

HOLLYWOOD REVISITED—III
The Supercolossal De Mille

By FREDERICK C. OTTMAN



HOLLYWOOD—Let us consider today Cecil B. De Mille, now in the throes of the second time, the throes of splitting the Red Sea. This isn't easy.

The eighty De Mille, who has been one of my favorite movie-makers in 74 today and he's making "The Ten Commandments" the biggest and costliest film ever produced. That automatically means it's the most expensive movie ever made by anybody.

One of his assistants calculated that he was spending \$1,000,000 for each commandment, but De Mille was more modest. He figures he'll have the picture complete, and the Red Sea rolled back in about another year for a total cost of \$8,000,000.

First time he split this sea was back in the early days of the flickers and it was simple enough in black and white. Now he's doing it in color and VistaVision to boot, and for weeks he had camera crews at the actual shores.

OTTMAN He hired most of the Egyptian Army last winter to function as his extras out back of the pyramids near Cairo.

Now with the aid of some machinery two stories tall, mounted on steel derricks, and involving a wide assortment of lenses, lights and mirrors, he's making the waves run the wrong way. This necessarily includes some genuine water and he has this in a multi-million gallon tank on Paramount's back lot.

All this struck me as making movies the hard way and the white-haired de Mille, who is as brisk and spry as I remember him a dozen years ago, said he couldn't figure out any simpler method.

"I never learned to do these things the easy way," he added. So there he was with his actors, Yvonne de Carlo and Charles (Moses) Heston, on the mountain top. The wind machines were providing a breeze, the extras in their whiskers were playing rummy and what particularly pleased me was a large cat near the dressing rooms with a red sign it said: Beard remover solvent.

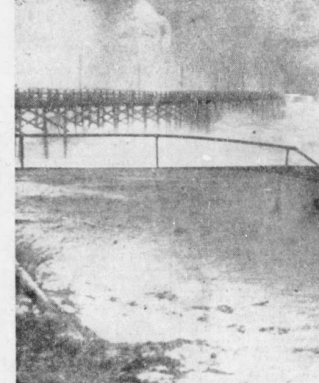
Walking into a movie studio for the first time in more than a decade was something like coming home after a long absence. Even the sound stage smelled the same. They had the same pleasant odor of perfume, hot lamps, fresh paint, and number and furiously smoked cigarettes that I remember from when I wrote press every day about movie makers.

My old friends were on the job, too, looking almost as they

Connie Picks Up Speed, Batters Coastline



NEW ENGLAND PREPAREDNESS—Boat owners at Pawtuxet Cove, R. I., haul out their craft after hearing that hurricane Connie is picking up speed. Rhode Island area expects to feel wrath of Connie when she passes off southern New England.



FISHING PIER TAKES A BEATING—High water and strong winds combined to pound this 880-foot fish pier at Kure Beach, N. C. Pier was washed away shortly after photo was made.



EVERYBODY'S UNDER COVER and not a soul is in sight at Carolina Beach, N. C., as hurricane Connie slams into coastline. Amusement area back of the board walk is flooded as winds rip through area.



NO TIME LIMIT—Capt Joe Fulcher moors his boat to a two-hour auto parking sign on waterfront at Morehead City, N. C., as hurricane Connie started pelting the area.



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GOULASH WITHOUT MEAT
Vegetarianism on the March

By ART BUCHWALD

PARIS — The International Vegetarian Union met in Paris at the Cite Universitaire, and over a luncheon of cucumber salad, string beans and butter, broiled potatoes and cream cheese and frank, we discovered that the ranks of the vegetarians were swelling and that India and Israel had just been welcomed into the union.

The union was founded in 1923. We were told, by Oluf Evgod of Sweden, and this was their 14th congress.

Mrs. Clarence Casque, the president of the organization, said that there were thousands of members throughout the world, all of whom are dedicated to doing away with "vulture food."

"Some people come to the movement for health reasons, others for spiritual reasons and some because they love animals," Mrs. Casque said.

"In every country now, vegetarians are welcome. You can go into any restaurant and order a vegetable platter and get it. Besides vegetables, there are so many good nuts and fruits and grains you can eat. You know, meat gets its attraction because of its flavor, but what actually gives meat its flavor is the vegetables with it. Take Hungarian goulash, for example. It's the

onions and peppers that make the goulash delicious, not the meat. We can make goulash without the meat and it tastes absolutely delicious.

"We're getting very scientific with our food. We know that a mental worker needs more fruit, a manual worker needs more grain and a creative person more vegetables, and we plan our menus accordingly.

"The vegetable way of life teaches us to live in harmony with the law of life."

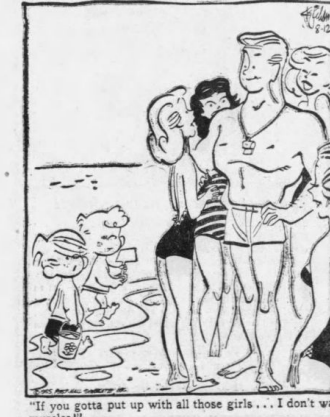
"How's that?" we asked.

"Because of the cosmic laws. There are cosmic laws that vibrate throughout the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. There is one vibration going through them all, and if we kill or destroy our contact with this vibration, we separate ourselves from it. But if we partake of the ripened things we do not break this law, but are in harmony with it. Do you understand what I mean?"

"We said we knew exactly what she meant."

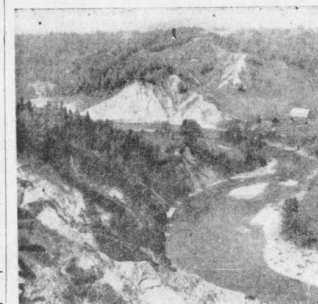
"Before we used to have health and sanctions for vegetarianism, but now we have economic sanctions as well. It has been recognized by the scientists that the only way the starving people of the world can be fed is by vegetarianism. A field of grain can feed thousands of more people than a field of cattle. And don't forget, you have to feed the cattle before you can get the food. Vegetarianism has a greater future than it ever had before, and it's on the march."

DENNIS THE MENACE By Hank Ketcham



"If you gotta put up with all those girls... I don't want muscles!"

Along the St. Lawrence With Willard de Lue—XII
Folks From Back Home at the Saguenay Ferry



IN THE VALLEY OF STE. MARGUERITE

TADOUSSAC—A few cars were waiting for the ferry to Baie Ste. Catherine, which leaves Tadoussac from a wharf inside the broad mouth of the Saguenay River and crosses to Baie Ste. Catherine, which is just outside the rivermouth on its upstream side. The ferry fills the Saguenay gap in the St. Lawrence downriver road.

"You're a long way from home," I heard a man say, but when I turned I found that he wasn't speaking to me. He was speaking to a man at the wheel of a station wagon with a Massachusetts number plate on it—a car I had seen in the previous day when I was walking out past the tennis club and golf course to the sand dunes.

The "dunes" of Tadoussac are a tremendous hill-slope of sand coming down to a plateau above the sea, and then another descending to the water. "Sometimes people ski on them," I'd been told.

On the way out I'd met another dune-seeker, a young Long So I went over and echoed the Islander named Vincent Brunhard, who is going into his eighth year at Holy Cross. We had a fine tramp together.

Dewart of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Beverly. I had known that he was around town somewhere, because I heard in the lounge of the Tadoussac Hotel that he was to conduct Protestant services on Sunday. And I had been reminded of him again, when on my way to the ferry wharf I passed a little white, green-roofed Church of England chapel near the center of the village.

My wife has been coming here for a long time, he said. "She's a Canadian, and we've been coming since our marriage... 13 years now." (She was Agnès Duplessis Stevenson of Quebec.)

We had a pleasant chat there, and then the ferryboat Jacques Cartier came in, and we were soon out in the Saguenay river-mouth.

Big white fish were surfacing in the open water of the St. Lawrence—the dolphins, as they are called locally, which together with whales hured the early Basque fishermen to the Tadoussac area.

Nowadays it isn't the dolphins or the whales that interest the sportmen, for the Saguenay is a great river for sea-trout, I understand, and the lake, I understand, of the back-country are reputedly well-stocked with salmon and trout.

In the first afternoon we were here, Capt Carl Bodensieck, driver-captain turned hotel manager, said, "Let me show you something." We got into one of the hotel cars, the captain, Mr. D and I went up the hill through the village, turned into the down-St. Lawrence road (which ends about 100 miles below here, and isn't too good a road, I understand)—and in three or four miles swung away from it where a small sign said "Sacré Coeur, 8 miles." This brought us into a beautiful valley just behind the rugged heights of the Saguenay's north shore. When you see them from the river it's hard to believe that there could be anything but an impossible craggy wilderness anywhere near.

All along the roadside was a handsome a wild garden as I can

"The washes" "How white they were?"

Now back to the ferryboat in the Saguenay's mouth, which soon (having rounded Pointe Moine) was out of the river mouth and into the Baie Ste. Catherine. In about 20 minutes we were docked there, the Dewarts to head up the road towards Quebec. I to take a quick look around, and to see the bay and village which bears the name of a saint, but was named for a woman who probably wasn't one.

"A dairying country," Capt Bodensieck called it, but it is more exactly a cheese country, as all the Saguenay area has been for a 100 years.

Some of the wonderful "strong Canadian cheeses" that you get everywhere in eastern Canada (along with the superb Oka) is produced here and shipped out to market.

In the promised six miles we came into the center of the long Sacré Coeur village, where there is a big church with a golden statue of the Sacred Heart in front of it.

"How big a place?" I wondered.

"About 1500... much bigger than Tadoussac... and it has two men barbers. We have only one... a woman."

And it has electricity, that you get everywhere in eastern Canada. Yet it is literally in a wilderness.

"A wonderful country," I remarked as we went back to town. "And did you notice the washes hung out on the lines?" said Mrs. D.

(Some say she came as a woodsman, and was rough enough to have passed as one.)

"On being discovered, there was nothing that could be done about it; so she was put ashore with the men at the bay, and soon was furnishing a boarding-house, and also running the men."

"After a time the men got to calling the place Baie Ste. Catherine's Cove; but it was just Catherine's Cove, not St. Catherine's. For Big Kate's chief virtue was her ability to run things to her wall of liking, and a rude, but generous hospitality for which she became famous."

"She also at sometime acquired a husband, by virtue of which Catherine Chamberlain became Catherine Foster."

"How the Saint got into the name, I never heard," Capt Bodensieck added.

Anyway, Catherine became eventually a saint, and left her name and a numerous progeny behind her. A small village some miles up the shore was once entirely populated by Fosters and Chamberlains, who boasted Big Kate's blood.

NEXT—To Murray Bay.

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