

1924

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER



Issued by
TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION
at ITHACA, N. Y.

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

December, 1924.

Vol. XI.

No. 1.

- Staff -

J.H. Steward	Editor
John Newell	Associate Editor
Wm. Biersach, Jr.	Associate Editor
W. P. Jones	Alumni Editor
N.B. Dinkel	New York Representative
Isham Railey	Deep Springs Representative
Henry Hayes	Yale Representative
J.E. Meehan	Special European Correspondent

- Contents -

Correspondence	2
Bob Washburn	2
Cabot Coville	3
New York Dinner by Johnson	5
Deep Springs	6
Geo. Lyon	6
H. Mansfield	7
Europe	11
Ed. Meehan	11
Editorial	17
Correspondence	18
Mr. Noon	18
Merrill C. French	18
Cornell Branch News	19
Changes of Address	21

* * * * *

Published Monthly by Telluride Association at Ithaca, N.Y.

- CORRESPONDENCE -

Dear Ed:

I sit me down at my crippled Remington and proceed to answer your note upon receipt or thereabouts.

I fear that nothing within the limits of autobiography is lurid enough to make interesting reading in the News Letter. My career since my visit to the Branch a year ago has been somewhat as follows: went to N.Y. and, not finding the Big City falling at my feet, soon began to fall at its, and took the nearest job that the city offered, which, as you may know, proved to be writing dime novel pot boilers for the Sunday World Magazine.

Thrown out of this delightful occupation by Mr. Munsey's merger of eighteen more New York newspapers, I looked about me for some time and then hied me back to Paris, where I landed on Easter Sunday with \$30. After divers experiences which included the manufacture of batick scarfs to keep away the carnivores from the well known portal, I landed the job which I now proudly hold, and almost imperceptibly turned into a shining pillar of Society as a sub-editor on the "Paris Times." With bed-slippers on my feet and a pot of tea at my right hand, I now sit of an evening toasting marshmallows before my glowing radiator, with a joy in the simple single domestic felicities that would put a crimp in the bandoline on the head of Idahoan Elmer, cause Shorty to split the welkin with a wild horselaugh, or intrigue Ollie to stop over a month with me. But that's not the half of it.

I have been writing stories. I suppose I have got some forty thousand words down on paper since I landed in France. What it is all worth, I shall know better later. What I know now is that more and more I long to get back to painting, and feel that my ability, if any, lies in that direction. To this end I shall shortly give up my job and, aided by fortunately by the scholarship that the Association gave me, take a studio, study again for a time, and then try once more to buck the cruel world of art dealers. I have a couple of commissions that will keep me for a time, and hope to get more to keep going. In Paris there is more

chance of doing this than anywhere else I know, and therefore I stay in Paris. I hope to go back to America soon and to stay there for the rest of my life. The longer I stay here the more hopelessly American I become. I get no more kick out of being in Paris than I would get out of being in any other dot on the map anywhere else on the globe.

One sees a few more friends, I must admit. Elmhurst passed through with "the poet" not long ago. Morris Bishop, Jerry Thompson, Hamlet, and others familiar to the Branch I see much of.

The best of luck to everybndy.

Yours,

Bob.

Dear Editor:

Two months ago today the Leviathan docked in New York, bringing back home Johnnie Johnson, Jack Schraivesande, and Jack Laylin-- three Johns, apparant in good working order. I met them at the pier. We seemed to be destined to have a perfectly good evening together when signs of weakness in the line began to be evident. Johnnie was the first to default. Before we had gotten as far as the taxi stand, a damsel, evidently much moved, fell on his not reluctant neck. We saw him no more. Schraivesande left soon after with the avowed intent of taking a train to Michigan. Jack Laylin and I then made our way to the Grand Central, where we ran across Billy Biersach, doing his best to be in different in the big city. Billy uncovered Bruce Simmons and Irvin Scott in the Biltmore. After hasty words of advice from these, chiefly against sobriety, and I had to hurry back to the station, where Jack Laylin and I took the train to Dobbs Ferry to spend the night. Jack had a host of good things to say about his summer's experiences, to add to my trousseau,

The next day I sailed on the White Star "Pittsburgh"

full of advice and hopes. The passage was most pleasant. There were not many passengers. Were were chiefly students, coming over for the university year- Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, Paris, Strasburg. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell each had two or three representatives. Also the twenty-four girls who had won the French government scholarships were a conspicuous factor. The trip was really too agreeable to make the sight of Cherbourg a welcome one. Besides, the actual reality, the realization that henceforth whatever you do must be got by gesticulation, is not entirely a joy.

From Cherbourg I came here by way of Paris, where it was distressing to learn that Ed Meehan had left the previous day, en route to his year's work at Fribourg in Switzerland. I made no attempt to do or see anything in Paris, leaving that until later. During the summer, after corresponding with Mr. Burr, I had decided to make my first concern in France the language. I decided (it would not be fair to put to the responsibility on Mr. Burr) that I could not make the best of this task of playing without knowing something of French; that, therefore, before the fun begins, it would be best to locate myself for a time where I could hear and study French. At the critical moment Jack Laylin, writing from France, recommended very strongly this chateau near Orleans. On my request he kindly arranged for me to come here.

So I find myself a fully admitted member of this household, seeing something of French provincial bourgeois life. The ailment of it which presents itself most forcefully at this time of year is of course the absence of heat. One notices immediately the plainness of living and sees the tremendous economic handicaps the country has. One sees, too, so many more similarities between French and Americans than one would expect. But these are serious subjects. The language has been more than enough to occupy me. I find it impossibly barren- English is far richer. On several occasions have I put French to the test and found it wanting. For instance, at dinner one day, the second course, consisting of mashed potato (the first is meat, the third and last is dessert) was being served. When the dish came to me, in the heat of a lively discussion at the table, I quite inexplicably and equally unobserved let fall upon the floor a portion of the mash intended for

my plate. Now the English language has any number of possibilities for such affairs, but French proved entirely inadequate. It was necessary for me first to indicate on the floor the presence of the delicacy. A simple matter of fact like this seems all too barren when put into the French. As for giving a satisfactory cause of its coming to be there I made little headway. It was evident from the look of doubt on the faces of those present that they were unconvinced. I could see plainly that they were suspicious. To this day I have not been able to satisfy them. No one can deny that a language with such shortcomings has a psychologically narrowing effect on those that are limited to it. Another example: As I was taking my toast and coffee and toast one morning, from a piece of toast broken in my mouth a crumb flew off by some play of chance and lodged itself in one of my eyes, causing me considerable discomfort. French again was wanting. Can I convince you that the spectators never knew what happened. It was obvious to them that I was in distress. "I have bread in the eye"- brief, exact, grammatical, uttered with proper intonation. They were unconvinced. Other sayings, equally applicable, carried no effect. I had to renounce the effort with the audience still in doubt and exchanging pitying glances. (Illustrating the extreme politeness of the French, -Ed.)

I shall probably rest here through December, perhaps more. Ed Meehan proposed a trip for the two of us into Italy at Easter time. It sounds wonderfully attractive.

I write this letter as a last resort. Something is keeping the News Letter from appearing. An offense like this effort is really unpardonable, but perhaps there is time later for things in a different mood.

Chateau de la Roche Cabot Coville.
Hauterive,
St. Jean de la Ruelle,
Loiret, France.

- NEW YORK DINNER -

On 15 November, after the Cornell-Dartmouth game, Association members, Alumni, and friends gathered at the

Cornell Club in New York City for dinner. Twenty-five occupied places in the private dining-room: the steak was thick and pink; the punch-bowl, deep and wide; and the discourse, sweet and excellent. "Dave" Wegg sat at the head of the table amid graybeards and acted as toast-master, calling upon each man in turn to arise and give and account of his activities. Songs were interspersed among the speeches, and sometimes the songs and the speeches overlapped. Bruce Simmons, who had spent part of the summer in California with Mr. Nunn, commanded much interest when he discussed Mr. Nunn's health, and the group unanimously moved that Mr. Nunn be sent a message bearing the affectionate regards of the men present.

Those present were: "Speed Ball" Lindsay; "Jimmy" Austin; "Jack" Laylin; "Shorty" Irvine; I.L. "Scotty" Scott; Bruce Simmons; "Dink" Dinkel; "Rog" Dann (representing the twins); "Dave" Wegg; "Doc" Bonnett; "Butch" Worn; "Keet" Cota; F.G. Anderson; "Plato" Pugslev; Frank Monaghan; "Johnny" Johnson; A.H. Gardner; "Abe" Ashley; C.E. Chaffin; "Hod" Lamb; "Whiskey" Johnson; Paul Crouch; G.K. McCabe; "Jeff" Elmer.

.
-DEEP SPRINGS -

Dear Editor:

This year, for the first time, we started out with a Director at the helm. Mr. Suhr, who was made Director at the Trustee Meeting of last springs has helped greatly in coordinating the different branches of the work here. He has aided everyone in getting a better grasp of the ideals of Deep Springs. This year gives him an opportunity to continue this work.

This year's Student Body is unique in the annals of Deep Springs in that there is only one new Student Body member. This eliminates that period of painfully slow progress, which seems always to come at the first of each year, as the result of the influx of new members, with only the embryo of Deep Springs ideals of purpose. Henry Suhr

