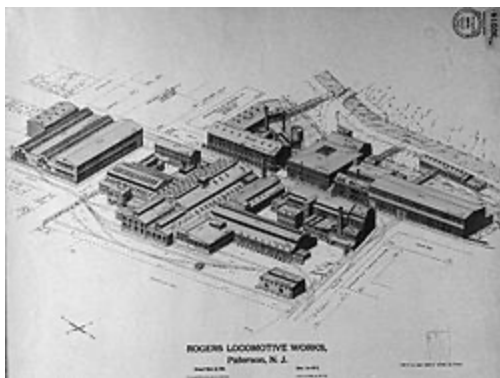


1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#239 | 1er septembre 1925



« Ma chère fille Lillian,

« J'ouvrirai le mois de septembre à la sonorité mélancolique en prenant la plume pour poursuivre le journal que j'ai tenu jusqu'au vendredi 28 août. Entre-temps, vous aurez reçu ma carte postale de Paterson, que j'ai vue pour la première fois dimanche. Il n'y a pas eu d'affaires, car les ajustements financiers concernant les modifications du bâtiment du musée (une ancienne écurie) ont occupé les administrateurs et reporté l'action sur la question du personnel ; mais comme vous le verrez dans le journal qui suit, j'ai fait un voyage très agréable. »

Lovecraft, lettre à Lillian Clark, 1^{er} septembre 1925, où se confirme une nouvelle énigme intérieure : l'excursion à Paterson, sous l'insistance de Morton, avait pour but souterrain qu'il soit connu de la petite communauté sur place, et se place pour les futures commandes de texte liées au musée. Mais voilà, on l'a vu dans l'excursion : le musée n'est encore qu'un projet, ce que Morton a pu leur montrer c'est les futurs travaux... Projet d'ampleur, mais projet dans les limbes, terrassements, maçonneries. Sans compter que, Lovecraft et les locomotives.. on se souvient de son appréciation quant aux paysages urbains industriels qu'il découvre.

[1925, mardi 1er septembre]

Rise at noon — write letters — retire at midnight.

Levé midi. Écrit des lettres. Couché minuit.

On dirait qu'il nous boude ! Conscient que depuis huit mois on regarde par-dessus son épaule. Ah, tu veux savoir ce que je fais : eh bien, je fais aujourd'hui ce que j'ai fait hier. Une sorte de *Shining* en boucle pourquoi pas : il doit tant à sa lecture de Lovecraft, notre cher et balzacien Stephen King. Et toujours les lettres, les lettres : même pas aux grands correspondants identifiés (dès 1919 ou encore plus tôt pour Maurice Moe, Galpin et d'autres), non, ne pas savoir décrocher du *United Amateurs*, ou la trouille de. Quand même, sur sa table de travail, voire peut-être déjà rangés dans la boîte en fer blanc que sa tante lui avait envoyée de Providence, avec les manuscrits en attente (non, je ne crois pas : je les vois plutôt sur la table même, comme presque une accusation, mais alors recouverts d'un journal comme négligemment oublié, pour ne pas trop les voir, ou alors tout le contraire : devant lui comme un champ opératoire, tout bien déblayé, ne les a-t-il pas lus à haute voix — Loveman d'abord, à Frank Belknap Long ensuite (et la question adventice : pourquoi ne pas les avoir lus... à la réunion du Blue Pencil... à George Kirk... à Reinhardt Kleiner... aux deux aînés sous leur protection affective malgré leur brouille que sont McNeil et Leeds...) — le manuscrit de *Red Hook* sur les feuilles de papier à lettres retournées offertes par Kirk, le manuscrit de *Lui* sur son cahier d'écolier acheté 10 cts à Elizabethtown le 11, et en attente depuis ? Sans parler des deux synopsis de *Cthulhu*, et de la première ébauche commencée sur un banc, l'écritoire sous le bras depuis la veille au soir, quand ce bonhomme du midwest est venu l'interrompre ? Mais de cela, on ne s'explique pas à la chère tante Lillian, et s'il y a bien sûr, s'il y a obligatoirement, s'il y a nécessairement, lettre quotidienne à Sonia dans le *write letters*, est-ce qu'à elle il s'en explique plus ?

New York Times, 1^{er} septembre 1925. Hier après-midi, un blong garçonnet de six ans a traversé l'Hudson à la nage depuis la jetée de la 32^e rue jusqu'à la côte du New Jersey dans le quartier de Fort Dee, soit une distance d'un mile et quart, en trente-sept minutes. C'était la première fois qu'un garçon de cet âge traversait le fleuve à la nage. Le prodige aquatique au visage buriné et aux joues couvertes de taches de rousseur qui a accompli cet exploit étonnant est John Devine Jr, fils d'un maître-nageur de Philadelphie. Lui et son père ont plongé depuis la jetée bondée du côté new-yorkais à 15 h 30. Ils étaient escortés par l'entraîneur du garçon, John Fitzpatrick, dans une barque, et plusieurs amis plus âgés pour nager avec lui, ainsi que deux bateaux à moteur dans lesquels se trouvaient sa mère, plusieurs membres de sa famille, des photographes et des journalistes. Une minute seulement après le

départ du garçon et de ses compagnons, le courant de la marée, qui coulait à environ huit kilomètres à l'heure, l'a emporté vers l'embarcadère de Recreation, au niveau de la 125^e rue. La situation semblait quelque peu incertaine. Mais les craintes de ses proches ont été de courte durée. Le garçon a nagé avec assurance, son père à ses côtés. Il s'est mis en nage latérale, avec un coup de pied en ciseaux pour lutter contre le courant, et l'a rarement modifié tout au long du trajet jusqu'à la côte du New Jersey. À mesure que le jeune Devine et son accompagnateur s'éloignaient de la côte new-yorkaise, la force du courant diminuait. Le jeune garçon de vingt-neuf kilos a commencé à glisser dans l'eau à un bon rythme. À mi-chemin environ, les cameramen et les cinéastes l'ont interpellé, et il leur a adressé un sourire joyeux. Il a fait un petit sprint pendant qu'ils prenaient des photos. Quelqu'un lui a demandé en plaisantant s'il reviendrait aussi à New York à la nage : « Je n'ai encore touché aucun des deux côtés », leur rétorqua-t-il. À ce moment-là, l'un de ses jeunes compagnons commença à se fatiguer et les accompagnateurs le firent remonter dans un des canots. Lorsque le garçon, qui venait de traverser le Delaware à la nage, arriva à la rive du New Jersey, où il aurait pu toucher le fond et marcher, il continua à nager tant que la profondeur de l'eau le lui permettait. La foule rassemblée sur la rive l'acclama, et son père le grimpa dans ses bras sur le vieux pier, où il posa à nouveau pour les photographes. Il tremblait de froid, mais n'oublia pas de faire un signe rassurant à sa mère qui se trouvait dans le canot au large. Joseph Schenck, qui dirige le Palisades Park, offrit au jeune Devine une coupe en or en récompense de son exploit. Il a commencé sa carrière de nageur à l'âge de deux ans. Quelqu'un a demandé au jeune garçon aux taches de rousseur s'il pensait un jour traverser la Manche à la nage. Il a réfléchi un instant, puis a répondu : « Peut-être, quand je serai grand. »

Continued on Page Two.

Boy of 6 Swims Hudson in 37 Minutes; Says He'll Try Channel, Maybe, When Big

A tow-headed six-year-old boy swam across the Hudson yesterday afternoon from the 132d Street pier to the Jersey shore in the Fort Lee section, a distance of a mile and a quarter, in thirty-seven minutes. It was the first time on record that a boy of this age had swum the river.

The husky, freckled-faced aquatic prodigy who performed this astonishing feat is John Devine Jr., son of a swimming instructor of Philadelphia. He and his father dived off the crowd-lined pier of the New York side at 3:30. They were escorted by the lad's trainer, John Fitzpatrick, in a rowboat, and several older friends who swam along with the boy, together with two motor launches, in which were his mother, several relatives and several camera men and reporters.

Only a minute after the boy and his companions took off, the tide, which was running about five miles an hour, swept him down the river to a point off the Recreation pier at 125th Street. Things looked somewhat dubious. But the fears of his well-wishers were short-lived. The boy swam confidently, with his father by his side. He relied on a side stroke with a scissors kick in battling the tide, and seldom varied it throughout the journey to the Jersey shore.

As young Devine and his escort thrashed their way further from the

New York shore the force of the tide lessened. The fifty-eight-pound youngster began to slip through the water at a good clip. About midway in the river the camera and movie men called to him, and he gave them a cheery smile. He staged a short sprint as they clicked their cameras. Somebody jokingly asked him if he were going to swim back to New York.

"Haven't touched one side yet," he replied. At this point one of his young companions began to tire and was helped into the rowboat by Devine's father.

When the boy, who recently swam across the Delaware River, got to a point very close to the Jersey shore, where he could have touched bottom and as the depth of the water permitted. A crowd on the shore gave him a cheer, and his father carried him in a cheer, to an old pile, where he posed again for the camera men. He was shivering with the cold, but didn't forget to wave a reassuring hand to his mother in the launch off shore. Joseph Schenck, who conducts Palisades Park, gave young Devine a gold loving cup as a reward for his success. He started his swimming career when two years old.

Somebody asked the freckled youngster if he thought he would ever swim the English Channel. He pondered a moment and then answered, "Maybe, when I get big."

ONE PLANE FLYING, ONE NOT REPORTED ON HAWAIIAN FLIGHT

PN-9, No. 1, Making Good Progress at 11:30; No. 3 Not Heard from in Several Hours.

LEADER REPORTS ALL WELL.

Radio Picks Up Second Guard Ship Only a Few Minutes After Passing the First.

SHOULD LAND IN 26 HOURS

Navy Believes Conditions Are Favorable for a New Record—PB-1 Will Follow Alone.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31 (AP).—Two giant navy seaplanes, the PN-9 No. 1 and the PN-9 No. 3, darted out of San Pablo Bay, a northern arm of San Francisco Bay, shortly before 3 o'clock this afternoon and flew into the Pacific Ocean, bound for Hawaii, 2,100 nautical miles away.

The PN-9 No. 1, was making satisfactory progress at 11:15 o'clock tonight but the other plane engaged in the flight, the PN-9 No. 3, had not been heard from for several hours.

The flag plane was approaching the destroyer corvette, 400 knots out, at 11:30. Her messages reported that everything was going well.

The PN-9 No. 1 passed the destroyer McCawley, 400 miles out, at 8:45 o'clock tonight. A report from the PN-9 No. 3 was expected momentarily from the McCawley.

Commander John Rodgers, flight unit commander, sent a wireless message from the No. 1 to the destroyer McCawley which said:

"Everything feeling fine and we are O. K."

At 9:10 P. M. the planes passed the destroyer William Jones, the first guardship, 200 nautical miles southwest of San Francisco.

The two seaplanes were flying seven miles apart, one to the right and the other to the left of the other. The distance between the two craft, calculated along the line of flight, was 10 miles, but presumably one was not far in the rear of the other, as both were visible at the same time.

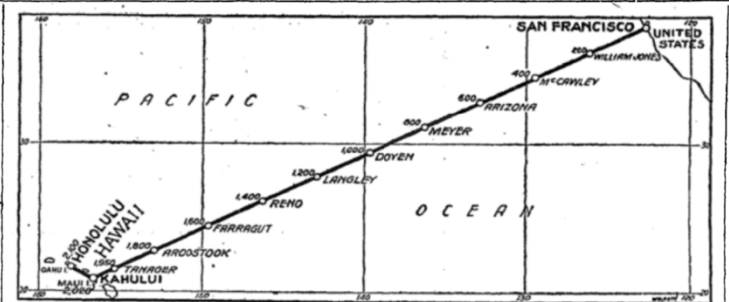
The planes passed out of sight of the William Jones at 9:15 P. M., being lost in the haze to the south and west. They were flying at an elevation of about 700 feet.

Just 18 minutes after the planes disappeared from the sight of the William Jones, the aircraft got in touch with the McCawley by radio and obtained compass bearings. The message conveying this information was the first received here from the McCawley, stationed 400 miles from San Francisco.

An hour after leaving the water the planes were flying easily, at a height above 500 feet, and had established radio communication with shore stations. At 5 o'clock they were in communication with the William Jones. The planes were then checked on their bearings. Officers at naval headquarters considered everything favorable for the success of the non-stop flight, estimated to require twenty-six hours.

The United States Weather Bureau issued a forecast of favorable weather for the flight for the whole duration of the flight. While a disturbance of considerable intensity is developing near Dutch Harbor, Alaska, it is not expected to sweep southward, and the gentle head winds, so much desired by seaplanes, are expected to prevail. The sky will be overcast for most of the route, but the wind will blow from the south out of the coast to twenty miles in the area of the finishing point. The prevailing wind directions will be north and east.

A small amount of mail matter, the first destined to Honolulu by air, was placed aboard the seaplanes. One letter was from Mayor James Rolph Jr. of San Francisco to Mayor John H. Wilson of Honolulu. Many of the minutes are from distant points. A number were written by Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy Department, who is here for the start of the flight, to navy officers in the island's capital.



ROUTE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO-HONOLULU FLIGHT. Positions of the Navy Guard Ships Are Shown, 200 Miles Apart, Over the Course Which is 2,100 Nautical Miles in Length, the Longest Ocean Flight Yet Attempted.

TWO NAVY PLANES FLYING TO HAWAII

Continued from Page 1, Column 6.

planes this afternoon was perfect. The first plane to go into the air was the PN-9 No. 3, whose official starting time was recorded at 2:41:02 P. M. The plane of the flight commander, the PN-9 No. 1, followed at 2:55:08 P. M. Both made perfect take-offs on the very first attempt.

Watchers on San Pablo Bay saw a silver speck start down from Midshipmen's Point, grow into the semblance of a hydroplane, leave the water smartly and cleanly and come roaring overhead. The flight to Hawaii was on.

At Crissy Field the PB-1, largest of all the navy seaplanes, is making tests to determine how long it would be until it, too, could start westward to Hawaii. Original plans called for the departure of the PB-1 along with the PN-9 planes, but repairs made it necessary to wait. Today the new motor was finally installed in the PB-1. The stunt ship went aloft and stayed there for five hours. So pleased were officers with the showing that they announced that the PB-1, in all probability, will be allowed to make the flight on Wednesday. Lieut. Commander John S. Rodgers is in command of the flight now in progress. He is first pilot on the flag plane, the PN-9 No. 1, and the first pilot of the other plane, the PN-9 No. 3, is Lieutenant Alan Snoddy.

The mother ship Gannet was anchored in San Pablo Bay for the start of the flight. Aboard her were Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the navy, and Captain

Stanford E. Moses, commander of the aircraft squadrons of the battle fleet, who has been designated by the Navy Department as commander of the Hawaii flight project.

The take-off was unusual in that there were no cheering thousands to wish the fliers godspeed on their journey. Eagle boats, submarines and Coast Guard cutters carefully patrolled San Pablo Bay to make sure that no boats were present to interfere with the long straightaway dash that the giant seaplanes must make upon the surface before they attain sufficient speed to rise in the air.

Army planes from Crissy Field dipped and circled about the giant navy amphibians before the flight began. When the big navy planes rose into the air the army planes fell in line behind them and acted as an escort until they were safely out to sea.

The official weather report, rushed to the fliers just before the great motors started whirling, reassured them with the message:

"There is no fog, and the lowest clouds are 1,500 feet up. There are light north-west and north winds to 300 miles out. At 400 miles out you are on the edge of the trades and at 500 you are well in the trades. Advise you to fly at altitudes of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet."

As regularly as the planes passed the guard ships tonight the ships reported their progress back to land. After he had been shown some of the bulletins, Captain Stanford E. Moses said that the flight planes were leaving the miles behind them in pleasing fashion.

"A successful finish seems a possibility," he said.

Honolulu Follows the Flight.

Copyright, 1925, by The Chicago Tribune Co. HONOLULU, Aug. 31.—Excitement reigned in Honolulu over the non-stop flight from San Francisco to Honolulu and tomorrow probably will be a public holiday. The navy and army will bar the pub-

lic from Ford Island, Pearl Harbor, where the planes are expected to land. Army and navy fliers, the families of officials, and reporters are the only lucky ones who will be permitted on the island. Scores of local aviators will fly to sea to escort the transpacific fliers.

Flight fans already are seated before a giant blackboard erected downtown to trace the fliers' progress.

Guard Ships Are Notified.

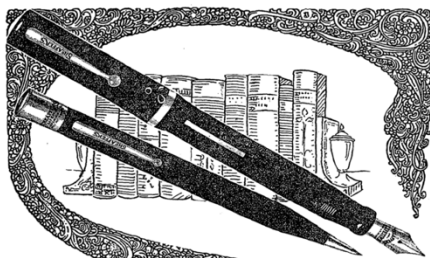
ATMOSPHERE CARRIER LANGLEY, AUG. 31 (AP).—The Langley, stationed 1,200 miles southwest of San Francisco, on the route of the flight to Honolulu, and all the other United States navy ships that are guarding the flight have been notified that the two PN-9 planes will take off at 2 o'clock this afternoon as scheduled. Official advice also have been received that the PB-1 will hop off Wednesday. All of the guard ships are on or near their stations.

Message From Wilbur.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (AP).—Secretary Wilbur sent this message today to the naval aviators, who are to attempt the non-stop flight from San Francisco to Hawaii:

"The Secretary of the Navy wishes you the best of success in your flight to Hawaii."

Paris-New York Plane In Flight. BORDEAUX, France, Aug. 31 (AP).—Captain Francis Goff and Lieutenant Paul Tarsaon, famed French war veterans who plan to attempt shortly a transatlantic flight, tested their machine in a trial flight today from Paris to IJette, near Marseilles, and thence to Bordeaux. After the test both aviators said they were confident they would be able to fly from Paris to New York.



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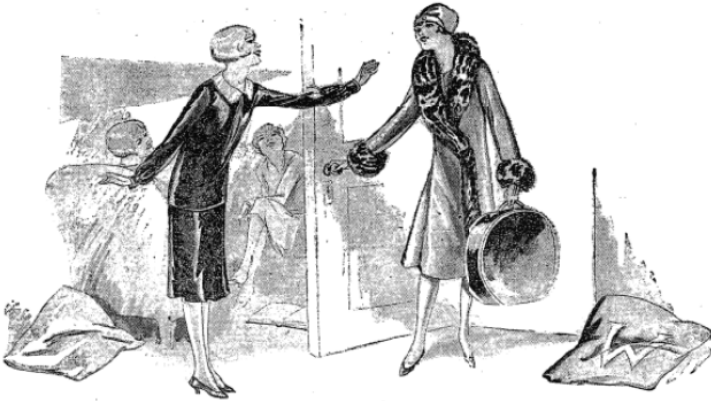
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(Junior Sizes, \$28.75.)

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