Birth Notices

Mrs. Moore has a son. To be named, according to before-the-event decision, Henry Clay Moore after his father. The announcement as reliably reported: Parents-to-be raced from Falls Church to Georgetown Hospital at six of an icy morning; the father - a mercurial temperament - was advised to go out for a walk; on his return (we have not been told how few blocks he walked) he was greeted with the news "mother and son doing well"; about 11 o'clock in the morning, the mother called Miss Rathbone at the Research Library by telephone and merrily told the good news. Mr. Bryce sent a plant from D.O., and ordered a second lot of flowers to carry the felicitations of the Library Staff.

Joseph Lynch, when collecting reimbursement for express (or when on some like errand to the Lower Library) shyly, but not at all unhappily, announced the arrival of his 6th child.

Open Days.

The museum is now open on Saturday afternoons as well as on Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. Thacher and Mrs. Sessions will look over the list of expected visitors and one or the other be present if this seems desirable. Miss Rathbone, Mrs. Bland and Miss Diehl will alternate in being on hand should their services be required. Each is to receive first aid in docetry.

Upper World, Music.

In honor of Monsieur et Madame Pocillon, there was lovely music (Mozart and Schubert) by The Musical Art Quartet yesterday. Mr. Thacher welcomed the guests after they were seated in the music room, speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Fliss and of former occasions when many of those present had listened to that same quartet in that room. "Woodside" and LMC at the tea-table had the pleasure of seeing many familiar faces - Mrs. Chanler, Mrs. January, Mrs. Longworth, Senator Greene, Marvin Ross, Walter Lippmann, and others - and of speaking over and over again of Mr. and Mrs. Fliss and D.O.
Chicago - a confession.

Working in a case with two dozen mummies is quite an experience. If anyone thinks it is tame, I wish to disabuse him of that idea immediately. In point of fact, the mummy cases are fraught with dangers both moral and physical. The purely physical pitfalls I was able to avoid as I had the good fortune to be in special training for this kind of job; the physical hazards bordering on the immoral I withstood by exerting a grim determination of which I was very proud; but to the purely moral temptations I succumbed with wicked glee. These may not be the best names for my categories, but in the end the fact remains: I avoided doing the innocuous things which were inexpedient - such as fainting at the far end of the case where there was no air and not enough room to stretch out comfortably, I refrained from doing evil things - such as drawing patterns in the dust, but I did the wicked ones as you shall see.

The mummy cases are on the other side of the hall from the cases I described last week. The windows are the same size, but they are really windows, the cases being long corridors seven feet deep, with a door at one end. Lights and other things lie concealed by the moldings and the mummies repose in solemn state with their feet to the audience on slanting stands about twelve inches from the floor in front and perhaps three feet high in back. The textiles I was to examine were hung on the back wall.

Before I went into the case, there was an impressive gathering of the clan. Dr. Martin, Mr. Martin, Mr. Corning, Mr. Weeks and Mrs. Bright all assembled solemnly to give me advice. The two latter had been in the case when it was being arranged, and had filled it up as they came out. They therefore told me in all seriousness, that I should not be able to hear through the glass. I was to change two signs at the end of the case, so I was given a screw driver and a pair of pliers to add to my own equipment. They warned me not to drag my feet, as that would leave a mark, and on no account to touch the glass, for then it would all have to come apart to be washed. They told me everything they could think of, and then lined up with a guard in uniform at either end, as Mr. Corning unlocked the door, let me into the case, and gave me his blessing. For a moment I stood in the wings taking off my shoes and donning heavy woolen socks which would not leave footprints, putting my textile blanks under one arm, clutching the screw driver, pliers, microscope and pencil firmly in my hands, drawing one last breath of contemporary air deep into my lungs, and then stepped daintily out before the footlights. The first moment was a real thrill - for I just missed treading on a mouse trap. If the early Christian angels hadn't been on their jobs this story would have had a different ending. When I think of the comparatively unprotected state of my tender toes and the havoc to be wrought by one unconsidered movement -. But my public waited, and with superhuman strength of mind I set my countenance in the mask of bland disinterest most fitting to my surroundings, and began to thread my tortuous way. Fortunately for my leg muscles some of the mummies were children and did not reach from the glass to the back wall, so around the foot of two, remembering to raise my feet and not to touch the glass, then under three grown-ups. This was a slow process, for all the things in my hands and under my arms had to be placed (not shoved) in front of me on the floor, my skirts gathered up, and me, myself, folded up into the least space possible in order to attain the other shore without disturbing the Egyptian calm. I fold up rather well, which is fortunate, but even so the last mummy stand was nearly too much for me. It was so near a sarcophagus that though I got under it with flying colors ( or should I say neatly furled wings ) there was no room to unfold and I dreamed of unborn anthropologists studying the strange phenomenon of one mummy with chin on knees among so many straight and narrow ones.
Hours later, having attained the far end of the case, I set to work changing labels as I foresaw that when this was accomplished the gallery would leave. A silent gallery is an awful thing. Then my downfall began; for someone spoke and they were audible. I should have let them know that I could hear; but there were no outsiders in the Museum that early; and one person without properties explaining in pantomime how to take apart a label stand is interesting, seven are marvelous. The first stand came apart rather easily, the second was much harder; and it was well-nigh impossible to get the stands back in position with their heads at the proper tilt. A gallery in action is intriguing. When all was satisfactory, my public vanished leaving nothing to be thought of but my work. So to work diligently with no stopping at the sound of approaching feet. But when the piece is done turn swiftly and see the unsuspecting people jump. The climax came as the last piece was analysed and I stood once more beside the wings. A class of small children paying no attention to their earnest teacher stared at me with enormous eyes and the smallest tapped lightly on the glass to catch my eye whispering "Aren't you scared?". It wouldn't have done to laugh in a vacuum so I ducked behind the wings and opened the door to laugh in comfort.

Finis.
Le Médecin des Bronzes

Scenario for a play in two acts.

Dramatis Personae (in the order of their appearance)
Mrs. Bland. A hovering angel. Type, Vera Zorina
Mr. Gettens. A technical expert on bronzes
Sergeant. A guard
Prof. Sachs. A great museum administrator
Maitre Focillon. A learned and spirited French Scholar
Irene (off-stage). A parlor maid

ACT I. One Monday late in January
Scene I. Basement Corridor, Museum Wing

The Egyptian bronze "find" is supposed to be in the cupboards of the basement corridor. Enter Mrs. Bland, Mr. Gettens and Sergeant.
Sergeant: (importantly jingling his keys) "This is the locker, Miss."

The doors are flung open. Ample, and frankly, are shown rows and rows of paper towels, cakes and cakes of soap, rolls and rolls of Scott's tissue.
Mr. Gettens: "I"
Mrs. Bland: "I"
Precipitate flight of Mr. Gettens and Mrs. Bland. Sergeant, finding himself alone, carefully closes the doors and locks the cupboard.

Scene II. Exhibition Room, Museum Wing

The "find" is re-excavated by Mrs. Bland in the subsoil of Case III. Through the kind offices of Irene (off-stage) a bridge table and two steamer rugs are produced.
Mr. Gettens: (Seated at the bridge table close to the south-west window, one steamer rug over his knees, the other over his shoulders; his arms free for using his special magnifying glass and other technical instruments.) "But what is this?" (He holds up to the light, with pincers, a coarse hair about one and a half inches long.) "A whole hair with tapered end and root! Perhaps one of the million hairs on an Egyptian horse twenty-five thousand years ago. Attached to this bronze, firmly attached, with corrosive product."
Mrs. Bland: "??"

ACT II. The next day.
Scene I. Music Room.

Decorous examination of the Pre-Columbian objects by Mr. Gettens.
Recommendation for a new kind of chemical drier for - shall we say - the alluvial floor of the Cat's house.
Tribute to the Owl.

Scene II. Music Room

The Riemenschneider, lifted off her wooden core, is laid, gently, prone on the floor. Mr. Gettens, also prone on the floor, supporting himself on one elbow, shading his eyes with his free hand, studying the wood fibres, the grain. Enter Prof. Sachs and Maitre Focillon.
Le Médecin des Bronzes, continued

Mrs. Bland: (sotto voce) "Mr. Geddens!"
Prof. Sachet: "Mr. Geddens, I want to present you to M. Focillon."
Mr. Geddens: (scrambling to his feet) "Monsieur ........."
Maitre Focillon: (twinkling) "Monsieur, je m'y connais très bien dans vos écrits. Vous êtes 'Le Médecin des Bronzes'!"

Curtain

Ed. note. A more scientific account of these two days will be received from Le Médecin des Bronzes in a definitive report.
Some disconnected memories of
Kenneth Farrand Simpson
late Congressman from New York.

The first time I remember seeing Simmy was when he came home from The Hill with my brother to spend Spring vacation. Alfred brought him because he was good fun, but also because they two were the crack debaters on the squad and the big debate with Hotchkiss came at the end of vacation. Kent could always talk but it was less nerve wracking for the team if they knew he had done a certain amount of preparation. The boys worked all morning and the rest of the day did whatever came into their heads. They not only got up all the facts but parcelled them out between each other and their team mates and then set to drawing up good working outlines for their speeches. As I remember it they spoke from notes, which let them watch the temper of their audiences, and was more effective than a written speech, learned. Anyway the work was good for they beat Hotchkiss and as always tied for first. Their methods of speaking were very different, Alfred slow and thoughtful working out the logic for his hearers, Simmy talking just as fast and sometimes faster, than he could mouth the words, calling to the people like the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

This power came in handy many times. They say that in the Freshman, Sophomore rush at Yale some Sophomores caught what they thought was a shy little Freshman and told him to make a patriotic address beginning with a commanding gesture and the words "Men of Yale". Some twenty minutes later they realized the rush had stopped.

I think Simmy was born loving politics. He gravitated to any place where politicians were. And it was around 1912 - Mr. Perkins' remark may locate it more definitely for you than it does for me, that he felt a nervous breakdown coming on "But cheer up! it won't be from drink, merely Beverage" - that he learned one good lesson in a most amusing way. The Perkins were giving a costume dance for Polly, and Simmy with young George's help went as a girl, the idea being that in that way he could get closer to the mighty than he could as a boy. He looked rather stunning in a black evening dress of his sister Sally's and a snow white wig, and he danced with all the people that he had wanted to meet, but they murmured sweet nothings about his school girl complexion, or how light he was on his feet, and could not believe that anyone so lovely might be interested in anything as dull as government. From that day on I never asked him a reasonable question about politics without getting a decent answer.

At Yale Kent was chairman of the News, and Alfred chairman of the Lit as they had been at school, and in the Summer of 1916 they both went to Tobyhanna with the Yale Battalion where the other boys badgered them with glee as all orders came through signed either by Generals Bellinger or Simpson. The government that year bought a great number of poor horses and most of them died at Tobyhanna. Simmy started the custom of burying them with full military honors to relieve the monotony of an unpleasant task. He also coined the order "Forward wheeze" to counteract H Bingham's unworkable "Eyes right about".

After the war when he was Assistant District Attorney he tried his cases as he used to debate with one eye on the audience. While swearing in a jury the question came up as to how long the case would take. If it would not be over till Saturday one man asked to be excused as he had urgent business on that day. Kent jumped up. "I think - ah - that I can set the gentleman's mind at rest on that point - ah - Friday is to be - ah - my wedding day" Later in the trial the judge rapped mildly with his gavel "Mr. Simpson, that isn't evidence. That's a speech!"

Once lately Mother said "Kenneth, I see you all over the front pages of the paper, everybody picking on you". To which he answered "Yes! wonderful publicity! and I didn't have to pay for any of it".

Contribute by "L.B." to the node.
By PHILIP BROOKS

THEY catalogue itself is a work of art designed for reading. In simple and lucid language, not the least bit academic or profound, it offers a series of didactic essays on the fourteen phases of the subject into which it is divided. Beautifully printed with twelve full-page plates, it sells for $1 and is well worth the price. Copies are obtainable from the Pierpont Morgan Library, at 29 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City. But it would be a mistake not to see the show itself, with its pictures and tales of the strange and marvelous. The labels in the cases are particularly rich in lore and legend which some one has been at pains to extract from the texts themselves. They contain too much matter for the catalogue, but some means should be found to reprint them in permanent form. The exhibition is open daily except Sundays and holidays through Feb. 28.

Animals of every description, marvelous and fabulous, known and unknown, are pictured on the walls and in the cases. They are considered in science and pseudo-science, in fables, astronomy, and astrology in the months, sports, travel, and mythology in various phases of Christian art; in tiny Metropolitan Museum seals, and in book decorations and bindings. Original drawings along the walls include Blake's behemoth and Jehovah as well as sketches by Rembrandt, Pousset and Tiepolo.

TWO bestiaries, or moralized natural histories, have been taken apart for the first time and their illuminated pages displayed in frames. The one, a Latin text made in England in the second half of the twelfth century, is based upon the second-century Greek "Physiologus." Its conventional and decorative drawings are in marked contrast to the naturalistic work in the other, a Persian manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century. The latter is one of the best-known Islamic manuscripts in the world, and the exhibition provides a rare opportunity to see thirty-two of its pages. Among them they reveal the mountain goat falling and landing unharmed on its horns, a hyena that becomes male and female in alternate years, the dragon whose skin boiled in oil will cure earache. Not to be slighted is the pearl oyster, which rises from the depths and opens its mouth to receive raindrops, and whose medicinal properties include cures for palpitation of the heart and running eyes, and whose sages will give glass to the skin and whiteness to the teeth.

In the English manuscript are shown such wonders as a man-tiata, the panther attracting animals with its fragrant breath, the griffin with a pig as prey, the paradoxis, the yale with movable horns, and the viper whose young are born through the death of both parents. Two of the scenes depict legends in which have given phrases to the language, a mother bear licking her cub's shape, and a crocodile devouring a man and then mourning for him incoherently the rest of its life.

More practical in purpose than the bestiaries are the works of

and
Lelioton

The river of books flowing through B.C. during the past two weeks has carried with it, deep under the surface, sorrows and sparkles, problems and prayers. Some of these undergrounds may emerge in the bare outline that follows: others never will.

The Lower Library has received numerous accretions. (A definite sparkle)

The Upper Library still possesses in the sections nearest the Grangerie (and the location was secretly deduced upon because of that delightful neighbor) a small, but profound pool of treasure. Plato, Chaucer, Dante, Shakespeare, Emerson and others. It has also a useful section of dictionaries and encyclopedias. Also one of biography and history. (This section is subject to further deletion, or to removal to some other room.)

The Oval Room is as it was except for the removal of the books which Mrs. Elise had already "pulled forward." For M. Focillon's comment here see Attic, Part I, immediately below. (No less than an aurora borealis, this)

East Attic. Part I. In the far northeast corner are the French paper bound books and romans, etc., bound in boards. M. Focillon went through all these after seeing the Oval room books with E.B.C., and delighted her soul by his charming, spirited, and sympathetic reaction: "Ah, il n'y a rien a jeter! Une bibliothèque française admirable. Il faut garder tout: soit, pour le texte; soit, pour la reliure; soit, pour qu'ils sont des exemplaires précieux, qui deviennent rares (Costa, par exemple). Un de ces jours, je vais rouvrir parmi tous ces livres, et après, nous ferons une jolie exposition avec un conférences, vous et moi ...."

(a free and, doubtless, ungrammatical, summary from memory)

East Attic. Part II. The War, 1914-1918. The War, 1939 .......

International Law. Diplomatic Memoirs and Practice. Political backgrounds, etc. All together in the east half of the room. There, Mr. Elise can view them as a whole. This had been taken care of - though it still needs much alphabetical and subject rearrangement, before Mr. Forbes' anxious question: "You have kept all Mr. Elise's diplomatic books carefully, have you not?" He was greatly relieved when reassured that they were intact and assembled in one place.

Passage Grills. Here, in double rows - are books which for one reason or another, E.B.C believed Mr. & Mrs. Elise would not want to part with. (And much that is now in the still pool of the Upper Library and in the rich supply of the Lower Library, doubtless, also belongs in that category)

Eventual disposal of those deleted. The story of this must await a later issue of the U.C. For one reason, this work still lies ahead, and for another, this issue is already, perhaps, too voluminous. And the Visitors paragraph is yet to be added.

Visitors and Distinguished People in Residence.

Mr. Tyler has been in and out. His manuscript has been typed and sent to him for correction. Schaefer, the photographer, has photographed, under Mr. Tyler's supervision, the special objects and details that he wanted.

M. et Mme. Focillon
Mr. and Mrs. Sachs
Mr. Thacher