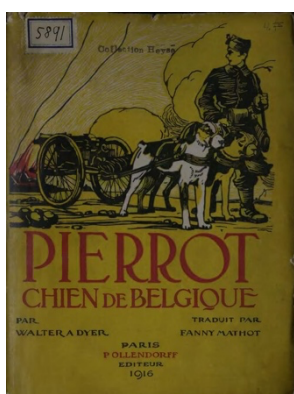


1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#187 | 8 juillet 1925



« Le mercredi 8, je me suis levé tôt, j'ai aidé S. H. à balayer et nettoyer la chambre, j'ai écrit pour Leeds (voir les pièces jointes) puis me suis remis à lire de mes livres anciens, le *Early American Craftsmen* de Dyer. Dans l'après-midi, S. H. et moi sommes allés au cinéma voir un film entrecoupé de vaudeville, comme le Emery, avant de faire quelques courses dans divers magasins du quartier et nous sommes rentrés savourer un copieux dîner à la maison. J'ai ensuite écrit un peu plus, puis j'ai quitté le vieux costume bleu pour enfiler le nouveau, dont je suis très heureux que vous approuviez l'échantillon. Après cela, je me suis rendu à la réunion des Boys chez Sonny's, mais très peu de

monde puisque seuls Leeds, Kirk et Lazare étant présents en plus de moi-même et de notre jeune hôte. J'ai exhibé mes nouveaux atouts avec fierté, vanité et ostentation, et on m'a félicité avec humour pour mon avoir quitté l'état de loque. Sonny a lu un de ses nouveaux contes d'horreur, *The Sea Thing* tandis que Leeds a présenté une foule de magazines commerciaux suggérant des thèmes pour sa propre publication. Belknap lui a écrit six articles, mais je n'ai pas eu l'occasion de le faire, même si j'espère pouvoir m'y remettre demain. La réunion a fini à une heure du matin, et j'ai pris le métro avec Leeds, lui disant adieu à la 50e rue, avant de rentrer et me coucher sans rien d'autre signaler.

« *One of my antique books* » : concerne plutôt le contenu que le livre lui-même, puisque ce volume de Walter Alden Dyer (1878-1943), puisque l'exemplaire de Lovecraft a été imprimé en 1920 — Dyer est principalement réputé... pour ses histoires de chien.

[1925, mercredi 8 juillet]

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Up early — sweep room — bkfst — write — read Antique book — out with SH to cinema & vaudeville — groceries — dinner — write more — start for meeting at Sonny's — only Leeds, Kirk, Lazare, Sonny & HPL present. Shew new suit — get Leeds material. Lv. 1:00 a.m. subway home & retire.

*Levé tôt. Nettoyé la chambre. Petit-déjeuner. Écrit. Lu livre histoire coloniale. Sorti avec Sonia au cinéma pour un vaudeville. Épicerie. Dîner. Écrit encore. Je pars pour la réunion chez Frank Belknap Long. Seulement présents : Leeds, Kirk, Lazare, Belknap et Lovecraft, qui leur montre son nouveau costume. Leeds me remet les épreuves. Dispersion à 1 h du matin, métro, maison, couché.*

Les réunions qui s'étiolent : parce que c'est l'été ? Lovecraft fier pourtant d'étréner le nouveau costume, en solde et retaillé. Leeds a apporté une poignée de magazines, autant d'idées pour de nouvelles rédactions publicitaires, et Belknap Long en est déjà à six, alors que Lovecraft n'est pas encore à bout de ses cinq premières. Lazare est présent, mais ne fait pas vraiment partie du groupe (enfin bon, il a retrouvé Kirk). Et que se passe-t-il avec Reinhardt Kleiner, des vacances ? Quant à se rendre au vaudeville, l'idée n'est probablement pas sienne — ou bien si, pour les apparences, pour faire comme si, ou encore plus simplement dans le désir sincère que Sonia avec la santé, et avant la perspective d'un nouvel éloignement cause travail, soit assurée de la sérénité du couple ? Quelle chance de pouvoir fonctionner avec la planche aux négatifs du carnet, et les tirages agrandisseur de la lettre, pour cette deuxième semaine qu'on en dispose : est-ce que justement ce n'est pas la diffraction qui les sépare, qui pour nous révélerait un peu plus que les deux contenus superposés ? Dans le journal, cet article sur les femmes françaises abandonnées par leur glorieux soldat dans les secousses d'après-guerre : oh oui, on connaît tous des noms... Une double noyade dans la Harlem River, encore plus amère par l'âge des deux protagonistes. Braquage en pleine station de métro, la plus passante de Manhattan : Broadway.

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*New York Times*, 8 juillet 1925. De Paris, le 7 juillet. La presse parisienne s'est emparée des cas de plus de plus nombreux d'épouses françaises abandonnées par leur mari américain, épousés durant la guerre. Le mois dernier, rien que pour celle ville, près de 30

femmes ont porté plainte aux autorités compétentes pour avoir été répudiées par leur mari américain, sans aucun moyen d'entretenir elles-mêmes et leurs enfants. La plupart de ces femmes ont vécu aux États-Unis jusqu'à ce que leur mari leur offre des « vacances » en France pour rendre visite à leur famille. Elles l'ont accepté, mais une fois l'océan interposé entre elles et leurs compagnons, plus un mot et plus un sou de leurs maris. Et tous leurs efforts pour entrer en communication qui restent vains, jusqu'à comprendre qu'elles aient été abandonnées. La presse française déplore ce qu'elle appelle la facilité avec laquelle un mari américain traite les liens conjugaux lorsque l'épouse est française. Dans la plupart des cas, tandis que l'épouse est « en vacances en France », le mari américain se précipite au bureau de divorces sous prétexte d'abandon du foyer conjugal, et s'étant lui-même délivré de toute obligation, ne prend même pas soin d'informer l'ancienne épouse de son changement de statut.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1925.

### **Many Americans Abandon French War Brides; Paris Press Assails Growing Number of Cases**

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, July 7.—The newspapers of Paris are beginning to sermonize on the numerous cases of recent development wherein French wives have been abandoned by their American husbands whom they married during the war. In the last month in this city some thirty women have complained to the authorities of having been deserted by American husbands and consequently having no means of support for themselves and their children.

Most of these wives had been living in the United States until their husbands offered them a "vacation" in France so that they might visit their relatives. They took advantage of the offer, but once the ocean rolled between them and their mates the wives

received no word from their husbands and no money. All efforts to get in communication with their husbands proved futile and finally they realized they were abandoned.

The French press deplores what it calls the facility with which an American husband unshackles the matrimonial chains when the wife happens to be a French woman.

In many cases while the French wife was "on a vacation in France" the American husband in the United States obtained a divorce on the ground that it was the wife who abandoned the hearth, and having freed himself from all obligations failed even to take the pains to notify his former spouse of the change of her status.

## Drowning Boy Drags Boy Rescuer to Death; Youth Diving for Bodies Dies Exhausted

George Harris, 14 years old, a negro, was swimming in the Harlem River at 153d Street yesterday when he shouted to his companions that he had a cramp.

Daniel Jones, 18 years old, a negro, of 2,453 Seventh Avenue, swam toward him as he was sinking and reached him when he came up for the second time. He reached for Harris, who clutched his neck with a hold Jones could not break. The two boys disappeared under the water and did not come up.

Two hours later, after Patrolman Robert Charleton of the West 153d Street Police Station had telephoned for a launch from the Marine Division of the Police Department to grapple for the two bodies, Patrick Kilgannon, 19 years old, of 2,752 Eighth Avenue, came to the river for a swim. He was told the

two boys had drowned, and he began diving in an effort to find their bodies.

He dived for twenty minutes, going under the water more than a dozen times, when the launch arrived and he was told it would be needless for him to continue his efforts. He swam for a raft, pulled himself up to a springboard and sat down exhausted.

Suddenly he was seen falling into the water. Some one shouted to the policemen, who were dragging for the bodies of the negroes. They hurried over in their launch, but Kilgannon did not come up.

The bodies of the negroes were found, but that of Kilgannon was not located at nightfall.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, 1911

## Bandit Holds Up Broadway Subway Station; Cows Agent and Vanishes in Theatre Crowd

A single bandit carried out a bold robbery at 7 o'clock last evening at the northbound platform of the Interborough subway station at Broadway and Fiftieth Street. He held up an agent and a platform man in the change booth while hundreds of persons were passing up and down the stairway of the station, and got away in the crowd of theatregoers on Broadway with a bag containing \$342.50, part of the day's receipts.

The robber had timed the hold-up to take place five minutes before the scheduled appearance of the collection train. He used a pass such as is issued by the company to employees when he asked permission of J. Helwig, the night agent, to use the telephone. After he had covered about with a pistol and driven Helwig and L. Ridner, the platform attendant, into a corner of the booth, he picked up a bag containing the largest amount of coins and banknotes. He made no attempt to take other bags, containing \$950, which would have impeded his flight.

Then the bandit slammed the door after him and, slipping through the streams of men and women going up and down the stairs to Broadway, lost himself in the throng of theatregoers before the two subway employees ventured out to give the alarm.

So coolly had the robber worked that no attention was paid to him by the patrons of the subway as he wended his way out, the bag of money under his coat. Helwig telephoned to the main office of the Interborough company

when he found the robber was not standing near to shoot him, and detectives and policemen hurried to the station from the West Forty-seventh Street Station in response to a report of the robbery. Both Helwig and Ridner were so frightened, however, that they could give but a meager description of the bandit. They said that the only definite impression he made on them was that he was of exceptionally dark complexion and had a "wicked eye."

Helwig had relieved the day agent a few minutes before the holdup, and Ridner had appeared at the booth to continue making change for patrons while Helwig delivered the day's receipts, amounting to \$952.50, to the collection train. Helwig had just remarked to the platform attendant that it was 7 P. M., and the collection train ought to be along in five minutes, when a man, garbed in working clothes, appeared at the window of the booth, and shoving an employee's pass under the grilled window, said: "I'm an employee. I've got to telephone uptown right away."

Helwig said he carefully scrutinized the card and, satisfied it was legitimate, invited the man inside the booth.

With the appearance of the police at the entrance to the station a crowd quickly gathered. Entrance to and exit from the station was shut off by policemen for a few minutes until the detectives were assured that the robber had escaped. Policemen then were stationed on the platform to expedite the movement of persons getting on and off trains.





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in a lower right, then go on  
down to page 101. **Warning:**  
Don't "smoke" until you're  
back in action, but be aware  
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