

Spreading of Christmas Cheer Well Organized Annual Task

Public Role in Project Large Elks, Firemen, Salvation Army and Red Cross Direct Program

By C. GENEVIEVE MORGAN
The Christmas spirit... And so there are countless people in Salem and its environs who remember in their Christmas giving that group of folk who have not the wherewithal to purchase a Noel feast—or a toy for small Johnny and Mary.

Major dispenser of this Christmas cheer here will be the Elks lodge, which will coordinate the traditional Santa Claus when it comes to giving toys; and the combined efforts of the Salvation Army and the American Red Cross, which will present to the needy families hereabouts a basket laden with foodstuffs.

Salem firemen play a full share in the Yule cheer provided by the Elks lodge, and it is through the labors that they which go out for the Christmas stockings or less fortunate families are reconstructed and remodeled until they work and gladden like new.

Public Plays Role
And it may be said in passing that the whole selfless giving of these agencies is made possible through the generous donations of citizens, club groups and school boys and girls.

Christmas eve will see between 150 and 200 baskets of food delivered to that many families through the joint sponsorship of the Salvation Army and the Red Cross.

These baskets will be as nearly uniform as possible, and will contain about \$5 worth of goods—including in as many instances as possible a chicken to replace the beef roast that has formed the Christmas feast piece de resistance in recent years.

"Trimnings" in the basket will include: Staple articles, sugar, coffee, rice, milk, canned goods, a half pound of butter, bread, potatoes, celery, macaroni, two or three vegetables and candy and oranges.

The whole will be presented in holly dress, symbolic of the season and the good wishes which accompany it.

(And any farmers or ranchers who have a chicken or two or vegetables to donate to this cause will help materially in the spread of this Christmas season, says Captain Allen of the Salvation Army.)

HI-Y Participates
High school students, through the sponsorship of the HI-Y boys, will contribute large quantities of foodstuffs for this cause.

And of course, funds from the Salvation Army Christmas Kettles all go into purchasing provisions for these baskets, as well as contributions from the Red Cross.

The Salvation Army and Red Cross pool this year has been devised to avoid a duplication of families or efforts and funds.

Donations and purchased goods will be accumulated by midweek at the Army storerooms here, and baskets will be made up there for distribution just before Christmas.

To top it all, poor children will have a Christmas tree all their own at the Salvation Army hall at 7:30 o'clock Christmas eve, with toys to be distributed at this time and a program to be given by the Salvation Army children.

The Red Cross-Salvation Army gifts will be delivered to families only after a careful check against relief rolls and with other agencies has been made to assure that they are going to proper channels. And persons who need them should have their names in at the Army headquarters not later than Tuesday. Friends who wish to report names of families for this cause should also do this early, and thus be a real help to the cause.

Toys Are Restored
Salem firemen, in their Santa Claus role, have been working since mid-November on the pleasant task of refurbishing toys for the Elks Christmas giving and late the past week a full truckload, containing among other things more than 200 larger playthings, was delivered to the Elks temple preparatory to the Elks distribution. Nearly 50 tricycles and similar articles have been donated for this purpose, some of them almost as good as new. And hundreds of toys are yet to be delivered from the basement room in the fire department where the Elks Santa Claus have their workshop.

Dolls, drums, musical instruments, blocks, books, doll buggies, tops, building toys, trains, balls, guns—these and dozens of other different toy varieties make up the renovated stocks from which the Elks Santa Clauses (the lodge holiday cheer work is virtually a two-man affair for the committee composed of Robert Cole and L. A. Thomas) will make their selections to fill the requests in scores of Santa Claus letters that have been received from poor children.

Handmade Mittens
Last year the Elks distributed between 900 and 1000 bags of candy, oranges and nuts and Christmas toys, and a similar amount will go this year to make December 25 a happy day for boys and girls in those homes where mothers and fathers are unable to provide. The Elks will also distribute clothing and food as far as their supplies of these extend.

Funds for the firemen's work on children's playthings come chiefly from their annual benefit dance, and the Elks' annual Christmas charity play funds go into the purchase of candy, nuts and oranges. The candy supply alone this season will reach 1100 pounds—more than half a ton!

That, while it is the "wholehearted" side of the Christmas cheer that the needy, is truly but part of the picture—far more elusive

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

A WORD TO CYNICS
You tell me cynicism's in... That Christmascism's out, But I am sure the statement is Subject to much doubt.

It may be that more cynics are Upon the earth today, That myths of sweetness and of love Have come to be passe.

And it may be our modern ways Have brought about a change, But the change is largely seeming, No more than passing strange.

The Christmas spirit is alive, Though customs change a lot, Ay, it's still there, but deeper in— God helps us if it's not!

Weekly suggested: Defer giving a piece of your mind to a certain party until next year. You may need all of your mind to get through the present rush.

Don't hesitate to prevaricate at Christmas time. A false "It's just what I wanted" is not sinful.

Watch your step, particularly in the crowded aisles of the toy shop. An iron wagon about as big as a Nebraska grasshopper was left in a toy shop aisle last year by an excited youngster, and a lady from Gimlet creek stepped on it, and one of her legs was fractured.

Thus she became the caboose of the Christmas train in the Gimlet creek district instead of the locomotive, and she did not like it any too well, because she preferred to be the locomotive. Do not take too seriously what anyone tells you about Christmas and the giving of gifts.

One knew a rough and tough lumber jack up in the Washington woods who snorted when anybody mentioned Christmas in his hearing. He said it was a silly business. But when the bookkeeper girl in the lumber company's office gave him a two-for-a-nickel cigar tied with red and green baby ribbon he purred so loud he could be plainly heard at a distance of several hundred feet.

CAUSE AND EFFECT
Things that we should do, But stubbornly won't, Ships we're expected, To come in that don't.

'Tis the season of late sunsets and early sunsets. Midnight at 6 in the morning, or a bit darker, will contribute large quantities of foodstuffs for this cause.

At this time of year I sometimes recall people and events and circumstances associated with such seasons in the past. Nothing burdensome or unpleasant, mere thoughts in the train of a suggestion. It is, so more or less, with all of us, I presume. It was at such a season, for instance, that I became acquainted with John Siegmund, now county judge. There were December mornings 25 years ago when he and I came out of East Salem together on a small red trolley car. Half past by the court house clock. He and I the only passengers. Perhaps you are not aware of it, but you have a different understanding of a man with whom you have ridden in the early morning darkness. You see the real man, before he has put on his business face and released his business tone of voice. And I came to like him. And I like him yet. Odd, isn't it?

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EVE MEMORY
Christmas eve in Salem in the year of our Lord 1915. Shadows dancing in the rain-wet streets as the strung-together lights in vogue at the time swung back and forth in the south wind. Folks from the south and east said it was funny weather for Christmas eve. Native Willamette valley folks said it was not funny weather for Christmas eve. Then they looked at one another, somewhat sternly, eye to eye, and changed the subject.

However, it was an ordinary Christmas eve for the time and place. The customary amount of late buying in progress. Lighted churches, where Christmas exercises were going forward. Moving picture theatres blazing with invitation to drop in and see the show.

And yet it was not an ordinary Christmas eve. Through some combination of circumstances, now forgotten by me, if indeed I ever knew, an extraordinary attraction for so small a town as Salem then had been booked for that night at the Grand theatre. Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, one of the greatest of English actors, was to appear with the support of an English company, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" that "idle fancy" of Jerome K. Jerome, which exemplifies so beautifully the nature and the power of the Man, whose birthday Christendom observes at Christmas time.

Many of you are familiar with the story of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—the cheap boarding house, the boarders with their human weaknesses, and the change effected in them by the tall, slender, softly spoken stranger, who occupied a cheap back bedroom three flights up. It is a pretty story, peculiarly adapted to Christmas eve, and I think that most of us who were in the audience

than one can reckon, church bodies, veterans' posts and auxiliary and other groups are contributing their share of the Christmas spirit to families they know would otherwise find that cheer a wanting quality.

ence that night were deeply impressed by it. It is a sermon, when competently presented, with all the animation of a play.

I had a little talk with Sir Forbes-Robertson that night. I wished, and did not quite know why, to take him by the hand. So I went back stage. He was standing in the crowded aisles of the toy shop. An iron wagon about as big as a Nebraska grasshopper was left in a toy shop aisle last year by an excited youngster, and a lady from Gimlet creek stepped on it, and one of her legs was fractured.

"Yes," he said in response to a are a long, long way from home. I trust I shall never be so far away from home at Christmas time again, and I do not think I brilliant observation by me, "we shall. We are now," with a grave twinkle in his eyes, "positively on our farewell farewell tour. But I feel better," he added, "than I felt before we met your Salem audience. Naturally, I did not know what to expect, but your people are quite like my own people."

Sir Forbes-Robertson was born in London in 1853. So far as I have heard or read to the contrary he is still alive. But, so far as another far-well American tour is concerned, he has kept his word.

ANOTHER TRAVEL NOTE
Our here is here, but our there is where, But listen—one thing that I know— A gentle breeze in a sunlit air Is better than bluster and blow.

The lines above have been read and reread, And surely you've hit the nail on the head; Yet sunshine and breezes different, things have behaved— It rained like the dickens the day "that we moved!"

Bije Bilwig says he reckons if he was to go into weather prophesying seriously as an occupation he'd move out of the Willamette valley.

I invariably laugh at the Ritz brothers. I realize that I might weary of their peculiar type of comedy in time, and possibly a not very long time, but I get what may be termed a genuine jingle from their antics at present. And for laughing purposes the three Cirillo brothers, who appeared on the week-end bill of vaudeville at Al Wolp's State theatre, are much as funny as the Ritz boys. The remainder of the bill, with a word of special praise for Mary and Roberta, acrobats, was good. A lot of us vaudeville followers are agreed on this point. The State was the only Salem theatre showing vaudeville last week. A re-showing of Twentieth Century-Fox's "You Can't Have Everything" opens at this house Sunday, and it is an excellent feature, as we who saw it at the Grand not a great while ago can testify.

Program at Brush College Tuesday

The Christmas program will be presented by the Brush College community club and school at the schoolhouse Tuesday night, December 21, under the direction of Miss Edith Ross, Miss Margaret Blood and Mrs. Fred C. Ewing. Brush College helpers will provide treats. The decoration committee is Edwin and Tandy Burton, Donald Ewing, Mrs. Joe Singer, Ruth Whitney and Irene Cutler.

A Christmas tree, exchange of gifts and Christmas cheer baskets featured the Christmas meeting of Brush College Helpers, when Mrs. A. E. Utley and Mrs. C. L. Blodgett were hostesses at their home, Triangle ranch, Thursday. Those present were Mrs. A. R. Ewing, Mrs. M. Focht, Mrs. Fred Ewing, Mrs. Esther Oliver, Mrs. F. E. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Glaze, Margaret Blood, Edith Ross, Mrs. Leland Wendt and daughter Beth, Mrs. Bertha Garrow, Mrs. Garfield Anderson, Mrs. Carl Harritt, Mrs. Mrs. V. L. Gibson, Mrs. Mrs. Fred Olson and daughter Nadine, Irene Cutler, Ruth Whitney, Mrs. Ferdinand Singer, Mrs. Oliver Whitney, Mrs. Ferdinand Bayer, Mrs. Esther Dawson, Mrs. Arnold Zysset and daughter Mrs. Glen Martin, Mrs. Joe Singer, Mrs. Louis Singer and the hostesses.

Violence Occurs Near Ford Plant
KANSAS CITY, Dec. 18.—(AP)—Three men were shot, one was overcome by tear gas, at least a dozen suffered severe injuries and more than 100 persons were arrested here late today shortly after employees of the labor troubled Ford assembly plant quit work for the day.

Two deputy constables were wounded as they escorted approximately 300 workers from their homes from the plant where the United Automobile Workers of America, a CIO affiliate, called a strike a week ago.

The officers, Dan Mustaine, 30, and Bob Scott, 20, were struck in the legs by shotgun pellets, but were unable to say who fired the shots. Russell Williams, 28, a bystander, was shot in the hand.

Garden Reading Welcome
Garden magazines form about as nice a gift as any gardener could wish to receive. A subscription to any one of the practical or artistic magazines should be very welcome.

Vases are another group of gifts. Few people have too many vases. There are so very many shapes and colors to go with any type of flower or flower arrangement.

One practical gift to a practical gardener is a pair of leather garden gloves. About the best I have found are made by a manufacturer right at Salem. I have used the gloves made by that firm for years and have always found them satisfactory both as to wear and as to durability.

Practical Gift
A very attractive flower-gathering basket is now on the market for \$2. It is handmade of oak splints, comes in attractive colors, is lightweight, measures 8 inches wide and 13 inches long. There may be others on the market than this particular one, but this is one of the handiest and most attractive that I have seen.

There is also a rattan terrace or lawn chair which is exceptionally comfortable and also strong. Bars at the bottom prevent it from sinking into soft ground. It is mentioned as an all year around chair. It sells for something between \$6 and \$7, I believe.

The garden labels which withstand the winter rains form another pleasant gift thought. They can be had at Salem. At least I purchased mine there.

Suggests Watering Pot
A very handy watering pot in colors of blue, black, white, plum, green, yellow or red, is also an attractive gift, and a useful one. It is particularly handy for watering ferns or other bushy house plants. Also it is convenient for adding water to a vase that has been arranged before completely filling it. The long spout in the pot permits getting water into the container without upsetting the bouquet.

The new "Garden Encyclopedia" put out by W. H. Wise & Co. and sells for \$3.65 and is useful to anyone interested in gardening. Of course, Bailey's is the Cyclopaedia of Horticulture, the last volume in the garden encyclopedias for anyone who uses one extensively but this cannot be had complete for less than \$15. Homer D. House's "Wild Flowers" is an exceptionally attractive garden volume. Orloff and Raymond's "Garden Maintenance" is about as useful a one-volume garden book as can be had.

Books for Work and Joy
Of course, the same can be said of "The Complete Book of Gardening" put out by Doubleday Doran. It sells for \$2.35, I believe. It was published a year ago. Alfred Hottes' "1901 Garden Questions Answered" has been revised within the past year and gives much information it did not contain before.

If you want to give books for pure mental enjoyment to the gardener rather than for practical purposes, give one of Ernest Wilson's. There is much that is practical in these, too, but they are descriptive rather than advisory. "America's Greatest Garden," a description of the Arnold Arboretum is delightful.

Rose Spray Time Ahead
Collect all rose leaves, foliage and prunings from the roses, and burn. Diseases carry over in these if they are left lying about during the winter. I was asked this past week if roses should be sprayed now. Well, they should, but as for the people he placed in them. "I sell my landscapes and show in the figures," he used to say.

The above painter is among 48 great masters represented whose pictures are offered in reproduction form by this newspaper—48 masters of art in original colors.

They are divided into 12 sets of four, one set a week for only 50c and a coupon from this newspaper. Each week's set contains a lesson in art appreciation and persons who obtain all 12 weekly sets will get a free collectors' portfolio.

Clip the first coupon on page 4 now.

How Does Your Garden Grow? Bulbs, Shrubs, Vases, Magazines and Tools Are Among Suggested Gifts for Gardeners

By LILLIE L. MADSEN
A few garden friends have written this past week to ask suggestions for Christmas gifts suitable for other gardeners.

I have noticed that many of these friends want to give growing things or things that will grow. Others want to give a garden implement or book.

I have noticed that both Portland and Salem merchants have various boxes of bulbs arranged for Christmas gifts.

Of course there are any number of potted plants, but as a rule the real garden lover prefers something suitable for the out-of-doors. You will notice, too, that small evergreens, done up in nice gifts, will make a lovely gift.

If the evergreen has been correctly balled and potted so that it will keep a few days before it can be planted out. However, you should make sure that the friend has a place to plant the article given.

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Three Links Club Elects at Dallas

DALLAS — The Three Links club met at the home of Mrs. C. H. Olmstead Thursday with Mrs. E. M. Loban, Mrs. W. H. Vinton and Miss Anne Haugeberg as assistant hostesses.

Election of officers for the new year was held with the following results: Mrs. Elmer Schulson, president; Mrs. Marvis Stone, vice president; and Mrs. Ralph Howe, secretary-treasurer.

A special feature was the Christmas tree and exchange of gifts. Late in the evening refreshments were served to the following members: Mrs. Mary Starr, Mrs. C. B. Teats, Mrs. Lewis Hadley, Mrs. Irene Lynn, Mrs. Elmer Schulson, Mrs. Alva Burns, Mrs. Albert Burelbach, Mrs. Anna Kestler, Mrs. Florence Hunter, Mrs. T. L. Parsons, Mrs. John Friesen, Mrs. Paul Bollman, Mrs. Marvis Stone, Mrs. W. A. Anderson, Mrs. Helen Butler, Mrs. Ralph Howe and Miss Hazel Butler.

Dunlap Purchases Turner Feed Mill
TURNER — G. I. Dunlap of Parrish Gap has purchased the Weddle-Turner Feed mill and will take possession the first of the year. W. F. and L. A. Weddle, formerly of Jefferson, became owners of the mill property in 1933.

Lee Barber of Barber's grocery became very ill the middle of the week and was taken to a Salem hospital.

"Five Busy Bees," a wood-work club, is the seventh 4H club organized in the school, with Prof. L. J. Uhrhammer, leader. Officers are Kenneth Barber, president; Robert Ball, vice-president; Rex Michelle, secretary.

Mrs. L. J. Uhrhammer and small daughter, Nancy, entertained the "Jolly Little Sewers" 4H club and its leader, Miss Agnes Bear, with a pre-Christmas party Wednesday afternoon.

Among the New Books Reviews and Literary News Notes

By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

Sun Across the Sky. By Eleanor Dark. MacMillan, 1937. \$2.50.
A good book, but only just good. The style is very charming, easily read and sometimes bordering on the brilliant—but only sometimes.

The situations are human and well portrayed, so well in fact, that the reader is apt to wonder a little why the story isn't greater than it is. But it really isn't.

The scene of the novel is an Australian seaside resort, which was created by Sir Frederick Gormley, a millionaire with self-indulgent habits. The central character is Oliver Denning, an attractive and human doctor, who is unhappily married to the beautiful Helen, who is afraid of life and all it offers, who wants nothing more than a pretty home, pretty clothes and bridge parties.

Real life, with its emotions, its poverty and struggles, its give and take, completely upsets her. She refers to this life she wants as "asking very little" and calls it "harmless enough."

To which her husband replies: "Harmless! Good God, Helen, do you think it's enough to be 'harmless' off because you're passive?"

And to which she answers: "I don't see why it shouldn't. If you want just to live quietly not involving yourself in anyone else's life, I don't see why you shouldn't be left alone to do it."

But her husband lives on the principle that to be passive is to be as good as dead. "And if you're dead you're no good to life." And Helen insists she doesn't "want to be any good to life."

The author gives a good description of the doctor in "Oliver's mind was like a windy seaside house with all its doors and windows open, all its rooms full of rush and air, and a clamour of rude, bracing air."

While Helen's "imagination ran ahead in alarm, in panic. You had to see that your luggage was safely bestowed, and tip porters, and find taxis for yourself."

The novel is really a quite excellent study of a vital man tied to a woman with the mind of a good child, who even lacks ordinary affection.

But, of course, Oliver finds an outlet elsewhere for his emotion. The helter-skelter Lois Marshall, artist, furnishes this.

To these characters the crisis comes when a fire set in the dry brush on the hillside above the fishing village sweeps down upon the village itself.

The ending is rather vague. You wish the author had cleared up a few points. You feel upon closing the book, rather as if you had been hearing the story of old-time friends but that the teller had been interrupted before she had completed the telling.

Another point of criticism: While the men of the novel appear more or less as men in ordinary walks of life appear, the women are all unusual. There are no normal women in the entire story.

This is not Eleanor Dark's first novel. "Return to Coolam" will be remembered by some. She was born and educated by Sydney. She is the daughter of Dowley O'Reilly, one of Australia's authors and his country's first literary stylist.

Eleanor Dark is the wife of Dr. Eric Dark, and now lives in Katoombs, the principal location of the Blue mountains. She is a keen mountaineer and gardener, devoting much time and care to the introduction of rare native plants and trees into the gardens surrounding her home. It is one of her ambitions to cultivate a sufficiently large area of blue eucalyptus in her grounds to serve as a sanctuary for the charming and harmless small marsupial, the native bear, which is now almost extinct in Australia in its natural habitat.

The New Etiquette. By Margery Wilson. Frederick A. Stokes, 1937. \$5.50.
Well, I am almost tempted to say "I think she's got something there." However, Miss Wilson objects strenuously to slang so we'll just skip that.

The book is full of enthusiasms and ideas of overcoming self-consciousness, and "inexpressiveness." In fact some of the enthusiasms was so high as to become almost wearying. We are also treated to the history of various divisions of etiquette. For instance, there is that on conversation. The man, Hick Bowles, a mistletoe Englishman who was reared and educated to "make something of himself," becomes instead an egoist who all his early life had no faith in anything but his own importance and his prodigious strength.

There are 39 chapters and they cover about everything from when and how to eat breakfast to when and how to sip your last drink

and smoke your last cigarette or do whatever you do last at night. There's everything included from the simplest dinner to the smartest fox hunt. Miss Wilson says, "Today we must be inclusive—not exclusive—or we are not being smart and modern." If we use this measurement for her book, we must admit it is very "smart and modern."

But we still believe that Emily Post is the kinder, therefore, perhaps the best mannered. Mrs. Post has never, that we recall, suggested entertaining sophisticated city friends in the country by taking them to barnstorming shows. "If," says Miss Wilson, "their shows are bad enough, they are good entertainment. Guests may be punished in some amusing way for laughing at the wrong time. Maybe, after all, we just don't understand the new etiquette."



STORIES OF Master Painters

by HOWARD SIMON

A young pastry cook journeyed to Rome in 1616, from the north of France, working along the way at his trade. He was 16 and he found he could draw easily. Rome, he had heard, was full of wonders. And to Rome, he had heard, one went to learn the art of painting.

He was almost illiterate. He could not make himself clearly understood in any one of the three languages of which he had a smattering—French, Italian and Latin. There are scraps of his writing on the backs of drawings, and all three languages are badly misspelled. His own name he wrote as Gelee, Gillies or Gillet. Later he was simply called Claude Lorraine, after his birthplace.

Of his parents, nothing but their name, Gelee, and their humble circumstances are known. Claude, one of five sons, had had to struggle for the bread he ate. Hunger might have dulled his gifts for he learned little or nothing at school. But he was free to go to the city of his dreams when he was through with the dreary pastry cook apprenticeship and could make his way by it.

Stable Boy in Rome
He looked about him in Rome—its wonders had not been exaggerated—and tore himself away because he heard of a German landscape painter in Naples. For two years he stayed in Naples learning to draw, and then was back in Rome. He was admitted there to the household of Agostino Tassi, a mediocre painter but kindhearted, from whom he received board and lodging and instructions in "the best principles of art." In return he gave his services, as a stable boy, a color grinder, and general boy of all work.

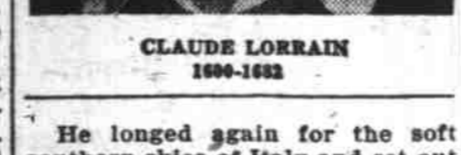
He absorbed what knowledge he could of painting, but at 25 he left Rome once more, wandering about Italy, to Bavaria, and coming at last to his native Lorraine. He set forth almost immediately, this time going to Champagne and Nancy, where he met Claude Bernat, painter to the reigning Duke Henry II. Claude became the wealthy Bernat's assistant.

He longed again for the soft southern skies of Italy and set out for Marseilles to await a ship. But before the ship arrived he was taken ill with fever that nearly made an end of him. While he was ill he was robbed of all his possessions. Fortunately a Marseilles merchant ordered two paintings and was so delighted with them that he would have ordered more, but now that the young painter had enough money with which to continue his journey he was anxious to be on his way.

He arrived in Rome—for the third time. The next few years were to be the most important in his life. He worked inexhaustibly, rising day after day before dawn, and going into the country. He absorbed color and light, form and distance. He returned to his studio long after midnight and tried to reproduce what he had seen and felt.

He abandoned this method and went into the open with his canvases, working directly from nature. It was a new departure in the painting of landscapes. He worked with fidelity and with feeling, and his work became highly prized. By 1655 his reputation was solidly built. One of his sketches sold for 500 florins.

He never quite mastered the human figure and valued his landscapes rather for themselves than



CLAUDE LORRAINE 1600-1682