

Marion MacDowell, widow of the celebrated composer Edward MacDowell, is a distinguished patron of American art and letters and at her artist colony many famous Americans have found opportunity to work in the most favorable atmosphere. Anne McClure of Oklahoma City, mother of Oklahoma's celebrated John McClure, presents a delightful word picture of Mrs MacDowell who is shown in the accompanying photograph dressed in costume for a benefit masquerade ball in the Peterborough Town Hall



Marion MacDowell

BY ANNE McCLURE

EVERYBODY knows by this time of the MacDowell Artist Colony, that magnificent monument which the widow of the celebrated composer, Edward MacDowell, has built to his memory at Peterborough, New Hampshire. The idea was his, of providing a refuge from the intrusions of a noisy shire.

world where the creative artist could work in peace and without interruption. The accomplishment is hers. With an eye single to her great task, with utter consecration to it, she has reared a memorial to herself no less than to her famous husband.

The story of the colony has been oft re-told, the value of it attested in many ways, notably the first Annual Achievement Award of five thousand dollars given by *The Pictorial Review* to "the American woman who makes the most distinctive achievement through individual effort in the field of art, industry, literature, the drama, education, science or sociology" which was awarded to Mrs MacDowell in 1924.

And still there is much to tell of this rare woman which will not be repetition.

Somewhat past middle life, of a good New England family, she is herself an exceptional musician, and has earned more than ninety thousand dollars by

giving lecture recitals over the country from coast to coast, all of which has been turned in to the treasury of the colony.

Of low stature, and rather broadly built, she presents more strength than beauty to the casual observer, though magnificent dark eyes and a kind and vivacious expression comprise no mean claim to beauty of person.

Long training in a position which calls for the gifts of an Ambassador have developed in her unflinching tact in handling her temperamental "children," as well as the general public. Occasionally she finds it expedient to make a move which she realizes will not be popular, but she never explains nor apologizes, trusting events to justify her action. In an emergency she is capable of swift decision, authority and high courage. William Walsh of Connecticut, deep in his new biography of Isabella of Castile, and qualified to speak, said to me one day "she would make a great queen!"

A few of her brood, hailing from "the coasts of Bohemia, chafed a little at this regnant manner, but I applauded it, even when it fell on myself, as it did on occasion. To a fair mid it was clear that she could not stop to argue on the field of action, any more than a military commander. "Ours not to make reply—

Ours not to reason why!"—But withal she was marvelously patient and courteous with us all.

She told me of a visit she once had from the late Amy Lowell, who, beside belonging to the famous Boston family celebrated in the immortal limerick as speaking "only to Cabots, while the Cabots speak only to God," was accustomed to distinguished consideration in her own right. One day she appeared at Colony Hall and asked the steward, the admirable "Emil" Tonire, the way to the studio of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Now, there is a law like that of the well-known Medes and Persians that visitors may not see the artists in their studios except by special arrangement or invitation. The information was withheld. No amount of coaxing or of quoting mighty names availed. So Miss Lowell descended on Mrs MacDowell at Hillcrest in a towering rage. The necessity for such a rule was patiently explained to Miss Lowell, but she refused to be placated. Even after Mrs MacDowell offered to go herself, in the absence of a convenient messenger, to prepare Mr Robinson for Miss Lowell's visit, her indignation did not abate, and she departed promising to report to the directors of the association, under whom

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LAURELS TO THESE SOONER FLYERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

"We'd have got here sooner, oh, hours sooner, but we missed the town and veered off to the north. Griff spotted the name on a little railroad station and we turned around and came south again. For all we saw there might not have been any ocean at all. We were flying blind in fog and believe it or not, our altitude ran from six inches to 10,000 feet. Well, we went south of Scotland and then we hit the North sea. Just where we struck the continent of Europe, I don't know."

German pilots on the field were jubilant when the American plane came down. Several of them ran out to where it rolled to a stop and thrust foaming scuttles of beer at the fliers. To their amazement the Americans waved it aside. "What we want," said Griffin, "is a good long drink of water. That beer looks good but it might not set so well. We haven't had anything but oranges since we left New York."

But they both looked fine behind their wide grins as the welcome became a small ovation. Herman Koehl who took the airplane *Bremen* across to Greenley island a couple of years ago, was on hand to greet his friend Mattern whom he had met in Detroit.

When the crush was over Griffin and Mattern were taken over to the airport hotel where somebody gave them toothbrushes, soap and towels. More than two hours before they had landed they had been sighted over Hanover. Usually the flight from that city is a matter of less than an hour and when they did not appear at Templehof, those who awaited them at the field, including United States Ambassador Sackett, began to worry. It developed, however, that there was bad weather between here and Hanover, and the globe girdlers had been obliged to go out of their way.

The Mattern-Griffin ship was the first flown by Americans to reach Berlin on a nonstop flight from the western hemisphere and officials at Templehof airdome took note of the extraordinary occasion by raising the stars and stripes as the *Century of Progress* taxied across

the field. A band played the Star Spangled Banner.

The crowd on hand was not very large because the time of landing was unknown and an intermediate stop had been expected because of storm conditions in North Germany. Ambassador Frederick M. Sackett, who had come to the field when informed the fliers had been sighted at Hanover, unfortunately had left fifteen minutes before the landing.

The fliers remained in Berlin less than four hours and started on their way to Moscow, it being their intention to gain on the Post-Gatty record by short land stays, as well as by faster flying time.

Around 4 o'clock the morning of July 7 the ship developed trouble with the controls; the fliers thought they were over Moscow as they passed over the town of Borisov, fifty miles from Minsk, Russia, near the Polish border. The airplane was wrecked in the bog and the fliers continued by train to Moscow where they were received by the Societ.

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MARION MACDOWELL

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Mrs MacDowell governs the colony, her gross mismanagement. In a short time Mrs MacDowell was equally surprised and delighted to receive from the Boston poet a courteous apology and a generous check for the colony treasury.

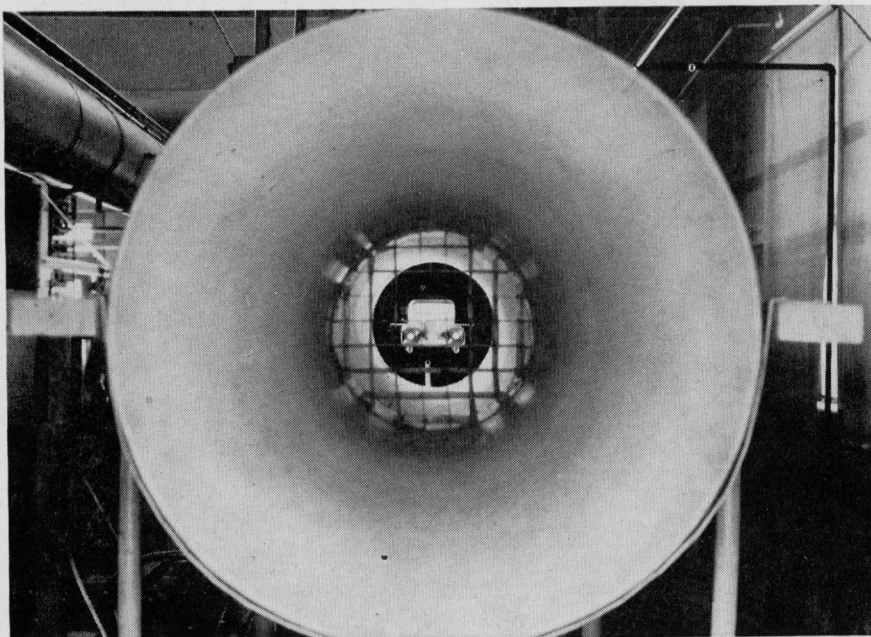
Mrs MacDowell takes the greatest neighborly interest in the life of the village and attends many of the local social and artistic affairs. I was her guest at a recital given by a pianist and a violinist, both Peterborough boys, who however were holding their own in New York's

musical activities. One of them was a son of the chief of police, the politest cop I have ever encountered in America. He was a good pianist, and I applauded both for himself and his father!

The care and kindness of Mrs MacDowell toward the individuals comprising her summer "family" are limitless. For hours each morning she sits at the telephone receiving requests, complaints or whatever comes over the wire, and no effort is spared to meet every reasonable desire. She calls herself a hen with her chickens; and she surely does scratch for them!

She may have made mistakes, in her long service, but I register the conviction that her mistakes, if any, were all on the side of generosity and benevolence; and also that no other woman could adequately fill her place if she were gone. She often said to me "I mustn't die until the permanent endowment is an accomplished fact, and the future of the colony assured; then I shan't mind, for I am tired.

She has sunk her personal ambition and her comfort in a purely unselfish fulfilment of an ideal. Much of the time she was in harness she has been on two crutches, and in great pain, but she never stopped unless she was positively disabled. The fruit of her labors is rich indeed: the roll of the artists who have found here ideal opportunity for creative work is a long and illustrious one, comprising such names as E. A. Robinson, Leonora Speyer, Willa Cather, Josephine Preston Peabody, Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward, Thornton Wilder, Julia Peterkin, Stephen Vin-



TESTED

This is not the Hudson river tube, as you might suspect, but it is looking into the wind tunnel of the mechanical engineering department, with a miniature car approaching, to undergo a test of the effect of air velocity

cent Benet, and many others, musicians and painters and sculptors as well as writers.

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CHIEF WHITE BULL

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time for my speech. I got up and talked (through my interpreter, John Little Cloud) to the crowd, explaining what I had come for, and that I had been a soldier, and had brought a present for the Chief, because he was a soldier too. Afterward I got out a Sam Brown belt, and put it on him, and hung on it the sabre, engraved with his name, which I had selected as the most fitting gift for my old friend. He stood up very straight in his red shirt and big black hat, eagle-wing fan in hand, and when I had finished, accepted the gift with a ringing "How!" Then he and the old warriors danced with great fervor, and I was led out into the middle of the floor and publicly thanked by one of the chiefs for the honor I had shown their famous leader. The dance went on all night, and in the morning we began our talks together.

All day long White Bull would sit on a pile of blankets in my cabin, erect and keen-eyed, gesturing with both hands in the sign language to accompany his words, while the interpreter explained, and my secretary (Frederick Carder) noted what was said. When White Bull talks of old times, the cabin is generally crowded with old men who come to listen in, some of them veterans of the very fights he is telling about. I always kept tobacco on hand for these visitors, who sometimes were called upon by White Bull for some little fact he had forgotten. We began our talks about sunup, and kept on (with time out for lunch) until sundown. At the end of such a strenuous day, the interpreter, Carder, and I would be "worn to a frazzle," half lying down, or leaning against the mud-chinked walls. But White Bull would still be sitting erect, cross-legged, as wide-awake as ever, and would become indignant if anyone asked if he were tired. When the talk was over, he would mount his horse and ride out a few miles to see how his ponies were getting along! And in the chill dawn, when I would be shivering in my O. D. shirt, I would go outside my cabin and find the chief seated there, almost naked, enjoying the cool morning air!

Those talks were thrilling. The Chief is a good story-teller, and a wonderful mimic. When he describes a battle, you hear the yells and singing, the rapid clapping of hands suggests the rifle-fire, he imitates the screams of the dying,

and in pantomime shows how a slain man fell and lay on the ground. It is as good as a motion picture. And when he killed his enemy, he burst out into a hearty laugh of triumph. "Got him!"

But at last his stories were ended, and it was time to shake hands and part. I think all four of us were deeply moved by that parting, for all realized that it might be our last time together. Not much was said, and when I shook hands with the Chief, he said nothing, but held me tight with his free arm around my shoulders for two or three minutes. I hopped into the car, afraid to trust my voice. The last I saw of the old man, he was standing, watching, erect and motionless by his cabin, as our car shot away for the long drive home.

Let Sitting Bull's critics say what they will. When I find that a man like White Bull reveres the memory of Sitting Bull, I *know* that Sitting Bull was a great man.

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RAILWAY STRIKES AND RADIATOR CAPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

ware and machinery, German; large-scale factories and department stores, French; and so forth. Many nationalities with conflicting interests—hence no unity. Labor is, compared with Capital, unified. It has, as Carleton Beals expressed it, "the common coefficient of an empty stomach." It was united by all the bitterness of centuries of exploitation; it is composed, in large part, of indigenes who, though once separated by racial and linguistic barriers, found a common race-affinity in their struggle with the white man. If it has seemed at times that there has been overmuch discrimination against American capital, it has been due to the increasing predominance of American capital in Mexico.

There will be strikes on Mexican streetcar lines and on Mexican railways for some time to come. Tourists will have to put up with occasional delays, will have to suffer the inconvenience of first-class, clean, well ventilated day coaches. But any such experience will fall far short of being worthy of the name Adventure.

Strikes are steadily diminishing. (Read the statistics if you doubt it.) The Church question has been settled, satisfactorily (even many Catholics admit it). The agrarian question will be worked out in time. The tumult and the shouting of the Revolution are dying down and the real work of the Revolution is beginning.

The new spirit of nationalism is apparent everywhere. "Compre artículos del país y haga patria" read placards in

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