



1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

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*« That good old Regal shoes » : mais pas réussi à trouver publicité pour leurs modèles 1920-1930, celle-ci en serait proche ? « Quant à mes nouvelles chaussures, j'essaie parfois de les porter lors d'occasions officielles, et j'ai l'intention de les faire étirer à nouveau. Hélas, pour la souffrance universelle dans cette vie de la semelle humaine ! »
(lettre à Lilian Clark, 3 avril 1925).*



Dernière traversée pour le ferry reliant la 34^{ème} rue (là où est installé B&H, la mecque des appareils-photo) à Hoboken, le tunnel a tout absorbé — l'occasion d'une visite au photographe Eugène de Salignac, 1861-1943, américain comme son nom l'indique (cf liens dans notre dictionnaire), un des plus éblouissants témoignages d'art sur la ville : parce que, ou malgré le fait que, il travaillait au Département Ponts et Structures de la ville ?

[1925, mercredi 4 mars]

Up noon — meet SH downtown — shoes — dinner — Bklyn — optician
— sundae — cinema — SH home, HP boys at Loveman's — all pres, but
Sonny SL & Morton sleep — adjourn to cafeteria — disperse Borough
Hall — HP in GK's room — return & retire.

*Levé à midi. Rejoint Sonia centre-ville. Chaussures. Déjeuner. Brooklyn.
Opticien. Sundae. Cinéma. Sonia à la maison, je rejoins les Boys chez
Loveman. Tous présents, mais Belknap, Loveman et Morton rentrent
dormir. On continue à la cafétéria. On se quitte métro Mairie de
Brooklyn. On finit dans la chambre de Kirk. Retour et couché.*

Retrouver Sonia Manhattan comme tant de fois depuis son retour. La laborieuse affaire de l'achat de chaussures. Mais retour à Brooklyn, où tout est moins cher, puisque Lovecraft va désormais devoir porter des lunettes pour lire et écrire, ce qu'il ne vit pas très bien. Mais il n'accomplit pas ces formalités seul, le mariage voilà donc à quoi ça sert (sans oublier la glace à la vanille au passage). Condescendre pour la forme au cinéma ensemble ? Deux jours de suite « se faire une toile » ? L'expression n'a pas encore été inventée, et toujours pas de lettre à Lilian pour le savoir. Et puis, Sonia rentrée Clinton Street, à nouveau comme une fuite, il rejoint ses copains chez Loveman, puis on prolonge dans une cafétéria proche du Borough Hall, la mairie de Brooklyn. Les autres rentrent dormir, tant pis, il continue avec Kirk, un étage au-dessus de sa propre chambre et de l'épouse.

New York Times, 4 mars 1925. Il y a deux ans, le jeune Thomas Reid, 13 ans, dont le père était inspecteur de police quand il mourut, fut dépouillé de 4 dollars par un homme, alors que l'adolescent vendait des journaux au coin de Broadway et de la 34^{ème} rue. L'homme se saisit de son argent sous le prétexte d'avoir une caution pendant que l'enfant irait chercher pour lui 72 dollars, dans un garage de la 35^{ème} rue Ouest. Personne ne connaissait l'homme dans le garage, et quand le garçon revint à son coin de rue, l'homme avait disparu avec les 4 dollars de la vente des journaux, que le garçon comptait remettre le soir même à sa mère veuve. La semaine dernière, le garçon tomba sur l'escroc, alors qu'il vendait des sucreries à l'entrée de l'Union Square Park. Il se souvint des instructions que lui avait souvent laissées son père, sur la meilleure manière de surprendre un voleur. Il resta hors de la vue de l'escroc, jusqu'à pouvoir intercepter un agent de police, et rejoindre l'homme par derrière, et que le policier puisse l'arrêter. Thomas témoigna ensuite contre le voleur. L'homme fut identifié comme étant Phillip Husten, 33 ans, domicilié 119 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. Il plaida coupable et sera assigné en justice à court terme.

AMUNDSEN NOW PLANS POLE FLIGHT IN MAY

**Hopes to Reach Goal in 7 Hours
and Stay There Half a Day
for Observations.**

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

COPENHAGEN, March 3. — Captain Amundsen, accompanied by Rikser Larsen, a Norwegian airman, has arrived in Copenhagen on his way to Oslo.

Both men said that the flight to the North Pole finally has been decided upon. Amundsen has made contracts with a firm manufacturing Dornier seaplanes near Pisa for the construction of two seaplanes. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., is to furnish the engines. The seaplanes will be shipped from Leghorn this week and should arrive at Tromsø early in April, where the members of the expedition should be by that time.

Besides six men, who are to be the seaplane crews, the expedition will consist of Schulte Frohlinde, manager of the airplane company, under whose supervision the machines will be put together; two meteorologists, a physician and mechanics from the Rolls-Royce company, together with the crew of the mothership Fram.

From Tromsø the expedition will proceed to King's Bay in Spitzbergen, from which place the flight will be attempted toward the end of May. The seaplanes will be piloted by Amundsen and Elmsworth, the American flier.

The machines can carry gasoline for a distance of more than 1,600 miles. From Spitzbergen to the Pole is about 600 miles, and the flight is expected to take seven hours. The expedition would remain twelve hours at the Pole—just sufficient time to make the necessary observations.

TO VEGETARIANS

Serving, as we do, a public whose diet varies widely according to individual taste, our menus are constructed to meet the requirements of all classes.

However, if any of our patrons are vegetarians, we want them to know that our menus include a complete vegetarian diet.

While there is no separate vegetarian list, one so inclined may select from the regular menus a very satisfactory vegetarian diet.

All vegetables are prepared and cooked so that their valuable mineral salts are retained and their natural flavors enhanced.

Childs

DIG FOR LOST LIBRARY OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE

**Archaeologists Think Great Sixteenth Century Collection Is
Under the Kremlin in Moscow.**

MOSCOW, March 3 (Associated Press). —The Soviet Government today took steps to excavate under the towers of the Kremlin for the famous lost library of Ivan the Terrible (1530-1584), said to include 800 volumes bound in pure gold and many Arabian, Persian, Assyrian and Byzantine manuscripts and parchments of priceless value. The work will be in charge of Professor Stelletzky, a leading Russian archaeologist.

The existence of such a library has been known for centuries, but it has never been found. Peter the Great, in 1725, tried to find it, but the difficult excavating work was abandoned. Similar failures have since been made. Recent researches and surveys have encouraged the authorities to believe that the present excavations may be successful.

In spite of his cruelty and barbarity, Ivan is declared by Russian historians to have been a great lover of the arts, accumulating during his long reign an enormous library for the age. The libraries of Europe were ransacked for his collection. In his closing years he was surrounded by so many intriguers that he hid all his treasures, including this library, so that it might not fall into the hands of his enemies.

The preliminary surveys indicate that the entire hill which bears the Kremlin is intersected with an arterial system of subterranean tunnels and secret passages. Archaeologists express the belief that in ancient times a city existed under the present Moscow, many stone implements and other evidences of an ancient civilization having been unearthed.

34th Street Ferry Abandoned After 67 Years; Tunnels and Bridges Kill Off Famous Route

For the first time in nearly sixty-seven years there is no passenger ferry service across the East River between Manhattan at East Thirty-fourth Street and the Hunters Point section of Long Island City. Passenger service on the old Thirty-fourth Street Ferry was abandoned last night by the Long Island Railroad Company, which controls it.

In these modern days of under-river tubes, cantilever bridges and electric transit the time had come when the old ferry no longer paid. The Thirty-fourth Street ferryboats had been plying the East River since May Day of the year 1858.

It was 6:30 o'clock last evening when the shabby old Southampton churned out from her slip on the Long Island City side, bound for the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. She carried only ten phlegmatic passengers and the half dozen employees of the railroad's marine department who are necessary to man the craft. Standing in her wheelhouse, in command during this historic trip, was Captain Thomas Hinchley of Whitestone, a veteran riverman.

A few minutes later the ferryboat Pennsylvania blew a long, hoarse blast from her whistle and glided out from her Manhattan slip. She, too, carried only about a dozen passengers, with Captain William R. Schow in command. As the two craft came abreast in mid-stream their captains simultaneously reached for their whistle cords and rendered to each other for the last time the passing homage of a marine salute. Down in the engine room, alert for signals from the wheelhouse, was Thomas Mulligan, ferryboat engineer for forty-six years. Mulligan is the veteran of

them all. He is entitled to wear whatever service stripes may be won for having crossed the East River nearly 50,000 times, with some millions of passengers in his keeping. After berthing his boat Captain Schow stepped ashore, a landlubber after twenty-five years of river piloting.

"Too slow for New York today," soliloquized Skipper Schow. "The ferryboats that were good enough for the late Theodore Roosevelt, Russell Sage, Charles A. Dana, August Belmont, William C. Whitney and William K. Vanderbilt, as they went to and fro between Manhattan and their Long Island homes, won't do for the army of wage-earners riding nowadays from home to their work and back again. 'T. R.' and all the rest of them were satisfied with our speed then, but now even the hearse drivers complain when funerals cross the river."

"In the old days when the Long Island race tracks were going at full blast the ferry rush before and after the races was so great that passengers swarmed over every inch of deck space, and they almost pushed one another overboard. It was like the Times Square station of the subway is during the rush hours now. There were five boats and five ferry slips kept busy on this line in those days, and on Sundays, race days and holidays we had to have special guards to handle the crowds bound for Belmont Park, Sheephead Bay or those two extremes of merriment and solemnity—North Beach and Calvary Cemetery."

"Now patronage has dwindled from 80,000 a day to less than 200, and on some trips the boat's crew exceeds the number of the passengers."

BABE RUTH STAGES THREE-HOUR DRILL

**Puts in Hardest Sessions of
Any Player in Yankee
Training Camp.**

Special to The New York Times.

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 3.—If the Yankees' pennant chances depend on the amount of hard and faithful training done by Babe Ruth, then the Ruppert entry already is in. The race is all over but the shouting and the division of the world's series money.

No budding rookie ever toiled harder and longer than the Babe did today. He struggled through more than three hours of baseball, wore a heavy sweat shirt under a blazing sun, batted, ran around the bases something like ninety-seven times, fielded at first base in the regulars' practice and in his odd moments gamboled around the lawn behind the backstop.

When Mr. Ruth tottered silently to the clubhouse at 3 o'clock this afternoon he was melting visibly. The perspiration poured down his face, the sweat shirt was wringing wet and the aldermanic stomach and chest were heaving slightly, as if under a great strain. Without recourse to the official figures in the trainer's book, it can be said with no exaggeration that George Herman parted company with a pound or two in the course of the day.

He was hitting them better, too. The new field isn't nearly long enough for the Babe. He shot a liner into the sandy outskirts of deep right, smacked an even longer one out of bounds in centre and ended up by knocking a few among the pond lilies of furthest left. In fact, left field seemed to be his favorite target. He was choking his bat and aiming his drives over shortstop. Later, when his hands became blistered and painful, all his drives went to left, where it was less trouble to place them.

What with tender and blistered hands and a batting eye still frostbitten, the home run king did well in his second bow to St. Petersburg.

Miller Huggins was a relentless taskmaster today. He had the athletes laboring until noon, rushed them into the hotel for food and sustenance, and then shot them out to the park again by 2 o'clock. It was warm in the morning, but the afternoon was hot, with little wind. Huggins sat on the bench in the shade and seemed to enjoy the sight of such mastodonlike individuals as Ruth, O'Neill, Gehrig and Hofmann flitting about in the bright sunshine.

The only players excused from the workouts were Robert Meusel and Aaron Ward. They got the day off to rest after their trying journey from Arkansas and spent part of the time on the golf links.

There was some resemblance to a regular infield workout this afternoon. At third was Joe Dugan, at short was Scott and at first was Ruth. In the absence of Ward, Howard Shanks played second. Later, Lew Malone took charge of third. Gehrig succeeded Ruth at first and Tom McIntyre was the second baseman.

4 DEAD, 9 INJURED IN BROOKLYN FIRE

**Mother and Two Children Carried to Death in Collapse of
Burning Tenement.**

WOMAN DIES IN HOSPITAL

**Policeman and Firemen Hurt While
Aiding in Rescue of Tenants—
Building a Total Loss.**

Fire, which destroyed the four-story tenement at 72 Johnson Street, Brooklyn, early yesterday, caused the death of four persons and injured nine others.

The Dead.

CARROLL, Mrs. ELSIE, 32 years old.
CARROLL, JOHN, Jr., 7.
CARROLL, RUTH, 5.
LA BRUYERE, Mrs. MARY, 65.

Injured.

LA BRUYERE, LOUIS, 65, burns: in Cumberland Street Hospital.
LA BRUYERE, Mrs. MARIE, 23.
LA BRUYERE, LOUIS, 6, broken arm and leg: in Cumberland Street Hospital.
LA BRUYERE, FRANK, 39.
BURNS, MARTIN, fireman, cuts and bruises, overcome by smoke: in Cumberland Street Hospital.
MISAK, FRANK, fireman, 79 Berry Street.
BARBERI, LOUIS, policeman 437 Eighty-fifth Street.
BACHSCHMIDT, WILLIAM, fireman, 138 Irving Avenue.
BALDWIN, CATHERINE, 74 Johnson Street, cut by glass.

The fire is believed to have started in the rear of the basement. It spread with such speed that within a few minutes flames were rolling up the stair well and mushrooming through the front part of the second floor. It was the barking of Duke, a collie belonging to George Fallon, who with his wife lived on the second floor, that aroused the Fallons. The family wrapped themselves in bed clothing and hurried to the street, where they called Policeman Barberi. Fallon turned in an alarm, while Barberi tried to gain the upper floors through the smoke and flame.

Driven back, the policeman ran through the adjoining tenement and by climbing the fire-escape managed to get to the third floor of the burning building, where the La Bruyere family was trapped by the flames.

Barberi reached the mother and her two children and, taking Margaret, the four-year-old daughter, started down the fire-escape, telling the mother to follow with Louis, the six-year-old son. Instead of following, the mother in a panic ran to a window and, holding the boy clear of the sill, shouted: "Catch my baby!"

The child fell with his night dress on fire as a dozen men with outstretched arms ran under the window. They broke the fall and Louis sustained only a broken arm and leg.



*Beaucoup de photos 1925 du Borough Hall de Brooklyn,
mais aucune prise de nuit.*