



The House of Commons and the famous clock "Big Ben."

The interior of the "House."

"I am writing on the *Normandie*—the largest steamship thus far constructed. I am glad to have traveled on her, to see what it is like.

"Suppose the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, having some 2,000 rooms, were suddenly equipped for ocean travel and put to sea. You have some idea of the *Normandie*. The population is even similar. The races of the earth, bastards—mostly in the ethnological sense—from every place. The genus known as buyers, male and female, exhibiting everything they have bought,—plus others that they haven't.

"I sit next to a rather nice one at table, a woman of about forty, dark, good-looking, devoid of humor, and wearing very attractive clothes. She evidently is a good designer, though her conversation deals with diet and health, and a predisposition to suicide, which she has to overcome periodically so she tells me. She is also kind-hearted,—apparently. On the other side is a lady half Irish and half Cuban, married to an American. She informs me that she used to be a dancer in a one-time well known troupe. She is volatle, attractive, and likes brandy. She is one of a number traveling with a dog.

"The dogs are housed in luxury on the top-deck. At the same table are seated two Dutchmen, a manufacturer of airplanes and his secretary. The manufacturer is stoutish, interested only in planes and machinery, and otherwise like a child—naïve and self-centered. I looked at him with curiosity, remembering that he made German fighting planes during the War. While he was furnishing thousands to fight against us, America was spending millions developing a plane—literally. One only was shipped abroad and that one was found on the quay at Brest, as I recall it, having been shipped by mistake.

"In reply to a chance remark of mine that my son raised horses, he said, 'How many you raise a year—ten thousand?' I told him only the sausage and chicken feed markets could consume that many.

"He confidently predicts

William West Grant WRITES OF EUROPE

The author, of M. H. O'Malley's Dartmouth College class of 1903, has been a trustee of Dartmouth since 1931 and is prominent in Who's Who in America less for his banking and legal practice at Denver than for his civic-welfare work



that within five years all sensible persons will insist on crossing the ocean by plane—preferably his. His secretary is equally certain. Their enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by the news that Will Rogers had been killed in a crash. If it had been the administration and Congress instead, the balance would have been on the credit side.

"I modestly stated that the Pullman Company had carried some nine million people in 1934 without loss or injury. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it must have been tiresome and dusty.'

"The boat has all the attributes of a hotel—winter-garden, golf, deck-tennis, trap-shooting, assembly rooms, parlors, reading rooms, smoking rooms, bars, grills, etc., etc. Nothing has been left out which would keep the traveler from the feeling that he was at sea.

"The service is like that in the Crillon Hotel in Paris where we stayed—superficially polite. I understand from several bankers that the French are in the throes of a depression which would continue till the franc was devaluated. I was not at all pleasantly impressed, and could not but contrast it with our experience in England.

"At the Berkeley the waiters took a deep, personal interest in everything we did, and the floor waiter, a stout, elderly party, was particularly solicitous. Still we had many pleasant

times in Paris. One Sunday afternoon we went out to Bois Pre, Mr. Edward Tuck's lovely old house near Malmaison. He owned and lived in the latter for many years, and finally gave it to the French government. On our departure, he presented my wife with a large bouquet of pinks, which flower originated at Malmaison. Mr. Tuck was expecting his ninety-third birthday in a few days. He is an ideal of distinguished and graceful old age. I shall always carry with me the picture of him, his philosophic wit, his dryness. He has attained his extreme age without crotchets and with a wonderful sense of proportion. He has eaten well, smoked and drank moderately all his life.



St. James's Park and inset of No. 10 Downing Street, official residence of the prime minister.

"His last financial article appeared in *Scribner's* magazine sometime this year. He talked about Dartmouth, what it looked like, etc., and said in a perfectly matter of fact way, 'Of course, I shall never see it.' It made me feel rather sad. Of course he never will.

"Bob Davis dropped in on me next day. He looks fine and evidently feels so. We talked about Dartmouth. He is in touch with everything, and his views were, as always, stimulating and refreshing.

"Mr. John Harris, the builder, took me out to see the new International building at the University of Paris, which he is building as the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. It is beautiful, and such a contrast to contemporary English and French architecture, which is terrible. The architect was J. Frederick Larson of Hanover, New Hampshire, the Dartmouth architect.

"There are certain places to which I always go in Paris, among them the Louvre, mainly to see the Victory of Samothrace and the Venus de Milo. An enthusiastic young friend of my daughter's, a recent graduate of Smith, was with us. She unerringly separated the wheat from the chaff. The Louvre picture galleries always give me the impression of being there for the purpose of having a gallery. There are many wonderful paintings, but more that merely occupy space. A judicious cyclone that could discriminate, and thereafter sweep through Westminster Abbey destroying 99% of the Georgian and Victorian statuary would be the greatest imaginable tribute to good taste. Then I always go to the Pantheon, and afterwards to Notre Dame to get the contrast between the creation of a period and a timeless institution.

"Perhaps our American architecture of the present—which is so much better than that of present-day Europe, except Sweden—will furnish us a background in ages to come, comparable in its own way. On the whole I do not particularly enjoy France, though a week at Dieppe had its compensations. Our friends, the Bells, were there, and Mrs. Otley—May Bell's mother and the grandest of all old ladies. She embodies in herself the best there is in England. She is entirely understanding, frank and completely able. She said one day to Gertrude and me, 'You know, old age is not a happy time (she is seventy-three). People talk about happy old age, but there is no such thing. How could there be? Powers have waned and friends have gone. Reasonable content is possible, given the requisite philosophy. Otherwise, old age is a thorn in the side of youth. People say, why don't old persons go with those of their own age? They can't—generally because most of them are dead. But they needn't be a nuisance and become tyrannical through their demands to be part of an age they don't belong to. When we reach seventy, we become spectators. The Bible is right. Man's allotted age is seventy, and when he goes beyond it, then is it indeed labor and sorrow.'

"A remarkable woman! Two daughters, talented and good to look at. Two sons—one the youngest man in the British delegation to the Versailles peace conference, and dead before its conclusion at the age of thirty-two; another, one of the leading bankers of London, as well as musician and artist.

"One of her daughters told me that when they were children, her mother used to get up

early in the morning and run around a paddock half an hour leading a horse on which was her eldest son, because the boy didn't ride as well as his younger brother, and being the eldest he ought to ride better.

"While at Dieppe we went over to the town of Eu and inspected the Cathedral. Eu is the ancient seat of the D'Artois family, famous in French history. Their tombs are in a damp crypt, and there the remains of their poor bodies lie, thrown together in a heap by the insensate fury of the French revolutionaries, though they had been dead five hundred years, now all under the floor of the crypt. Over each tomb is a statue of the one-time incumbent, each with his dog at his feet, some killed in the Crusades, and above each the pathetic injunction, *Pray for me!* And today, the Communists urge another uprising to complete the French Revolution, thwarted by Napoleon! What can they give any country but blood and misery—and jobs and authority for such as no sane person would ordinarily trust with anything.

"England and the English always refresh me. True, they have their demagogues, but to get away with it, a demagogue must perform. He must be able and more astute. Lacking the spoils of office, the M. P. cannot succeed by the simple device of rank falsehood. Slander and libel are met with substantial damages. While I was in England a city official brought an action against a newspaper for quoting Winston Churchill to the effect that the official in question had attempted to make political capital out of the King's visit to Liverpool, stating certain details. Counsel for the paper apologized in open court, and the Judge assessed damages at 2,000 pounds.

"Libel laws with teeth and the abolition of the direct primary would immeasurably improve politics in America. Something could also be said for the duel—within certain limits.

"I went one day to Canterbury to see the most wonderful of all cathedrals. The place where St. Thomas-a-Becket was murdered, the exact spot marked by a piece of marble about four inches square let into the pavement, to replace an original piece taken to Rome, as I recall. Prue and I went with Father Hughson and Father Baldwin, on their way to America from the Holy Cross Liberian Mission. Father Hughson is a holy man if there ever was one. He was our guide. Back of the high altar we heard an English clergyman telling the story of the legend on one of the windows to a crowd of small school boys of about 8 to 12 years. 'You see', I heard him

say, 'They gouged out both his eyes. One came out quite easily, but the other took quite a bit of gouging. You'll be glad to know that even at that they didn't quite get them all, and with the help of the Lord they grew back.'

"The relief of the small boys was quite obvious.

"On the other side of the altar was the Black Prince's tomb, his gloves, his breastplate, the scabbard of his sword, and his black helm still hanging there as they have hung for the last 700 odd years. If there is anything in a tradition here, you find it. The love of the Englishman transcends the noisy and vocal patriotism of a day. I felt the impression of something deep-seated and permanent which will always keep England national and democratic.

"Westminster Abbey (forgetting the statuary), the Saxons tower of Sussex (we spent a good deal of time at Scaford), afforded us untold pleasure. King Alfred's kingdom is still Saxon and proud of it. The market place of Allriston, Piddinghoe (called Pidnoo), Bishopstone—the names recall the times and the occasions.

"And now home! A little solitude is occasionally pleasant—except that I always want my wife near. I imagine, as the darky said, the 'vice versa is not true', especially as she refers to me ever and anon as her problem child. And solitude is never more complete than in the Grand Central Station or on a populous ocean liner.

"I must not forget our week at Kelburn Castle in Ayleshire nor our meeting with Sir Alexander Walker, the proprietor of *Johannie Walker*, of agreeable aroma. Everything considered—this judiciously—I enjoyed our visit to Kelburn as much as I ever enjoyed any visit. Living in a castle dating its origin from the 11th Century has a charm of its own, particularly when it has been made most livable and is inhabited by people who understand the art of graceful living, as do the English aristocracy above all people. A charming family. I spent a pleasant morning covering miles of reforested ground with the proprietor. His wife (Archie Bell's sister) most lovely and kind.

"While at Troon, Sir A. Walker asked me to go with him and look at what he termed, 'The most successful farm in the world.' He said it had made money every year for twenty-five consecutive years. This was rather staggering for one who comes from a country in which we are led to believe that every farmer is impecun-

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SAY "ISUAN"
The BEST MIXERS
in the ORIENT

William West Grant...

(Continued from page 7)

ions and entitled to special favors from every administration.

"Just off the coast from Fairlie (the town nearest Kelburn) lies the island of Cumbrae, and in the distance Arran and Iona.

"Cumbrae used to be the seat of the historic *Bishopric of the Isles*. It is referred to, if I remember rightly, in *Scott's Tales of a Grandfather*. Iona, of course, is the seat of the original monks brought out by St. Columba for the conversion of Ireland. St. Patrick was a Scotchman.

"It is strange how tradition persists. The inhabitants of southern England are still proud of their descent from the Saxons of Alfred's kingdom. The Scots are still jealous of the Young Pretender's cause. Alan Boyle, maker and pilot of the first British monoplane to fly, kept and showed me as some of his dearest possessions a fragment of Prince Charlie's plaid, an autograph letter written when he was a pensioner at the court of France, and various other mementoes. A pageant of Scottish history was presented in the summer of 1934. When it went to Edinburgh, the authorities warned the players that the part of *Butcher Cumberland* would have to be omitted, as they could not be responsible for the consequences. He was accordingly left out.

"The following week after our return to England we went to Eton for tea. My daughter

had been there a number of times, but it was new to me. It was fascinating from every point of view. The old buildings (they still use some of the original school rooms built by Henry VI); the amazingly beautiful chapel, column after column of boys killed in the Great War; tablets to those who have died for England all over the world, ever since the Wars of the Roses. It is not hard to realize that you are in the cradle of a ruling class.

"Oxford and Cambridge do their part, but the rulers of the empire come primarily from Eton. A young friend of one of my sons was there four years ago. Today he is sub-administrator of a district in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. They don't seem to get soft.

"From the standpoint of him who is interested in education, it is pertinent to consider what they study. Particularly in those days of so-called progressive education, aesthetic dancing, etc., and nauticism, mathematics, Greek, Latin, French, English and science. The arguments against Latin in favor of the merely useful may continue to rage, but the fact remains that the greatest colonizing and administrative race of the earth does it on a classical foundation.

"Incidentally, Colonel Lawrence's *Seren Pillars of Wisdom* inculcates the same principle. An archeologist, a Greek scholar, an Oxford don, is the man who incites the Arab rebellion and directs the right wing of Allenby's army—without previous military experience. Lawrence was killed in a motorcycle accident while I was in England. He admired Allenby above all

others because the latter was the one military commander who could think in other than military terms. He could evaluate the intangibles; he could think in terms of temperament, background and tradition, forward to an ultimate result.

"Educated Englishmen are most conventional, and yet furnish examples of the most unconventional people in the world when conditions require it.

"As usual, I spent a day at Henley. We have acquired the habit since my younger boy went over with the first American schoolboy crew in 1927 (Kent School). Whatever else may be said, the beauty and charm of rural England is in a class all its own. We took 2 Oxford boys (ex-Etonians) and 4 from Eton. Their cating was prodigious. I furnished lunch.

"I am beginning to think I shall have to move to Hanover. With my daughter in England and one son in the east, I see very little of my family. My wife is away about six months every year. One boy is a rancher whom I meet occasionally in the evening. Hanover is a pretty good center. Unfortunately we have the accumulations of family residence in Colorado since the Civil War. Pieces of land, old mining claims, a few cattle, some horses, a dairy, and the odds and ends of all kinds of things possessing in common the element of taxes, like death and the poor, always with us. As that is the prevalent note of the day, on it I shall close and betake myself to contemplation of what the country is coming to."

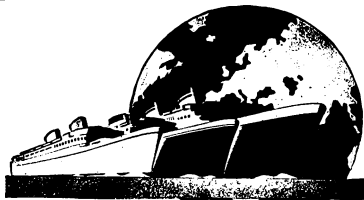
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