



MID-AFTERNOON is no time to visit a morning newspaper office, so all of the crowd at The Tribune was on the sidewalk.

EVEN A PRETTY girl's good spirits cannot buoy up a bunch of sad dogs in close prox-

imity, on the steps of the Public Library, to so much Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

THIS MIGHT be called "Dogs of War," if one wanted to be grim about a frothy subject. At the Seventh Regiment Armory.



Around Town With Sybil Carmen and the Midnight Frolic Dogs.

Photos by Edward L. Akers.



A HULA HULA on the grass in Central Park attracted more nurse maids than children, which may or may not mean something.

"YOU BE, HAVE, Fido!" warns Sybil. Fido isn't Tower's name, of course. You'd laugh if you heard his real one, honestly. In front of the Presbyterian Hospital.



THE MAYOR, it hurts to say, wasn't in when the doggies called, so Sybil left him a lollypop, only slightly used, and had her picture taken on City Hall steps.