

RUDOLPH GANZ TO VISIT IN EUGENE

Rudolph Ganz, famous pianist, composer and orchestra conductor, is to be in Eugene over Sunday and Monday enroute to his home in New York city from San Francisco where he has been conducting this summer.

While in Eugene Mr. Ganz will be guest of John Stark Evans, associate dean of the University of Oregon school of music, who is a former pupil of Mr. Ganz.

CIRCUS STORY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

everything else was a mile away on the circus train.

"How was the water, Lulu? How was the water?" everyone is asking. "After the show?"

It is after the show.

The long circus cars, with their night lights, stand on the siding. The first section goes? Yes, long ago. They are the boys who arrive in the next town at 8 a. m. and "do the dirty work," the long, hard, shift which means preparing a city of tents for 1000 people. Even the ropes of the "big top" are being struck on the circus lot.

Inside the largest, most commodious dressing room on the siding, Lillian Letzel, and her husband, Alfredo Codona, likewise a world-famous aerialist, are hosts at a little supper party. Jennie is there—the friend of Miss Letzel who used to do trapeze "the double traps" before she was hurt. "Jimmie" is there, "Vers," Miss Vera Bruce, trained by Alfredo and Alfredo's brother, Lalo, are there. And I am privileged to be there, too. So were Miss Letzel's character dolls, Imo, Ignatz, and Leopoldina.

Role of Cook

Happy is he who enjoys the hospitality of Miss Letzel, in car 87. And how she can cook! She told me the secret of the delicious meat balls she served—ground beef, of course, my dear. With onion, and bits of bacon, and chopped green peppers. There was lettuce salad, with a cleverly put together French dressing. And melon. And ginger ale corks pop.

Afterwards Miss Letzel is chased from the chafing dish corner by Alfredo with a kiss, and the "boys" do the dishes, or its equivalent. Everything disappears, as if by magic. The table is folded away. (Everything folds, it seems, even Miss Letzel's mirror, her portable sewing machine,

SCENES OF JEWISH-MOSLEM CLASHES



These pictures show scenes in Palestine where rioting between Arabs and Jews resulted in loss of American lives. Twelve young American students were reported to have been killed. At left is a view of Jerusalem. At right, above, is the "Walling Wall" of the Jews at Jerusalem, which figures largely in the present outbreak. Below is a street scene in Tel Aviv, where bloody skirmishes were frequent and several American casualties were reported.

the gasoline iron, with which Sylvia, her maid, presses her costume.)

Going to the Movies

Then, keeping my seat on the day bed, which, by the way, has a pretty chintz cover, I saw motion pictures run off on a little screen tacked at one end of the room. The room itself is much like a state-room on a first-class ship.

"Would you like to see Baby Letzel?" asked Miss Letzel, speaking of the five-year-old niece who is named for her. Motion pictures of the charming little girl are shown on the screen while Miss Letzel tells me about Baby Letzel. "The daughter of my only brother, you know. He's director of the Art Institute in Milwaukee, Wis., and she's just as artistic to her fingertips. She is only five, but her drawings have already been exhibited as 'impressions of a five-year-old'."

Then one sees other charming family pictures—Miss Letzel and Alfredo on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary recently in Chicago—and the cake, with one candle in the center.

Finally, come scenes taken under the "big top." One sees "Con" Colleano, genius of the tight wire do his famous tight-rope act, and dance on wire. One sees Alfredo do his dangerous triple somersault from the hands of Lalo, his brother, to a flying trapeze.

We have a wonderful movie of "Hutch" (Mr. Hutchison) eating sweetcorn. But one must always go home, even from the movies. And "home" for me in this case was car 83, where I shared a stateroom with Theol Nelson, the little acrobat of four generations of acrobatic Nelsons, and who has done, likewise, a turn at vaudeville and in Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

The Truck Must

Theol and I talked, as women do when they "take their back hair down." And she told me of the truck meet she is arranging for Labor day in Chicago.

"We only have one performance that day," said Theol, "so we are busy planning races. There will be a single-gig race, and a married men's race. And the mothers will race, too. Aunt Letzel has put up two prizes. Wasn't that good of her? And Alfredo is offering a prize to the winner of the circus parade. We should only have to pick out one or two more."

And would you believe it? Daily, between performances, the young women of the circus act "trainers" for their track meet. Some of them are acrobats, it is true, but running is another form of exercise, and they want to be ready in that trial of skill at Chicago.

A gramophone, which has been grinding out Italian music from some "George" in the car, is shut off. "Good night, Minnie," someone calls outside. "Have some grapes? A cigarette?" asks hospitable little Theol. "You don't smoke?" "Well, I don't either." But sometimes when I think of my husband and my little baby so far away, it gives me something to do. I'll be seeing them, though, this winter. It's two of trains, we circus folk. There's the professional life, in the summer—traveling, traveling. And in the winter we will take a little apartment, and play bridge, and drive our car, and do all the little everyday things other folk do.

I climb into the "upper" in Theol's stateroom. She is still busy below. Out of her little box comes a box of candy.

"Have a piece? And do you think this candy will keep the Sunday?" I'm giving a little bridge party Sunday.

Then, as Samuel Pepys might say, after a less adventurous day, "And so to bed."

Good Morning

"Did you sleep well?"

"It is Theol, smiling, standing on her little bed which is just five feet three to fit her five-foot-two-and-a-half, to bid me good morning. Somewhere in the back of my mind is a wave of the circus, of trains switching, and then the sliding motion as the big engines took us on to the next town.

"Yes, marvelously well," I reply, still aware of the luxury of a comfortable bed and a smooth pillow under my head.

"I went to sleep myself, before I had finished my prayers," says Theol. Theol dons a little white sports outfit, very trim with sleeveless sweater and white felt hat. And we start out to look for the circus "city" which may be a few blocks or a few miles—we don't know yet.

We wave "hello" to Billy the dwarf, who is "crawling" with the Ringling-Barnum show. Billy, for all a long masculine face, has a complex for daintiness, and a permanent wave. He might tell you his version of why he is dwarfed.

"Moved down by a Packard, I was. You won't see me getting bit by any of these cheap cars."

One learns the distinction between "midgets" and dwarfs. The midgets, such as the Doll family (and strangely enough, that is really their surname), are small, but perfectly formed, whereas the dwarfs frequently have heads or shoulders normal size and yet have not developed normally in physique. The Doll family in the sidewalk, comes from a town in Germany where nearly the whole town is made up of midgets. "Major" Mite was the tallest of the midgets of the world, with the show, but he has six-footers for brothers, one is told. The "Major" is a real Oregonian, by the way—Portland. And that may explain the tall dwarfs.

The Cook Tent

The circus life gives one an unimpaired appetite. And the food is good. One takes in one tent serves the other part of the circus. There are other tents for the workmen, or "roustabouts" only for negroes alone.

The sweetcorn I had was some of the best this summer. And one may choose his meat, his drink, and his dessert. "Strawberry pie? Or would you care for apple pie? Children may dream of a circus diet of pink lemonade, and peanuts and crackerjack. But they would grow hearty and thrive on the carefully prepared fare of the Ringling-Barnum circus.

A flat sum of \$5000 is required each day in a city to provision the cook tent and to provide hay and special feeds for the stock and menagerie.

As one becomes an "old trouper" he learns to take the crust from the top of a pile of bread passed his way. The crust is used as the dust-cover.

Nicknames, or What Have You?

Workmen about the lot have their nicknames. One is "Pork Chop" because he is fond of them. One is "Iodine." Still another is "Dirty Neck," and another "we wonder why?" "Three Weeks."

Yet every man, however small or apparently insignificant his part, is a very real part of the "big show." The trapezes must be hung just so. The net must be tied in place in just the right way. And it is the humble workman who does it—the roustabouts who ride the first, second and third sections and is brother to hardship.

Perhaps each one has some ambition, deep in his heart. Like Henry, for instance.

Henry is Miss Letzel's tent boy. "Good heavens, Henry! What is the meaning of this? Don't let them either that goat near my tent! What a stupid boy!"

Yet one knows that is only a way of speaking for Miss Letzel. She knows that Henry is always dependable Henry.

Meet Mr. Parisieu

Henry is French. But there is no "Henry" in his name, just plain Henry Joseph Parisieu. He was born in Massachusetts, and his parents still live in Fall River, Mass.

"Do you ever think of quitting the show, Henry?" I ask him.

"Not unless the show quits," was his quick rejoinder.

He confided to me that he has been steering the circus now for seven years, the only one of his family with the show. And Henry is ambitious.

"Well, now, I always did want to take a try at the trapeze, confessed Henry, when I was a child. I haven't done it so far—there hasn't been anyone to learn me. But maybe this winter, if I get to go with Miss Letzel and Alfredo to London with their own circus into Mexico, I'll get to try. What I learn, I learn fast."

"I'll put you in a story, Henry," I told him. "Then when you are a famous trapeze artist I can claim the distinction of being the first to write you up." Henry grinned, and scratched his ear.

"Well, now, will you?" said he.

It may be a far cry from Henry to John Ringling with his millions, his art collection and his trips abroad. But Henry is only 23. Who knows?

Second Bugle

"Ta-ta-ta! Ta-ta-ta!"

The bugle sounds sharp. Time to dress! This time I am taking Theol's place in the opening pageant around the "big top." I will wear her ostrich feather headdress with its dangling pearls, and her spangled costume. I will ride with Lucia Leers, trapeze artist, and one of the Ringling-Barnum's skilled equestrienne. We are all part of the "scenery" on a float drawn by two faithful camels which hauled guns and ammunition in Mesopotamia during the World War, and are now owned by the circus.

At the first sound of the bugle "Nelle Kelly" a little Spitz dog has rushed out to Marie Evans, the band director, who sounds the bugle. "Nelle Kelly" never fails to do this.

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For men it is "hall and farewell" to the circus—that marvelous and

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30-'23 Ford Truck	50
31-'25 Ford Truck	150
32-'25 Ford Truck	150
33-'26 Ford Truck	150
34-'27 Ford Truck	175
35-'26 Ford Deliv	150
36-'26 Ford Deliv	150
37-'27 Ford Deliv	200
38-'28 Ford Pha'n	400
39-'27 Dodge Coup	450
40-'23 Hup Coupe	100
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