

"My news shall be the fruit to that great feast"

Hamlet, II, 2



The Players Bulletin

GRAMERCY PARK

NOVEMBER 15, 1938

The Anniversary Dinner

In the warm, gray dawn of November 7th—the morning on which this is written—the Club relaxes with feelings not unlike those of a fond parent who has thrown the first really big party for his children. He has dreaded it, and often wished to give the whole thing up. But it is done now, and everybody says it was delightful; and after all we don't have a fiftieth anniversary very often. Everything went off nicely, the girls looked lovely in their party dresses, the boys remembered their speeches and behaved politely, and nobody had to be spanked or sent home. If we ate a little too much, perhaps it was the fault of Oscar of the Waldorf.

We cannot praise too warmly the work of the committee in planning for the tickets, seating, and general comfort of eleven hundred people. Whitney Darrow, our Secretary, lost much of his beauty sleep in the service of the Club, and so did Roy Day, our six-armed Librarian; John Cosgrave's executive and diplomatic abilities were of untold value; while all agree that without the valiant efforts of Ray VirDen the show simply could not have gone on.

The reproduction of our fire-place and lounge on the Waldorf's stage has already received praise in the public prints. The opening scene, with a quartette singing, and two grumpy club members absorbed in their newspapers, had a veracity worthy of the best modern traditions. We

would like to add a word of praise for the two performers not listed on the program, David McKinlay and Edward McNamara, who played the parts of David McKinlay and Edward McNamara respectively.

A heavy burden fell, of course, on the able shoulders of our President, Walter Hampden. In a maddening spotlight glare, both actual and figurative, he conducted the proceedings with his accustomed skill, grace and humor. He and our beloved Otis Skinner indulged in some characteristic by-play that made our guests feel at home. If any were surprised that the irrepressible merry-maker Marc Connelly should be the one to speak the shrewdest words about Booth and his relation to the theatre of today, it was not those who know Marc best. Theodore Steinway was the special announcer for Albert Spalding, who played four violin selections, assisted by André Benoist at the piano.

Miss Mady Christians, Mr. Evans, Miss Le Gallienne and Mr. Waring need no word of praise from us for their performances in the two classic scenes they did for us—the Closet Scene from *Hamlet* and the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. But we would like to throw just one bouquet to Mr. Richard Waring who, as Romeo, succeeded in being graceful and romantic while stretched up against a bare flat wall without even a finger-hold.

The final feature of the evening, the Founder's Night ritual, offered perhaps the greatest difficulties of all. Hendrik van Loon as the orator spoke eloquent words of our Founder as artist, free soul, and American gentleman; and of the Club he founded as a rallying point in future battles for the preservation of our liberties of the mind and spirit. The present scribe, as one of the many who stood somewhat uncomfortably on the stage, cannot judge whether so intimate, and to us so sacred, a ceremony could be made comprehensible to so vast an audience. We hope so. Anyway, we can testify that Otis Skinner read Booth's words beautifully, that Walter Oettel brought in the loving cup just on time, and that the old clock showed more punctuality in striking than it shows at home.

The Players may now retire to their conservative shell for another half century (as some of our die-hard reactionaries demand), but, we believe, with no feeling of regret for this emergence. . . . One of our President's happiest moments, we thought, was his quizzical reading of a message from Charles Coburn, who had wired some good wishes for the success of "this modest little affair." "Yes, that does look funny," Walter remarked, "but there it is."

The Players' Book

In its issue of last February the *Bulletin* announced that the Board of Directors had decided to publish a year book for the first time in ten years, and that the present scribe had been appointed to act as editor. The blushing appointee then made a comment that it would be difficult to make a year book covering so long a time conform to the little year books now standing on our shelves. Later it developed that we had misconstrued the Board's idea. What they had in mind was not a matter of routine lists and reports but a big volume about the Club containing fresh matter, literary and artistic, and worthy to be cherished and preserved for all time. We are happy to report that the right man appeared in this crisis—none other than Henry Wysham Lanier, who has planned, assembled and edited the volume now slowly climbing on the press. Mr. Lanier, we may note incidentally, wrote the best short article on our semi-centennial:—*Fifty Years of The Players*, printed in the *Christian Science Monitor* of June 29, 1938.

We have asked Mr. Lanier to give us some hint of what we may expect to see in this book, and his reply follows:—

"The Players' Book" is in type, and it is hoped that copies will be ready early in December.

Members will receive a formal notice shortly regarding this Work, with price and a subscription blank. With rare tact this opportunity has been postponed to give us a chance to recover from the financial emptiness following upon that Waldorf Dinner.

For we regret to say this volume is one we've all got to have. About twenty writer and artist Players have poured out their personal expressions of this "Fifty Years of Fact, Feeling, Fun and Folklore"; and, confidentially, there's a feature by Don Marquis—"The Order of the Silver Collar Button"—and a stickful in Brian Hooker's "Music in the Air" (relating a hymn-singing exploit of the "Hairless One") which would by themselves be worth the price of admission. Not to mention Otis Skinner, John Phillips, Freeman Tilden, Al Thomas, Burges Johnson, Frank Sullivan, Rea Irvin, Fontaine Fox and a galaxy of others.

When an editor starts out to get into a volume an uninhibited expression of this uninhibited Club, his first fear is that he cannot present the real irrational, delightful quality and essence of it. But in re-reading this

complete layout he is beset with quite another apprehension: there is so much of the inside on view that the phrase "indecent exposure" begins to sound in his mind.

However, it's for ourselves. And, without any undue pressure, the editor admits that it is a *swell* book.

H. W. L.

Fifty Years Ago

Week of November 15th, 1888

- BIJOU THEATRE—Hoyt's *A Brass Monkey*
LYCEUM THEATRE—A. W. Pinero's latest comedy, *Sweet Lavender*
CASINO—Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard*
BROADWAY THEATRE—A. C. Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York*
STANDARD THEATRE—Nelly Farren and Fred Leslie, *Burlesque*
PALMER'S THEATRE—Mary Anderson, *The Winters Tale*
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—*Partners*, with Alexander Salvini
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Booth & Barrett, *Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*
HARRIGAN'S THEATRE—*Waddy Googan*
NIBLO'S—Augustin Daly's Drama of Passing Events, *The Under Current*
ACADEMY—Denman Thompson, *The Old Homestead*
14TH STREET THEATRE—*Sbe's All Right*
STAR THEATRE—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in *Adonis*
DALY'S THEATRE—*Lottery of Love*
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—*Paul Kauvar*. By special arrangement, for this engagement only, Mr. Steele MacKaye will impersonate the character of Gauroc. Next week, Annie Pixley.
WINDSOR THEATRE, Bowery near Canal Street—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*
JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE—The great American play, *My Partner*
JACOBS' THALIA THEATRE—*Mazepa*
DOCKSTADER'S—Dockstader's Minstrels, Billy Birch
KOSTER & BLALS—Last week but one of *The Two Macs*

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Theodore Thomas, Conductor; Soloist, Emil Fischer, bass.

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Walter Damrosch, Conductor. *Elijah*

STEINWAY HALL—Italo Campanini

CHICKERING HALL—Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the Whistling Prima Donna

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Fifth regular season of Grand Opera in German will commence November 28, with Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*

Week of December 31st, 1888

- FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Last week, Booth & Barrett. Monday evening, December 31, *Merchant of Venice*. Coming January 7, Mrs. Langtry in *A Wife's Peril*
PALMER'S THEATRE—Mrs. Potter & Kyrle Bellew in *Antony & Cleopatra*
BROADWAY THEATRE—*Little Lord Fauntleroy*

Our Early Members—a Postscript

Among the readers of our *Bulletin* story, one paid us the compliment of questioning our figures. We had told how, with the membership roll at 68, 80 new members were elected in December, 1888, while only one died. "The total membership on December 31st, 1888, stood at 143"—and that was correct, but we were not meticulous enough to explain, at that point, that there were always a few names which did not qualify—4 in the first year, and more later as the membership increased.

Since that analysis was made we have had an opportunity to reread the article by Brander Matthews, *The Players*, published, with the charming pen-and-inks by Brennan, in the *Century Magazine* of November, 1891. Professor Matthews gave full value to the young club's prestige and full weight to its great names in art, but we now believe he intentionally minimized the importance of the non-artistic members who joined as patrons of the arts. He wrote:—"The mere outsider admitted under an elastic definition of a patron or connoisseur of the arts is in a minority. . . . Of millionaires there are perhaps a sparse dozen on the rolls of the club, but it is a rarity to see one within the doors." We salute the memory of our old-time spokesman, but we protest that our own statements, based on figures, were more accurate than his.

This Strange Eventful History

Perhaps nothing more intensely interesting and touching has come to our library in recent years than *The Unlocked Book*. This is a publication of a manuscript written in the early seventies by Asia Booth Clarke, sister of Edwin and John Wilkes Booth. The little black book, with its own lock and key, and marked "J.W.B.," was a memoir of the brother with whom she was "united inseparably by love, and by that bond of the blood that is stranger than love." (The words are from the foreword by Eleanor Farjeon.) Together with the memoir was preserved a collection of letters and newspaper cuttings relating to the family tragedy, similarly marked and locked.

Both Edwin Booth and Asia Booth's husband, John Sleeper Clarke, desired that all memory of Wilkes Booth should perish. Hence they tried to destroy all portraits and records of him. If Asia Booth's memoir had come to their knowledge it would have been destroyed also. But she kept it hidden hoping that the time might come when it could fittingly be published to the world. She was not to live to see that time. Realizing this, on the eve of her death in 1888 she confided the books to the care of B. L. Farjeon, son-in-law of Joseph Jefferson, and, like him, a close friend, "to publish some time if he sees fit." Mr. Farjeon died in 1903 and his wife (Maggie Jefferson) became the custodian of the books. It was only after her recent death that the publication was finally accomplished, early this year. It is Miss Eleanor Farjeon, granddaughter of our second President, who has edited the volume with loving care, and who has graciously sent The Players an inscribed copy for the archives.

Another volume dealing with this subject has been presented by Otis Skinner. It is entitled *This One Mad Act*. The author, Izola Forrester (Page), is announced on the title page as the granddaughter of John Wilkes Booth. According to the story told in this book, he was married on January 9th, 1859, at North Cos Cob, Connecticut, to Izola Martha Mills, who, in October, at their home near Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, bore him a daughter, Ogarita Rosalie. Miss Forrester was the daughter of Ogarita, and was left an orphan at the age of thirteen on her mother's death in April, 1892. Her life as a child, her mother, and her grandmother (who died November 9th, 1887), are described with great detail. In the latter part of the book Miss Forrester presents a mass of testimony in

support of her belief that J. Wilkes Booth was helped to escape from the Garrett house by officers of a Confederate secret society, that he was seen in California, and later at several places in the Orient, and died in 1879. This theory, of course, is entirely at variance with the facts as generally accepted. In appendices the author takes pains to discredit the theories of the escape advanced in the books of Finis L. Bates and others. Her book is well written and is an interesting addition to the lore of this perhaps insoluble mystery.

The Library

Notable among recent accessions for the Players collection is a replica of the death mask of Ellen Terry, especially procured for us by Percy MacKaye with the permission and assistance of Ellen Terry's daughter Miss Edith Craig. Mr. MacKaye has also presented to the library a copy of the illustrated program of the Henry Irving Centenary Royal Matinee, participated in, May 23rd, 1938, by over three hundred members of the profession.

Mrs. Langdon Mitchell has sent to The Players, as a gift, a walking stick formerly belonging to Oliver Herford. It has been added to the wall ornaments above our bar.

A collection of programs of plays given in Rochester from 1885 to the early 1900's has been presented by Mr. D. F. Southgate, through the courtesy of Harold McGee. Collections of theatrical photographs have come from James T. Powers and Grenville Vernon; and a collection of theatrical photographs, books and programs from the estate of Howard Gould. Paul Hollister has presented two photographs of the gravestone and family plot of Junius Brutus Booth II, in the town churchyard at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts. Lists of new books acquired by presentation or purchase are now being placed from time to time on the bulletin board.

Just as the *Bulletin* is about to hop off to press comes a mysterious box containing a birthday gift for The Players. The famous firm of McKim, Mead and White, architects, sends us, fifty years after, the sketches, plans, estimates, etc., relating to the reconstruction of our house, including, of course, many sketches and notations from the hand of Stanford White himself.

"A Lodging for the Night"

Professor Arthur Colby Sprague of Bryn Mawr, in a letter to Mr. Roy Day, copies for the *Bulletin* an amusing minor Booth item in the Harvard Theatre Collection, an unpublished letter which explains itself:—

Lawrence Barrett to Edwin Booth, Dr. To rent of room in "The Players"—Nose Cents.

Recd. payment

Edwin Booth

I should as soon expect to pay you for my lodgings at Cobasset. . . . Love to your girls.

Ned

Notes

At a Board meeting on October 28th Messrs. George Fawcett and Edwin Milton Royle were elected Honorary Members of The Players.

* * *

Last year's story about dog days in the Club cited a 21-day hot spell, but this year's hot and humid streak was longer. Beginning July 26th, there were 30 successive days when the thermometer stayed under 80 only once. Our cooling system again saved hundreds of lives. Green mould gathered so fast on the shoes of city-bound members that they were obliged to have a shine three times a day; eight quarts of Cue-glide were needed to prevent fatalities from slipping pool cues; and mosquitoes were reported for the first time on our veranda.

* * *

In September, after stepping over wet sand for some three months, we saw completed the two new apartment buildings at Numbers 8 and 17 Gramercy Park. The former, with all the modern luxuries, corner casements and dropped living-rooms, also is garnished most attractively with little trees and hedges. The small white portico of Number 17 is easier to look at than the fire-escapes. . . . During the summer, also, the most imposing facade in West Fourteenth Street came down to dust at last, and the drama lover—shades of Clara Morris, *Blue Jeans*, and the Civic Repertory!—may now drive in and park his car for a quarter.

* * *

The Employees Ball of 1938, held at the George Washington Hotel on the night of October 26th, was heralded in the Club by a poster depicting an immaculately dressed lady and gentleman reclining gracefully in the gutter and regarding each other blissfully. The *Bulletin* is glad to report that there was plenty of bliss at the ball but that we saw no one in the gutter up to the time we left (prematurely) at 3 a.m. There was plenty of room for dancing, for a grand march, and for leisurely conversation throughout the second floor, entirely reserved for the ball. Adolph Delabar reports that the event was thought to be one of the most successful yet given, and that receipts exceeded expenses by a satisfactory margin.

* * *

Do you know the exact cost of the Gramercy Park fence, erected in 1844, and which long has been our protection, and at times our support? Would you say that the bill of \$55,800.00 itemizing "two (2) locks and four (4) keys" was a high one even for a good wrought iron fence? Do you know that when "Ruggles' vacant lot" was to become a private park a serious conference was held on the question whether games should thereafter be permitted; and that they were barred on the ground that dissensions over such games as croquet might lead to serious trouble and perhaps the disruption of families? All this and many other fascinating facts may be read in Robert Cortes Holliday's article contributed to the forthcoming Players Book.

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Many of us regretted the quick condemnation of *Madame Capet*, who went to the guillotine on the night of November 5th. Miss Le Gallienne was accompanied in the tumbrel by Players George Middleton (adapter), Harold Gould, William Post, Jr., Earle Mitchell, and Elizabeth Dewing (Mrs. Scudder Middleton).

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Two attempts to interest our members in the game of Bingo on Sunday evenings met with failure. Jack King came out of the adventure, however, with the new title of Bingo-master.

* * *

This turtle of ours shows signs of becoming eternal, like Mary, the Club cat. After Myrtle's last death—or abdication—a three-power conference was held by Messrs. McKinlay, Darrow and Foss; and this time Mr. Foss was elected to present a new turtle to the Club.

In Memoriam

Eliot Cabot, joined 1925, died June 17, 1938.

Thomas J. Fogarty, joined 1901, died August 11, 1938.

Howard Mansfield, joined 1889, died August 14, 1938.

Francis Sterne Palmer, joined 1894, died August 21, 1938.

Waldemar Young, joined 1921, died August 30, 1938.

Robert C. Adams, joined 1928, died October 4, 1938.

Thomas Wilmer Dewing, joined 1889, died November 5, 1938.

Eric Pape, joined 1894, died November 7, 1938.

Harold Moffet, joined 1931, died November 7, 1938.

Arthur H. Samuels

Arthur Samuels was forty-nine when he died. There are people, undoubtedly, who have completed their lives at such an early age, but Art was not one of them. I never knew anyone with a greater capacity for the enjoyment of life than he had. I never knew anyone with a greater capacity for causing his friends to enjoy life than he had. That is why those friends were so shocked at the tragic waste of his departure, with a score of his years still unused; years that would have been filled with the loyalty, the kindness, the enthusiasm and the courage that were his.

He had that great asset in the enjoyment of life, a real fondness for people. But it was a judicious fondness, for Art had taste. I used to like to hear the reports of his vacation trips. He always came back with a new collection of people, none of them ever dull. When Mrs. Samuels and he went, for instance, to Paris, they came back, not with the latest news from Harry's Bar, but with charming accounts of a French family they had got to know, or a new restaurant, or a little hotel off the beaten track.

He never compromised with the second rate. It was a treat to watch him sail into action the moment a stuffed shirt loomed on the horizon. And he never lost a battle. He wouldn't let even a friend get away with an occasional lapse into pretentiousness. A look of mock severity would come over his face, cancelled by the twinkle in his eye, and your balloon would be punctured with a deftness that left you scarcely aware the operation had taken place. Then Art would flash that broad, friendly grin of his.

Whatever he did, he did with enthusiasm, whether it was a score for a Dutch Treat show, the planning of a reunion of his Princeton class, or the planning, with Vivian, of a dinner at home for some such crony as Henry Mencken, Bob Benchley, or Ring Lardner. I like to think that Art is at this moment swapping stories with Ring and that other idol of his, Frank O'Malley.

I never knew anyone who took such genuine pleasure in doing things for other people. He once heard that a friend of his who had been ill was about to leave the hospital to live in a hotel. Art dropped everything, went to the hospital, and issued an ultimatum.

"There will be no more of this nonsense about going to live in a hotel," he declared. "You're coming down to stay with Vivian and me until you're on your feet. Come on, get your things together."

I can vouch for that story, because I was the convalescent.

After the death of another great soul, Nora Bayes, it was Alexander Woollcott who wrote of her:

"I don't know where she is now but I do know that whoever is with her is having a good time."

Art's friends feel that way about him.

Frank Sullivan

William H. Walker

Known to all readers for many years through his ingenious and amusing cartoons in the old *Life*, and before that in the *Herald*, he was known to us here as a cheery dropper-in for lunch at the round table and as one of the group of active Dutch Treaters. He served long as the D. T. Club's treasurer and he was one of the few men living who could make a bill for dues almost a pleasure. Much beloved for his qualities of staunchness and kindness, he was always in demand for that club's activities, not only because he was a good worker but even more because it was such a pleasure to work with him. In a show some twenty years ago, Bill appeared, in a purple coat and ruff, as "The Average Listener." There was something endearing in his cheerful willingness to be just that—while others walked off with stellar honors. He was much thought of in his home town of Flushing too. For twenty-two years he was President of the trustees of the Hospital and Dispensary there, and on his death last January fine tributes were paid to a good citizen and good neighbor.

F. D. S.

Thomas J. Fogarty

Tom Fogarty lived so near the Club that, paradoxically, he didn't come here very often. But he had many friends here for he had been a member thirty-seven years. He lived all his life in the old family house at 38 East 22nd Street, and hundreds of friends know the beautiful, square living room which served as studio for drawing, painting, music and dancing, and was a center for the charming Fogarty hospitality.

Tom's interests were keen, and his feelings about art and life were expressed frankly and forcefully because he cared. He had a long career as a teacher as well as a practitioner of art; his pupils were always his devoted adherents, and he was always helping some young artist to get started. He had no patience with what seemed to him cheap short cuts to art knowledge; he was distrustful of those "modernists" who, as he thought, exhibit their egos without waiting to learn to draw. He wished his pupils to respect and love the good things of the past as he did himself. When, after teaching the illustration class of the Art Students League for many years, he came to a parting of the ways with the authorities, he started his own school, where many followed him loyally. This is not to say that his own work was formal or set. Quite the contrary. He made countless drawings, always with a fresh, individual touch. Many of us remember with pleasure his pictures for *Adventures in Contentment*, the meditative essays by "David Grayson" in the old *American Magazine*, showing so fully his own love of the countryside. He illustrated many tales of Irish character; he sailed round the world (vicariously) in Captain Slocombe's little boat, as reported in the *Century*. Later he made sympathetic drawings to accompany new editions of Dickens. He loved fine old things, but he never became an old foggy himself.

Besides The Players, he was a member of the Salmagundi, a club more specifically devoted to his own craft. In the early years of the Society of Illustrators, he had served many terms as Chairman of the Admissions Committee; his judgment was valued at a time when such admissions were carefully weighed.

His health began to decline a few months ago while on a trip to Europe. The end came at his summer home at Naples, New York, near Canandaigua Lake, where he and his family had spent many happy summers.

Frederic Dorr Steele

Waldemar Young

The announcement that Waldemar Young died of pneumonia August 20th at Hollywood brought sorrow to friends in all corners of the world. In Hollywood and San Francisco, especially, he had become almost an institution. To many of us, the West Coast will never seem the same for lack of that face and figure which always made the beholder think of a particularly agreeable and alert baby elephant, that wit, and that generous, loveable, stalwart character.

Born in Salt Lake City in 1878, a brother of Mahonri Young the sculptor, "Wallie" entered Stanford University just at the turn of the century. He played football, he did stunts for the Glee Club, he wrote and staged university shows, he cut a wide swath in university journalism and his wit was the delight of the campus. The faculty did not always like him so much, mainly on account of his freedom of expression in the university newspapers. So he, like many other Stanford men who have ended up in the Players, severed prematurely the cord that bound him to Alma Mater. He went to San Francisco, where a friend got him a job on the *Chronicle*. The city editor put him into the sports department, then the tag-end of journalism. But those were the great days of the prize ring in San Francisco—a championship fight featuring such immortals as Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, young Corbett or Terry McGovern every month. And Wallie proceeded to show the coast how sports writing might be raised to an art. In no time, he was sporting editor. His writing gained him promotion to dramatic critic; and meantime, he had become a pillar of the Bohemian and Family Clubs. He had great although entirely unconventional talents as a comedian. I have heard actors say that no one except De Wolf Hopper and Wallie Young had any right to recite "Casey at the Bat." Also, there was a little stunt which he had picked from a newspaper and embroidered, entitled "Freda Leon the Dread Boy Road Agent of the Bloodstained Pararie"—a performance impossible to describe or even to imitate. I can only say that at the climax, when the soft voice of a woman burst upon the bandit's ears, I have seen strong men rolling on the couches of the Bohemian Club and pounding each other. But there was a deeper current running under all this surface of comedy. Only his intimates knew that he had a passion for poetry and that his diversion was scholarly study of the Arthurian legend. Later, he expressed that side of his talent in two verse-dramas, one a grove-

play for the Bohemian Club, the other a private production of the Family. Just so, only his intimates ever perceived under his gay, magnetic surface the depth and constancy of his affections.

Even while he was still reporting prize fights by rounds and baseball games by innings, he was writing plays. He had very little luck with them at first. Then, at the height of the vaudeville craze, he landed a one-act sketch entitled "When Caesar Ran a Newspaper." The manager had trouble in finding a leading man. So Wallie himself jumped into the part and played it on the circuits for two seasons. When the sketch ran down, he had a choice of three courses—to continue with acting as an apprenticeship for playwriting, to return to the sporting desk or to go Hollywood. Just at this period, the films had begun to come out of the slums on to Main Street; and writers, in contrast with ten-dollars-a-reel tinkers, were coming into demand. He chose Hollywood. And the still unwritten history of the development of art in the cinema cannot ignore Waldemar Young. He brought to the job a real dramatic gift and, above all, taste. When he had gone far enough to get a hearing from managers and directors, this last quality infused every picture in which he took a hand. After he wrote and partially directed the silent version of *Java Head*, he said to Joseph Hergesheimer, "Well, I suppose you think I've spoiled your novel." "No," said Hergesheimer, "you've improved it!"

When the film found its voice, many writers for the silent screen could not cope with the new form. But Young made the transition without a break; as witness *The Miracle Man*, *Men in White*, *The Crusader*, *Test Pilot*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *The Plainsman*.

Working in an art which almost lives by advertising, he showed an utter indifference toward advertising himself. In his later years, he worked furiously at the job for eight months and travelled to far corners of the world during the other four. Just before he went to Hollywood, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Haight Strong of San Francisco, who survives him. They lived quietly on a slope of the Hollywood hills, surrounded by the oriental objects whose collection was their hobby and tended by a Chinese houseboy who had bossed their lives for a quarter of a century. He worked with his characteristic mental energy in the center of every movement for the good of his craft—president of the older Screen Writers' Guild, for example, president of the Writers' Club, director of the

Authors' League. When he warped his huge bulk into a room, the elders broke into involuntary smiles, the children ran to him and the dogs, without a single appraising sniff, began to wag their tails. And search the memories of a friendship that had lasted for forty years, I cannot remember in him an instance of indelicacy, of meanness, of selfishness or of uncharitableness.

Will Irwin

Robert Coe Adams

It is difficult for me to write about Rob Adams. We were friends for thirty-five years and had become as easy with each other as old shoes. He was older than I and in the beginning he was guide, philosopher and friend, a tower of refuge in the storms that beset me then. As we came to middle age all visible difference disappeared of course, but to the end he continued to treat me indulgently, as a somewhat flighty youth, and as a result I felt like that in his company. He was the son of a miner in Scranton and—God knows how!—a love of art was implanted in him in childhood. He had to earn his living while he was still in short pants and at fifteen he was already the secretary of the local water company. He saved his money and went to Paris to study painting. The only relic of that time which I have seen is a self-portrait which I considered very good; nevertheless he decided that unless possessed of a distinguished talent, an artist had no excuse for being. He gave it up and returned to America to go into business. But he never forgot his early love. Even while he was still poor he loved to browse among unimportant shows and independent exhibitions and buy paintings. Actually.

His early businesses all had a slightly cockeyed quality like art; the manufacture of a gas whistle for motor-boats; an absurd summer-winter top for motor-cars; a cash register for trolley cars. He had an uncanny perspicacity and eventually Wall Street discovered it, and several great banks paid him handsome sums to investigate the enterprises that came to the Street asking for capital. His gentle, deprecatory manner was an asset here; a fool might mistake him for an Easy Mark, but as far as I know, nobody ever put anything over on him. On the other hand he had an exquisite sympathy and understanding. He was undoubtedly the repository of more terrible secrets than any many of my acquaintance. Even women broke down and told him their secret sins.

The only thing worth while that I was ever able to do for him was to canvass his election to The Players. He was proper timber for the Club. It was one of the pleasures of my life to see how he enjoyed it these last years. All my recent visits to the Club have been so closely associated with him that I have a kind of sinking dread of coming back to the dear place and finding him not there.

Hulbert Footner

Howard Mansfield

It is a matter of gratification to The Players that Mr. Mansfield who had joined the Club in 1889 should have wished, after many years absence, to reinstate himself in our membership. A distinguished lawyer and patron of art, he was especially noted as a collector of oriental art and as an authority on the etchings of Whistler. He had been President of the Grolier and was a "Benefactor" of the Metropolitan Museum, to which he gave the important collections of Japanese armor and other art works bearing his name. Mr. Mansfield died at Seal Harbor, Maine, on August 22nd, at the age of eighty-nine years.

New Members

Allen Crafton	Howard Abell
Hume Cronyn	George Arents, Jr.
Ralph Graves	Gordon Conover
Felix Jacoves	Robert T. Mason
Edward C. Ketcham	Kenneth F. Simpson
John C. Neff	Sydney Smith
Thomas L. Riley	George W. Stewart

Proposed for Membership

Charles Scott, actor, stage manager, by Eric Kalkhurst and Grover Loud.

John Herman Merivale, actor, by Philip Merivale and Joseph C. Chase.

Marvin Williams, actor, by James Jolley and D. Borup.

John J. Floherty, Jr., artist, by Norman Anthony and C. B. Falls.

Kent McKinlay, writer, by Arthur B. Allen and J. Byram.

Herbert S. Whitman, patron of arts, by Roger Whitman and John Mulholland.

Lennie Hayton, orchestra director, by Anthony Brown and S. A. Love.