

Independence Day (U. S.) 4
afternoon - out with S. A. & Pelham
Way Park - miss - back to Bronx -
groceries - dry store - home & dinner -
read & tele.

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft
#183 | 4 juillet 1925

My Pete in Regaⁿ, but what crowds !
And that is not the crux.... for upon my
most solemn oath, I'll be shot if three out
of every four persons - nay, full nine
out of every ten - weren't flabby, pungent,
grinning, chattering niggers ! Help !
It seems that the direct communication of
this park with the ever thickening Harlem
black belt has brought its inevitable result
& that a once lovely soundside park is from
now on to be given over to Georgia camp-
meetings & outposts of the African Methodist
Episcopal Church. Wah laundy, but dey was
some swell high-yaller spo'to paradifyin' !

[1925, samedi 4 juillet]

Up afternoon — out with SH to Pelham Bay Park — niggers — back to Bklyn — groceries — drugstore — home & dinner — read & retire.

*Levé dans l'après-midi. Marché avec Sonia dans le Pelham Bay Park.
Nègres. Retour Brooklyn. Épicerie, pharmacie.
Diné à la maison, lu & couché.*

Droit de réserve. Je l'avais exercé, une fois, alors qu'enseignant à l'École nationale supérieure d'arts Paris-Cergy : je m'en sers aujourd'hui. Allez, c'est décidé, aujourd'hui je fais grève. Ce mot *niggers* est de trop. Il développe dans la lettre à sa tante Lillian : avec Sonia ils ont voulu explorer une plage au bout du Bronx, qui fait face à Long Island, sans savoir que c'est l'exutoire pour tous les enfants et familles de Harlem surchauffé. Des Noirs flasques et transpirants, grimaçant, criant — dit-il — ils fuient et a cette belle image pour le métro du retour : « en essayant d'être dans un wagon qui ne ressemble pas trop aux bateaux des frères Brown de Providence, ramenant tous ceux-là de Guinée ou Côte d'Ivoire ». Inqualifiable, à jamais.

New York Times, 4 juillet 1925. La fuite hors de la ville pour le 4 Juillet, qui a commencé il y a trois jours, a atteint son pic hier. Les trains, les bateaux, les autoroutes étaient saturés par des centaines de milliers de passagers. Les autorités des chemins de fer ont déclaré que les retours de dimanche soir allaient battre un nouveau record.

BEATEN GIRL TAKEN FROM STEPMOTHER

Hazel Larsen, 9 Years Old, Is Placed by Children's Court in Grandmother's Care.

ANOTHER HOME OFFERED

Commander Evangeline Booth Is Said to Have Proposed to Adopt the Child.

Hazel Larsen, 9 years old, of 10,119 136th Street, was taken from the custody of her father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. August Larsen, and given into the care of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Robert Larsen of 9,825 Tuxedo Avenue, East New York, by Judge Edward Boyle, in the Jamaica Children's Court, yesterday morning, after the Court had adjudged her "a neglected child."

The case was taken to the Children's Court after charges of assault made against Hazel's stepmother were dismissed ten days ago by Magistrate Gresser in the Flushing Police Court. The stepmother was arraigned on the complaint of agents of the Children's Society, who testified that Hazel had appeared in school with her back covered with welts which she said had been caused by her stepmother beating her with a stick. Mrs. Larsen admitted whipping the child because she had taken some chocolate-covered cookies without permission.

After hearing the evidence yesterday, Judge Boyle turned to the grandmother and asked her if she was willing to provide Hazel with a good home. When the grandmother said she was, the Judge said: "This child is not to have any contact with her stepmother; none whatsoever. From now on the stepmother is going to step out of the picture."

Throughout the hearing Hazel sat in front of the Judge's bench, hugging a thin, dark doll which had been given her by the Children's Society. When the Judge spoke of her stepmother she cried, but when he asked her if she would like to live with her grandmother Mrs. Larsen she said "Yes."

In giving the grandmother custody of the child Judge Boyle made it plain that the arrangement was only temporary and effective until said that he was doing wanted to be sure the girl home and at the same time she was not happy her a home elsewhere.

Representatives of the city and the General Board of the Salvation Army offered to adopt Hazel if legal arrangements could be made.

Hazel's parents are a couple of gamblers who, within the last few weeks, it is said, the pair would be tarred and feathered for mistreating the child.

VANISHES FROM SHIP AFTER 'BUDDY' DIES

Burial at Sea of One Veteran on Berengaria Believed to Have Led to Suicide.

LINER BRINGS MUCH MAIL

952 Passengers Dock Here Three Hours Late Due to Fog and Faulty Fuel.

The Cunarder Berengaria arrived last night from Southampton and Cherbourg with 952 passengers and 5,000 sacks of mail. Captain W. E. D. Irvine, master of the liner, said she was delayed three hours by poor quality oil fuel, which threw smoke screens around the ship, and another three hours by fog.

Frank Smith, 55 years old, night watchman in the steward's department, died of heart disease Thursday night, and was buried at sea yesterday morning at 7:30 when the Berengaria was forty-three miles east of Nantucket Lightship. He was a native of Toronto. He had served in the Northwest Mounted Police, with the Canadian contingent in the South African war, and in the great war rose to the rank of Major in the Canadian forces.

Captain Irvine said that it was a distinct coincidence that after the funeral of Smith, which took place from the after deck, Mr. Charles Frank Marsh, 44 years old, who looked after the steward's quarters on the ship, was removed from his post at noon. The ship was searched thoroughly for the two hours the man had been found up to the hour when the Berengaria docked last night. On deck the steward had been found at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning. It was generally believed among the crew that he went overboard directly after the burial of his comrade, Mr. Smith. They were both taciturn men originally Marsh, and did not talk much with the other steward.

Captain Irvine said he had sent out a message asking other ships to look out for a man in the water between the Azores and Nantucket, which the ship was passing on the homeward leg. Captain Frank J. Robinson, President of the Commonwealth Business Corporation of New York, who was one of the seventy delegates to the International Monetary Conference in London, and said that more than 1,300,000 men and women were unemployed and

Poets' Dinner in Montparnasse Cafe Ends in a Battle With Many Casualties

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PARIS, July 3.—The Muse of Poetry, who was supposed to preside over the celebration of the seventieth birthday of the French poet St.-Pol-Roux in a Montparnasse cafe last night, invaded the function armed to the teeth. As a result what should have been a delightful birthday dinner converted itself before the second course into a furious fight from which only the quickest-witted poets present managed to escape without broken heads.

Hostilities developed when members of the super-realistic school of writers discovered among the guests Mme. Rachilde, wife of the editor of the *Mercurie de France*, who recently offended their internationalist sentiments by declaring himself firmly opposed to intermarriage between French and Germans owing to the unquestionable certainty of another war between the two countries. One of the super-realists leaped up from his seat and shouted: "Down with Ra-

childe! Throw her out. We don't want women soldiers. They ought to be shot."

Immediately the dining room of the cafe became a dangerous place for peace-loving waiters, who abandoned their function on masse, realising there was nothing else for them to do but to call an ambulance. The air filled with flying hors d'oeuvres and wine bottles, and from all corners of the room came the groans of those wounded by the flying missiles.

Some super-realists managed, in spite of friends who rushed to her protection, to lay hands on Mme. Rachilde. They not only tore her clothes but pummeled and bruised her badly. The riot developed a political turn when some individuals began to shout, "Down with the Moroccan war! Down with France! Vive Germany!" These individuals are supposed to be Germanophiles who installed themselves in the gallery of the dining hall expressly to provoke trouble.

Arrival of the police finally restored order, but today scores of poets in Montparnasse are nursing painful bruises, thoroughly resolved never to attend another birthday celebration unless adequately armed for the occasion.