

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## THIS WEEK'S COVER

Artist Stevan Dohanos and his two models had been working for three days on this wintry scene when finally Dohanos surveyed his canvas and said, "O.K., that's all." George Weising, who had posed as the shivering adult, shrugged his cap, muffler and heavy overcoat, wiped his wet neck and went outdoors to cool off. It had been tougher on him than on Pat

Baker, who posed as the weather-proof boy, for Pat had a succession of fast-melting ice-cream cones to help keep him cool—three or four a sitting. Even so, this business of making a picture of below-zero weather had been a hot, sticky job. For they posed in Dohanos' studio, under bright lights making it as hot as a mid-July heat wave.

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LIONS ROARPublished in  
this space  
every monthThe greatest  
star of the  
screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".



To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.



BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragedy-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.



LINA

You may thank the expert acting of Lewis Stone, Sara Haden, and Fay Holden for much of the effective entertainment.

You may—and you will—thank M-G-M for bringing it to the screen.

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

Love Laughs at  
Andy Hardy. Love  
is you.

—Leo



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Making the most of her colorful past, the city has opened her arms to the tourists. The lovely Mateeba Gardens are built at the site of the barony of Charleston's founder, Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury.



The Dock Street Theatre, St. Philip's Church and the French Huguenot Church stand close together on Church Street, which runs through the heart of the oldest part of the city.



A vender offers her flowers on Rainbow Row, where the restored old houses have been painted in pastel hues.



## THE CITIES OF AMERICA

# CHARLESTON

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Tired of being considered only a museum piece and a memento of the glory that is past, the "fightin'est" city in Dixie is out to prove she has plenty of that old fight left.

This is the twenty-seventh of a series of articles on America's most colorful cities. The next will appear in our March 1st issue.

CHARLESTON, having made itself a principal Southern tourist city, is now trying to make itself also an important industrial center and a principal Atlantic port. National strikes, Government red tape and the scarcity of essential materials have impeded the effort. But the city can count forty-six new industries established here since the movement got under way, a fairly good showing, even if most of them are small plants, while its monthly bank clearances now average two and a half times larger than those for corresponding months of 1939.

So, in the new adventure, progress is being made. If it isn't yet very spectacular, that fact hasn't dampened the determination of this old town—the Athens of the agricultural Old South in its golden age—to make a place for itself in the new industrial South. It knows now that this

won't be as easy as it looked immediately after Japan's surrender, when the war boom was still on, and you can find pessimists on every corner. But, in general, its spirits are high and there is at least an even chance that the fightin'est town in Dixie, as an Edisto swamp man once called it, is really on the march again.

Few think of Charleston as a fighting town with probably the most aggressive over-all record in American annals. The impression most people have of it is that of an indolent old Southern city, fascinating to the artist and the antiquarian, but long ago left behind because whenever opportunity came, its people were fast asleep. That, however, is not the reason why Charleston is not now huge and rich.

Actually, from its earliest days, an extraordinary energy drove it. Among the English colonies, Charleston was easily first in exploration, sending its bold woods captains across the Mississippi seventy years before Daniel Boone got even as far west as Kentucky. It created the largest inland commerce on the continent and, simultaneously, the permanent pattern of the lower South's agriculture. In literature it produced

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas G. Roosevelt is old Charleston at her best. Formerly a rice plantation, it is now a dairy farm.



Recovery projects got rid of the worst slums, but there is still much work to be done in sections like this, called Little Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUS PASQUARELLA



Miss Susan Pringle Frost (above) owns the Miles Brewton mansion, one of the finest Georgian houses in America.



The new industrial city is growing up around the port terminals, in which Charleston places her hopes for the future. She has the best deep-water harbor (35 feet) on the Southeastern coast.

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## CHARLESTON

(Continued from Page 21)

the most dynamic Southern intellect, William Gilmore Simms; in science America's only original contributor to the study of evolution, William Charles Wells, was a Charlestonian. In political thought and action, it was similarly a leader, being first Southern city to secede from the British Empire, as later it would be the first to secede from the American Union.

For thirty of the nation's most crucial years, Charleston, which may almost be said to have given Calhoun his political philosophy ready-made, wielded greater political power than any other single American community has ever enjoyed. It constructed the first railroad of more than 100 miles ever built in the world, delivered the first successful torpedo attack in his-

tory, and also the first successful submarine attack; it established the first municipal college in America, and it can claim so many other "firsts," including the first chamber of commerce, that they cannot be listed here. It is the only city on earth that has defeated signally the world's two greatest navies. It was the first to prove, by actually doing it, six days before the Declaration of Independence was signed, that the supposedly invincible British navy could be beaten bloodily, and it inflicted upon the United States fleet—April 7, 1863—the worst defeat the American Navy had ever suffered prior to Pearl Harbor.

Today, but for the strange ways of politics eerily manifested at the 1944 Democratic Convention, when James F. Byrnes was denied the vice-presidential nomination which he had in his hat, a Charleston-born President would

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## The Role I Liked Best . . .

BY VAN HEFLIN

AN actor's favorite role often represents someone he would like to be, but in actuality couldn't possibly be. My favorite—Jeff Hartnett in *Johnny Eager*—was a man I might well have been, given similar background and circumstances. I'm not brilliant, like Jeff, but I so well understood the introspective nature of this poor man's Boswell that it was the easiest role I ever played. Most scripts give you only part of the background of a person; the rest you must imagine, and that may be difficult. But Jeff's character was so clearly drawn that, when I had given him what seemed the suitable background, not a word he or any other character spoke clashed with that background.

Robert Taylor, who had been cast as Johnny Eager and had seen me on the stage in *Philadelphia Story*, urged me to apply to Producer John Considine, Director Mervyn LeRoy, and the authors, John Mahin and James Grant, at a time when Metro was considering giving the role of Jeff to someone much older than myself. LeRoy, who swung the role my way, was also an enthusiast about the part; where another director might have missed Jeff's

importance to the story and kept him in the background, LeRoy insisted that he be understood by the actor and accentuated. Taylor was a great help to me. Knowing my technique was attuned to the stage, he showed me how to move around in certain directions to be more in line with the camera.

I was glad that Jeff, being indifferent to his appearance, had few costume changes, for, being a bad dresser myself, I hate to fuss around with decisions about what suit, shirt and tie to wear. Also I was glad that there was only one scene in which I had to move quickly, as I dislike violent action. The most enjoyable scene was one of the hardest: where Jeff weeps—from mental anguish, not physical pain—after Johnny hits him. There was danger of the audience laughing at the wrong time, destroying its sympathy for Jeff. Mervyn LeRoy deftly directed the scene so that I spoke my lines first—serious and important ones—then he waited for the speech to register before cutting back to show the tears.

A crowning pleasure was the enthusiastic audience letters showing that Jeff had come close to the people, been understood, and that they identified me with him.



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

(Continued from Page 70)

be looking out the window of the Charleston-designed White House [James Hoban, of Charleston, architect], getting inspiration from the Charleston-designed Washington Monument [Robert Mills, of Charleston, architect] and then perhaps getting a financial headache as a glimpse of the Charleston-designed Treasury Building [also by Mills] reminded him of our ever-growing monetary problems.

What many people forget is that eighty-one years ago Charleston took on the point of its chin the most terrific haymaker that any American city has had the ill fortune to encounter. But suddenly a dramatic turn of the wheel has given it the best opportunity it has had since that knockout blow took much of the starch out of it, and the vigor of its past is the best reason for believing that it will not fail now. As though to atone for the fact that three wars have ruined and bankrupted Charleston, in 1941 came a war that may make it.

Swiftly, under the compulsion of World War II, the city's ample thirty-five-foot-deep harbor, long almost empty, was rediscovered and re-equipped, and overnight it swarmed with shipping. Its navy yard and airport were enormously expanded; great modern port installations and shipyards were provided at a cost of millions; to operate these and various private plants, an army of industrial workers poured in. From 71,000 in 1940, Charleston's population jumped to 157,000 in 1944—to 190,000 if adjacent areas be included—while to house this increase whole new villages sprang up in the suburbs. Meantime within forty miles of the city the Santee-Cooper hydroelectric-power project costing more than \$57,000,000 and planned for an ultimate generating capacity of 700,000,000 kilowatt-hours was completed.

With all this, Charleston hummed and boomed as never before in the memory of living citizens. The enormous influx of war workers and servicemen made difficult problems, but on the whole, the "new people" liked the place, and when the war ended, many of them decided to stay. The result is that today for the first time in its career Charleston has a large industrial population composed of excellent material, with adequate housing already in existence; it has great modern port terminals built by the Army and now turned over to the South Carolina Ports Authority to be operated as a state port; it has ample electric power. That is the new thing about Charleston—its chance for a genuine business revival—but the old city has a significance all its own which can never be touched by future events.

Charleston has become for thousands the visible affirmation of the most glamorous of all the folk legends of America—the legend of the plantation civilization of the Old South. A single morning spent wandering through its older streets, a single afternoon at one of the great plantations which were an essential part of it, prove that there was at least one region—actually there were several—where the Old South really was in many ways the handsome Old South of the legend.

Here, on a scale equaled nowhere else, the physical body of the Old South survives. Here, in whole areas little changed, is not merely one of the cities of the Old South, but the city which, more than any other, made the Old South—except the border states—what it was, providing it with both its

economic system and its political philosophy. Here are the actual habitations of those men and women, both the great houses and the humble houses, and you can always tell what a people were like by studying the houses they created.

Thus Charleston—which is not a museum but a live thing, for these are the houses themselves, not restorations, and they are being lived in—is also a historical document of unique value.

Some of the most interesting of these, like the so-called pirate houses on Church Street, are modest as to size and style. Some of Charleston's most beguiling streets—East Tradd and East Bay, for instance, in the neighborhood of "Rainbow Row"—are fascinating rather than imposing. Yet everywhere—in the upper wards as well as in the better-known downtown streets like East and South Battery, King and Legaré—are the impressive evidences of something which evidently

## FOR MY FOURTH GRADER

By Bianca Bradbury

Here's comfort's crumb because you fail,  
 Sadly lacking the proper thirst  
 For two-plus-two arithmetic—  
 You're not the first.

There hasn't lived a dreamer yet  
 Who couldn't manage to contrive  
 A dream, by making two plus two  
 Come out five.

And since you are your mother's son,  
 You'll go on making less or more,  
 Confused and rather pleased, to get  
 Never, precisely, four.

flowered here and stamped its beauty and fineness upon the city—an order of society which had grace and dignity, and must have had intellectual drive and power. Outside the city proper, the gardens and grounds on some of the great plantations—the superb terraces of Middleton Place, the sumptuous pleasures of Magnolia, which John Galsworthy called the most beautiful garden in the world—speak with equal eloquence of a civilization utterly different from the drab and flimsy picture of before-the-war Dixie which the "realistic" novelists draw.

Obviously—for such a civilization didn't happen by accident—something else is here also: a story. It is a story which you have to know at least in bare outline in order to understand at all this city which, in a more literal sense than any other in America, is a product of its past.

Two men made Charleston: Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury; and Henry Woodward, magnificent adventurer, pathfinding wilderness explorer, curious experimenter with herbs and seeds.

Shaftesbury believed that the rural gentry of England (based firmly upon the aristocratic principle, but, in his opinion, liberal, too, since any man of

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ability could rise) was the soundest social system ever devised. In explicit accordance with that conviction, he planned the New World colony of which, in the year 1670, he was a principal founder, providing for it, with the help of the philosopher, John Locke, a government specifically designed to "avoid erecting a numerous democracy" by reproducing in America the old England of the country gentleman.

To accomplish this, baronies were laid out around a little port town as a center, and a landed nobility was created. To avoid confusion with British nobility, the dukes were called landgraves and the earls caciques. This, the only American nobility that has ever existed, was a powerful factor in shaping permanently the character that Charleston would have. Though after half a century the landgraves and baronies disappeared as such, the order of landed gentry which Shaftesbury had established didn't disappear.

In one of the forgotten pregnant moments of American history, Henry Woodward fell in, perhaps at one of the water-front taverns, with a sea captain who had just returned from a voyage to the Far East and got from him a small bag of the Madagascan grain known as rice. Instead of cooking it for dinner, Woodward planted the rice—and suddenly the destiny not only of Charleston but of the whole deep South was decided.

For the one thing needed to make a society of landed gentry practicable had happened—a crop had been found which would flourish marvelously in the virgin soil of the baronies; an economic base for the social order which Shaftesbury had envisaged had been provided. So swiftly did rice culture spread that within a few years the plantation system based upon Negro slave labor was firmly established in the Charleston region, its first and for a long time its only stronghold in the lower South. Thus Charleston became at the beginning what it ever afterward was—the urban center of a community of plantations, the capital of a powerful society of country gentlemen, mainly democratic in origin, but inevitably aristocratic in philosophy. Later, with the coming of cotton and the help of a young New Englander named Eli Whitney, they would spread their way of life and thought throughout the vast region from the Charleston rice coast to the Rio Grande.

For nearly two centuries Charleston's story was one of brilliant success, and its first chapter was one of the

most remarkable. The spotlight of history has chosen to linger elsewhere, but at a time when all the other colonies remained pinned to a narrow strip of coast, Charleston's adventurous explorers and woods captains, of whom Henry Woodward was first, boldly penetrated the southwestern wilderness on their wiry Chickasaw horses. Building up a great Indian trade which extended 1000 miles into the continent, they blocked the French plan for a line of forts from the Gulf to the Lakes, and saved the lower Mississippi Valley for the English-speaking race.

That is as fine a feather as any American city wears in its cap. But it is the plantation theme that runs through Charleston's story, and the song of the wind in the shimmering ricefields along its slow winding rivers is its theme song. With the rice plantations as the sustaining parts and the city as the central brain, it took on more and more the character of a city state—a closely knit rural-urban social and political unit unlike any other that has existed in America.

It was an English civilization in spite of the French Huguenot, West Indian and German elements in its population, and that is why it is today not an exotic city but solidly American. Its genius shone brightest in the solid arts of agriculture and politics. In a field so close to the city that you can see it from St. Michael's or St. Philip's steeple, a girl of twenty conducted experiments with indigo so skillfully that mainly from these efforts of Eliza Lucas grew a great new industry second only to rice. At his plantation, Batherville, McKewn Johnstone, a rice planter, thinking with magnificent sweep and boldness, harnessed the Atlantic and made its immense breathing, communicated to the river tides, the motive power of a new system of rice culture. The full development of this tidal method of rice culture on all the rice coast's ten rivers was Charleston's supreme technical achievement, and its results were far-reaching. As the new method spread and as long-staple cotton, pioneered by William Elliott and Kinsey Burden, came to take the place of indigo—eliminated by the Revolution—Charleston's real Golden Age began.

It was then that life reached its full flower on the beautiful plantations beside the low country's rivers and in the proud, confident, intellectually eager little city which was their capital. Though outstripped in population by the immigrant ports of the North, so

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MackINLAY KANTOR—successful author whose novel, "Glory For Me," has been made into the stirring Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives"—says:



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(Continued from Page 75)

progressive was Charleston then that by 1830 it had built the longest railroad—136 miles—in the world; so rich that when money was needed to found the new Bank of Charleston its citizens subscribed \$80,000,000—a huge sum in those days—within thirty-six hours; so mentally alive that, in spite of the Old South's alleged absorption in the classics, Charleston produced the prodigal native genius of William Gilmore Simms, while no other American city was so well known abroad for the number and eminence of its scientific men.

Perhaps even more important, Charleston now attained a measure of political power such as no other single American community has ever enjoyed. With the invention of the Whitney gin, short cotton could do for the interior deep South what rice had done for the Charleston region; and now, on a white tide of cotton, the plantation system of the Charleston rice coast swept westward even to Texas. With it went the way of thought implanted originally by Shaftesbury and formulated as a political philosophy by Calhoun.

So it happened that when, in 1860, this city and state decided to secede from the American Union, they were able to take the whole South with them. Whereupon, in Washington, Secretary of State Jeremiah Black said to his assistant, W. H. Trescott, of Charleston, "There your little state, no bigger than the palm of my hand, has broken up this mighty empire. Like Athens, you control Greece. You have made and you will control this revolution by your indomitable spirit. Up to this time you have played your part with great wisdom—unequaled—but now you are going wrong."

When Jonathan Daniels was going about the South getting ready to write his book of discovery, they told him in Columbia, the state capital, that Charleston was dying. He was skeptical about it, and when he came to write his book, he paid the city the compliment of believing that it was not merely alive but awake and aware. Time passed, no swan song came from the banks of the Ashley and the Cooper, Mr. Daniels again looked that way and, perceiving that he had been measurably right in his judgment, remarked dryly, "Like most grand dames, Charleston was always a good deal more hardheaded than it seemed."

It had to be hardheaded. Only those who realize in how true a sense Charleston was the mother of the Southern Confederacy understand that the catastrophe which befell it in 1865 was

incomparably the greatest ever suffered by an American city. It knocked Charleston cold. Then, as life slowly flowed back into it, misfortune dogged it—earthquake and hurricane piled on top of the orgy of reconstruction, the passing—mainly as a result of changes wrought by the war—of the great rice industry, the inevitable destruction of the long-staple cotton industry by the boll weevil, a virtual freight blockade by hostile railroads. A time came when the old city was at so low an ebb that, one by one, its few remaining hotels were closing.

But Charleston didn't die. Somewhere in that black time it made the discovery that it had something that few American cities had—a distinctiveness and a particular kind of beauty.

Tentatively at first, then more and more purposefully, Charleston began to make practical use of this fortunate fact, at the same time learning to resist ill-conceived efforts at change which would impair the effectiveness of its appeal. Visitors began to come, exclaiming in rapture over the fine old houses and the walled gardens, rediscovering in the city's quiet streets the beauty and glamour of the Old South. Soon these visitors began to buy some of the houses and become winter residents, while others bought abandoned rice plantations in the city's hinterland and maintained them as winter estates or hunting preserves.

As the paved highways came south and as magazine articles and books directed increased attention to the city and region, the stream of tourists swelled. Meanwhile the princely gardens of the old planters, Magnolia and Middleton Place, were opened to the public as were the new Cypress Gardens at Dean Hall Plantation on the Cooper River, by many considered the most enchanting; Shaftesbury's Ashley Barony—called also Mateeba Gardens—Belle Isle and Pirates Cruze.

The tourist's Charleston, the old city, occupies the lower end of the long peninsula formed by the Ashley and the Cooper before they join to make the harbor. The new industrial city is coming into existence farther up this peninsula, where the new port terminals, the navy yard and the deep-water factory areas are situated. Thus the new Charleston and the old are geographically separate, and there is no reason to fear that the hoped-for development will impair the city's beauty and historic interest.

The tourist's Charleston goes back to the seventeenth century, its colonial houses are perhaps the most beautiful

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Ted Key

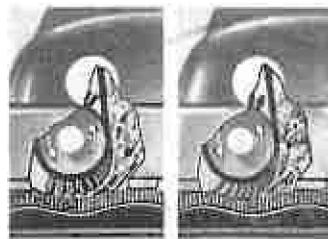
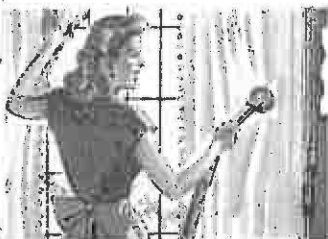
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# "Me? I'm no longer a slave girl!"



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WHITE CROSS APPLIANCES • Automatic Toasters, Waffle Irons, Hot Plates, Coffee Makers, Electric Irons

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things in it, but when someone suggested to Winston Churchill that he visit Charleston, his answer was that he would like to see Fort Sumter. That was an excellent answer because Fort Sumter represents the culmination of all that the old city was.

There on April 12, 1861, the great war which was undeniably Charleston's war began. There on April 7, 1863, the United States Navy met its worst defeat up to that time, when Fort Sumter flung back the supposedly irresistible ironclad fleet from the city's sea gate. There, too, a new and portentous shape in warfare, the torpedo boat Little David, designed by a Charleston agricultural chemist, and herself shaped like a torpedo, slipped past the fort one October night in '63 to deliver against the great Federal flagship New Ironsides the first successful torpedo attack in history; and there, the following year, the Confederate submarine Hunley sank the cruiser Housatonic, an achievement never repeated until, in 1914, two German U-boats began sinking British ships.

The same waters which witnessed the repulse of the ironclad fleet in 1863 saw the defeat of Sir Peter Parker's British fleet in 1776, but the fort of palmetto logs which won that earlier battle has long since disappeared. Fort Sumter, though ground to rubble by the Federal cannon, kept Charleston inviolate during the long siege of 367 days, and survives today with its original walls partly restored. You can go down to it by sight-seeing boat or view it from the city's fine sea-wall promenade along East Battery.

On East Battery, looking out over the Cooper River and the harbor, are

some of the handsomest of the antebellum residences, typical Charleston town houses with deep pillared piazzas along their southern flanks to catch the prevailing summer breeze. At right angles to East Battery, South Battery—officially White Point Gardens—occupies the extreme tip of the peninsula where the Ashley and the Cooper join, and provides, with Hampton Park—named for Gen. Wade Hampton, of the Confederacy—and Marion Square—named for Gen. Francis Marion, of the Revolution—some of the open space which the city needs badly.

Northward from South Battery, right through the heart of the oldest part of the city, runs Church Street, sometimes called the most fascinating in America, coming to its climax where stately St. Philip's Church, the French Huguenot Church, the Dock Street Theater and the so-called pirate houses stand close together. Farther to the west, Meeting Street—with St. Michael's Church, the South Carolina Society Hall and the County Record Building—known as the Fireproof Building—perhaps the most beautiful of all Robert Mills' creations—parallels Church Street. Still farther west, King and Legaré streets also run northward, crossing Tradd, Broad and Queen streets. All these, with sundry courts and alleys interspersed, are typical Charleston, with ancient houses to delight an artist's soul, wrought-iron gates and old walled gardens where, in their seasons, the characteristic Charleston flowers bloom—jessamine, Cherokee rose, wistaria, azalea, camellia, pomegranate, bignonia, magnolia, oleander, acacia, mimosa, spikenard and grape myrtle. Here also cardinals, sangre de toro.

(Continued on Page 83)



## Can You Face It?

A FACE is always a fascinating subject; indeed, there are some people who have become famous for some singularity of their facial appearance. How many of the real or fictional folks can you identify from the following brief descriptions? If you name eight of them, you're quite a physiognomist.

Answers on page 83

1. What hero of a classic book and a famous movie has a very wooden expression?
2. What face has been known for centuries for its subtle, enigmatic smile?
3. The sight of whose face turned ancient Greeks into stone?
4. Whose reputedly horrible countenance has been the subject of much recent speculation in the United States press?
5. What modern statesman admitted to his strong facial resemblance to all babies?
6. What Gascon poet had an excessively long nose?
7. What modern actor uses his nose to good advantage?
8. Who was the last American President to wear (a) a beard? (b) a mustache?
9. What actor of silent-movie fame was unrivaled in his ability to portray grotesque faces?
10. Of the few men who still wear beards, who are the following: (a) a character actor, (b) a sculptor, (c) a playwright, (d) a novelist?

—CARLO ROCCIARELLI.



(Continued from Page 80)

and painted nonpareils sing by day, and often in the spring moonlight ecstatic mockingbirds outdo the nightingale.

On all these streets the visitor will see many examples of that most distinctive of Charleston's architectural designs, the "single house," standing with gable end to the street and piazzas running the length of the southern or western side. Of the great "double houses," Miles Brewton's Georgian mansion and the Gibbs house on South Battery are superb examples. The former, open to visitors as a museum because it is one of the famous houses of America, is now the residence of Miss Susan Pringle Frost. At a critical moment, when go-getters were threatening to "modernize" Charleston by destroying her old architecture, Miss Frost infused new determination into the movement to save what was not only a national heritage but also the city's most immediately valuable asset. An organization was formed, a zoning plan formulated, Samuel Gaillard Stoney, Alice R. H. Smith, Albert Simons, the late DuBose Heyward and others brought technical knowledge and artistic ability to carry the effort through to success.

No more thoroughly Charlestonian thing exists in Charleston today than the tough-fibered, hardheaded editorial page of the city's famous newspaper, the News and Courier, the oldest daily in the South. That page, written mainly by William Watts Ball—a hillman by birth, but as truly of this city as that other hillman, Calhoun, became intellectually—is the old Charleston at its sinewy best. It is a grief and a cross to the earnest disciples of state socialism in all its forms, a bulwark and a delight to unregenerate realists and such as still believe in the American republic. Nor does this vigorous survival of much that was sound and eternally true in its past conflict with Charleston's new war-born opportunity.

To seize that opportunity, businessmen have organized an industrial board, and with their efforts a city government admirably nonpolitical for Charleston has joined hands. Headway is being made—the latest national surveys name this as one of the nine Southern cities most likely to forge ahead. As Mayor E. Edward Wehman, Jr., puts it, "With industries surging southward, with abundant low-cost hydroelectric power at hand, and with her splendid harbor now fully equipped, Charleston has better prospects than ever before."

That seems a reasonable summary. Perhaps the port's position in relation to Latin America is much in its favor.

Its mild but not enervating winter climate is an asset; its big military college, The Citadel, ranking next to West Point, is another, as also are the College of Charleston, oldest municipal college in America, and Ashley Hall, a famous girls' school. Charleston's reputation as a cultural center may be helpful. It has two musical groups, two little-theater groups, an exceedingly energetic art association, an active and famous museum, and a scattering of painters, etchers and writers.

Undeniably Charleston has defects: the humidity of its Augusts and Septembers, to escape which all who can do so flee to the near-by beaches or the Carolina mountains; the ridiculous narrowness of its main retail thoroughfare, King Street; the fondness which hurricanes have for it. Important though tourists are to it, the city has made little effort to beautify its land entrances or remove from the water front the unsightly wrecks of old wharves no longer used. The names of streets are so badly displayed that visitors never know where they are. With scores of spots interesting to tourists, much of their practical value is sacrificed through failure to tell their story on markers or plaques. The thing that would do most for the city's historic section—putting the wires underground—is doubtless a big task, but it's time to discuss it. Though there are places, notably Henry's, where good food can be had, no restaurant has done for Charleston's distinctive dishes what Antoine's in New Orleans does. And only the charming little Brewton Inn, where sometimes, though not always, one dines in an enchantment of Negro spirituals softly rendered by unseen singers, achieves anything like a Charleston atmosphere.

There are graver handicaps. A constant drain on Charleston's best blood during the long bad years has deprived it of many of its ablest young men who had to go elsewhere because there was no opportunity at home—a major tragedy from which it still suffers. Though truck farming, lumbering and the new pulp industry help notably, the city lacks the prosperous hinterland which it had in the days of rice, indigo and sea-island cotton. The accumulated toxins of years poison its politics; though, as this is written, a decision to use voting machines in the next election is a greatly heartening sign.

Charleston people too often split into cliques which neutralize each other, thus defeating new civic ideas—a plan for solving the city's parking problem is a recent example. Recovery projects got rid of the worst slums, but there are still ugly ones in the section the police call Little Mexico and elsewhere. Like all Southern cities, Charleston faces, too, new racial tensions, though these have been mitigated so far by the fact that its native Negroes are of a gentle and generally lovable strain, and by the further fact that here the ante-bellum system was maintained on a high plane, leaving mutual affection rather than bitterness as a long-enduring legacy.

These problems loom up. I have told you of its hopes for the future. But above and beyond those problems and those hopes, Charleston stands as an American heritage—physically and spiritually. William Allen White once called it "the most civilized city in America," and "nowhere on earth that I know," wrote Jonathan Daniels in his book of Southern discovery, "are there any people with a clearer sense of the tempo of good living." THE END

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#### Answers to Can You Face It?

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1. Pinocchio
2. That of Mona Lisa in the portrait by Leonardo da Vinci
3. Medusa's
4. Lena the Hyena's in Al Capp's strip, Li'l Abner
5. Winston Churchill
6. Cyrano de Bergerac
7. Jimmy Durante
8. (a) Benjamin Harrison, (b) Taft
9. Lon Chaney
10. (a) Monty Woolley, (b) Jo Davidson, (c) George Bernard Shaw, (d) Ernest Hemingway