

Music

Notable New Recordings

IT SEEMS about time to get around again to some of the so-called popular selections. I say so called because there was a press story the other day to the effect that Rudy Vallee had got one cent royalty for popularizing a song over the radio which had subsequently sold two copies. Be that as it may, you can imagine how chagrined I am to have to admit that Mr. Vallee has made by far the best version of *When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba*¹. Can the grapefruit-throwing Harvard lads have been wrong after all? Why, Rudy is actually funny on purpose in this record! On the other side he is confidentially autobiographical, I presume, when he croons in more like his customary fashion *I'm Keepin' Company*, although he now unbends to the extent of dropping that "g" in the title. His band, too, has improved of late.

Another most danceable disk is Leo Reisman's *I Love Louisa* and *New Sun in the Sky*², both from *The Band Wagon*, which are graced by vocal choruses by Fred Astaire himself, who, up to this point, has taken no part in the singing. The young man is all right.

Ted Lewis is back again with a typical *I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart* and *I Love You in the Same Sweet Way*³. It's really remarkable how long Mr. Lewis has held on, continually keeping his orchestra up to date but keeping it obviously Ted Lewis.

The Cuban-Spanish flood continues practically unchecked, although it has come in for a bit of kidding, such as in the above-mentioned *Yuba* and *Fiesta*⁴, with which Ben Bernie and His Orchestra have a lot of fun. A remarkably good genuine Cuban record is Don Aspiazu and His Havana Casino Orchestra doing *Green Eyes* and *La Ruñidera*⁵, which Marion Sunshine has somewhat freely translated as *Wanna Lot o' Love*. The latter is particularly hot. To revert to Mr. Bernie, the *Fiesta* disk is worth having because of a gloriously nonsensical *The Alpine Milkman*, which is on the other side.

One of the best torch songs for a long while is *I'm Thru with Love*, as sung by Lee Morse, accompanied by Her Blue Grass Boys. She is not so intense, but equally effective on the reverse in *Let's Get Friendly*⁶. Her range is extraordinary.

O. C-T.

1. Victor 22742.
2. Victor 22755.
3. Columbia 2492-D.
4. Brunswick 6107.
5. Victor 22729.
6. Columbia 2474-D.

From the Life

Unknown

IT WAS a lost country. The world, as the world knew itself, was for a long time ignorant of its existence. And when at last the world discovered it, stumbling, it caught itself up for a moment only to exclaim and wonder. Then the world rushed on, remembering vaguely and forgetting in the end. The new discovered land stirred and turned and was all but lost again. But not quite. For once every day it was roused and stirred by the railroad. Westward one day, eastward the next, the train roared and flashed its long stretch through the prairies and was gone. But there had been a train. There was a whole world lying this way—another world that—and who could say what they were like.

Did the light fall differently there? Did the people have a wiser look? Did music, intricate and many colored, burst from the steeples like jewels, to fall softly on flowers that sprang below? Were the streets really gay and smooth like ribbons, rolling—fluttering—

Or were those worlds like nothing ever seen. Moving water—as wild and deep, and high as prairie winds. Sand that was bright and living as gold, not white with death, like the sand of the desert. Worlds of ships that flew like magic palaces, upheld by oceans and rocked by air, grazing the moon at night and at dawn sailing straight into the sun?

Some such wonder filled the little boy who ran each day from the streets of the flat village, and waited beside the track. There was always a moment when he was not quite sure—was it his heart, or the far-off beat and rumble of iron on steel? Then he could be certain—then the curl of smoke against a still sky—and gradually, from nowhere, a cry, faint and growing louder—louder, filling the sky, catching him up and drowning him in noise! The train was going by.

He shook and trembled with the grass. He lifted his arms above his head and waved them violently as windmills. His heart pounded in his throat like an eagle about to fly.

And then the train was gone. He walked through stillness towards his home, thinking about it. There had been faces at the windows; men, women and children all looking at something marvelous in the distance; all looking as though they were painted on the glass; always different. Only one was every day the same. That one dressed like a general and, looking like a king, stood between two cars upon the platform. He knew everything; he traveled over the whole world; he told every one what to

do. Each day, as the train rushed by, he flung his arm above his head, and looked straight at the boy. When he grew up, thought the boy, he would be like that, he would stand all day on a train and know what life—everywhere—was like.

Back and forth went the train, marking off the days. As far as the outside world was concerned it was no more than a small clock ticking away the time. So the inevitable moment arrived finally when a new conductor was to take charge, for the old conductor had died.

"There's a strange duty for you, in this connection," the new conductor was told by an embarrassed official. "A sort of—sort of dying request for that matter, made by the former conductor on the line."

"That so?" asked the new conductor.

"Well, you see it was this way," went on the official, frowning hard in his effort to make something clear. "There was a small boy lived along the route. A long time ago. Used to go and stand 'longside the tracks and wave at the conductor. Never missed a day for that matter. Not so long as he lived, he didn't. Then the kid died. Well—you can see how it was. The conductor sort of used to count on it, watching for the kid to wave and all. Like a bit of life to him. So you can see how it was. When the kid didn't show up he had to find out why. Then it seems the kid had died, and so they buried him 'longside the track. And once a week, see, the old fellow used to stop the train and put flowers there and just sort of see that everything was right. So that's what it's all about. He said when he was dying would the train please keep on stopping and see that everything was right. Flowers, maybe. And so on."

The new conductor stared dumbfounded. "Why, sure," he said. "Why, sure. But where's the kid's folks?"

"Well, of course that's part of it. His folks moved off, a good while back."

The new conductor nodded. "And what'd you say his name was? The boy's name?"

"That's sort of funny too," said the official. "Nobody knows his name. A long time ago—and nobody just seems to remember. But there's his grave all right. Close to the tracks."

On his first week out the new conductor stopped the train beside a handful of all but forgotten earth and left some flowers. He may have felt it was a tribute to those who had traveled farther than he, and knew more about some other world—some other kind of life—than he did.

IBBY HALL.

The Gadfly in the Senate

(Continued from Page 432)

dent's father to the Confederate reunion in that city. The President wrote: "I am writing to thank you for the kindly things you have said concerning my father and his visit, and the courteous references you have made to the present occupant of the White House. In your capacity as chief trouble-maker in the Senate you have said some things which have caused me to lay my newspaper down and turn to a fresh pipe of tobacco for consolation. This very generous and considerate article has antidoted all the things which have gone before."

Perhaps the most damning remark ever made about the Honorable Pat was uttered by his "old and good friend, Cal Coolidge," while the latter was still enjoying his reputation as the Apostle of Prosperity and the Sphinx of Politics. Hearing that the Mississippi Senator was to deliver a speech in the city of the Lodges and the Cabots, the then silent man from Massachusetts, without Pat's knowledge or consent, wrote several Boston friends to treat the southern Senator with all the consideration a "good fellow deserved." After Pat had again returned to his onerous duty of pin-pricking the Republicans he heard of the President's unsolicited kindness and called one day at the White House to gab with silent Cal and thank him for his thoughtfulness. The President shook the hand of his visitor in his fervid New England manner and said in his droll way:

"Well, Pat, your voice is the most familiar thing about you!"

Not even his severe critics will deny that Pat Harrison is one of the best posted men in the Senate. He reads carefully every word the President says and neglects no utterances of Cabinet members or national committeemen which would add to the festivity of a Republican massacre. Nothing escapes him. Perhaps the most famous of his onslaughts was based on the speech of the late Ambassador Harvey during the Harding régime when Harvey compared the President to an elephant which "tests with painstaking caution" every plank in crossing a bridge; but when convinced of firm footing, over he goes!" Characteristically, Harrison gleefully ushered to the slaughter, and upheld the fair name of his friend Gamaliel.

"We know," he protested, "that the elephant never has been trained to do any trick except to go around in a circle. We know that the elephant can go backward just as rapidly as he can forward;

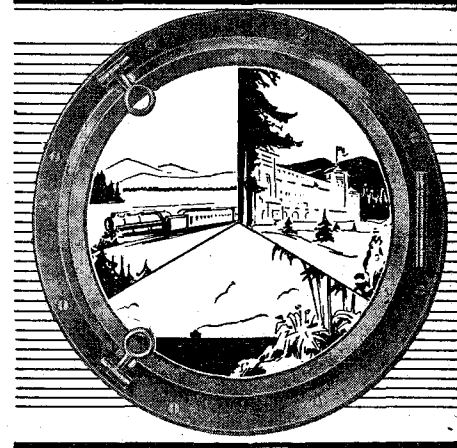
that he is the wonder and merriment of children; that no show or menagerie would be complete without him. And there is one peculiar thing, too, about an elephant. It is the only animal in the forepart of whose head you can find wood, and the only value which has ever been found about an elephant is his solid ivory."

So Pat, "as an American, out of the realms of partisanship," rose to plead with Americans "not to believe what George Harvey had to say about their President."

THE 1932 campaign is in full swing now that Pat has uncorked the vials of his aromatic wrath against the Hoover administration. Other Democrats in the House and Senate often yield to the mellifluous Mr. Michelson, and mechanically mouth the ingenious thoughts of that ingenious person, but not Pat Harrison. He invents his own thoughts, and clothes them in his own picturesque language. His pictures of the devastations brought about by the plutocratic party in power send delicious gooseflesh waving along the Democratic spine, and his vituperation is of the choicest quality. His description of the poverty and squalor into which the Hoover-Mellon régime has cast them has enraptured his fellow Democrats and now they wear their rags like royal raiment, revelling in their dire extremity, because of the glorious visions of redemption unfolded by the Mississippian. They know while they are under his spell that the triumphant Democratic host is about to work its wizardry, transmuting base metal into gold, and poverty into lascivious wealth. All of which chaff showeth, indeed, which way the wind doth blow.

The Progressive-Democratic coalition in the Senate, many claim, is a thing of the past, but whether or no, Pat Harrison is one man who might bring the adhesive parts into cohesive juxtaposition again. Three times a United States Senator, an experienced and successful politician since his early youth, keynoter of one convention, stalwart and persuasive spellbinder of another, he is a man to be reckoned with. There are no sharpshooters in the enemy ranks who can pick off the redoubtable Pat, nor dampen the profane ecstasy with which he perforates the Republican hide. In 1928 he rejected the proposal that he offer for the seat now sacred to the dignity of the mustachioed Curtis. Whether Senator Pat would again refuse to extend his hand for the sweetly warbling birdie in the bush remains to be seen.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



DENMARK

The peninsula of Jutland, the large island of Zeeland, and hundreds of smaller islands, make up this 1000-year-old "Kingdom of the Sea," an open sunny land with a history grandly romantic in character. ¶ Out from among its myriad islands sailed the Vikings to harry the coasts of Europe, explore the east coast of America and colonize parts of England. ¶ Most famous of its castles is "Kronborg" in Elsinore,—and most dear to thousands is the old, old town of Odense on the island of Funen, birthplace of the poor cobbler's son, the poet Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales are now among the world's classics. ¶ Travel in modern Denmark is by motor, bicycle, ferry, rail and boat. ¶ The country varies from wide sunny beaches to wind-tossed dunes... cosy red-roofed villages, old churches, castles, fishing villages... modern cities and restaurants. ¶ In planning all holidays, write for details to Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK