "is the symbol of our age, a thing in time and space that can never happen again. This is a subconscious surrealist art. It is an epic of Mediterranean culture."

The shoeshine box got plenty of publicity, and had its picture in publications ranging all the way from Harper's Bazaar to the Goose Creek,

Texas, Sun. But some of the museum's own friends began to wonder whether things weren't getting out of hand. Decorated shoeshine stands were fun, of course, but should they be seriously treated as "art"?

Right on the heels of this affair came the famous Morris Hirshfield show at the museum. Mr. Hirshfield was a small, shy, gray-haired Brooklyn slipper and dress manufacturer who retired from business at the age of sixty-five and began to paint pictures just for his own amusement. He painted very simple, brightly colored tigers, flowers and nudes in a style that looked pretty much like any kindergarten picture. Then he was "discovered" and given an elaborate one-man show at the museum. A book was written about his

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PLEA FOR GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Leona Ames Hill

I can see beyond my neighbor's fences,

The ones he built to keep his cattle in,

And the stone walls I laid up with no pretenses

Of hurting him, but just to try to pin

My mares and colts where they belong. The nations

Could be the counterpart of what we are—

My neighbor and I in our lesser stations.

His sheep are his, yet his lamb bears no scar

From straying in my orchard.

He comes leading

My wild colt home that kicked his good fence down.

We mend the fence together.

There's no bleeding

From needless hurts. He

brings my stuff from town,

And I bring his, and we are friends together.

The fragrance of my blooming apple trees

Is his as much as mine, and this bright weather

We share each other's far immensities—

He my brown meadows where red sumac spills,

I the blue magic of his lonely hills.

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work, explaining why all the artist's nude women seemed to have—and, in fact, did have—two left feet. When Hirshfield was engaged in making slippers, the author reported, all the salesmen's samples were made in left feet only. So when Hirshfield began to paint people, it was only logical that he should paint them with two left feet.

The Hirshfield show caused a real explosion among the critics. The authoritative Art Digest greeted it with a sarcastic editorial bow to The Master of the Two Left Feet. A devastating review was written by Emily Genauer, of the New York World-Telegram, who pronounced the show "a frivolous and ill-considered gesture, with Mr. Hirshfield the goat."

Soon after this there was a bigger shake-up than usual in the museum staff, and Mr. Barr—who had been its

director since it opened—resigned. At the present time he is head of the museum's Painting and Sculpture Research Division and has just completed a second book on the paintings of Pablo Picasso. But he is no longer the top executive of the institution. In fact, nobody is. Important decisions on museum policy are made by committees of trustees and staff members, while the staff routine is run by a whole squad of quarterbacks, of whom Sally Newmeyer is one.

Since the twin fiasco of the shoeshine stand and the Hirshfield show, the museum has been somewhat subdued, though it is still a lively and complicated place. A visitor who dropped in a couple of months ago could have seen a display of plastic cookie cutters, steel carving knives, glass ash trays, baby carts, and other "Useful Objects Under \$25" on the first floor. He could then go to the second floor and see thirty or forty hilariously active youngsters taking part in their annual winter fair, which involves riding piggy-back on modern sculptures, smearing water colors on paper, and pasting together snips of colored cellophane and feathers into modernistic "art objects." Fleeing from this, he might pass rapidly through the museum's semipermanent display of modern art, from the paintings of American Quaker primitives like Edward Hicks to Pablo Picasso's tortured wartime mural of Guernica.

Coming down to the present moment the museum has scheduled for this spring a truly gigantic showing of modern paintings, none of which is smaller than six feet in any dimension. One of the paintings is nineteen feet long, and another is fifteen feet high, and the purpose of the show is to prove that big paintings are still being produced in a world that seems to be growing smaller all the time. Also featured during March and April is a showing of abstract "mobiles" in wood, glass, color transparencies and wire by teenage youngsters, including two "projections of changing designs on flat and three-dimensional screens" which are synchronized to music. Perhaps after this he would be glad to drop down to the basement and take in a screening of Douglas Fairbanks in The Thief of Bagdad or some film of similar vintage. The museum's screen bill changes every few days.

All this would cost but a quarter. And if the visitor were a twelve-fifty-a-year member, he could not only go in free but he could go up later to the glass-enclosed penthouse for a cup of tea, relaxing with at least moderate comfort in a plywood-and-plastic chair of the latest modern design.

And even this would represent only a tiny fraction of the museum's daily activities, which include the dispatching and receiving of scores of traveling art exhibitions, 263 traveling film shows, the publishing and selling of art books and reproductions of paintings, free art instruction for veterans, special classes and traveling instruction units for public and private schools, and other things too numerous to mention. One baffled writer who tried to describe all the things that go on at the museum once referred to it as an intellectual octopus. Others have suggested that it is something like a tempest in a fur-lined teacup. But whatever it is called, two things seem fairly certain: (1) that the museum will continue to supply excitement, food for thought, and occasional belly laughs to a great many people, and (2) that as long as Sally Newmeyer is there, it will continue to make the papers. THE END