

creasing torpor of the Irish drama of the last few years. If they aren't, I have anyway at least done my hired duty in trying to answer the question posed in the opening paragraph, so send on that cheque, you!

IV

Brief mention: In extenuation, explanation and apology — following the general critical disapprobation of his absurd kindergarten allegory on the value of American freedom called *Liberty Jones* — Philip Barry delivered himself of the following: “When I first started the play I knew that to be what I wanted it to be it must have a childlike candor, a simplicity, an innocence. My

job was to write it that way.” What Mr. Barry apparently does not understand and appreciate is that the dramatic impression of childlike candor, etc., is not to be gained by childish writing, which he has been guilty of. I give him as required reading Schönherr, Barrie, et al. In his attempt to achieve childlike candor he has succeeded only in achieving artless baby-talk; in his attempt to achieve simplicity he has succeeded only in achieving vacuity; and in his attempt to achieve innocence he has managed only to achieve silliness.

Rose Franken's comedy of young marriage, *Claudia*, is as thoroughly likable a play of its sort as has come this way in some seasons. I warmly commend it to your attention.



NO RIPPLE BLURS

BY MARY FERGUSON LEGLER

No ripple blurs the lake's bright picturing
 Of somber rock and overhanging birch,
 The reddened maple and wind-tortured pine,
 Fronds of fern, sumach and goldenrod;
 And when the fisherman from his canoe
 Plumbs quiet pools with slow and practiced care
 It is as though his line dropped heavenward
 And caught in piles of cavernous white cloud
 Rising from a bottomless blue sky.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NAVAL ceremony announced in the San Diego *Union* as Southern California girds its loins for defense:

The Rev. Glenn K. Seymour and Miss Grayce Seymour will receive the public in their garden, 7870 Ivanhoe Ave., La Jolla, tomorrow from 1 to 5 P.M., when a bird bath will be dedicated. National defense will be the theme of the afternoon, and miniature models of Old Ironsides will ride the pool.

ESSAY by a high school student, enshrined in the Los Angeles *Times*:

On April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot by Booth Tarkington. He jumped from the balcony and broke his leg in the American flag. Then he went to a blacksmith and had his shoes put on backward so that the posse would think he was going the other way. He was finally caught and now his body is being shown in the museums and at world's fairs.

INDIANA

ADDENDA for the history of sports in a world gone slightly haywire, from Bicknell's *Daily News*:

An unusual hobby of an elderly Bicknell citizen has come to light with Nicholas Powers, 207 Alexandria Street, reporting that during his spare time he has killed 143,050 flies since July 8. Mr. Powers reports he started this

adventure in July and ended it on Dec. 10. He kept a record of the number of flies killed each day and a total of the various months. Flies killed during the months included: July, 18,300; August, 57,300; September, 40,400; October, 22,700; November, 4200; and part of December, 150. Mr. Powers states he wore out eight fly swatters and that the ninth one is the worse for wear.

MINNESOTA

WOMANKIND again gets the last word, this time in the Duluth *Herald-News Tribune*:

I WILL not be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife, Elaine Swick, 226 W. 3rd St., from this date, Feb. 7, 1941. Earl Swick.

* * *

EARL SWICK — Since when has your credit rating been O.K. for me to charge under your name? Elaine Swick, 226 W. 3rd St.

MISSOURI

A PIONEER leaves the confectionery business. From "Business Opportunities" in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*:

CONFECTIONERY — The owner is 85 years old and wants to retire; has had 35 years of Western life full of adventure, danger and thrill; went west in 1875 with 36 covered wagons; expedition consisted of 47 men and 19 women and I will make a guess that none of the