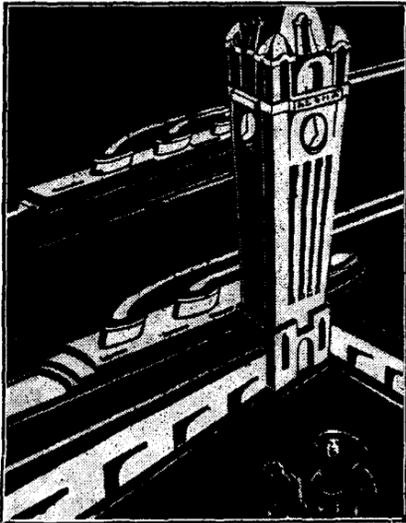


The BOWLING GREEN

Notes With a Yellow Pen

IX. OKOLEHAO

READ in the newspapers that one of the most hopeful features of the Economic Conference in London is that the bar will be open from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M.—and that the favored beverages of each nationality will be available. I wish I could think there'd be some *okolehao* there, that noble Hawaiian elixir with its tubery taste. I remember years ago noticing that it was the bar, just behind the meeting hall, that made the Assemblies of the League of Nations in Geneva endurable to the burdened men of state. Drink is not to be disdained as an instrument of international agreement. Wasn't it Professor Billy Phelps of Yale



ALOHA TOWER, HONOLULU

who remarked that many of our woes might be well composed if the envoys could meet in the beer-gardens of Munich? The general improvement of American morale since a tolerably potable beer came back is one of the big phenomena of our time.

Perhaps the apparent amity in which the strangely varied races of Hawaii live together is partly due to *okolehao*? The word itself means iron bottom (*okole*—bottom or rump; *hao* = iron-like or hard)—hence an iron pot used as a still, and then the liquor itself. It is properly distilled from the ti-root, but also from pineapple, rice, potatoes, sugar cane or whatever vegetable dynamics are handy. It has, at first, an odd rooty or fungus flavor, a whiff of moist and fertile earth; this soon becomes palatable. The genuine ti-root *oke* (as it is usually called) when justly matured has a warmth and directness that is incomparable; joined with ginger ale it makes the best highball I have ever experienced. I was told by experts that *oke* in excess is famous for producing what the Islands call a "walking pass-out;" the patient goes about his affairs in happy cheer and apparent autonomy, but its anesthesia is such that there is no memory at all on the morrow. Nor (again I quote the experts) is there any megrim, vertigo nor overhang; only a pleasant blankness as of a fragrant sponge passed over the slate of thought. I gathered an impression that the island of Kauai, more remote from the sophistications of Honolulu, especially prides itself on its *oke*; the island of Maui more particularly jubilates on its distillate of corn, a spiritus frumenti which has put the most upright souls parallel with the horizon. In a group of Island sociables a mannerly toast is "Maluna, malalo, mawaena, kakou!" accompanied by gestures with the goblet. *Maluna* means upward: you raise the glass. *Malalo* = downward. *Mawaena* = in the middle: you bring the glasses together. *Kakou* means we, or ourselves. There is also a most delicious liquor called *scorpion*, distilled from *oke* with I think a sweetening infusion of pineapple.—The subtle underground or potato-skin

taste of *oke* made me think of a forgotten character mentioned in the introduction to Allen and Greenough's *Cicero*, viz. the orator's friend L. Aelius Tubero—whom Cicero would have been justified in hailing (in Al Smith's famous phrase) as Old Potato.

It is not mannerly to overemphasize the importance of *okolehao* (pronunciation, by the way, is *o-koley-how*) in Island life; it is certainly far beyond any constitutional percentage, and officially it does not exist. One does not mention it in converse with the friendly and hospitable F. M. F's (First Missionary Families). And the Islands, quite naturally, prefer to keep their singular blessings to themselves. But as medicine for the four horsemen that ride mankind (Pain, Fatigue, Boredom, Foreboding) it is one of the Pacific's great gifts. The conscientious reporter must mention it in its due place together with the brawl of the mynah bird, the flower leis and the rainbows in Manoa Valley.

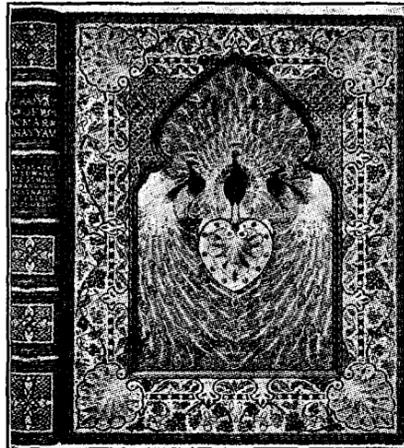
I hope I am too wise to attempt, on the basis of fifteen days' visit, any deliberate description of my glimpse of the Islands. A few chance colors from their vivid palette may with luck be clumsily daubed on this paper, and I have tried elsewhere to say an inadequate grace to the gay and cosmopolitan little university whose guest I was. Hawaii is a land of moods, and even in writing or thinking about it one prefers to follow caprice. The queer heart-twisting quality of its charm first comes to one when the ship pushes off from San Francisco or San Pedro, the mass of paper streamers rustles and breaks along her side, and the little Hawaiian orchestra plays *The Song of the Islands* and *Aloha Oe*. It's worse still, of course, when they play those tunes as the ship leaves from Honolulu. Well did Berton Braley appeal—

Have a little human pity
As I leave this magic city—
Don't play Aloha Oe as I go!

And *The Song of the Islands*, which so piercingly makes their kindness audible, isn't even native music: I believe it was written by a German maestro imported years ago by one of the old kings to train his band. But that evening of March 4th, as Felix waved goodbye on the dock and the *Malolo* pulled out, was a time apt for twinges of all sorts. One was a long way from home, the banks were closed, the whole world seemed poised on doubtfulness. And then, as I was feeling pretty blue, along came Kimo (which is Hawaiian for Jim) who had been told by Harry Snyder to look me up. Kimo is not only an eminent guano-merchant but also a book-collector; best of all, a man of enchanting infectious humor. He was returning to Honolulu after a business trip on the mainland, and allowed me to sit by and watch him unpack the books he had discovered. That, as the grand cartoonist Briggs used to say, was the Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship. I spent the mornings with Shakespeare in the Writing Room, but when the sun crossed the foreyard I joined Kimo in his stateroom. In the long similarity of *Malolo's* deck it could conveniently be identified by a large ventilator that projected just outside his window. For pleasantness of companionship Kimo was perfectly Shakespeare's equal. But I never could persuade him to play deck-tennis, or go swimming with me in the *Malolo's* fine pool where the roll of the ship made a swashing surf go shouldering across the tank. His afternoons were devoted to reading which gently melded with sleep. In fact he had quite a bad nightmare by dropping off with one of his heavy volumes of memoirs on his chest: he dreamed that a huge Kanaka had him down and was crushing him to death. In the evenings we met again, with the mountainous Mac, an old Yale footballer, now a banker in Ohio and on honeymoon to the Islands with his charming bride. Kimo gave us valuable tutoring

in Island customs and our first words of the glorious Hawaiian language. From him I learned how to pronounce King Kamehameha (*Ka-máy-a-may-a*) and that I was a *malihini* (a new-comer) and not a *kamaaina* (oldtimer); also a *haole* (pronounced *howly*) which means a white person. But the Hawaiian Dictionary of Andrews and Parker, officially published by the Territory, deserves fuller comment later on. The most useful word of all, in continual use, is *pau* which means *finished, all done, ended, or that's plenty*. "I'm pau," you would say, as you left that pleasant gathering about midnight and threaded the *Malolo's* white passages to your own berth. Another delightful member of our little symposium was an agent of the Internal Revenue. Native of Kentucky, the charms of his race had not been extinguished by the duties of his office.—So, innocently chaffing one another and listening to the Surgeon's tales of old adventure in the China Seas, we slid across the blue and breezy Pacific. A gusty South wind gave us a rolling swell. The gulls had quit, but several big goonies, a kind of albatross with long scimitar wings, sloped and swung behind us. It gave us a good Ancient Mariner feeling.—Was that group of stars (shaped rather like a kite) the Southern Cross? I wondered, and hoped so—but I always forgot to ask those who would really know.

Speaking of ships reminds me to tell June Cleveland, the spirited head of Bullock's Book Department in Los Angeles, to be sure not to miss number 3 of *Piccadilly Notes*, a catalogue issued occasionally by the famous bookshop Henry Sotheran, Ltd., 43 Piccadilly, London. In that issue Mr. J. H. Stonehouse tells of his friendship with Francis Sangorski the great bookbinder; and I remember that Miss Cleveland has a beautiful little green



SANGORSKI'S OMAR

leather cigarette-case, bound in the similitude of a tiny book. It is lettered *Our Mutual Friend* and was done by Sangorski and Sutcliffe. Mr. Stonehouse tells most interestingly of Sangorski's passion to do a binding of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* which should be the most beautiful book in the world. Finally Sangorski obtained the commission. Mr. Stonehouse describes the craftsman's enthusiasm and the extraordinary zeal he put into the work.

His big forefinger was always busy when describing the progress of the work. He told me one day that he would have a Skull, with a poppy growing out of it embodied in one of the designs; and a few days later he showed me a full sized Drawing of a human Skull; together with a letter from an eminent Surgeon, pronouncing it to be the *finest* Drawing of its kind he had ever seen. Three days later he brought me in to look at the small model of the Skull, in white calf and ivory, before it was inserted in the front doublure of the book.

On another occasion he asked if I could show him an illustration of a Serpent striking its prey. As I was unable to satisfy him, he rushed off to the Zoo, to make inquiries there. Meeting him the next day, he told me he had found that the public were not allowed to see the snakes fed; however, he added, "I arranged the matter"; and he succeeded in getting one of the attendants to feed a snake, by slipping a rat through a trap-door, into its cage—"The snake sprang at it, *thus*," Sangorski said, holding up his hand with his great forefinger and thumb extended—"That was just what I wanted to see, the angle of his jaws." A few days later he brought me in the Snake, modelled in different col-

ored morocco, all ready to be fitted into its allotted place in the back doublure.

When the work was finished, Sangorski was so proud of it he could hardly bear to part with it; he kept delaying delivery. Stonehouse saw the top of the binder's head behind a screen at the Holborn Restaurant, and the corner of a large box projecting beyond the edge of the partition. He knew this must be the great Omar, so dropping on hands and knees he managed to slip the book away without Sangorski's noticing it—intending to give him a momentary fright. But one of the barmaids saw the practical joker and cried alarm.—This famous binding was of green morocco, inlaid with designs and set with 1050 jewels. The chief ornament on the front cover was three peacocks; the "eyes" in the tail feathers were represented by 97 topazes, each cut to the exact shape.

Among the many designs were various emblems of Death; the skull, the poppy, the deadly nightshade. The book was sold at auction to Gabriel Wells, and was on its way to this country. It went down in the *Titanic* in April 1912.—And on July 1, 1912, Sangorski himself was drowned when bathing at Selsey Bill (on the English Channel). He was only 37.

It's not relevant to anything at the moment, but I was interested to note in the Library of the University of Hawaii that the termites or other boring insects (which are a severe problem to Pacific book lovers) had shown a very special enthusiasm for the works of Henry James. I was reminded of this by the following passage in Comstock's *Manual for the Study of Insects*:—

Book-lice (family *atropidae*). Take down from the shelf a time-yellowed book and open its neglected leaves and watch the pale tiny creatures that scurry across its pages; examine one of them with a lens, look well at its alert, knowing black eyes, and you will believe it is in search of real literature and not merely a feeder upon paper.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Year of Miracles

THE AMERICAN SCENE. By EDWIN C. HILL. Illustrations in Caricature by SPENCER. New York: Witmark & Sons. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. HILL thinks it "remarkable that the American people should have entered upon the year of 1932 with any considerable sense of hope and confidence. If 1930 had been Purgatory, 1931 had been Hell. The depression at last had gotten around to everyone." Toward the end of his book he remarks, with truth, that "the terrific lesson of the depression" is that it is "no longer a depression but a social and economic revolution." No one will have read his first two or three chapters without concluding that 1932 was a veritable *annus mirabilis*, packed with events whose gaiety, tragedy, or mere routine Mr. Hill describes in a lively style, with the journalist's sense of what is popularly effective, a withering sarcasm that does not go too far, and an underlying seriousness that leaves one thoughtful after the parti-colored story has been told.

The presidential campaign is, of course, the episode of greatest moment, but that was preceded, flanked, or followed by incidents as varied as the Congressional inquiry into the methods of the New York Stock Exchange, the "stampede of the wild jackasses" and legislative bedlam at Washington, the Lindbergh kidnapping, and the elimination of Jimmy Walker. These are main topics, but Mr. Hill finds time in passing to take shots at scores of lesser personalities or incidents.

The last third of the book, in which Mr. Hill reviews the year's experiences or achievements in art, music, drama, literature, science, and sport, is not so good, the long lists of books, plays, etc., reading too much like annotated entries in a catalogue. Exception should be made, however, of the final chapters in which Mr. Hill summarizes the war debts controversy, the gold question, and the political and economic situation generally at the close of the year. These chapters are as lively as the earlier ones.

The P.E.N. Club Conference

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Annual Congress of the International P.E.N. Clubs, meeting on May 25-28 at Dubrovnik (Ragusa) in Yugoslavia, was a lesson in what may be expected of international gatherings in the troublous year of 1933. The P.E.N. Clubs have fifty-four "centres" in forty nations of Europe, North and South America, with a beginning (unrepresented this time) in Asia. Some 400 official delegates and members were present, a polyglot group drawn from the writing professions of the world, with novelists, journalists, and poets best represented. Jules Romains was there from France, H. G. Wells, as president, from England, Ernst Toller from among the exiled Germans, and an especially strong group of poets, novelists, and journalists from the Danubian countries. The Argentine was ably represented, Holland had a large and, as it proved somewhat agonized delegation; Scotland, which is to have the Conference next year, was led by Edwin Muir; Felix Salten was chairman of the Austrians. "P.E.N." (it may be noted parenthetically) signifies "poets, editors, and novelists."

The United States, that whirlpool into which all translatable books are finally drawn, was represented, I regret to say, only by myself; but thanks to the acumen of our New York Executive Committee, and especially Will Irwin, Robert Nathan, and Alfred Dashiell, I was able to present a Resolution which kept the Conference from being one more disaster on the rocks of Chauvinism.

The sole issue before the Conference, indeed, was the question of Chauvinism vs. internationalism in literature, forced upon the Congress by events and by the delegation from the Berlin P.E.N. Club.

This delegation had been "harmonized" by order of Hitler. Members of the German P.E.N., whose races or opinion did not conform to the Nazi principles, had been ordered dropped. With one exception, Herr Elster, the secretary, no one of the Germans present had ever appeared at a P.E.N. Club Congress, and the really distinguished members of that organization—Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Zweig, Hauptmann—were all silenced, or in exile and absent.

The question which immediately confronted the Congress was this—could one of the centres of an organization formed to promote international amity and to uphold the principle that art knows no boundary lines or racial prejudice, expel its members for being Jews or liberals, and allow without protest the burning of all "non-Aryan" books and the exile or disciplining of writers whose art was not propaganda for the state.

In a closely packed opera house, in a tense atmosphere, the debate began. Wells, from long experience with Fabian tactics was an able manager. The French, the Poles, and the Belgians, although they had no plan ready, had come prepared to force an accounting from the Germans. The Austrians, the Dutch, and the Swiss were desirous of keeping the Congress out of politics, which meant letting the Germans escape with generalities. The Germans had been ordered (and were, according to credible report, re-ordered hourly by telephone from Berlin) to accept without protest a general resolution, but allow no discussion which would give the opponents of German handling a chance to get on the record.

The first morning was enlivened by one of those Parliamentary riots with which Americans who have attended a session of the French chamber of deputies may be familiar. The chairman, Mr. Wells, had chosen, from the numerous resolutions submitted, the American motion for submission to the Congress. As adopted unanimously it ran (after a preamble):

We, the members of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club, call upon all other centers to affirm once more those principles upon which the structure of this society was raised and call particular attention to those resolutions presented by the English, French, German, and Belgian delegates at the Fifth International Congress of P. E. N. Clubs in Brussels in 1927 and passed there unanimously:

1. Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals.
2. In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the

patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.

3. Members of the P. E. N. will at all times use what influence they have in favor of good understanding and mutual respect between the nations. We likewise call upon the international Congress to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P. E. N., founded for the purpose of fostering goodwill and understanding between races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defence of persecutions inflicted in the name of nationalism, racial prejudice, and political ill will.

It will be noted that this resolution is a mandate upon the Executive Committee to expel all member centres who do not conform to the principles of the Club.

It was a gratification to national pride that this resolution was the only action, only principle, brought before the Conference which commanded general approval. Unfortunately the French-Polish-Belgian bloc was determined that another resolution, this time of direct protest against the German Inquisition, should be debated at the same time. They were allowed to present their resolution as part of the discussion. The American Resolution was then carried unanimously as the principle of action to be adopted by the Congress, and the French bloc and the German group were sent out of meeting to agree, if possible, upon a form of protest which could be passed without driving the Germans from the Congress.

So much, so far, was on the surface, but the Congress was seething with an agitation that went much deeper than resolutions. Sholom Asch, the great Yiddish writer, was in the midst of them, quivering with emotion. And from among the exiled Germans, Ernst Toller, the dramatist, well known in New York, a radical who belongs to no party, a playwright of power, a man who has spent seven years in prison, and on whom the German tyrannies had inflicted intolerable wounds, was waiting to speak.

The joint committee returned with a somewhat softened resolution (which was later adopted) protesting the burning of the books and the German injustices to art, but with a provision that the German delegation, while they would not vote for it, would not oppose it, provided there was no discussion of the resolution to be allowed; provided, in other words, that Sholom Asch and Toller should not be allowed to speak. It looked like a triumph for conciliation. Actually the Germans had blocked the French, the Poles and the Belgians, and got precisely what they wanted, a cork in the mouth of dangerous speech.

The Congress also was for the moment blocked,—until H. G., in that squeaky Cockney French of his, his thin voice surmounting a storm, announced that discussion would not be shut off while he remained in the chair and the presidency, that Toller, even if the German P.E.N. had expelled him, should speak, and could speak at the request of the President, in behalf of the long list of German writers and scholars in jail or in exile. Such a verbal riot followed as no Anglo-Saxon country can provide.

It was from one point of view a magnificent comedy, yet of deep significance. For the immediate consequence was a heart-rending appeal from Sholom Asch, now given his tongue, followed by a defense of spiritual liberty from Ernst Toller, a deep-eyed man, humorous, but with fire burning in him of an eloquence and a passion that swept the Congress, and apparently in its press reports all Eastern Europe. On the trip through Serbia which some sixty of us took afterwards, it was everywhere "Toller, Toller!" The young people from the universities mobbed the train and carried him on their shoulders. The opera in Belgrade had to stop, the session at the university where with perfect courtesy I with five other official delegates were cheered as we spoke, broke up at the end into a wild tumult calling for Toller. And this in a rigid dictatorship!

In short, this Congress accomplished three things. It passed a general resolution asserting the principle of a reasonable freedom for art and deep opposition to Chauvinistic tyranny, with a rigorous provision that after time for reformation had been granted, the P.E.N. Clubs should be purged—and not only of German Chauvinism. Thereby it secured its own perpetuation as an organization which for

(Continued on page 670)

To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Rube Goldberg Reading

Sir: The letter from Merlin N. Hanson advocating uncut pages, seems to me naive to the point of absurdity. Why not use invisible ink? Why not encase the book in a carton sealed and locked with ball and chain? Why not make the opening and the reading and enjoyment of a book a task for a Houdini?

Books are meant to be read, not to be grappled with.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER.

New York City.

A Mathematical Flea Hunt

Sir: A. E. Housman's lecture on "The Name and Nature of Poetry" contains many good bits which the periodicals will be reprinting for weeks to come. His utterances have been so few that I feel certain that your readers will be glad to see the following sentences from an address before the British Classical Association in 1921. "A textual critic engaged upon his business is not at all like Newton investigating the motions of the planets: he is much more like a dog hunting for fleas. If a dog hunted for fleas on mathematical principles, basing his researches on statistics of area and population, he would never catch a flea except by accident. They require to be treated as individuals; and every problem which presents itself to the textual critic must be regarded as possibly unique."

The title of the paper was "The Application of Thought to Textual Criticism."

CLARENCE STRATTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Hard To Refute

Sir: Mr. Yarros's reproach of *The Saturday Review* for past editorial gloom is good reading, especially because, to put it glibly, the editorials in question are harder to refute than to affirm. Mr. Yarros is owed a debt; but only, I think, because his contentions would be very pleasant if they were true. Mr. Yarros says that a writer may (and perhaps that was a word well chosen!) do first-rate work provided he possesses discipline and talent; he adds that no particular religious or high ethical principle underlies the best literature, good character creation has nothing to do with beliefs (which he confesses have been shattered), life is now as rich as ever, and justice and humanity will always serve (others failing?) as guiding principles. Now Mr. Yarros's admission about beliefs deprives of reason his remaining thoughts. For, psychologically, any learned verbal response amounts to belief, and learning is the consequence of the discipline (inhibition) and the talent (the special ability to be disciplined) of which he speaks; and, since anything a man writes is composed totally of his beliefs, if his beliefs appear to be disordered and inconsistent and inconstant it is evident that his mental life has been thoroughly disrupted. Discipline has failed, life is not rich for him, he cannot describe justice and humanity: all of his expression will bear the scars of uncertainty.

G. J. WYCKOFF.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

More About Cue Ball

Sir: This is another installment about "Cue Ball" Hennessey, the signboard sandwich man with literary ambitions. Don't be surprised if you see the signboard advertising an oriental restaurant parked without Cue Ball under it. He may be down in Theatre Alley where the shades of Washington Irving are guiding him to the arms of Morpheus; or as near to Morpheus as one can get in a barrel. If, however, from his vantage point he sees you make a purchase from one of the downtown open shelved book-stalls he may approach you, asking, "What book did you buy?"

That's the opening he made with me. No, I wasn't surprised. I had just purchased "Strictly Business," and after reading O. Henry are you startled at anything?

"Strictly Business?" he asked. "I've read it; but say what could he do with such a title nowadays?"

"You see," he continued (this was our first meeting, too), "I'm sort of on a commission proposition. They give me these

tickets to pass you and if people don't return so many to the cashier—why I'll be discharged. Say, where do you eat?"

Cue Ball reached over to his parked sign, and took one of the little cards which were stuck at handy angles. That's one of his "secrets of success." He doesn't stand and hold the cards appealingly; nor does he belligerently thrust them like pledge cards into hurrying insurance brokers' hands. He lets the public come to him. For most people when they see the sign unguarded will snatch a card. "Maybe," suggested Cue Ball, "they think they're getting away with something."

What's in his name? Just a tattoo mark—a big black ball with the letters "Que." On close inspection it looks like the ball had been patterned over a heart; and the "Que" drawn from "Sue."

But the story would come too high; for he swallows hard and talks rapidly if you ask him more.

JEFF MILLER.

New York City.

Railroad Man's Bible

Sir: On Page 98 of *Human Being* Christopher Morley refers to the Official Guide of the Railways as being "known as 'Bullinger.'" This is not correct. The Official Guide and "Bullinger" or Bullinger's Guide are two separate and distinct publications. Bullinger's Monitor Guide, formerly "The Counting-House Monitor," is devoted primarily to local information, that is, Railroad Time Tables and schedules of other transportation lines into and out of New York City. It was established in 1869 and was published for many years by E. W. Bullinger, a capable compiler and publisher, an esteemed contemporary, and a delightful character generally. "Bullinger's" is in loose leaf form, a new supplement issued each week. It is still published regularly.

The Official Guide, which contains the matter described in Chapter XIV of "Human Being," is published by us and is known as the "Railroad Man's Bible": it was first issued in May, 1868, and has been published as a monthly periodical continuously since that date. Incidentally, I might say that Mr. Morley's reaction to the information contained in the Official Guide is exceedingly interesting. It brings out many phases which have escaped us who no doubt have been too close to the picture.

A. J. BURNS.

New York City.

Gentle Master De Vere

Sir: Tucker Brooke's "Gentle Master Spenser" in your issue for June 3 is fairly interesting. According to *Time* the Professor is Yale's leading "Marlovian." For all his newspaper praise, he does not seem to know that "Edmund Spenser" was a pen-name of Edward De Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Or that the alleged inscription to Elizabeth Boyle—Sonnet No. I of Amoretti, which Dr. A. W. S. Rosenbach states was inscribed by Spenser to Elizabeth Boyle—is a rank fake. This is demonstrated by Elizabethan acrostic reading. The Sonnet was written by Edward De Vere for Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. I can demonstrate it for skeptics. Acrostics were part of an Elizabethan writer's work. In everything he wrote—poems, plays, and stories—the Elizabethan wove the names of friend, or foe, and always his own. Because they do not understand, professors of English literature are slow to take up the study. They will in time. The Bodleian Library is interested.

Until we deciphered the Rosetta Stone, the Egyptian hieroglyphics were blank. Until we study the Elizabethan acrostics, the Elizabethan literature will be blank to college professors. A closed mind is a terrible handicap in the search for truth.

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Cal.

John Cowper Powys

Sir: I have been for the past four months engaged in the compilation of a bibliography and check-list of the first editions of John Cowper Powys. As this work is nearing completion, and before sending it to the printers, I should like to get in touch first with any one who may have or know of any material relating to Powys that may not yet have come to my attention.

BELTRAN MORALES.

1357 Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill.