

# Holiday

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**PREVIEW**

In April: Carl L. Biemiller looks at Northern New Jersey, John Horne Burns sails Ireland's River Shannon, and Arthur Bartlett roams about Concord and Lexington. While Budd Schulberg gobbles Dave Chasen's food in Hollywood, Debs Myers enjoys the warmth of Will Rogers' Oklahoma home town. Bemelmans tells how to be a prince, and Joseph Wechsberg takes a box at the Paris Opera. There are also: a Natchez Pilgrimage and cocktail party Fashions.



**MARCH COVER**

"I'd become an antiquarian by the time I finished the anniversary cover," writes Artist Robert Geissman. "I browsed through piles of handbills and posters for samples of old lettering. An arms collector was persuaded to lend me his prize, a Kentucky long rifle, complete with brass patch box. The rare Zachary Taylor whisky bottle, circa 1830, came from the safe of an antique shop. For my final touch of authenticity: the stables of Kentucky's famous Calumet Farms."

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## THE GOOD LION

ONCE upon a time there was a lion that lived in Africa with all the other lions. The other lions were all bad lions and every day they ate zebras and wildebeestes and every kind of antelope. Sometimes the bad lions ate people too. They ate Swahilis, Umbulus and Wandorobos and they especially liked to eat Hindu traders. All Hindu traders are very fat and delicious to a lion.

But this lion, that we love because he was so good, had wings on his back. Because he had wings on his back the other lions all made fun of him.

"Look at him with the wings on his back," they would say and then they would all roar with laughter.

"Look at what he eats," they would say because the good lion only ate pasta and scampi because he was so good.

The bad lions would roar with laughter and eat another Hindu trader and their wives would drink his blood, going lap, lap, lap with their tongues like big cats. They only stopped to growl with laughter or to roar with laughter at the good lion and to snarl at his wings. They were very bad and wicked lions indeed.

But the good lion would sit and fold his wings back and ask politely if he might have a Negroni or an Americano and he always drank that instead of the blood of Hindu traders. One day he refused to eat eight Masai cattle and only ate some tagliatelli and drank a glass of pomodoro.

This made the wicked lions very angry and one of the lionesses, who was the wickedest of them all and could never get the blood of Hindu traders off her whiskers even when she rubbed her face in the grass said, "Who are you that you

think you are so much better than we are? Where do you come from, you pasta-eating lion? What are you doing here anyway?" She growled at him and they all roared without laughter.

"My father lives in a city where he stands under the clock tower and looks down on a thousand pigeons, all of whom are his subjects. When they fly they make a noise like a rushing river. There are more palaces in my father's city than in all of Africa and there are four great bronze horses that face him and they all have one foot in the air because they fear him.

"In my father's city men go on foot or in boats and no real horse would enter the city for fear of my father."

"Your father was a griffin," the wicked lioness said, licking her whiskers.

"You are a liar," one of the wicked lions said. "There is no such city."

"Pass me a piece of Hindu trader," another very wicked lion said. "This Masai cattle is too newly killed."

"You are a worthless liar and the son of a griffin," the wickedest of all the lionesses said. "And now I think I shall kill you and eat you, wings and all."

This frightened the good lion very much because he could see her yellow eyes and her tail going up and down and the blood caked on her whiskers and he smelled her breath which was very bad because she never brushed her teeth ever. Also she had old pieces of Hindu trader under her claws.

"Don't kill me," the good lion said. "My father is a noble lion and always has been respected and everything is true as I said."

Just then the wicked lioness sprang at him. But he rose into the air on his wings and circled the group of wicked

lions once, with them all roaring and looking at him. He looked down and thought, "What savages these lions are."

He circled them once more to make them roar more loudly. Then he swooped low so he could look at the eyes of the wicked lioness who rose on her hind legs to try and catch him. But she missed him with her claws. "Adios," he said, for he spoke beautiful Spanish, being a lion of culture. "Au revoir," he called to them in his exemplary French.

They all roared and growled in African lion dialect.

Then the good lion circled higher and higher and set his course for Venice. He alighted in the Piazza and everyone was delighted to see him. He flew up for a moment and kissed his father on both cheeks and saw the horses still had their feet up and the Basilica looked more beautiful than a soap bubble. The Campanile was in place and the pigeons were going to their nests for the evening.

"How was Africa?" his father said.

"Very savage, father," the good lion replied.

"We have night lighting here now," his father said.

"So I see," the good lion answered like a dutiful son.

"It bothers my eyes a little," his father confided to him. "Where are you going now, my son?"

"To Harry's Bar," the good lion said.

"Remember me to Cipriani and tell him I will be in some day soon to see about my bill," said his father.

"Yes, father," said the good lion and he flew down lightly and walked to Harry's Bar on his own four paws.

In Cipriani's nothing was changed. All of his friends were there. But he

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DRAWINGS BY Adriana Ivancich





was a little changed himself from being in Africa.

"A Negroni, Signor Barone?" asked Mr. Cipriani.

But the good lion had flown all the way from Africa and Africa had changed him.

"Do you have any Hindu trader sandwiches?" he asked Cipriani.

"No, but I can get some."

"While you are sending for them, make me a very dry Martini." He added, "With Gordon's gin."

"Very good," said Cipriani. "Very good indeed."

Now the lion looked about him at the faces of all the nice people and he knew that he was at home but that he had also traveled. He was very happy.

## THE FAITHFUL BULL



ONE time there was a bull and his name was not Ferdinand and he cared nothing for flowers. He loved to fight and he fought with all the other bulls of his own age, or any age, and he was a champion.

His horns were as solid as wood and they were as sharply pointed as the quill of a porcupine. They hurt him, at the base, when he fought and he did not care at all. His neck muscles lifted in a great lump that is called in Spanish the *morillo* and this *morillo* lifted like a hill when he was ready to fight. He was always ready to fight and his coat was black and shining and his eyes were clear.

Anything made him want to fight and he would fight with deadly seriousness exactly as some people eat or read or go to church. Each time he fought he fought to kill and the other bulls were not afraid of him because they came of good blood and were not afraid. But they had no wish to provoke him. Nor did they wish to fight him.

He was not a bully nor was he wicked, but he liked to fight as men might like to sing or to be the King or the President. He never thought at all. Fighting was his obligation and his duty and his joy.

He fought on the stony, high ground. He fought under the cork-oak trees and

he fought in the good pasture by the river. He walked fifteen miles each day from the river to the high, stony ground and he would fight any bull that looked at him. Still he was never angry.

That is not really true, for he was angry inside himself. But he did not know why, because he could not think. He was very noble and he loved to fight.

So what happened to him? The man who owned him, if anyone can own such an animal, knew what a great bull he was and still he was worried because this bull cost him so much money by fighting with other bulls. Each bull was worth over one thousand dollars and after they had fought the great bull they were worth less than two hundred dollars and sometimes less than that.

So the man, who was a good man, decided that he would keep the blood of this bull in all of his stock rather than send him to the ring to be killed. So he selected him for breeding.

But this bull was a strange bull. When they first turned him into the pasture with the breeding cows, he saw one who was young and beautiful and slimmer and better muscled and shinier and more lovely than all the others. So, since he could not fight, he fell in love with her and he paid no attention to any of the others.

He only wanted to be with her, and the others meant nothing to him at all.

The man who owned the bull ranch hoped that the bull would change, or learn, or be different than he was. But the bull was the same and he loved whom he loved and no one else. He only wanted to be with her, and the others meant nothing to him at all.

So the man sent him away with five other bulls to be killed in the ring, and at least the bull could fight, even though he was faithful. He fought wonderfully and everyone admired him and the man who killed him admired him the most. But the fighting jacket of the man who killed him and who is called the matador was wet through by the end, and his mouth was very dry.

"*Que toro mas bravo*," the matador said as he handed his sword to his sword handler. He handed it with the hilt up and the blade dripping with the blood from the heart of the brave bull who no longer had any problems of any kind and was being dragged out of the ring by four horses.

"Yes. He was the one the Marqués of Villamayor had to get rid of because he was faithful," the sword handler, who knew everything, said.

"Perhaps we should all be faithful," the matador said.

