

MEMOIRS OF
LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

VOLUME I

Before the War

1887 - 1914

BEFORE THE WAR.
MEMORIES OF THE YEARS
1887 TO 1914.

by
LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE.



M C M X X X I I.



L.G.W. - B.S.W.



S.W. - A.M.W. - L.G.W.

T O M Y C H I L D R E N .

In Florence, many years ago,
There was a dreadful pestilence:
A Poet named BOCCACCIO
And friends, impelled by common sense,
Moved out among the fields and flowers
And told each other racy tales
To while away the idle hours.
And now, in this distressful land,
We're suffering from the depression,
And idle hours again demand
Some form of trivial digression.
The dire results of Prohibition
Have stopped my normal work; indeed
Rather than die of inanition,
I'm setting down, for you to read,
These memories of a futile life;
And later on, when you grow up
Perhaps you'll read them to your wife
Or husband, as the case may be,-
Or children sitting on your knee.

L. G. W.



L. G. W.
Paris - 1889.

B E F O R E T H E W A R , 1887 - 1914.

I was born on September 26th., 1887, in New York City, at 56 West 20th. Street. It was the usual small brown-stone house of the period, with a high stoop and a dark, narrow hall; but my father, who was already making a name for himself as an architect, had disposed, in the interior, antiques which he had brought back from his European travels, so that the rooms were far different from the current Victorian horrors. I can just remember the walls of the Dining Room; they were covered with blue-and white mattress ticking, serving as a background for a collection of Italian Renaissance majolica plates.

Dr. Donald baptized me in the Church of the Ascension, beneath La Farge's beautiful painting that is still the finest mural produced by an American, and for which my father had designed the chancel as a setting. My older brother Richard had died before I was born, so that I was brought up as an only child. There was a series of Frauleins who made me write out German script

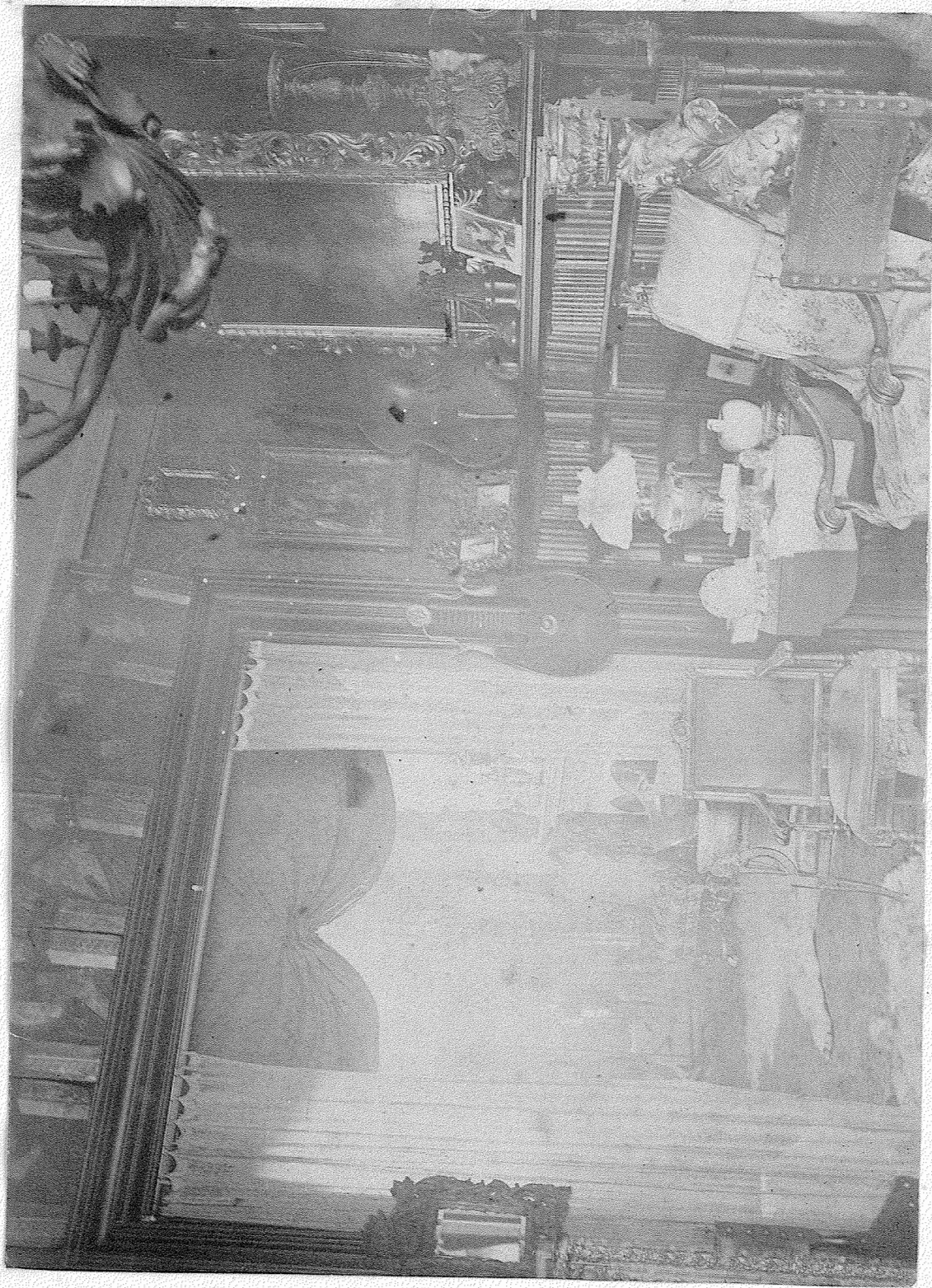


"The Ascension" by John La Farge - Church of the Ascension
5th Avenue & 10th Street, where I was baptised.

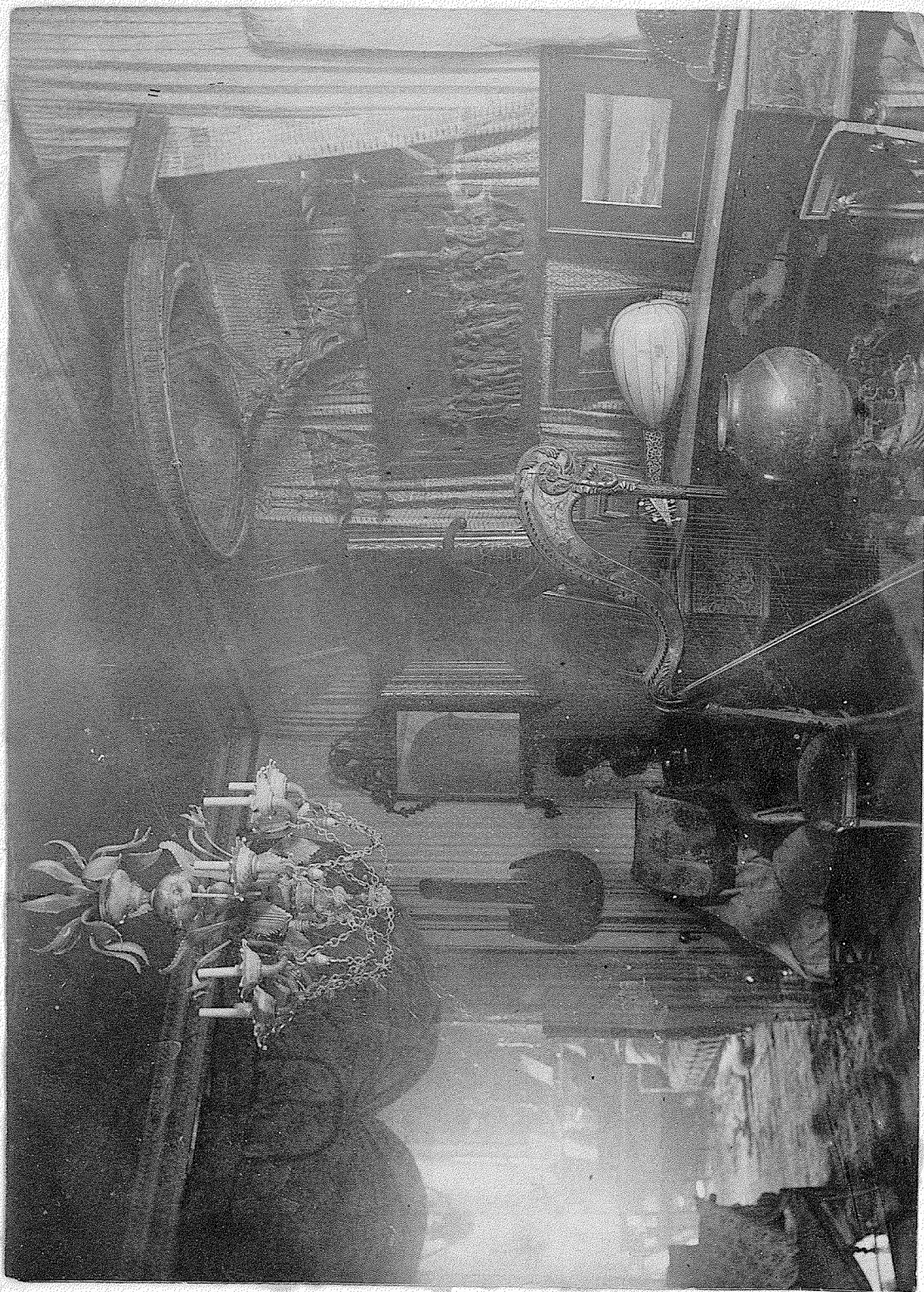
56 WEST TWENTIETH STREET.



Dining Room in 56 West 20th Street where I was born.



Parlor. 56 West 20th St.



56 W. 20



56 W. 20

on tear-stained pages, and a Miss Hibbard, who caused me to shed more tears over an upright piano. Although I have forgotten my German, I have begun to get a great deal of pleasure out of my music..

From all accounts I was an odious child,- a real enfant terrible. My father's mother, who lived with us, took a hand in my education by continually feeding me scraps of information. I am sorry that I never saw her husband, Richard Grant White, who must have been a remarkable character; but you can learn all about him and my father elsewhere. #

My mother belonged to the family of "Bull" Smiths of Smithtown, Long Island. The founder of the family had come over to America from Yorkshire about 1640, and settled in Southampton where he held the position of constable. He had differences with the town authorities and moved to Setauket. He wanted a large tract that he could call his own; and this he was able to obtain, with the help of his friend Lyon Gardiner, from the Indian chief Wyandanch, whose daughter Gardiner had once rescued.

His title was later confirmed by Royal Patents,

See : "Richard Grant White: A Memoir," by L.G.W.
"Stanford White" by Charles Baldwin.



Stanford White - by Ellen Emmet.



L. G. W. about 1898

and the tract of about 30,000 acres erected into a township that still bears his name. According to tradition, it was part of his bargain with the Indians that he should ride around three sides of the property on a bull between sunrise and sunset; and that, when he did so, he lunched at "Bread and Cheese Hollow". At all events, he populated the community with the families of his nine sons; his daughter governed the colony of New Jersey for some years as deputy for her husband, and the town of Elizabeth is named after her; and his great grandson William Floyd signed the declaration of Independence.

Richard Smith's descendants frequently intermarried with themselves and the neighboring families, such as the Nicolls, who held the grant of Islip to the south, and the Floyds of Setauket; so that my mother's ancestry is a tangled skein of relationships that I have shown in a genealogical chart. Among her forbears are Kiliaen van Rensselaer, Oloff Stevense van Cortlandt, Matthias Nicoll, — one of the early Mayors of New York, — and General Nathaniel Woodhull, who was president of the Provincial Congress, and was captured by the British at the Battle of Long Island. After he had surrendered, he was struck across the face with his own sword by his captor, a Lieutenant de Lancey,



The view from "Box Hill" 1900.

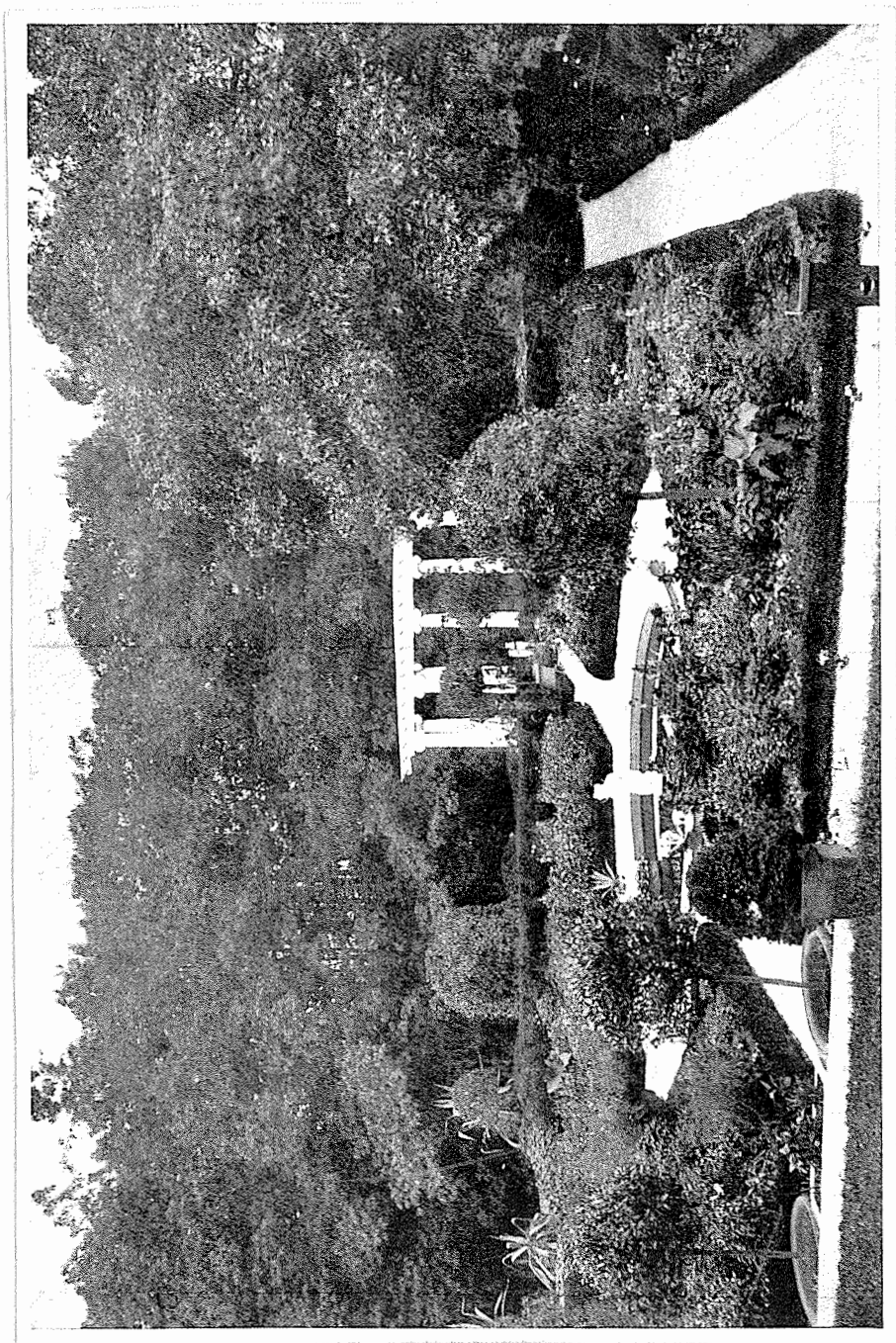


The original house (now Box Hill) about 1894.

and died from blood poisoning.

My mother was eighth in descent from the Bull Rider, and the thirteenth child of Judge John Lawrence Smith. She was born in the old house at Smithtown that she now owns. Her grandmother, Ann (Nicoll) Clinch, built a church in memory of her husband James Clinch, calling it St. James' in his honor; and the settlement that grew up around the church took its name from the parish.

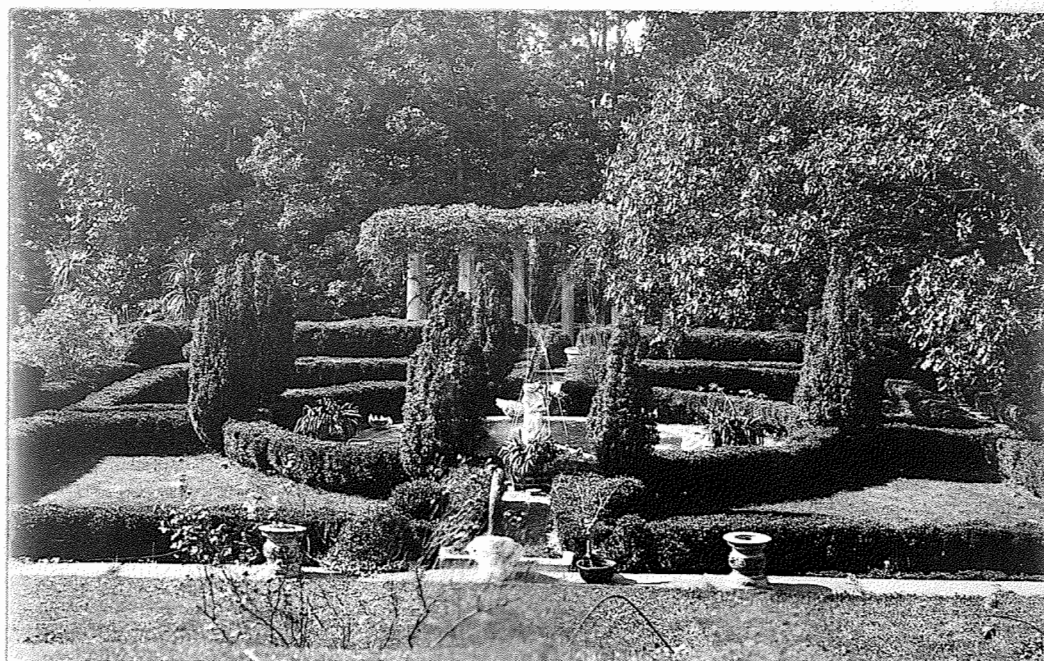
Not far from the church there is the crest of a hill commanding an extensive view of the harbor and Sound. This place, which my mother had loved since her childhood, she bought soon after she was married; and there we have spent our summers ever since. On the property, there stood a totally undistinguished wooden house which was three times enlarged by my father to its present proportions, and altered beyond recognition. Her oldest sister, Cornelia, had married Prescott Hall Butler, and lived next door to the West; another sister, Mrs. James Bloomfield Wetherill, bought the property to the East; and a third, Mrs. Devereux Emmet, lived across the harbor in the lovely old house known as Sherrewogue. When she bought it from her cousin, it was the first time



The garden - about 1900.

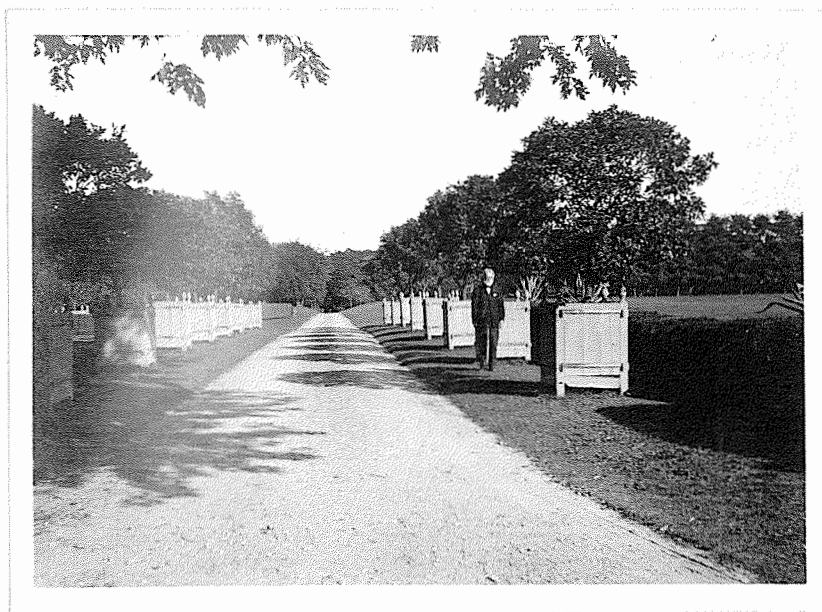


"Box Hill" - St James, L.I.



- The Garden -
1910

St. James, L.I.



Orange Trees on the drive; [↑]Charles Graham Mease.



The Rhododendron Drive - Box Hill.

the place had ever been sold; and the original deed of gift from the Bull Rider to his son Adam, was recently discovered through my efforts. It is all the more interesting to us because it happened to be witnessed by Wait Winthrop, the son of Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut, who owned a neighboring tract in Brookhaven and from whom you are descended through your mother.

I therefore grew up in a community of first cousins: the Butlers, with whom we used to go off on cruises in their father's trim schooner, the "Marguerite"; the Emmets, who were devotees of golf and horseback-riding; and my particular companion and hero, Alexander Wetherill, a handsome and attractive boy somewhat older than I, and who excelled at every form of sport.

My maternal grandmother lived at 537 Fifth Avenue, and I can just remember being taken there to lunch with her. We are now using her dining-table and chairs. Her aunt, Mrs. A.T. Stewart, the widow of the man who had invented department stores, had been the richest woman of her time, and lived in the monstrous white marble palace that was so long a landmark on the North-west corner of Fifth Avenue and thirty-fourth street.

This Indenture doth shew that on the twentieth day of August in the fourth year of
 the Reigne of James the first King of England Scotland France and Ireland Defended by the grace of God King of England
 One thousand five hundred and eighty eight Between Richard Smith Son of Smith
 in the County of Suffolk upon Long Island in the province of New York within the Province
 of New England Gent. of the one part & Adam Smith of the same place of the other
 part Witnesseth that the said Richard Smith by & with the Consent of Sarah his wife
 hath sold & conveyed a party by the Sealing & delivery of these presents for & in full
 satisfaction of the small affection he boreth unto the said Adam Smith his well beloved
 son & heir & assigns & for the better movinge thereof given unto
 the said Adam Smith his Royall & Assignes
 Give unto the said Adam Smith his Royall & Assignes
 for ever all his Messuages, Gardens, or dwelling houses tract & tracts of land meadow
 & Creeke the which he now in the Province of Occupation of the said Adam Smith also together
 of Creeke which where the said Adam shall choose the same within the three Sittor
 Harbour within the boundy of Smithtowne aforesaid together with all Messuages Co-
 nements, houses, barnes, Stables, outhouses, Gardens, Orchards, Arable lands, pastures
 Enclosures, Woodlands, meadowes, Marshes, thatch, both Commonage, privilege of appurten-
 ances & hereditaments to the said house tract of land & meadow belonging or in any
 wise appertaining And all the State, right, title, interest, claim, demand of
 him the said Richard Smith in & to the premises & in & so every part & parcel
 thereof To have and to hold the said house tract of land & meadow & all
 other the said premises & assigns to the said Adam Smith his Royall & Assignes for ever
 Assignes for ever And the said Richard Smith doth hereby Covenant & promise to
 with the said Adam Smith that the said Adam Smith his Royall & Assignes shall enjoy
 now & at all times for ever hereafter have & hold Occupy possess & Enjoy the said house
 & tracts of land meadow & Creeke which as his & their own free & indurable estate
 of inheritance in fee simple free & cleare & freely & lawfully Acquisition, enjoyment
 & discharge of & from all former or other gifts, grants, bargaines, sales, Mort-
 gages, Donations & other titles & incumbrances whatsoever had made or Committed
 at any times or times before the sealing of these presents with warranty of the
 premises & a part all persons claiming the same as also to void & deliver any
 other or further Deeds or Conveyances for the sure making of the premises as
 the said Adam Smith his Royall & Assignes shall be advised & procure to be
 drawn & & their true & lawful heirs in the law In Testimony where-
 of the said Richard Smith his heirs & assigns doth hereunto set their hands & Seals as Smith
 Wmne the 10. 10. years first above written

Sealed & Delivered
 in presence of his
 John T. Spencer
 Humphrey J.
 Smithtown Sept. 17. 1688
 Smith and Sarah his wife
 Richard Smith
 Adam Smith
 Sarah his wife
 Wait Winthrop

Photostat of Original Deed from Richard Smith, The "Bull
 Rider" to his son Adam, for "Sherrewogue". Witnessed
 by Wait Winthrop. Sep. 17, 1688.

She bought the house on the opposite north-east corner, and gave it to her niece and namesake Cornelia Butler; and curiously enough, the other two corners were owned by your mother's ancestors the Astors. The white marble flagstones at St. James came from the Stewart house, and also the iron gates at the entrance to the Leffert's place; while the stone walls of the terraces at Box Hill came from the old Reservoir where the Public Library now stands, on Fifth Avenue and 42nd. Street.

A.T. Stewart fancied himself as a patron of the Arts. In his collection were such famous pictures as "The Horse Fair", by Rosa Bonheur; "1807" by Meissonier, and Powers' marble statue of the Greek Slave. My parents bought in Boldini's "Park at Versailles" and Gérôme's "Une Collaboration" (of which there is an engraving in the Louvre) at the sale. Mrs. Stewart died soon after her husband, and left nearly all of her fortune to her lawyer, Judge Hilton. Her will was contested by her relatives, and a compromise reached after long and costly litigation. The Judge kept the store and a lot of valuable New York real estate; the family got thousands of barren acres at Garden City, the Grand Union and



Necklace, designed by S.W.
His wedding present to B. S. W.

United States Hotels at Saratoga, the Park Avenue Hotel in New York, the white marble palace, and a few other odds and ends. All have been sold except Garden City; and I hope our share of it will some day keep you out of the poorhouse,-- although it has hitherto displayed a marvellous capacity to consume its own revenue.

My mother has always had a remarkably true musical ear. One day as a small girl, when she was skipping through the woods with a singer who was visiting her parents, she thoughtlessly whistled an air and sang the alto part simultaneously-- a curious and pleasing accomplishment which nobody had particularly remarked upon before. Her startled companion waited till she was through, and then gravely informed her that she was a prodigy. It is indeed an amazing, if not unique trick, which she still performs to the delight of her family and her guests. I have a gramophone record which she made for Peter.

About 1892 we moved from twentieth street to 119 East 21. It was a larger brown-stone house, and



I. G. W.
about 1897

had the immense advantage of facing south upon Gramercy Park, which gave us a key to the high iron fence that keeps the public from that privileged enclosure. Here I used to play with a gang of older boys,- Blagdens and Cowdins, who had a lot of fun at my expense. I almost always returned from the park in tears, and sometimes dripping wet from a ducking in the fountain. The ease with which I cried, and my preposterous costume, were sufficient provocation. The camera has fixed for eternity the curious cape and fedora hat that formed my gala attire at that time; but in the park I wore leather leggings fastened up to my hips with hundreds of little round buttons, a sailor suit from Swears and Wells heavily embossed in gold with British naval insignia, and a scarlet beret,- a form of headgear then not so current as now. I also had some fancy Scotch caps, of a fore-and aft design with ribbons, that the Emmets had brought back from abroad. I shall never forget the time when I made so bold as to call the chief of the gang a red-headed bully; as a punishment, I was dropped down a coal-hole in Third Avenue. When the lid was put on, I thought my last hour had come;

STATEMENT

New York,

Feb 17 1900

Mr *Lauford White*

RICH. G. HOLLAMAN,

SELLING AGENT FOR THE

EDEN MUSEE,

55 WEST 23rd STREET.

*To Cinematograph Exhibition
Thursday Feb 15*

60.00

*Eden Musee
Lauford White*

Bill for cinema of Bull Fight at 121 E 21.
Feb. 15, 1900.

One of The earliest performances in a
private house.

my tears made a paste of the coal-dust on my face; but I soon escaped into a Jew pawnbroker's shop, and ran home bawling with rage. Another form of penalty was known as the Electric Chair. The victim was blindfolded, and tied to a park bench; the electrical part was very successfully simulated by means of pins pricking him through the slats. In compensation however, I was allowed to take part in the delights of the gang's mischievous activities, such as the ringing of door-bells (why was that so much fun?), knocking off top hats with snowballs, ^{and} dropping paper bags filled with water upon pedestrians from the top story window. From the same vantage-point we used to bombard with dried peas blown from a long tin tube, the horses of the delivery vans standing at the curb below. They promptly cantered off down the street, and there was little chance of our being caught. "Cheese it, the Cops!" was the warning that sent a delightful thrill down our spines. My father was always interested in new inventions. We were among the first to have electric lights and telephones and when we had the Thursday Evening Club, they were astounded by a very jumpy cinematograph of a bull-fight.



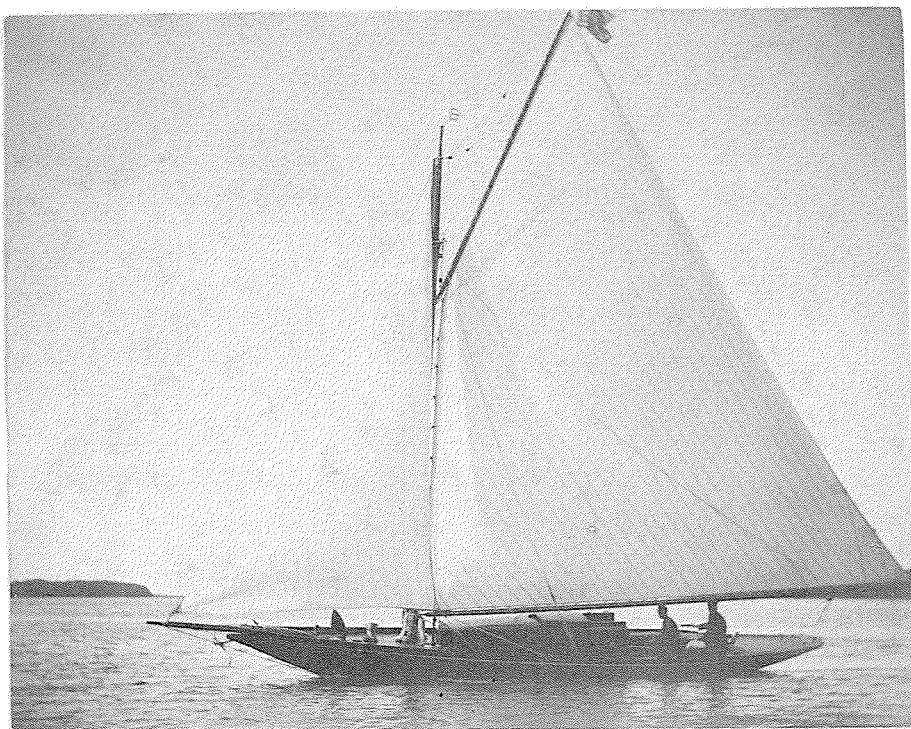
SW. BSW. LGW

Cairo, 1892

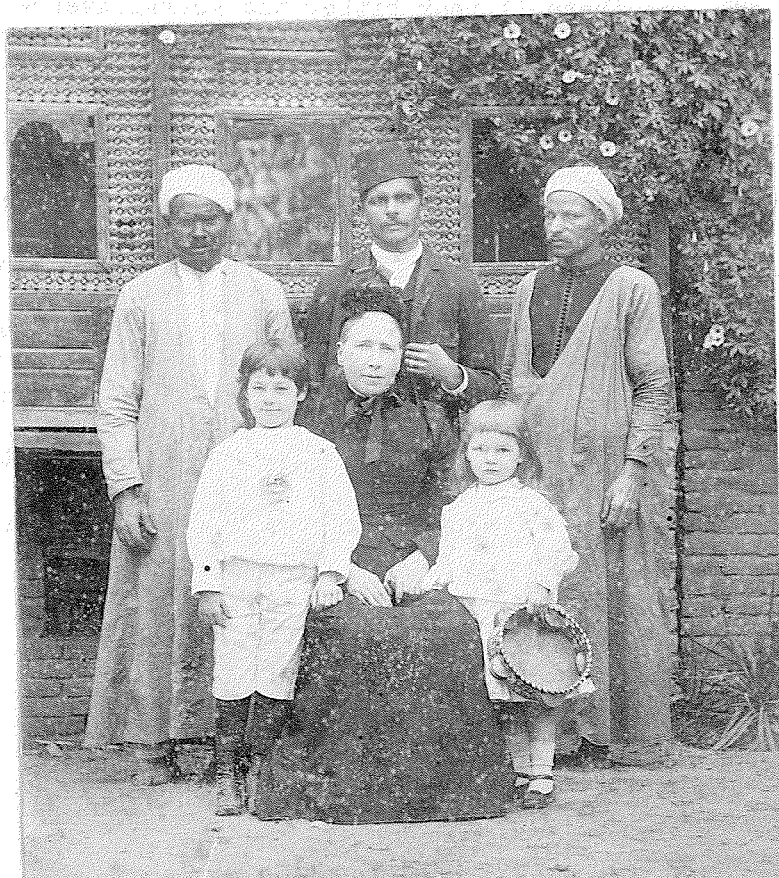
In 1893 we joined forces with the Emmets and went to Egypt. We crossed on the ill-fated Bourgogne, that was subsequently lost with many lives. My cousin Richard, who was five, and myself, aged seven, were in charge of an exceedingly Scotch nurse named Banes. We chartered a steam dahabiyeh called the "Nitocris", and went up the Nile as far as Assuan. Because of the Mahdi uprising, the authorities would not let us go further. The dam of course had not yet been built, and Philae was in all its glory. On my next visit the temple was submerged, and we were served quails in aspic in a luxurious hotel.

I still retain a very definite impression of the earlier trip. I can see Joseph Haik, our dragoman, flogging the natives with a cruel thick whip, until he was stopped by my father and uncle; I can sniff the pungent smell of bats in the dark temples, and taste the oranges which Richard and I were made to suck in the cabin during a sandstorm.

The next exciting event was a visit to the World's Fair in Chicago. We stayed with another aunt, who lived in a big house on a thoroughfare with the high-sounding name of Grand Boulevard. Her oldest son



My uncle Prescott Butler's sloop "Helcia"
Sunk in a collision in The Sound.



L.W. Baines R.S.E.
Castro

Lawrence had built a contraption like an ice-boat on bicycle wheels. He sailed it down the Grand Boulevard to the consternation of the horses and was promptly arrested. A picture of him and his invention came out in the papers, and he won undying fame among his envious cousins. At the Fair, my father's firm had designed Agricultural Hall, one of the biggest of the big white buildings. The Midway Plaisance, a mild sort of Coney Island, seemed to me the absolute pinnacle of human enjoyment.

The bicycle craze was then at its height. My mother belonged to the Michaux Cycle Club, and got water-on-the-knee from a fall on a slippery New York pavement. The new sport was celebrated in a popular song which ran:

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you;
It won't be a stylish marriage,
For I can't afford a carriage:
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

The invention of the telephone inspired another:

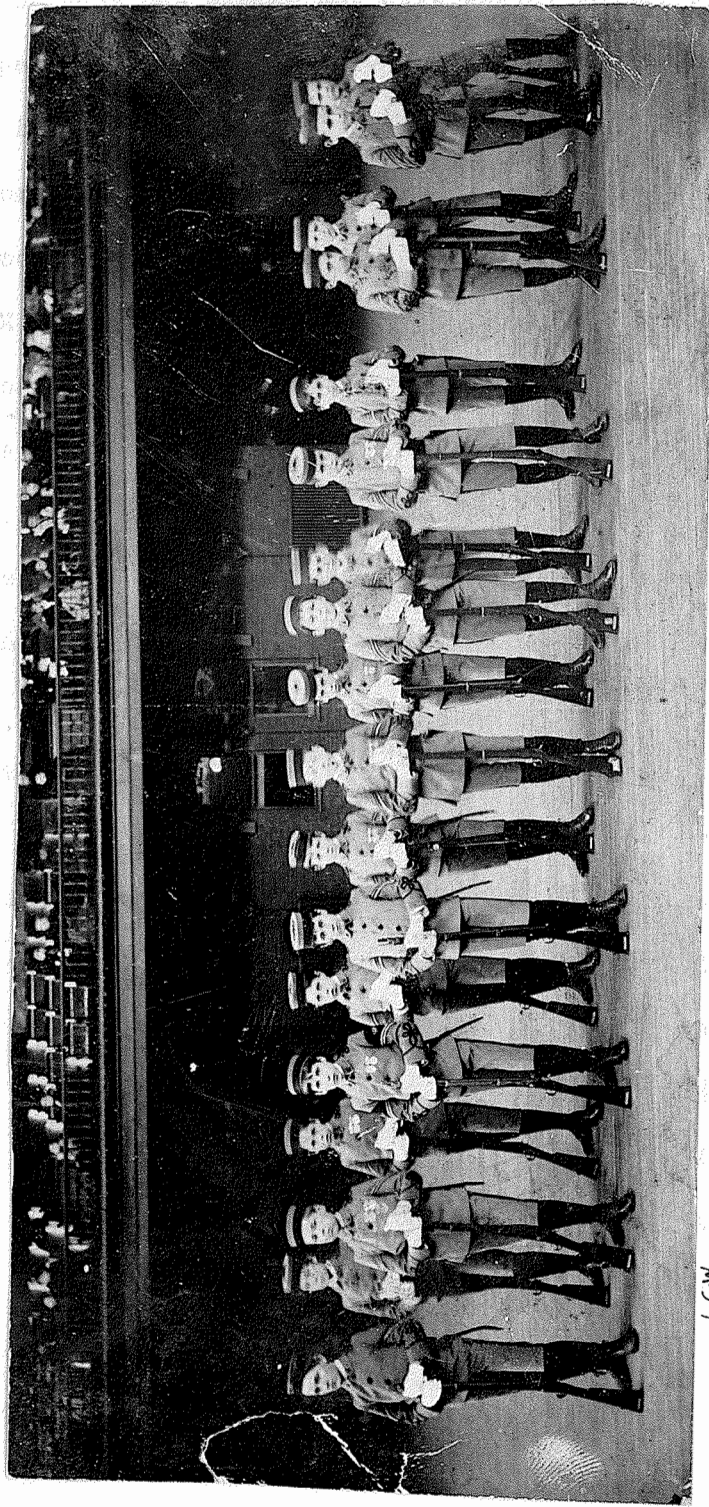


Hotel Normandie, Paris

Hello, my baby, hello, my lady, hello my rag-time gal!
Honey, my heart's on fire,
Send me a kiss by wire!
If you refuse me, honey, you lose me,
And I'll be left alone;
So telephone, and tell me you're my own!

I almost burst with pride when I was given a "Crescent" bicycle, which I was permitted to ride around the outside of Gramercy Park; but the first time I tried it, I ran head-on into a fire hydrant, and picked myself up with a bloody nose.

My earliest schooling was in a private class with four other boys. We met at John Perkin's house in 8th Street, and were taught by a Miss Root, who at least instilled me with a thirst for knowledge that never left me. To get there, I took either the Fourth Avenue horse-car or the Fifth Avenue stage; my grandmother had ruled out the new-fangled cable-cars on Broadway as too dangerous. The stage was the noisiest conveyance imaginable, with windows that rattled like a thousand snare-drums as the steel-tired wheels passed over the rough cobblestones. At the driver's end there was a trap door and a glass box you dropped your nickel into. But as often as possible I would save the nickel by stealing a ride



J. Galati

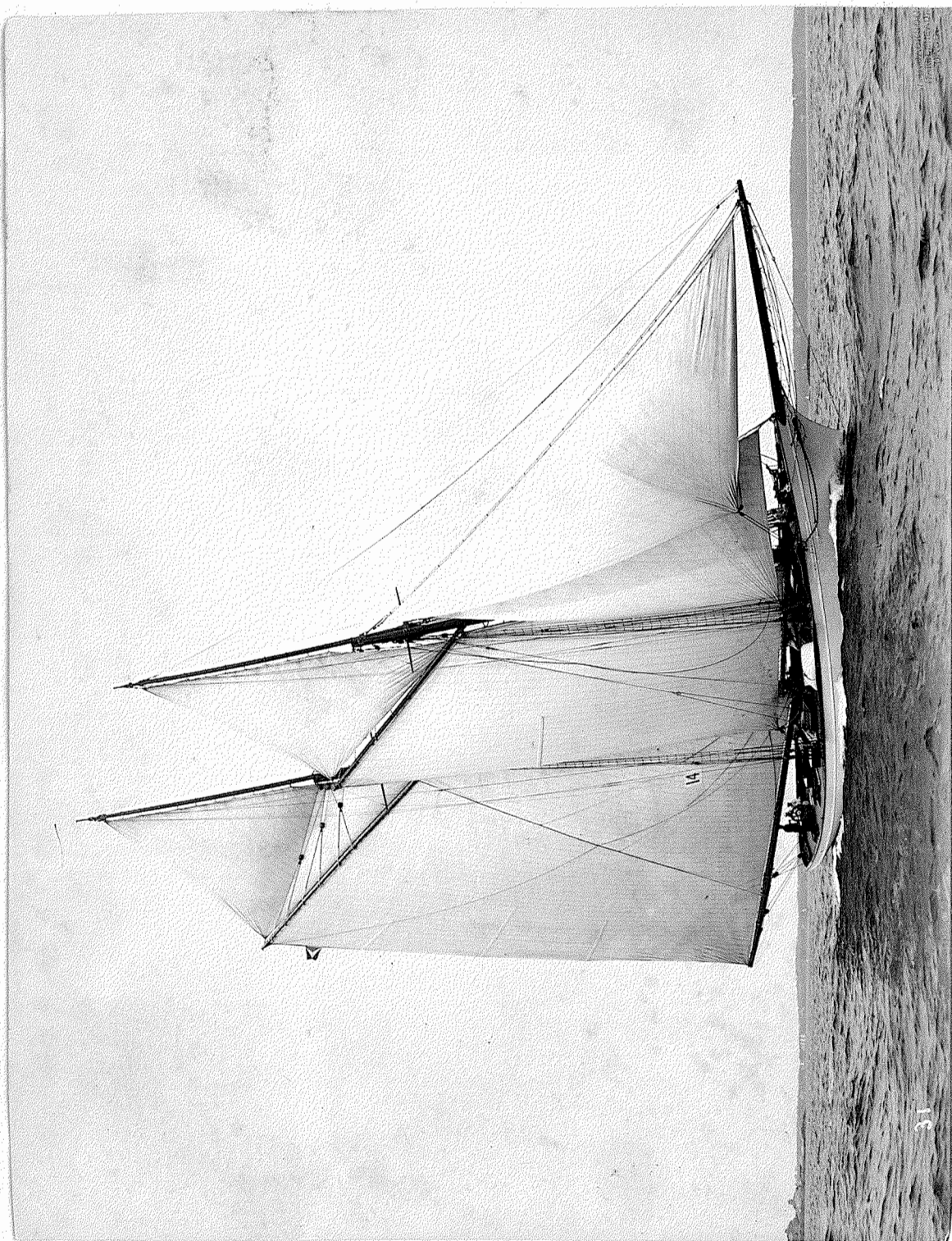
Knickerbocker Grays - about 1897

L.G.W.
F. Gruyer

on the back of a truck, or perched on the rear springs of a private carriage; and the nickel was used to buy an ice-cream soda made with pink chemicals in a Third Avenue drug-store. Only on gala occasions could I afford the ambrosial ten-cent product which was dispensed at Hudnut's on Broadway.

In 1897 I was sent to the Allen School, which was then on the South-east corner of Madison Avenue and 42nd. Street. Mr Allen is now teaching Bobby and John in a grander and more expensive establishment. Peter, too, is following in my footsteps, for I entered St. Mark's in the Second Form in 1899.

In the spring of 1898 I had been taken on a memorable fishing expedition on the Restigouche River in Canada. My father was a keen fisherman, and one of the oldest members of the Club. With us were James Lawrence Breese, Thomas Hastings, his future wife Helen Benedict, and Elsie Clews, now Mrs. Herbert Parsons. We went 'cross country to the head-waters of the river, and then swept down-stream in canoes, fishing the pools on our way. We also spent some time on a house-boat which my father shared with



Schooner "Marguerite" - P. H. Butler -
on trial. 9 ~~to~~ many cruises.

the Godefr. Our luck was good, and I killed a 22 lb.



Programme

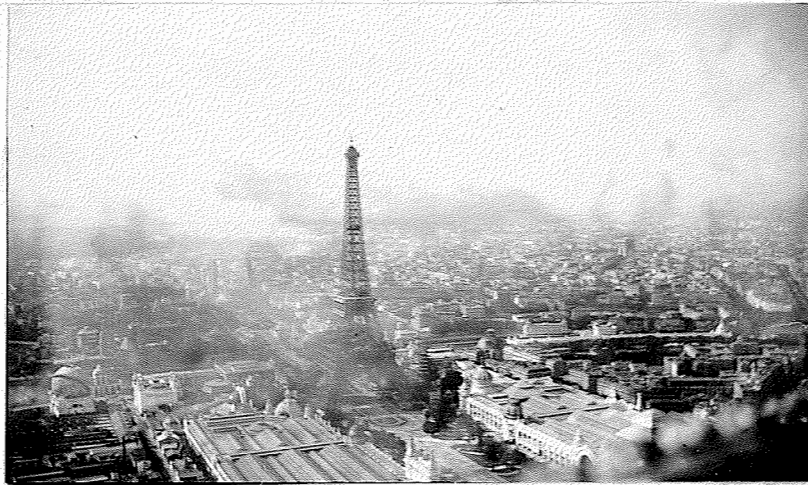
- TYROLEAN AIR * * *
- Master Sam Barlow
- CRADLE SONG SCHUMANN
- Miss Marjorie Curtis
- MÄRCHEN REINHOLD
- Miss Maud Borland
- SONG WITHOUT WORDS CARTER
- Master Charles Russell
- THE WATCHMAN'S SONG GRIEG
- Miss Eleanor Whitridge
- MOMENT MUSICAL SCHUBERT
- Master Lawrence Grant White
- THE WATER LILY McDOWELL
- Miss Adaline Trask
- GAVOTTE REINECKE
- Master Oliver Wolcott Roosevelt
- ROSAMUND SCHUBERT
- Miss Gretchen Hoyt
- PIZZICATI DELIBES
- Miss Edith Greene
- { TO A WILD ROSE McDOWELL
- { PRÉLUDE IN E BACH
- Miss Lorraine Roosevelt
- PRÉLUDE IN C MINOR CHOPIN
- Miss Susan Sedgwick

April 27th, 1899.
110 East 31st Street.

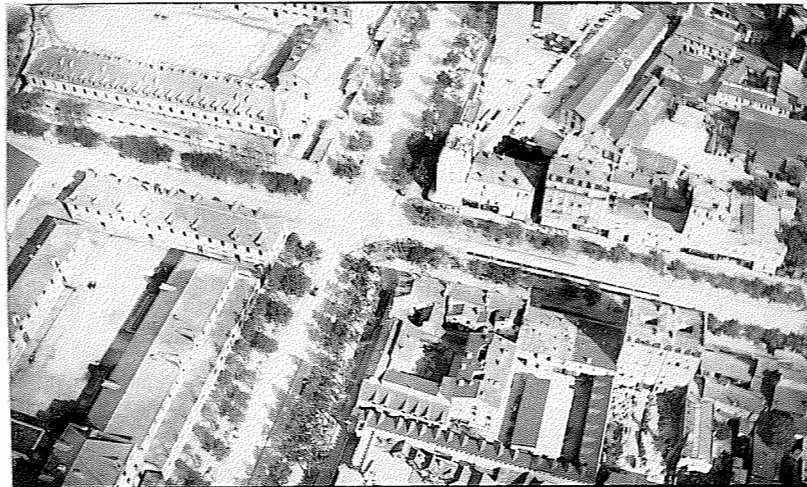
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121 East 21st St.

13 1/2 x 16"



Eiffel Tower & Champ de Mars
1900



Taken from Captive Balloon, Paris
1900

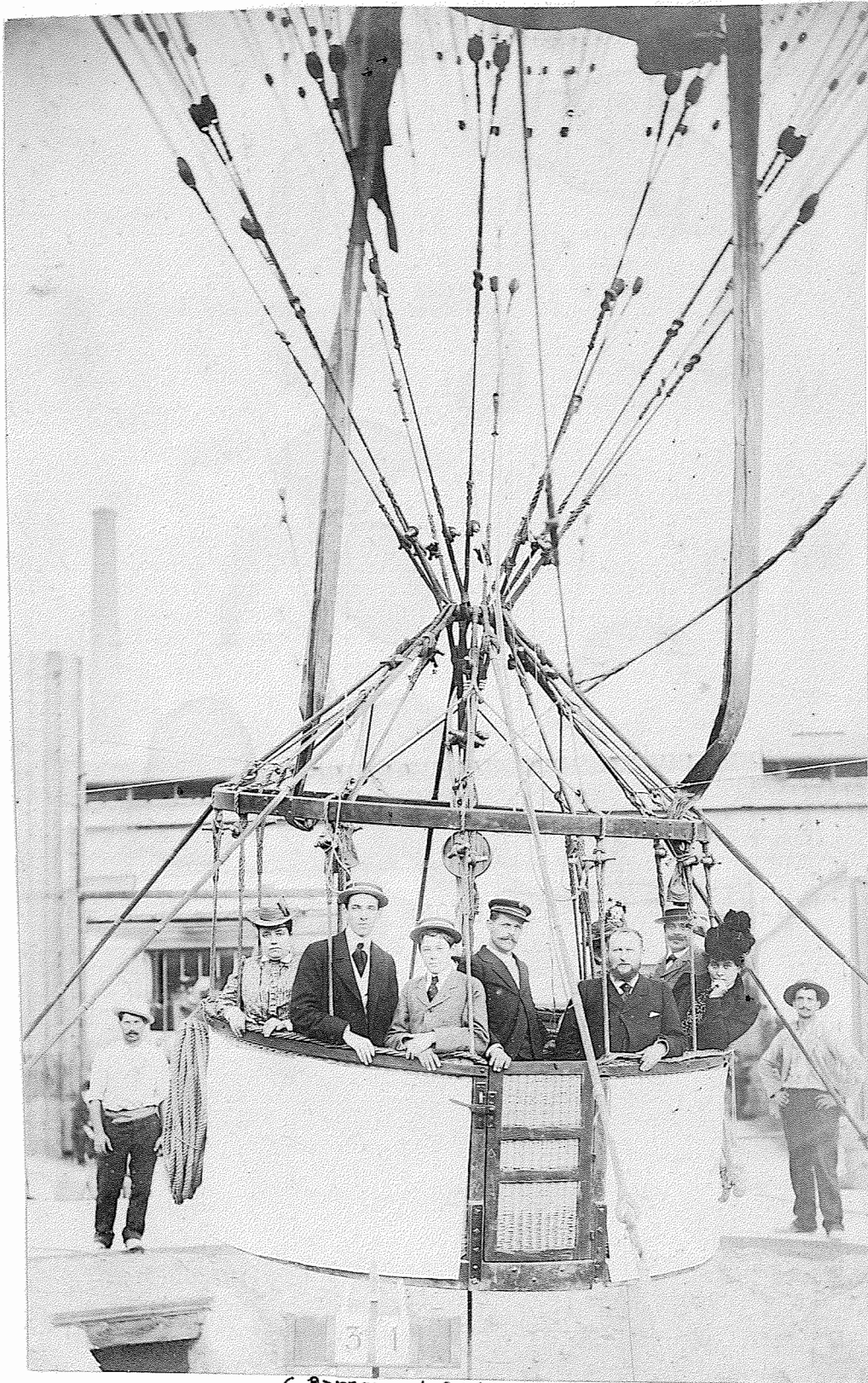
W. J. H. ...

the Goelets. Our luck was good, and I killed a 25 lb. fish; but my mother got a 44 pounder,- the record of the river, that stood for many years.

We also belonged to a little trout club on the Nissequogue River. For a club-house, my father had bought the Javanese exhibit at the World's Fair: a most picturesque affair, with columns of huge trunks of bamboo, and walls of palm-leaf matting picked out in black and white. There we often went down for week-ends in the Spring, and had excellent sport for many years, until the trout all died of an incurable and contagious disease.

In my class at St. Mark's were Lex Wetherill and Fred Cruger, who lived on either side of me in New York. We at once formed a triple alliance, and got about what we wanted; for Lex captured all the athletic prizes, Fred was feared for his sharp tongue, and I often led the school at studies, and so found favor with the faculty.

We went abroad in the summer of 1900, and in Paris I again tasted the delights of an International Exposition, in the literal sense: for my most vivid recollection is ^hto raspberry ice cream in the Austrian



C. Barnas L.G.W.

My first ride in the air. Paris Exposition, 1900.

Pavilion. The 'trottoir roulant', an elevated moving sidewalk with three speeds, was not without a charm of its own. Upon it I encountered Cecil Barnes, a sixth-former at St. Mark's with a scientific bent; and one day we sneaked off without telling our families and made an ascension in the captive balloon in the Champ de Mars. I was frightfully elated by this illicit adventure, and my parents were of course correspondingly horrified.

On this trip I was taken to St. Gauden's studio, where the Stevenson relief was set up in clay. We also went to see MacMonnies, who gave me some plastiline and a set of modelling tools. I was also presented with a beautiful shiny set of golf clubs by Charles Blair Macdonald, one of those who had introduced the game to America; but in spite of the fact that we had a small private golf course on our place at St. James, and another one at Sherrewogue with a kind and patient uncle to teach me, I have never been able to keep my eye on the ball.

In London I was taken to Sargent's studio in Tite Street, where I distinguished myself by putting my finger on the wet paint of a portrait.



Lex Wetherill L.G.W.
about 1904.

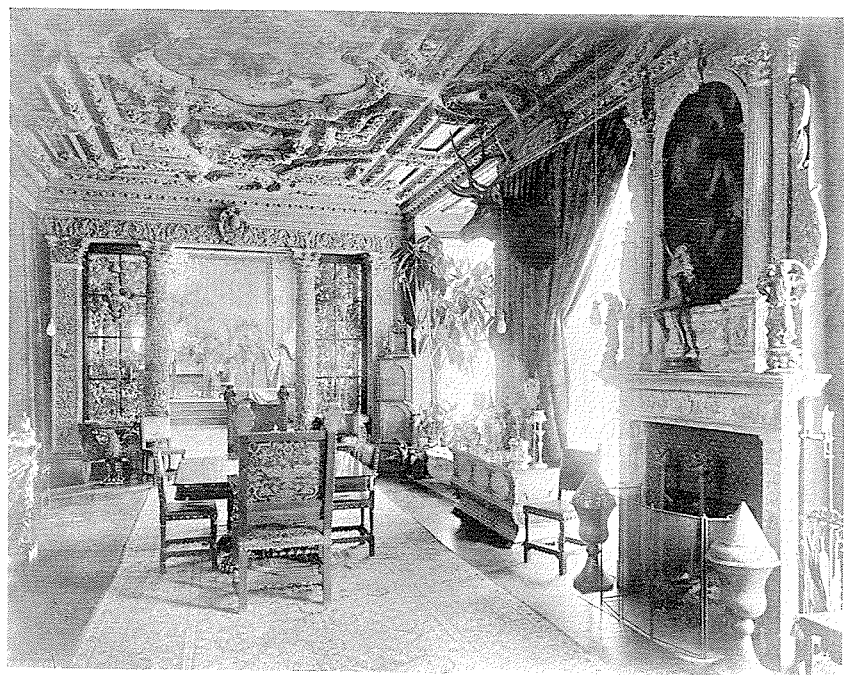


THE GIRAFFES

LOANED TO AND REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE
BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

By Robert Winthrop Chanler.
121 ext 21

It was about that time that we moved next door to 121 East 21st. Street, a large sunny house on the corner of Lexington Avenue, again with a dreary brown-stone exterior that gave no hint of the splendor within; for my father had given rein to his lavish exuberance, and had made a series of magnificent rooms built up with antique fragments. In the Reception Room downstairs hung the Gothic tapestry with a falconer and his lady on a pink ground, that is now in Mr. Mellon's collection; and from the Drawing Room on the floor above, where Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII and Edward VI hung on the walls of ruby red velvet, one could look for a hundred and fifty feet through the hall and dining room with its pink Renaissance tapestries and its marble fountain filled with live trout, to the Music Room hung in yellow damask. At the end of this room hung your great-uncle Robert Chanler's huge painting in gold and silver, of giraffes eating oranges off birch trees. There was a stage, with what someone described as a flight of thirteen antique harps; and other highly decorative musical instruments, some from my grandfather's collection, were hung on the walls.

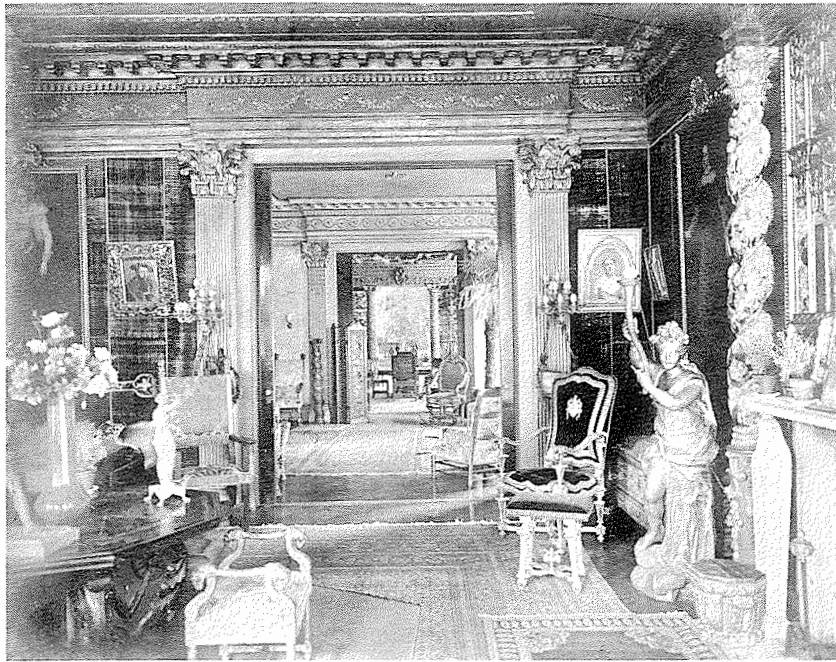


Dining Room. Music Room beyond.

121 East 21st Street.



Reception Room - with
"Falconer" Tapestry.



121 East 21. Looking North, from Parlor to Music Room.



Parlor.



Our Brogham - with the coachman,
Michael Cuttle, and "Nigger" & Crowley"
about 1895.

Over the Music Room, my father had built on a picture gallery. In its curved oak ceiling was a skylight, operated by an electric motor that was the delight of myself and my friends. The room was approached through a vestibule whose walls were faced with Rhodian tiles set in white marble borders. The pictures in my father's collection were not of the first water, but they were effectively hung, and made a splendid decoration. The finest were the two Holbeins that I have mentioned; there was also a Zuccherro of Mary Tudor, a good portrait of a woman by Quintin Matsys; a Reynolds now in the Van Horne collection, and a Hoppner and a Romney that my mother still owns; a beautiful little Ingres, that I wish we had kept; a Courbet, two Doges by Tintoretto, and, among the Americans, two Ryders, an Innes, as well as several examples of the works of his friends Brush, Metcalfe, Curran, Coleman, Alexander Harrison, and Simmons.

In the rear of the house was a stable where our faithful Irish coachman, Michael Cuttle, tended Nigger and Crowley, our black and white team. Behind them I used to drive up Fifth Avenue with my mother in her Victoria, or occasionally on Monday nights to the



LONG ISLAND POSSESSES MILES OF EXCELLENT ROAD, ACCORDING TO THIS FRANKLIN USER
WHO CALLS IT "A MOTORIST'S PARADISE"

L. G. W. at Stony Brook.
1905.



S. W. in Mobile "Steamer".
- 1902.

Opera, where my parents had box 9. I am afraid I did not then appreciate the music, especially Wagner; but I vividly remember the occasion when Alvari, who was singing Siegfried, was knocked out before our eyes by a wooden bird which broke away from its wire in the forest scene, and hit him in the head. That, I felt, was something worth seeing!. I used to wonder how Michael and the horses endured the long wait outside in the bitter cold.

My father of course hailed the advent of the motor-car with delight. I had taken my first ride in James Gordon Bennet's car in Paris; ^{in 1900} and about that time Mr. Breese and Cooper Hewitt came down to visit us in their imported cars. Motoring was then a real sport; there was an even chance whether you would get there or not, and the sandy roads of Long Island were incredibly dusty and often impassable. We rigged ourselves out in dusters, goggles and gauntlets, and the ladies wore layers of veils over their picture hats. The early cars had no tops and no windshields.

My father's first car was an amazing electric hansom which was specially built for him. It cost a fortune,

copy - add note. btkvriten.com jvd



Our Charron - 1904.



My reconstructed Franklin - 1905.

and was not a great success. This was followed by a Mobile steam runabout that steered with a tiller, and used to burn out its boiler every few days; then a Rochet-Schneider, on which I learned to change gears, a Panhard, and finally a Charron. By 1904 I myself had become the proud possessor of a Franklin, with cylinders placed 'thwartships, and a chain thirteen feet long, that used to break and lie like a snake on the dusty road. I finally built it over into the doggy little racing car shown in the picture on the opposite page.

In my third-form year at St. Mark's I nearly died of pneumonia; but otherwise my school career was uneventful. I cordially hated football: I finally played a few games on the second team, when the first team's cleated shoes ^{pressed} our numb hands against the frozen ground. Baseball I might have enjoyed, but I could never throw a ball decently. My studies were my strong point, but even here I was thwarted by my friend Spencer Ervin, who was always a little better than I and carried off all the prizes. I had entered school when I was only eleven, and created a mild sensation by losing a baby tooth in a football scrimmage.

L. HARDING
J. HUSKINS
S. GERVIN
Q. A. SHAW
A. BIDDLE
E. W. PAY
F. H. CRUGER
L. G. W.
GEN MOORE
A. S. WETHERILL
J. LODGE
B. E. WOOD
WILL
M. O'CALL

Harry
Twiss →

H. E.
PICKARD →

J. H. SUYDAM
✓



G. LORILLARD
C. BURTON
← A. ISGLIN
R. BELMONT

BARCLAY
PARSONS

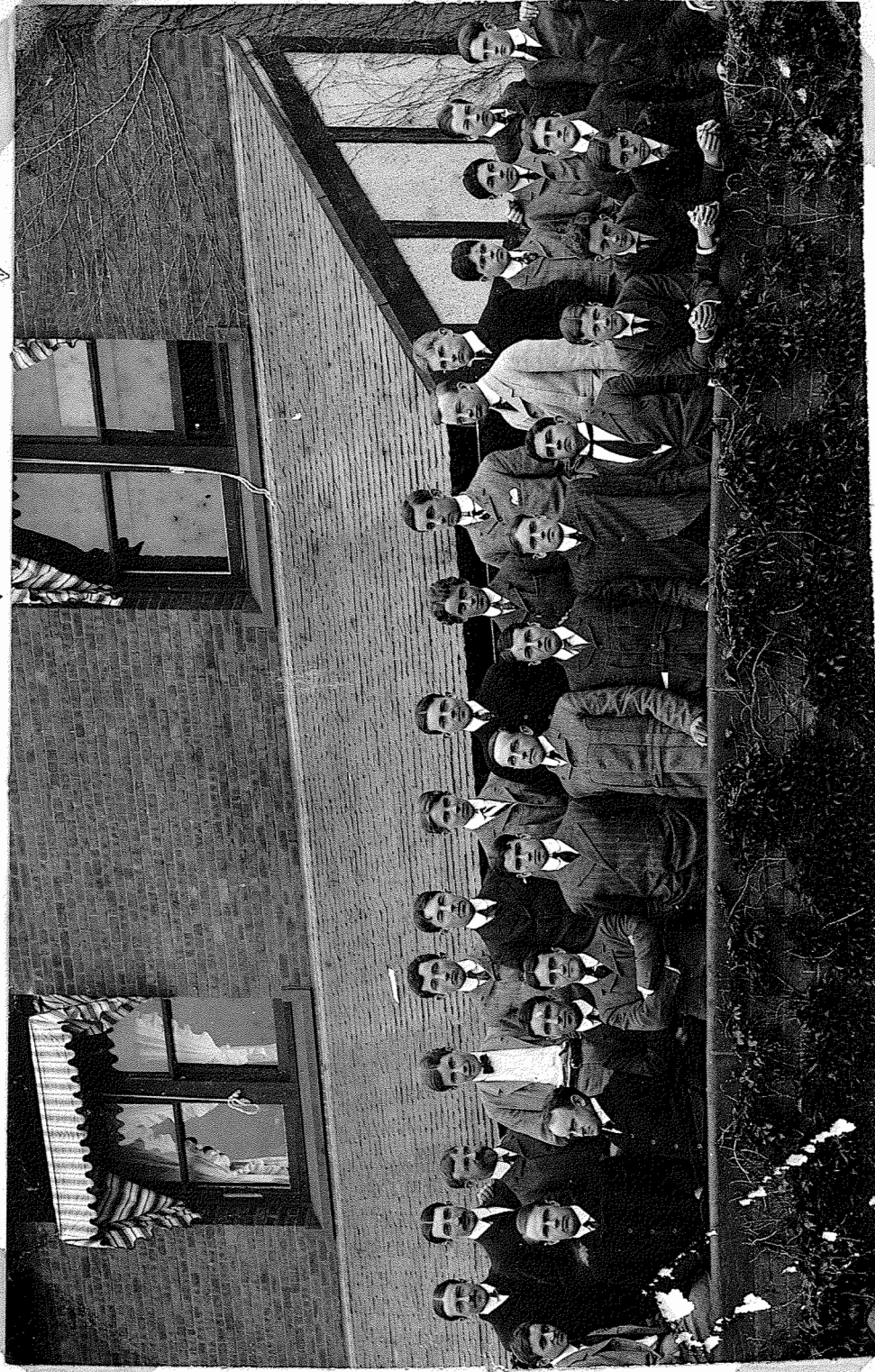
MRS. THAYER DR. THAYER

St. Mark's School. 1902

W.R. FAY
↓

S. LADON
↓

W. KERNDORF
↓



HAROLD
VANDERBILT
↙

MC. FLICKNER
→

↑
HOBBS

↑
N. PRIDE

↑
BASIL MILES

↑
W. ARMSTRONG

↑
CAM. BRADY

↑
GEORGE PURDITT

↑
THERLOT

↑
WAPLETON

↑
B. MOORE



Hollinger.

Low about 1904

The story of my Greek examination has become one of the school traditions. It happened in my fifth form year, during a preliminary examination for Harvard, held the last day of school. I finished my paper ahead of time, and it counted against you if you left early; so to while away the time, I got another blank-book, and filled it with caricatures of the proctor who was conducting the test. When I arrived that afternoon in New London to visit Harry McVickar, I unpacked my bag to show him the caricatures,-- and found, to my horror, my translations of Homer and Xenophon. I had handed in the wrong book! I sent the right one back to school at once, and the College authorities ruled that they would accept it, provided that I got an honor in advanced Greek the following year. This I succeeded in doing, so it all ended happily; but the procedure was highly irregular.

I entered Harvard in 1904, when I was sixteen. There I met Fred King, who has been my closest friend ever since. We roomed together, and both joined the Fly Club; and as we were on the Dean's List which gave us the coveted privilege of cutting recitations, we used

C. C. Poll
P. King
V. Martin
J. White
C. Shepard
L. W.

Jas. Roosevelt

L. R. King

Chambers
Bridley

W. Newhall



THE FLY CLUB - 1906.

to spend long week-ends in New York or Newport . The list of courses on the following pages seems like an odd assortment to me now, and I wish I had taken a wider range of subjects. I used to take tea with William James, but did not have the sense to take his course in philosophy; and I wish that I knew something about Economics and Government and English Composition .

My father's tragic death at the end of my sophomore year changed all our plans. My mother and I went abroad, and motored with Mr. McKim through France , while the contents of our New York house, or at least those that had not been burned in a storehouse in 1905, were sold at auction. The following autumn she took a house in Cambridge at 25 Kirkland Street, where the Germanic Museum now stands; and at the end of my Junior Year, before I was twenty, I got my degree Cum Laude, with double final honors in Fine Arts, a Harvard College Scholarship, and a Phi Beta Kappa key to wear on my watch chain. But I cannot say that I had a well-rounded education, as my mind was a total blank on many important subjects. I was

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

L. G. White

The grade attained by *L. G. White* in each of his studies for the year 1904-05 is given below.

GEORGE W. CRAM, Recorder.

	GRADE			GRADE			GRADE			GRADE	
	Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course
SEMITIC			GERMAN			ECONOMICS			CHEMISTRY		
SEMITIC			GERMAN <i>A</i>		<i>B</i>	ECONOMICS			CHEMISTRY		
EGYPTOLOGY			GERMAN			HISTORY OF RELIGIONS			CHEMISTRY		
INDIC PHILOL.			FRENCH			PHILOSOPHY			CHEMISTRY		
GREEK			FRENCH			PHILOSOPHY			CHEMISTRY		
GREEK			FRENCH <i>la</i>		<i>C</i>	PHILOSOPHY			ENGINEERING <i>Pa</i>		<i>B</i>
GREEK			FRENCH			PHILOSOPHY			ENGINEERING		
GREEK			ITALIAN			EDUCATION			ENGINEERING		
LATIN			ITALIAN			FINE ARTS			ENGINEERING		
LATIN			SPANISH			FINE ARTS			ENGINEERING		
LATIN			SPANISH			ARCHITECTURE			BOTANY		
LATIN			ROMANCE PHIL.			ARCHITECTURE			BOTANY		
LATIN			COMP. LITERATURE			LANDSCAPE ARCH. <i>1</i>		<i>B</i>	ZOOLOGY		
CLASSICAL PHILOL.			CELTIC			MUSIC <i>1</i>		<i>A</i>	ZOOLOGY		
ENGLISH			SLAVIC			MATHEMATICS			GEOLOGY		
ENGLISH			HISTORY			MATHEMATICS			GEOLOGY		
ENGLISH			HISTORY			MATHEMATICS			GEOLOGY		
ENGLISH			HISTORY			ASTRONOMY			MINERALOGY		
ENGLISH			GOVERNMENT			PHYSICS			MINING		
GERMAN			GOVERNMENT			PHYSICS			ANTHROPOLOGY		
GERMAN			ECONOMICS			PHYSICS			HYGIENE		

Harvard - Freshman Year. 1904-05

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

The grade attained by L. G. White in each of his studies for the year 1905-06 is given below.

GEORGE W. CRAM, Recorder.

	GRADE			GRADE			GRADE			GRADE	
	Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course
ANTHROPOLOGY			ENGINEERING			GERMAN			MINERALOGY		
ARCHITECTURE	<u>1^a</u>		ENGINEERING			GOVERNMENT			MINING		
ARCHITECTURE	<u>1^c</u>		ENGINEERING			GOVERNMENT			MUSIC	<u>4</u>	
ARCHITECTURE	<u>1^a</u>		ENGINEERING			GREEK			MUSIC		
ASTRONOMY		<u>B</u>	ENGINEERING			GREEK			PHILOSOPHY		
ASTRONOMY			ENGLISH	<u>2 1/2</u>		GREEK			PHILOSOPHY		
BOTANY			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHILOSOPHY		
BOTANY			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHILOSOPHY		
CELTIC			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHYSICS		
CHEMISTRY			ENGLISH			HISTORY OF RELIGIONS			PHYSICS		
CHEMISTRY			FINE ARTS	<u>1</u>	<u>B</u>	HYGIENE			PHYSICS		
CHEMISTRY			FINE ARTS			INDIC PHILOLOGY			ROMANCE PHILOLOGY		
CHEMISTRY			FRENCH			ITALIAN			SEMITIC		
CHEMISTRY			FRENCH			ITALIAN			SEMITIC		
CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY			FRENCH			LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE			SLAVIC		
CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY			FRENCH			LATIN			SOCIAL ETHICS		
COMPARATIVE LITERATURE			GEOLOGY			LATIN			SOCIAL ETHICS		
ECONOMICS			GEOLOGY			LATIN			SPANISH		
ECONOMICS			GEOLOGY			LATIN			SPANISH		
ECONOMICS			GERMAN			LATIN			ZOOLOGY		
EDUCATION			GERMAN			MATHEMATICS			ZOOLOGY		
EDUCATION			GERMAN			MATHEMATICS					
EDUCATION						MATHEMATICS					

Harvard Sophomore Year. 1905-06.

UNIVERSITY OF HARVARD

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Laurence G. White

The grade attained by *Laurence G. White* in each of his studies for the year 1906-07 is given below.
GEORGE W. CRAM, Recorder.

	GRADE			GRADE			GRADE			GRADE			GRADE	
	Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course		Course	Half Course
ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY			EDUCATION			GERMAN			MINERALOGY					
ANTHROPOLOGY			EDUCATION			GERMAN			MINING					
ARCHITECTURE <i>16</i>		<i>B</i>	ENGINEERING			GERMAN			MINING					
ARCHITECTURE <i>2a</i>		<i>A</i>	ENGINEERING			GOVERNMENT			MUSIC <i>3</i>					<i>A</i>
ARCHITECTURE			ENGINEERING			GOVERNMENT			MUSIC					
ASTRONOMY			ENGINEERING			GREEK			NETHERLANDISH					
ASTRONOMY			ENGINEERING			GREEK			PHILOSOPHY					
BOTANY			ENGINEERING			GREEK			PHILOSOPHY					
BOTANY			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHILOSOPHY					
CELTIC			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHILOSOPHY					
CHEMISTRY			ENGLISH			HISTORY			PHYSICS					
CHEMISTRY			ENGLISH			HISTORY OF RELIGIONS			PHYSICS					
CHEMISTRY			ENGLISH			INDIC PHILOLOGY			PHYSICS					
CHEMISTRY			FINE ARTS <i>3</i>		<i>A</i>	ITALIAN			PUBLIC SPEAKING					
CHEMISTRY			FINE ARTS			ITALIAN			ROMANCE PHILOLOGY					
CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY			FORESTRY			LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE			SCANDINAVIAN					
CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY			FORESTRY			LATIN			SEMITIC					
COMPARATIVE LITERATURE			FRENCH			LATIN			SEMITIC					
COMPARATIVE LITERATURE			FRENCH			LATIN			SLAVIC					
COMPARATIVE LITERATURE			FRENCH			LATIN			SOCIAL ETHICS					
COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY			FRENCH			MATHEMATICS			SOCIAL ETHICS					
ECONOMICS			GEOLOGY			MATHEMATICS			SPANISH					
ECONOMICS			GEOLOGY			MATHEMATICS			SPANISH					
ECONOMICS			GEOLOGY			METALLURGY			ZOOLOGY					
ECONOMICS			GERMAN			METALLURGY			ZOOLOGY					

Harvard. Junior Year. 1906-07.



1779.

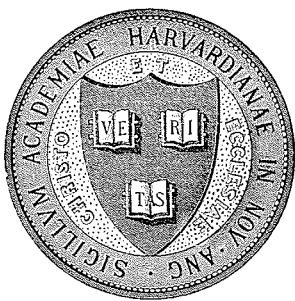
Jan. 8, 1908.

My dear Mr. White:

It gives
me great pleasure to inform
you of your election to the
Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of
Massachusetts, from the
Class of 1908.

Fraternally yours,
J. S. Davis.

Mr. L. G. White.



THE FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
OF
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE, *December 18, 1907.*

Dear Sir:

I am glad to inform you that you have been appointed to

a Harvard College Scholarship
for the academic year 1907-08.

Yours sincerely,

J. G. Hart
Secretary.

Mr. *Lawrence Grant White*

Feb. 14, 1905.

Mrs. Stanford White,

Turner et Cie, Naples.

Fire has damaged things in storage place but not as badly as papers make out. Do not worry if you see them. Allserene.

STANFORD.



Harvard Architectural School 1907.



F.R.K. & L.G.W.
Sophomores, Harvard 1905.

February 9, 1907

C. F. McKim,
care Mrs. S. White,
25 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Express Mrs. White my views on Larry's course after graduation and how we would
love to have him in office for a year before going abroad. Hope to have opportunity
soon to see Mrs. White; much more satisfactory than writing.

Wm. R. Mead.

64.

on the other hand a past master of the art of cramming quickly for examinations, and I could memorize telling catch phrases like a parrot.

1907 - 1917.

I spent the following summer as a student draughtsman in the office of McKim Mead, & White. It was a bonanza year, for while I was there we won the two competitions for the Post Office and the Municipal Building, over the leading architects in the country. I worked on the Municipal Building drawings, under Philipp Merz, an amazingly skilful draughtsman. The double Victory was most opportune, coming as it did just after my father's death and McKim's retirement, and thus proving the worth of the other younger partners.

The office was then at 160 Fifth Avenue. It was a hot summer, and, to get cool, we used to ride ^{on} up the open elevators in the Metropolitan Life tower, then under construction, and the highest building in town. We would then go to lunch at the Cafe Martin; and how good the food was!

In the Autumn, Harry Sedgwick and I joined

66.

Fred King and his family and went abroad. We were a party of thirty all told. We stopped at Madeira and Algiers, and listened to the amazing tales of Saks Whitehouse, a much-travelled fellow passenger. The Kings had bought a new car,-- a Charron, and we motored from Paris to Rome in it, spending Christmas with the McCaggs at Cannes on the way. At Radicofani our gasoline ran low; and as the car had a gravity tank in the rear, we had to back up a mountain-pass, only to find that there was no gasoline to be had at the town when we got to the top. We spent the night in a vile inn, that had charcoal braziers in wooden frameworks to warm the beds; and the next morning we coasted downhill for sixteen kilometers to the next town, Aquapendente, without any gasoline in the tank at all.

One day we went out to Tor di Quinto to watch the cavalry exercises, and when we started to go back to Rome, the car would not budge. I was frantic, as I had to leave for Naples that afternoon to join my mother's steamer and go on with her to Egypt. There was only one other car out there, and we learned it belonged to a Russian Grand Duke. Mrs. Ladenburg, who was on our

...the



Theodore Davis' Dahabiyeh - Luxor - 1908.



Lion Water-spout from Temple of Zeus.
— Olympia, 1908.

party, went up to him with her most engaging smile, and explained the situation; his old-world courtesy was up to the occasion, and I caught my steamer.

This time we had the son of our former dragoman, Joseph Haik, to take care of us. The new dam at Assuan and the Barrage at Esneh have actually changed the climate; We had a small flurry of snow on the lower Nile, and the natives were surprised and excited by the novelty. We went up to Assuan again, but this time on a Cook's steamer, and saw the sights thoroughly.

We sailed from Alexandria on a filthy narrow Turkish steamer, and had a very rough passage to Piraeus. It is the only time I have ever seen my mother affected by rough water, but I maintained my unblemished record of immunity. It was my first visit to Greece, and it even exceeded my hopes. Some day I want to go back and visit some of the more remote places that we missed.

In our hotel in Athens there was a lady from Duluth with snow-white hair, of which she was very proud. She had it shampooed by the hotel hairdresser, who spoke no English; but she gave him a package of blueing, and made signs that she wanted some put in the water. She then shut her eyes, and put her head into the basin, and before she



Hall at 16, rue de Sèvres, Paris

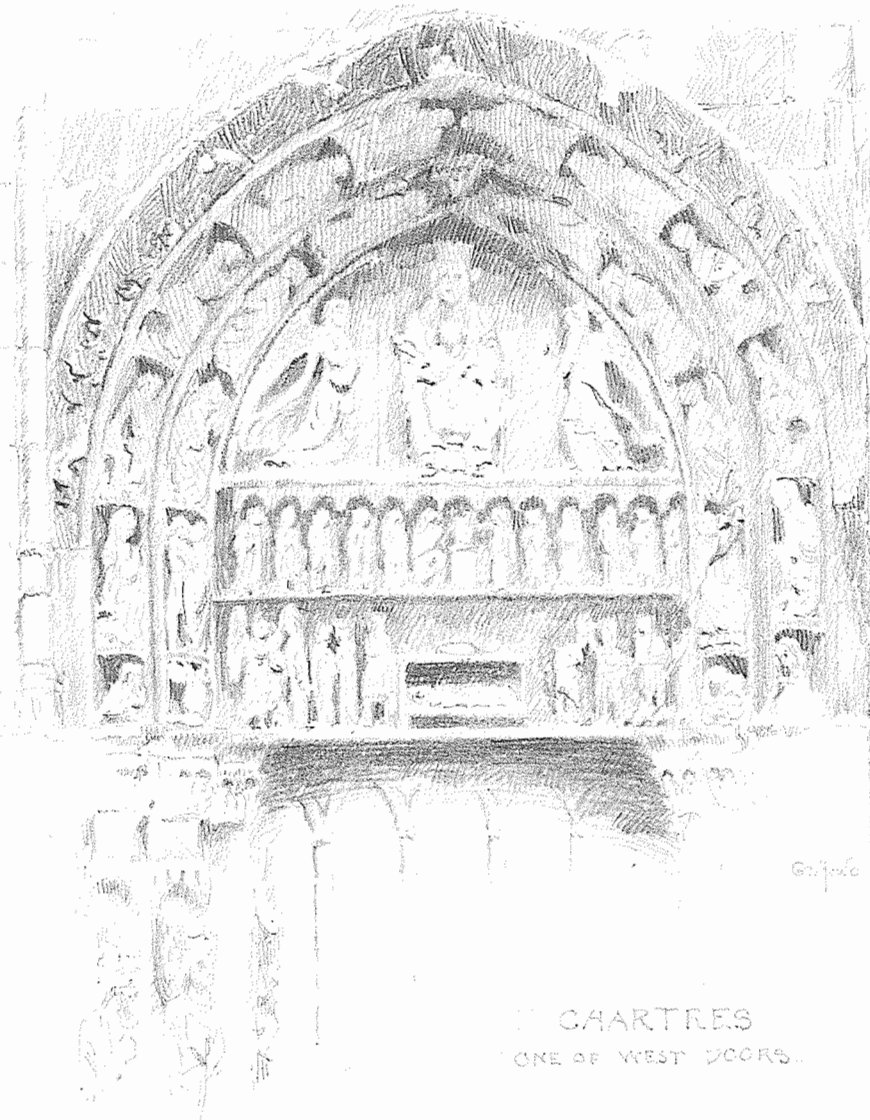
16 RUE DE SÈVRES

opened her eyes again, the hairdresser had emptied the entire package into the basin, and her hair was dyed bright blue. Bright blue it stayed for the rest of the time we saw her, though she tried to soften the startling effect by wearing bright blue hats and veils.

At Olympia we were awakened by a mild earthquake. The crockery in our bedrooms rattled, and the pictures w swayed on the walls. At Corinth, we took a perilous donkey-ride up the mountain, Akra-Corinth, and watched the sun set over the gulf.

We stopped at Sicily on the way back; I thought it the most beautiful country I had yet seen. I made several bad water-colors of orange ruins and green hills, against the cobalt sky of spring.

We got to Paris shortly before the entrance examinations were held for the Ecole des Beaux Arts. I took them and failed, as I had expected to; but when we returned from America in the fall, I worked hard in Chiffrot's atelier, and I was admitted to the school the following winter. We took a modern sunny apartment on the top floor of 16 rue de Sèvres, on the site of a building in which Madame Récamier once lived. The atelier Laloux, which I joined at once, was only a few steps away in a dilapidated Louis XIV hotel in the rue d'Assas. Though indescribably filthy and unsanitary, its finely proportion-

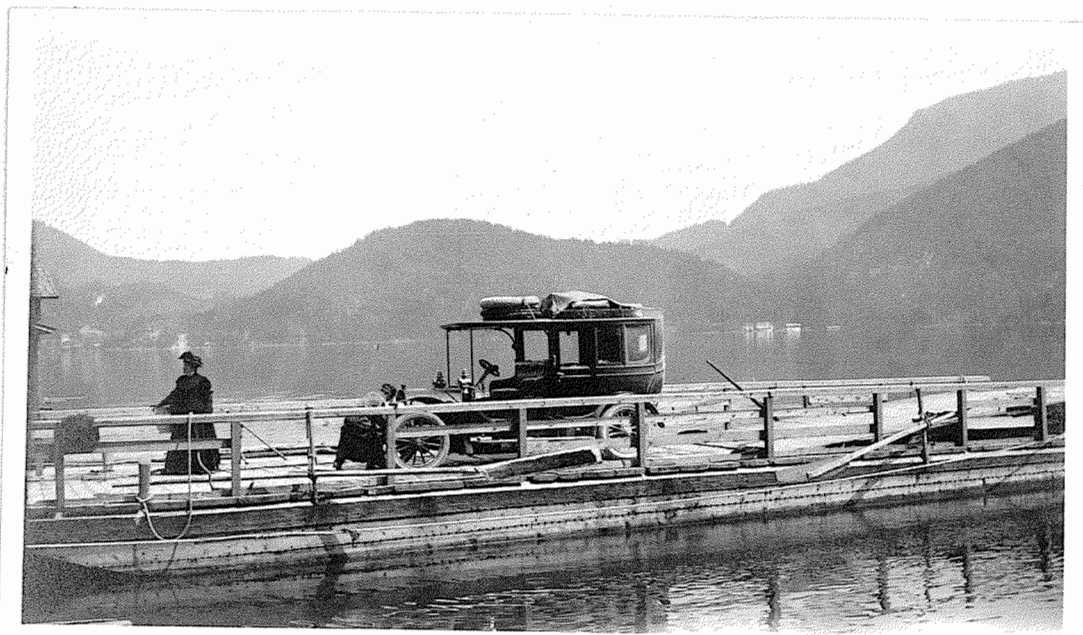


Drawing by George Howe.

ed rooms and monumental staircase recalled the grande époque, and on one of the ceilings charming chinoiserie glowed beneath the soot and grime.

In the immediate neighborhood lived many who are still my close friends. George Howe and his wife lived next door; across the Boulevard Raspail were Fred King, Harry Sedgwick, Philip Goodwin, and the Charley Lawrances; Archie Brown, Ray Atherton, and Gordon Blackader were right around the corner, and Harry Shepley and Phil Cusachs joined our colony soon afterwards. We all worked hard in spurts of two or three weeks, often spending days and nights on end at the atelier, and then, when the projet was done, we would take a Turkish Bath, followed by a sumptuous and leisurely dinner at LaRue's or Foyot's. A day or two later we would all disperse on "ballades" - motor trips that would last two weeks or more. I am afraid I often stretched mine out and cut a projet; but during the years I lived abroad, I covered Europe and England and Northern Africa pretty well.

My mother and I took a ~~pretty~~ strenuous trip with Mrs. Barney and her two sons to Vienna and back. Our running time was only fourteen days, but the whole trip took twenty-three days.



B.S.W.

Crossing the Moselle with the Barneys.

35 h.p. Mercedes

As we followed the Rhine and the Moselle, our itinerary read like a wine card, and we also passed through Limburg, Pilsen, and Budweis. We visited thoroughly the great Museums in Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. In those days there were no facilities for taking a car into a foreign country: One had to carry around the dutiable value of the car in gold, deposit the gold at the frontier (often at the top of a lonely mountain-pass), get a receipt, and reverse the process when you left the country. Besides the risk and nuisance of carrying bags of gold around, there was only a small chance of getting it back when you went out, as the medieval strong-boxes at the frontier were seldom well stocked. On this trip we were delayed for a day at Prague; we had slipped into Austria without knowing it, in a fog, and there was no provision in the red tape for such an unlikely occurrence. We entered Munich in a rain storm one night, with a broken accelerator, so that I had to lie on a fender and work the throttle with my finger while Otto, the chauffeur who had formerly been with my father, drove the car without any control of the motor.

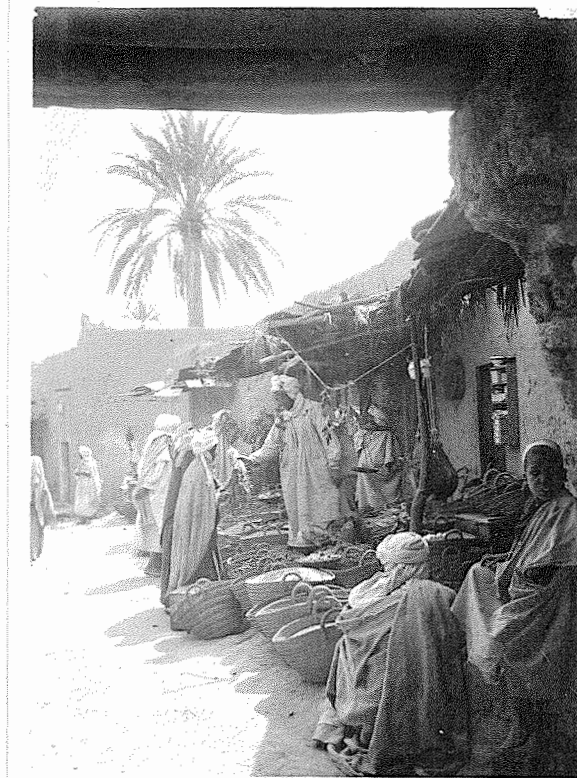


Monsieur le Vicomte de St. Jammes.

PARIS 1908

In the winter of 1910 I went off with Arthur Moulton to northern Africa. We covered Algeria and Tunisia pretty thoroughly; our progress was stopped on the West by the fighting in Morocco, and to the East by the fighting in Tripoli. We had a curious experience in southern Tunisia with a mirage: When we were driving 45 miles an hour on the bed of a perfectly dry salt lake, the fictive water apparently receded ahead of us some thirty feet away, and closed in continuously the same distance behind us. The superstitious French chauffeur knelt down and prayed in the rear of the car, and I could hardly blame him: the phenomenon was certainly eerie. I thought at once of the parting of the waters of the Red Sea. A mirage like the one we then saw would be a possible ^{explana-} solution of the Miracle.

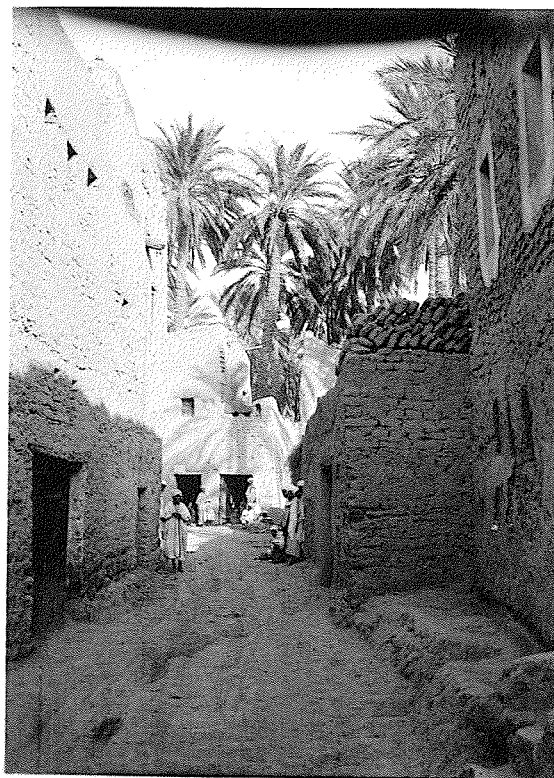
We went as far South as the Oasis of Ghardaia, an adventurous trip in those days. Our tires kept bursting in the hot sand; and when we reached the Oasis of Laghouat, our spares were so few that we had decided to turn north again. Much to our surprise, a large Mercedes, containing a Dutchman and his wife, drew up before the inn. By a fortunate chance, our cars used the same size tires; so we pooled our spare tires, and pushed southwards together



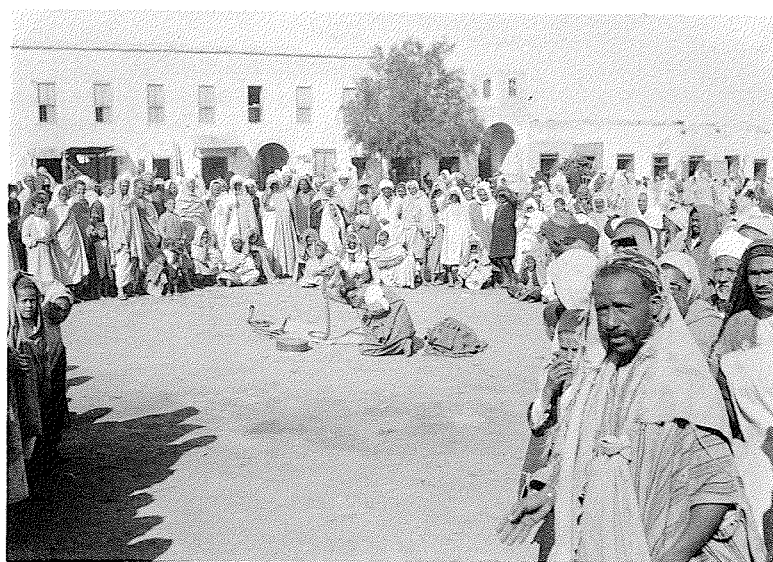
Ghardaia, Algeria.



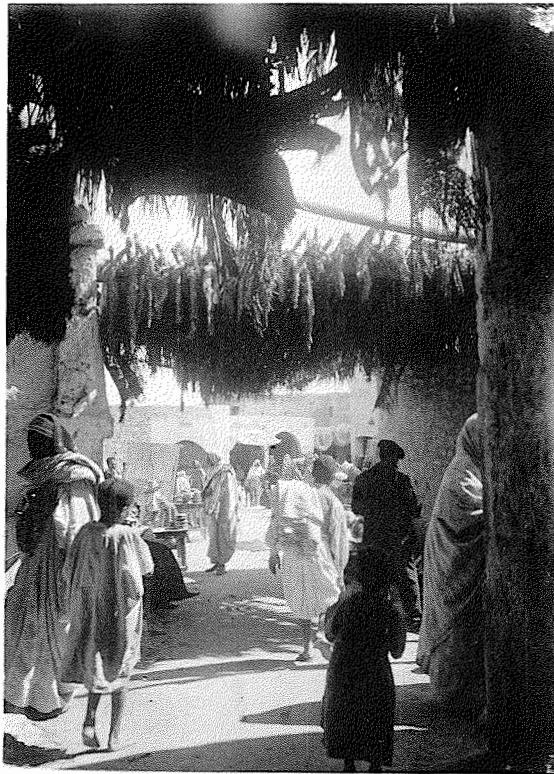
Ghardaia, Algeria.



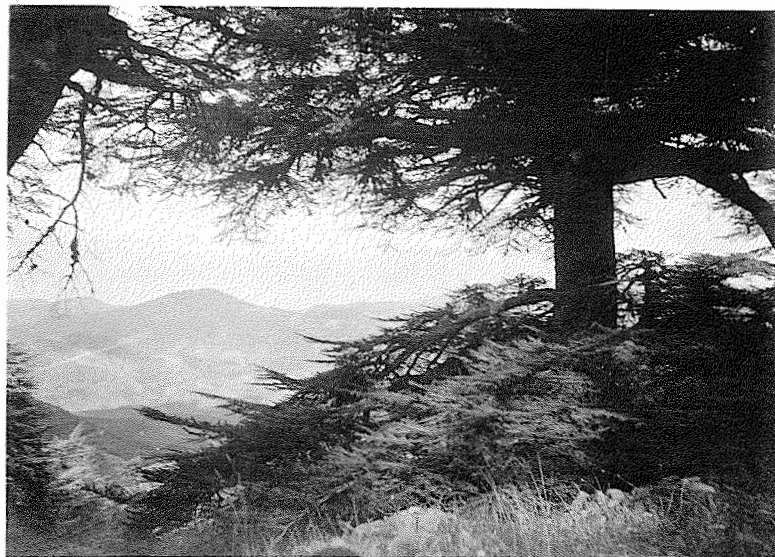
Ghardaia, Algeria



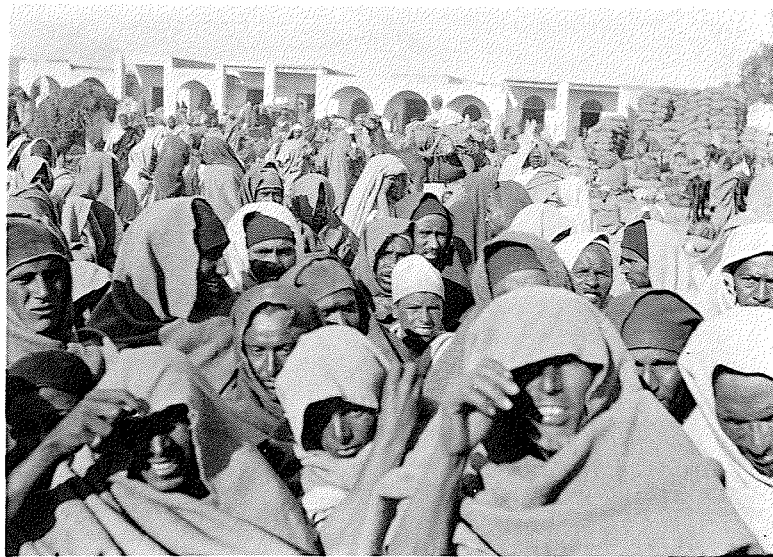
Snake Charmer. Ben Ghardane, Tunisia.



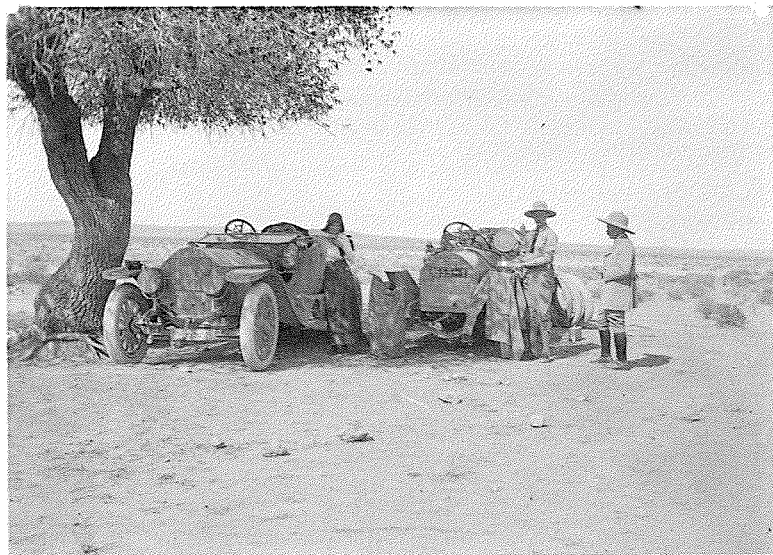
Ghardaia



Atlantic Cedars in Atlas Mountains
near Oran, Algeria.



Ben Ghardane. [on Tripolitan Border.]

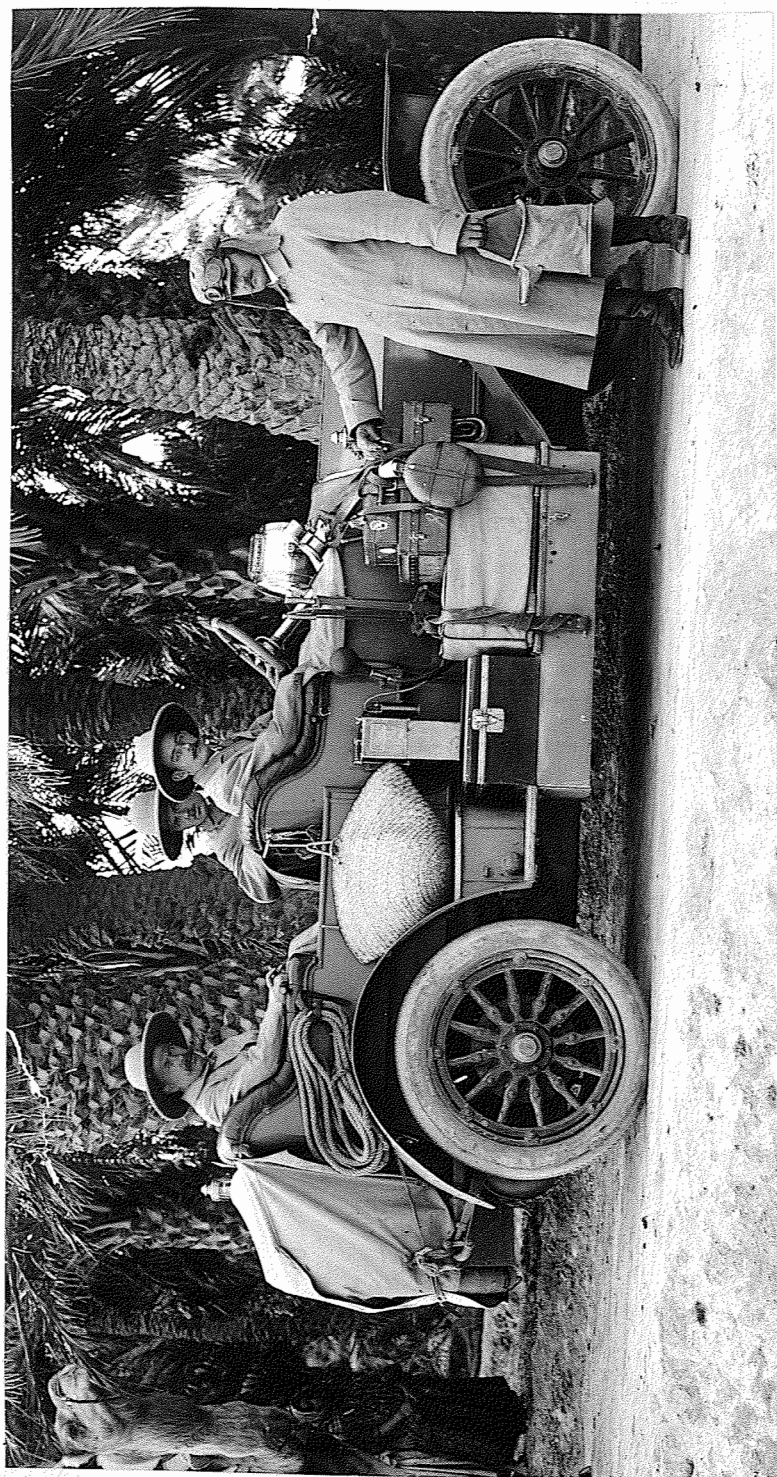


Mrs. Lann

A.M.

Wester.

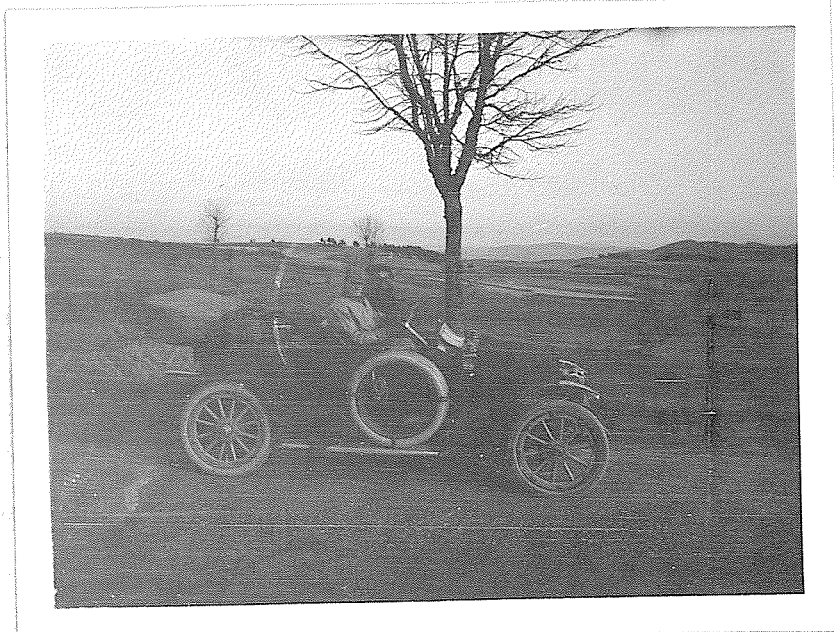
Lunch at a well in the Sahara near Ghardain
[when The Lann's Mercedes broke down.]



Heck, [Courier L.W. A.J. Moulton Chauffeur.
50 H.P. SIMPLEX. BISKRA, 1910

the next morning. At lunch time, their motor gave out. We towed them to the nearest military post, where we spent the night while both chauffeurs took their car to little pieces. The next day we were off again to Ghardaia, which proved most disappointing when we got there. We had run low in our supply of oil; but we persuaded the military hospital to part with most of their castor oil. The situation having thus been saved at the expense of the constipated Ghardaians, we raced back across the desert by moonlight to Laghouat. We met our Dutch friends later by appointment at Hammam Meskoutine, a Spa near Constantine. In gratitude for our having rescued them in the desert, they offered us a boar hunt. We started out at dawn, in a beautiful valley with clouds of steam rising from the hot springs. We had an amazing assortment of firearms: antiquated rabbit-eared shotguns loaded with big bullets, and rifles with defective breech mechanisms. Sure enough, we put up an enormous boar, that almost knocked us down as he scurried by. We all blazed away at him, but neither the boar nor any of the party were hit. The day ended with a feast of exotic delicacies.

While I was sketching the Roman amphitheater at El Djem, I met Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page,- a meeting



The faithful Hudson
trick windshield of
Patent Leather

that led to my going to Rome later as his private secretary.

About that time we brought over from America our Hudson car, which served us faithfully for many years, and had an honorable end in 1917 as a truck in the service of the Naval Reserve. In it my mother and I took many trips in France and England and Italy. Although we never had a chauffeur, we only had two major pannes: once when the magneto dropped off, and once again at Cremona when the bearings burnt out. To our surprise and delight, they were able to cast new bearings for us and install them in twenty-four hours; and one unusual touch of efficiency delighted me: One of the garage mechanics was a dwarf about two feet high, so that he could almost walk underneath the car to undo the nuts.

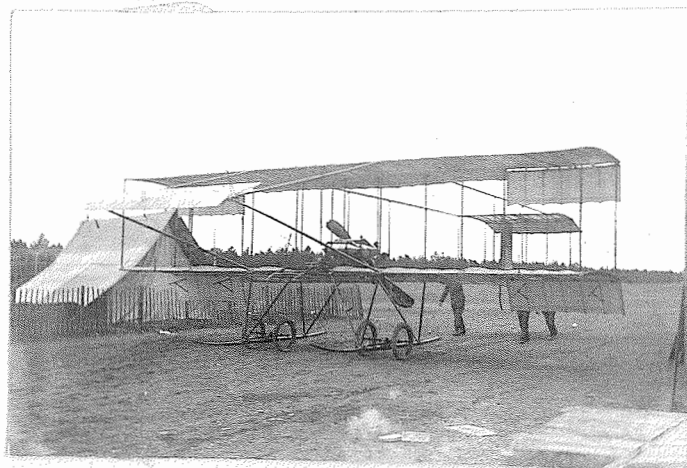
Another time a friend lent mother a car, and we took a trip in Germany with Janet Scudder, the sculptor, and Gordon Blackader. The first day out we lunched at Châlons-sur-Marne, where one of the first aviation fields was located. As I watched the primitive planes take off I was naturally itching to go up in one; and Janet Scudder, by complimenting the wife of one of the aviators



HISTOIRE DE L'AVIATION

230 L'Aviateur Belge VAN DEN BORN sur Biplan Farman.
ND Phot.

My pilot, on my first Airplane flight.
1910.
Châlons-sur-Marne.

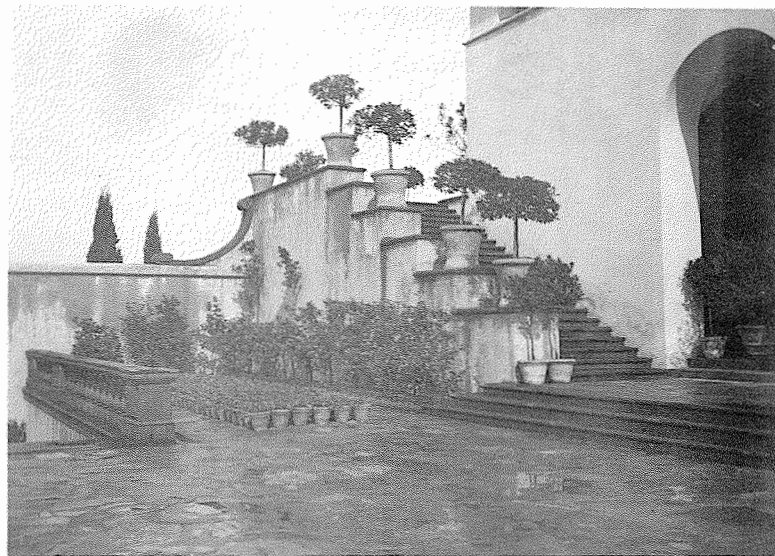


on the beauty of her hat, arranged matters so that I was soon climbing aboard her husband's plane. It was a Farman biplane, without fuselage or cockpit; the elevating planes were in front, and the pilot, a genial young Belgian named Van den Born, sat on the leading edge of the lower wing with his legs dangling out in front. The whole rickety contraption seemed to be made of old bits of wood, sheets, and hay wire. There was no provision for a passenger, so I knelt on one of the ribs of the lower wing and held on to the struts, like a monkey on a stick. We took off, circled the field at about 200 feet altitude, and landed safely; and when I climbed out, I was, as Peter would say, "at the height of my circumstance." Gordon was green with envy, and decided to stay there till he too had made a flight. He got his wish the next day, and rejoined us later. After a while Janet became so disgusted with Germany and the Germans, that she sent herself a fake telegram and deserted us. We never knew the reason till we read about it in her book "Modelling My Life."

I did not share her views, and when we went to Berlin on a subsequent trip, I was profoundly impressed



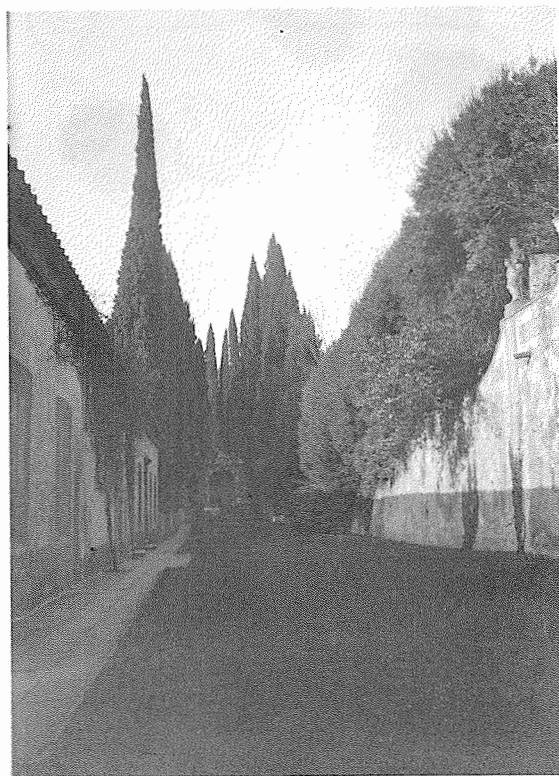
Villa Bombici, Florence.



Villa Curonia, Arcetri, Florence.
Mabel Dodge.

not only by the German neatness and efficiency, but by the straightforward simplicity and beauty of their current architecture. It was perhaps a natural reaction from the bad taste of the Beaux Arts, and the fussy over-decorated buildings the French were then producing. However I still retain the greatest respect and admiration for my old "patron" Victor Laloux, and I believe that the Beaux Arts offered at that time the best training for the principles of planning, the logical attack of an architectural problem, and the quick and attractive presentation of drawings. But for taste, one had to fall back upon the glories of the past. Most of the projets, including my own, were pretty terrible to behold.

We went to Florence to visit Edwin and Mabel Dodge in their enchanting place, the Villa Curonia. Jacques Blanche was there, painting our hostess' portrait; Paul Draper and his wife Muriel, who refers to it in "Music at Midnight", and a willowy Russian pianist called Luba Alexandrowska. The splendid Villa Incontrì, across the valley, was owned by Arthur Acton, who had been my father's private secretary during our trip abroad in 1900; to the south was the Villa Bombici, designed by Michelangelo,

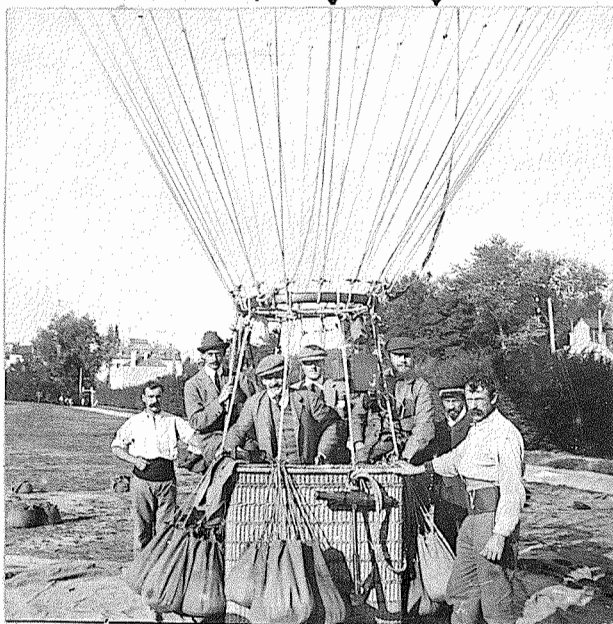


Villa Gamberaia, Sottignano.
[Miss Blood.]

that could have been bought for a song. The loveliest of all was the Villa Gamberaia at Settignano, belonging to Miss Blood. I was standing on the terrace there with Blanche and Berensen, looking at a misty sunset over Florence, and made a trite remark about the lovely color. Blanche replied that the color is never so good looking into a sunset as it is towards the East; and when I looked behind me, I realized the truth of his observation.

Charley Lawrance and Arthur Moulton were mechanical engineers interested in aviation, and Charley was destined to be the designer of the motor that took Lindbergh across the Atlantic and Byrd over the Poles. We had all three joined the Aero Club, and one day we arranged to go up in a free balloon. Our pilot was a typical Frenchman with a long brown beard, courteous but incompetent. We started off from St. Cloud on a beautiful spring afternoon, after waiting since dawn for the inflation of the balloon. There was little or no wind, so that we drifted slowly in a north-easterly direction over Paris towards Chantilly. As it began to get dark, we decided that we had better come down; but the valve to release the gas was stuck tight. Our pilot thereupon got in a panic, grabbed the valve rope, and jumped up and

A.J.M. C.L.L. L.G.W. Melandré



PAR L'ATMOSPHERE

L'Aéro-Club-II, pilote Melandré, passagers, MM. Lawrence, Moulton et White, parti de Saint-Cloud lundi, à 3 h. 10, est descendu, à 6 h. 45, à Senlis. A l'hôtel, les aéronautes se sont rencontrés avec Tabuteau, venu de Paris sur son Morane-Gnome en 25 minutes.

Nov. 21, 1911.



1902 Panhard - Paris 1908.
This car had belonged to C.L.L.'s father, and was known as the "Patronymic".

on the floor of the basket like a wild man. This was anything but reassuring to us, as we knew absolutely nothing about ballooning. He finally regained his composure, and by pulling the rip-cord and manipulating the ballast, we made a bumpy landing in a field without damage. As we neared the earth, he yelled: "un ballon! UN BALLON!" at the top of his lungs, so that a few peasants were gathered to help us pack up the gas bag and drive us to the nearest town.

Free ballooning is delightful; one has the feeling of Olympian superiority that one always gets in the air, but without the noise and vibration of the airplane or dirigible. But although there is a deathly stillness in the balloon, every noise on the earth below is reflected upwards as by a vast sounding-board. The din as we passed over Paris was astounding, and in the country a dog's bark came to us with startling intensity.

As I look back on the years I spent in Paris, I regret that I never got to know intelligent French men. With the exception of Blanche and the Boutet de Monvels, (the father, Maurice, who made the familiar illustrations to the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and his sons Bernard, the



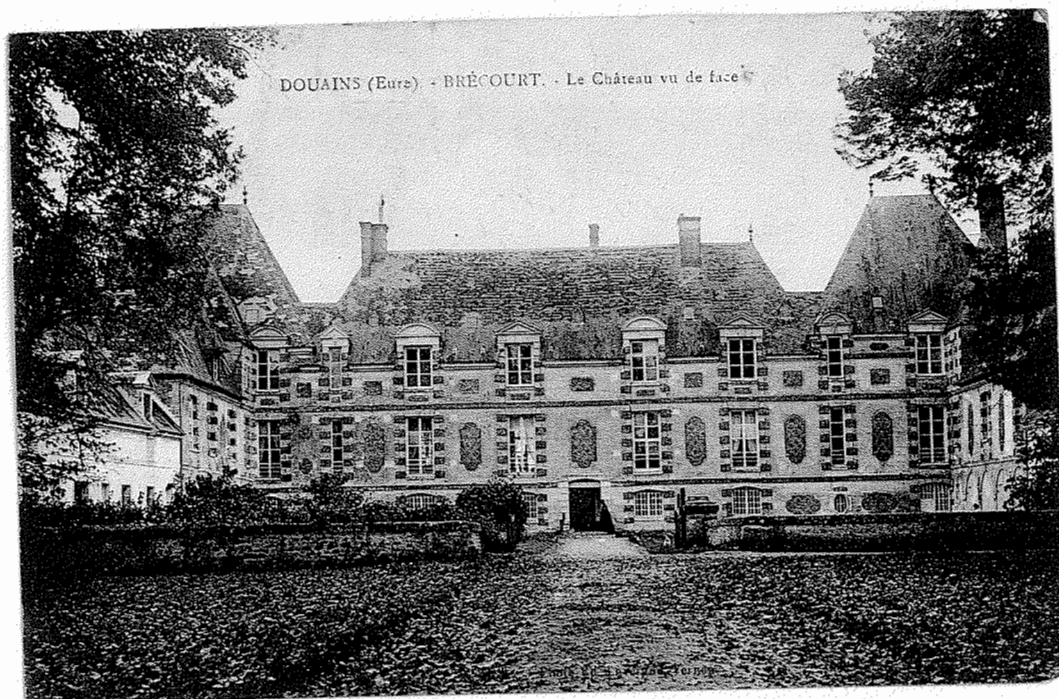
Charles Lawrence & Truelle in "L.M."



Arthur Moulton & his Courier Heck, in L.M.

portrait painter, and Roger, the writer, I knew few
 Frenchmen outside of the intimate camaraderie of the atelier.
 Here I learned to speak their argot fluently; but it was
 hardly the language of the drawing-room, and I restrained my-
 self with difficulty from tutoyage of everyone I spoke to.
 My own close friends were my American fellow-students; and
 my mother's friends were the ladies of the American Colony
 who played bridge. We sometimes met interesting people at
 our Embassy, as we were old friends of the Robert Bacon's.
 They gave a brilliant Reception for Theodore Roosevelt :
 and a few days later, when I dropped in for tea to see
 Ethel Roosevelt, I found only the Ambassador, Mr. Roosevelt,
 and Rodin. Ethel had skipped off to fly in an airplane
 without telling them.

All of Paris, including ourselves, went mad
 with enthusiasm over the Danileff ballet, which combined
 the gorgeous and revolutionary settings of Bakst with the
 incredible leaps of Nijinsky and Karsavina and Fokine. I
 look back upon those performances, and the comedies of
 Caillavet and de Flers, as the best entertainment I have
 ever had. I also got keen enjoyment from the salacious
 plays at the Gymnase and the Palais Royal; but I knew



DOUAINS (Eure) - BRÉCOURT. - Le Château vu de face

Jack Gode's Château

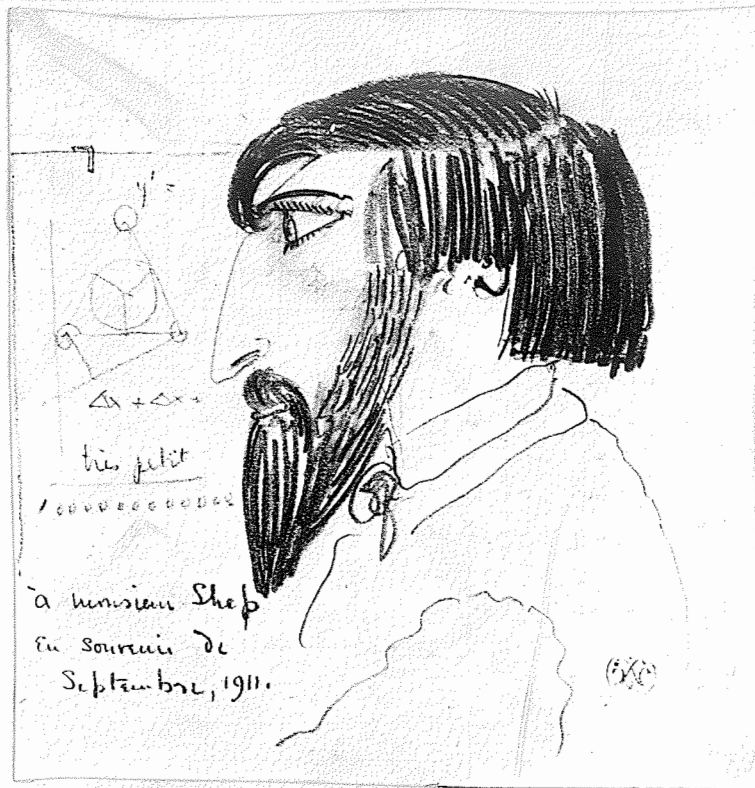


Photo Ed. Lavergne, Vernon

DOUAINS (Eure). - Château de Brécourt

nothing of the night-life of Paris, which bored me. We used to go the Concerts Rouges and the Concerts Touche, and also to the grander Colonne and Lamoureux concerts; and once Mrs. Bacon took us to the house of an eccentric old man who lived on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, when we were entertained during tea by a large symphony orchestra playing in the garden for our sole benefit. There was nobody else there. It gave me a curious sensation, and I found that I could not enjoy the music; and anyway the strings did not sound well in the open air.

We returned to America every summer; and on one of these trips we discovered that the house at St. James had been systematically looted during our absence. Tapestries, pictures, silver, wine, all had vanished; and the burglars had apparently slept in a room on the third floor, and taken their time about it. We employed Pinkerton detectives, who traced the theft to a former Swedish butler named Magnus, - an unusually intelligent man who had been in our employ for some years. They surrounded his house in Brooklyn, while one of them and myself went up to his flat and knocked on his door. We found some of my own trinkets and clothing in his room, and arrested him on a charge of petty larceny; but shortly afterwards he broke down under the third degree, and confessed.



Monsieur Mayence, our Tutor in Math.

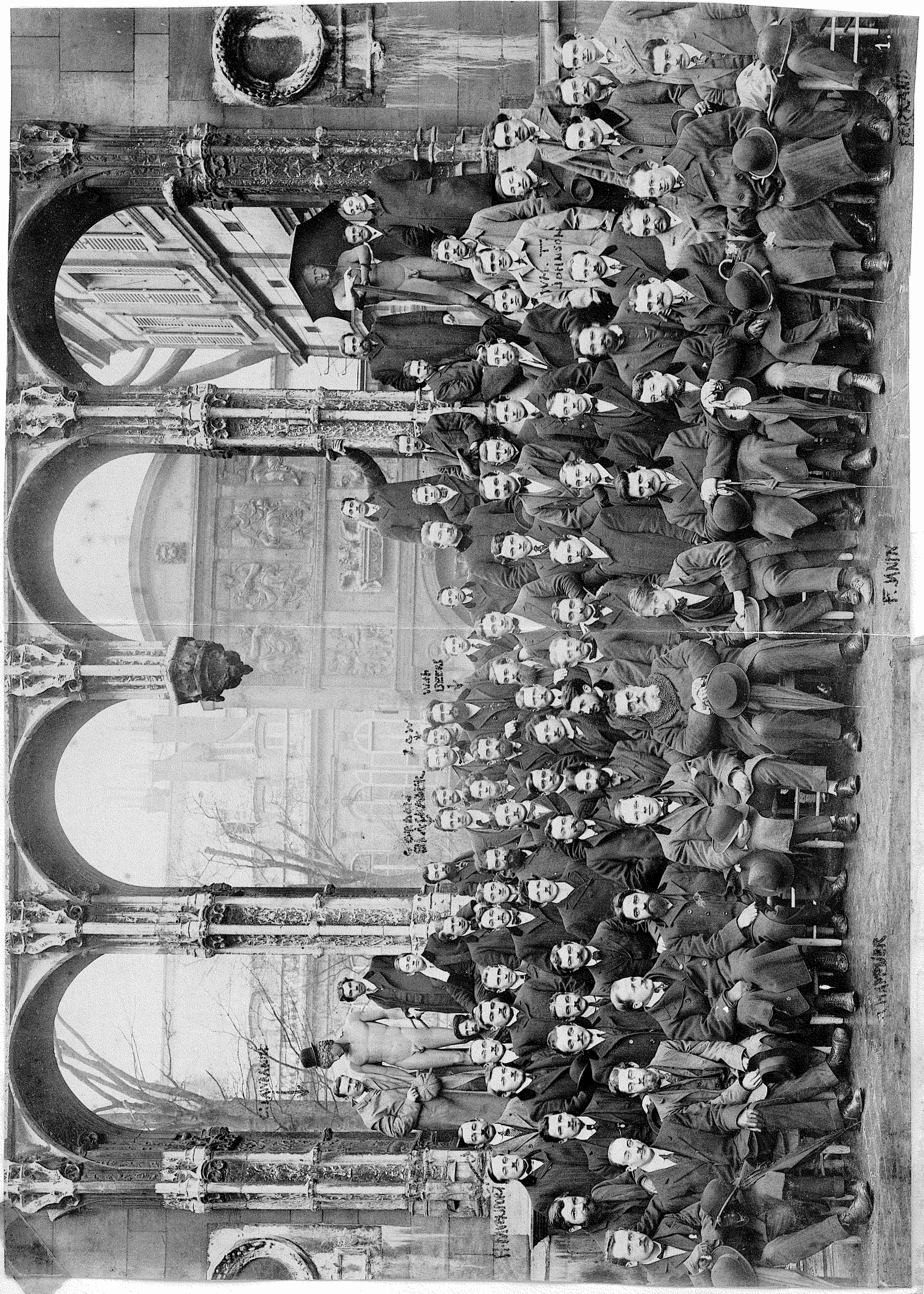


First piece of "Mille Fleurs" tapestry recovered
after the burglary.

that he and his pal had planned to burn down the house to cover the theft, but that we had always treated him so well that he flinched at lighting the pile of wood soaked with kerosene that we found in the cellar.

He turned over his pawn tickets to us, and we eventually recovered most of the loot, but we had to pay for it. The most important item, the big Mille Fleurs tapestry, had been cut in six pieces, which had been sold to different people by a professedly unsuspecting dealer. He promised to get them back for us if we would be patient; and after we returned to Paris, the missing pieces arrived at intervals by parcel post. We had them skilfully re-woven, so that the seams are hardly noticeable. The thief was released on parole, and we have never heard of him since.

I had not intended to graduate from the Beaux Arts, but after marking time for an extra year in the Second Class, I determined to complete the full course. Spurred on by the incentive of a definite goal, I made up for lost time by winning some medals, including the "Prix Cavel", so that I received my diploma in December, 1913.



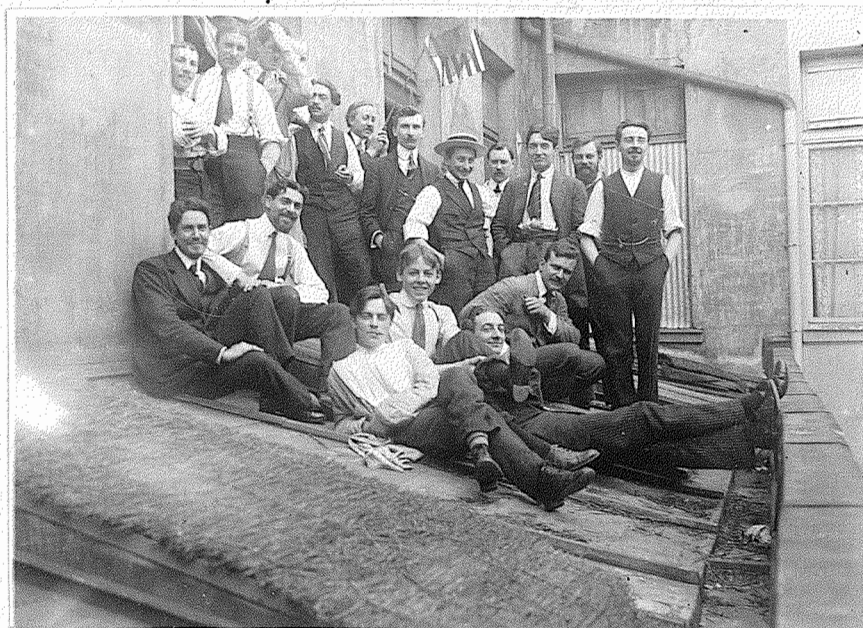
F. J. J. J.

VICTOR LALOUX



L.G.W. H.R. Shepley

L.W.



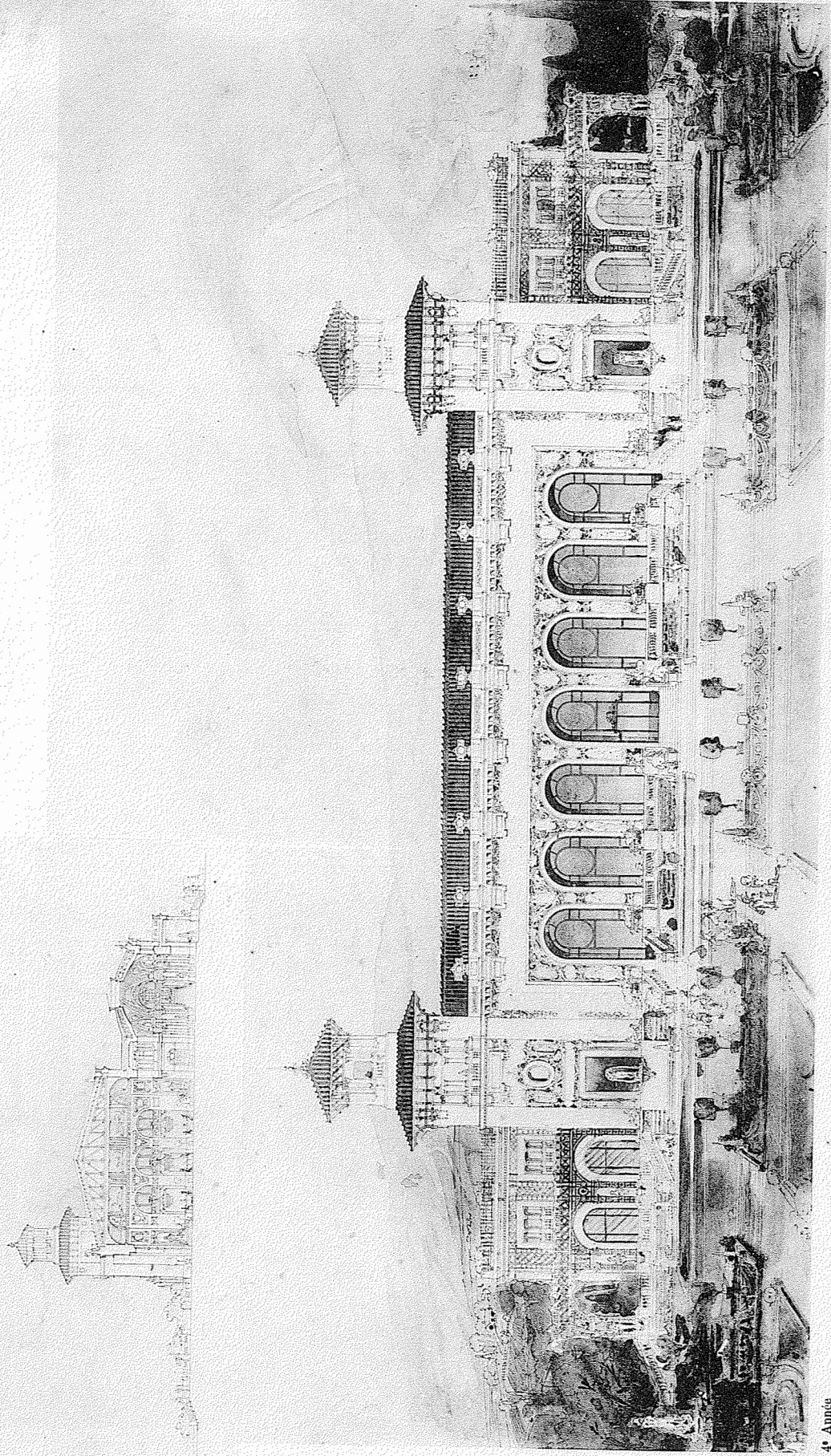
C.L.L.

Atelier Laloux.

ÉCOLE NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS

LES CONCOURS D'ARCHITECTURE DE L'ANNÉE SCOLAIRE 1909-1910

Pl. 217

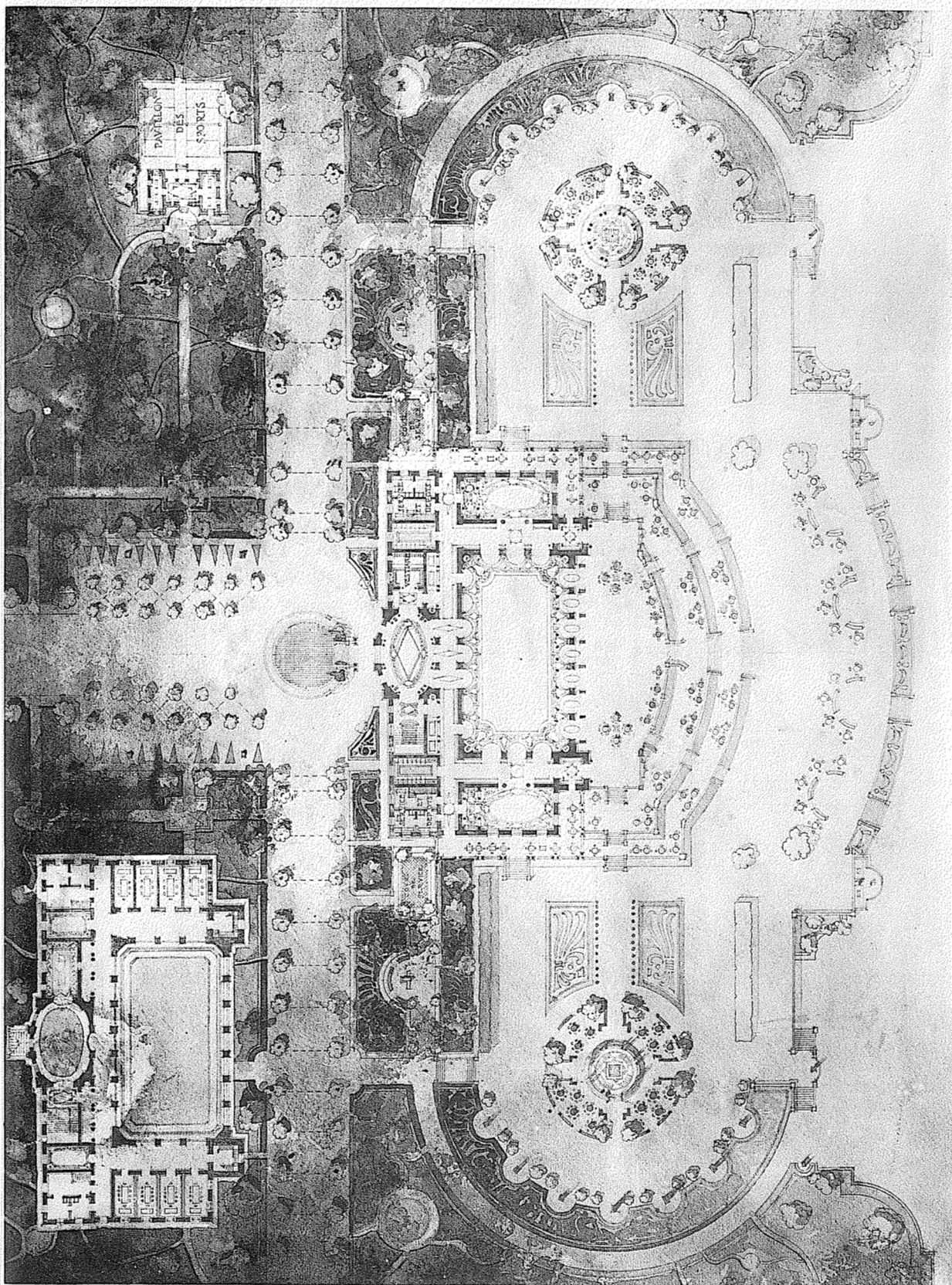


4^e Année

A. Vincent, 4, Rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris

UN CAFÉ-RESTAURANT DANS UNE PROMENADE PUBLIQUE

1^{re} MENTION : M. LAWRENCE WHITE, ÉLÈVE DE M. LALOUX

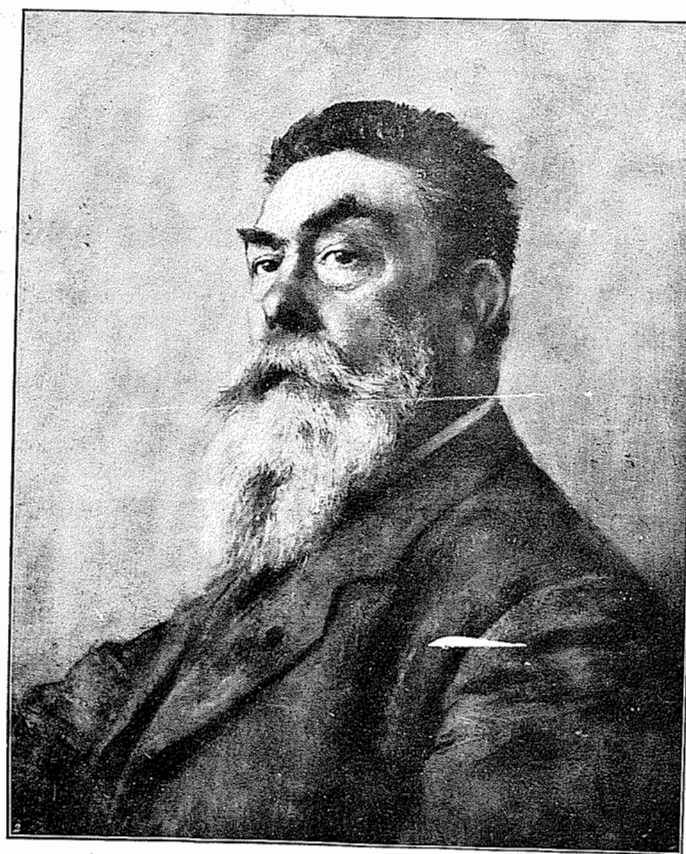


A. Vincent, 4, Rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris

UN CAFÉ-RESTAURANT DANS UNE PROMENADE PUBLIQUE

1^{re} MENTION : M. LAWRENCE WHITE, ÉLÈVE DE M. LALOUX

4^e Année



F. CORMON. — Portrait de M. Laloux,
président de la Société des Artistes Français.

ATELIER

LALOUX

MENU DU 16 DECEMBRE 1912

POTAGES
CONSOMMÉ ROYAL • POTAGE
S^T GERMAIN


ENTRÉES
TRUITES SAUMONNÉES SAUCE
RICHE
FILET DE BŒUF JARDINIERE

ROTIS
FAISANS ROTIS SUR CANAPES
• SALADE PERUVIENNE •

LEGUMES
ANDIVES A LA CREME • FONDS D'ARTICH
GLACE •
FROMAGES
FRUITS

ARCHITECT
101 PARK AVENUE



O toi l'enfileur de perles de l'Orient... Schéhérazade te veux. Durant Mille et Une Nuits idéalement bien tassées en une seule, elle t'offre un gîte et la no.x et l'escale... Laisse d'une si longue fiabilité elle veut se délasser en d'énormes lassifs et serpents. Mais, lève les yeux et regarde! Que vois-tu? Des fêtes fraiches ment - coupées... c'est affreux!!! Un pareil sotathan! Cependant le jeu vaut bien qu'on y risque le cou... et d'autres encore. A l'heure où la plus belle étoile du ciel s'allumera viens l'elreindre. L'habit n'est pas de rigueur! - Suzhan, une horrible négresse t'interprète les accés(?) de la biménaire. Mais au niqic "Suzhan, ouvre-toi" Celle-ci sourira violemment. N'hésite pas, rentre dedans et tu trouveras à l'autre issue la lampe merveilleuse qui toute la nuit brûlera j'ovv toi... 

Quat'Zarts



E. Staedel 1910

Vieux Compains

Si Thelème moult rigoller, viens t'esbaudir et festoyer
gayement avecque nous, Seigneurs, Clercs, Escholiers, et autres
joyeux pailloirs, broussiers, et beausours bien sendus de
grosules.

Et que le feu de S^t Antoine torde le boyau culhier si te ne
l'asgaye ce jour la comme on equies ne s'et en la garce
de vie!

Quelle Manubet prousque encontinent le sphincter des gers
de trouyarde et d'espeuffs fieux malagots, torceux, casars, horroullez et autres
jaqueins qui meralent presenter leurs gueules torchevalatixes.

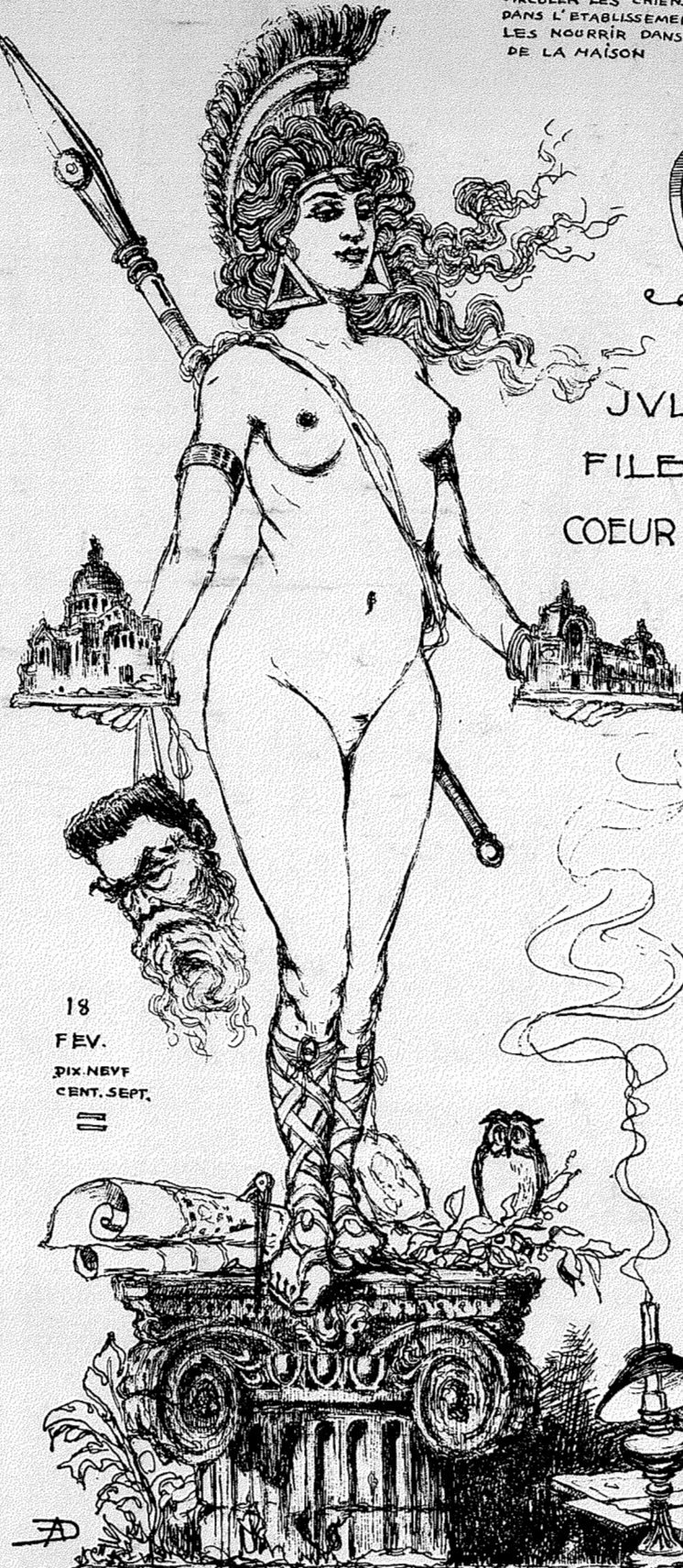
ON EST PRIÉ DE NE PAS LAISSER
CIRCULER LES CHIENS DE CHASSE
DANS L'ÉTABLISSEMENT. NI DE
LES NOURRIR DANS LE MATÉRIEL
DE LA MAISON

LA CHASSE AU RENARD EST
INTERDITE AVANT 11 H. 30. LA
MAISON NE RÉPOND PAS DE
L'ÉCHANGE DES BONS MOTS ET
VÊTEMENTS.

Menu

JULIENNE. CONSOMMÉ TAMAIN.
FILETS DE SOLE À LA MARJOLAINE
COEUR DE FILET À LA BRILLANTINE SAVARIN
CHAPON — COQUELIN —
SALADE DE CURE DENTS —
HARICOTS SAP-GREEN —
PETITS POIS DE TOURS À LA PARISIENNE —
BOVM! BOVM. BOMBE COSMOPOLITE —
GAVFRES ET PETITS FOURS DE L'ATELIER.
DESSERTS — AVARIÉS
GRAVES DE TOURS. MEDOC DE
TOURS. S^T ESTEPHE
DE TOURS. CAFÉ CACA
DIN SACAMISA. LIQUEURS
ETC. DE
TOURS

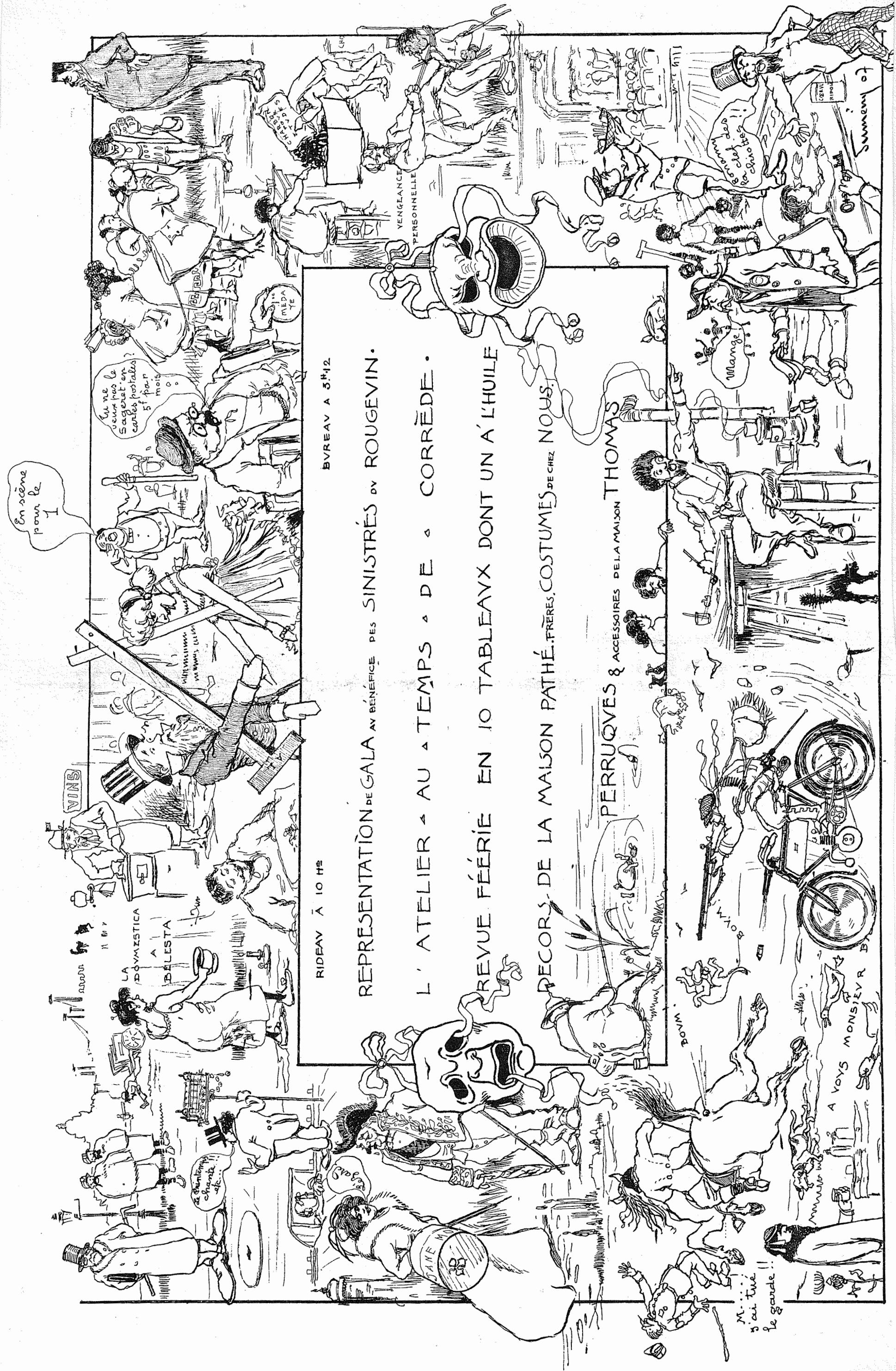
18
FÉV.
DIX-NEUF
CENT. SEPT.



AD

ATELIER D'ALLOUX

HOT. SOCIÉTÉS SAVANTES.



En scène pour le 1

VINS

LA DOMESTICA A BELESTA

RIDEAU À 10 HE

BUREAU À 3 H 12

REPRÉSENTATION DE GALA AU BÉNÉFICE DES SINISTRÉS DU ROUGEVIN.

L'ATELIER AU TEMPS DE CORRÈDE.

REVUE FÉRIÉ EN 10 TABLEAUX DONT UN À L'HUILE

DECORS DE LA MAISON PATHÉ. FRÈRES. COSTUMES DE CHEZ NOUS.

PERRUQUES & ACCESSOIRES DE LA MAISON THOMAS

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

BOUM

M... s'ai tue le garde..

A VOYS MONSIEUR B...

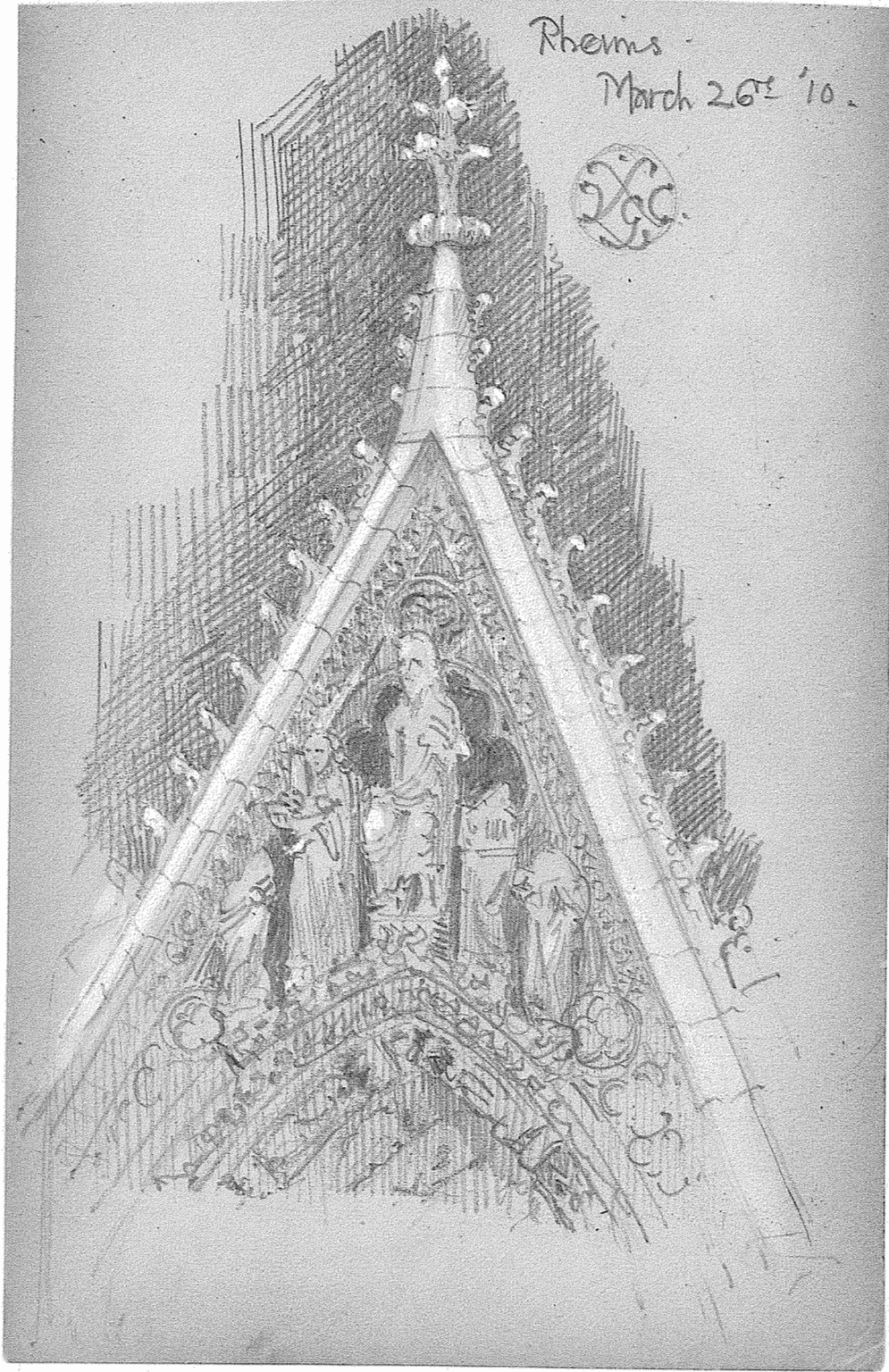
Mange

Mange

Mange

Summey of

Rheims
March 26th '10.

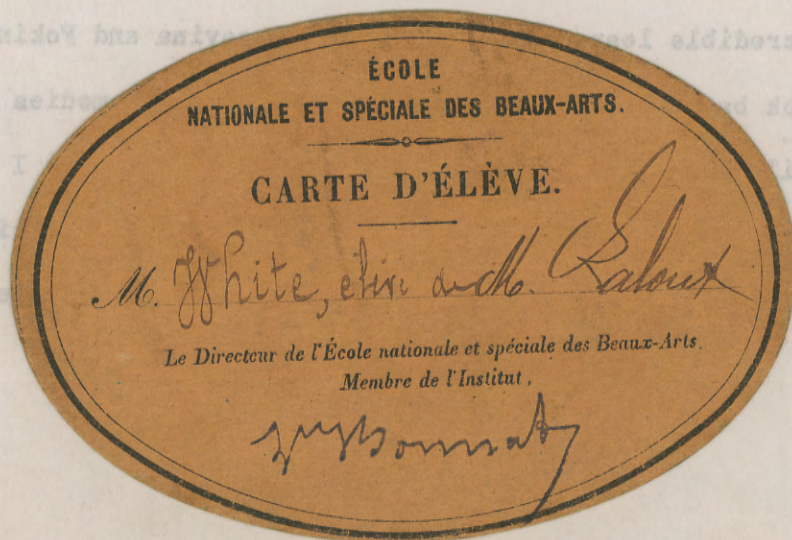


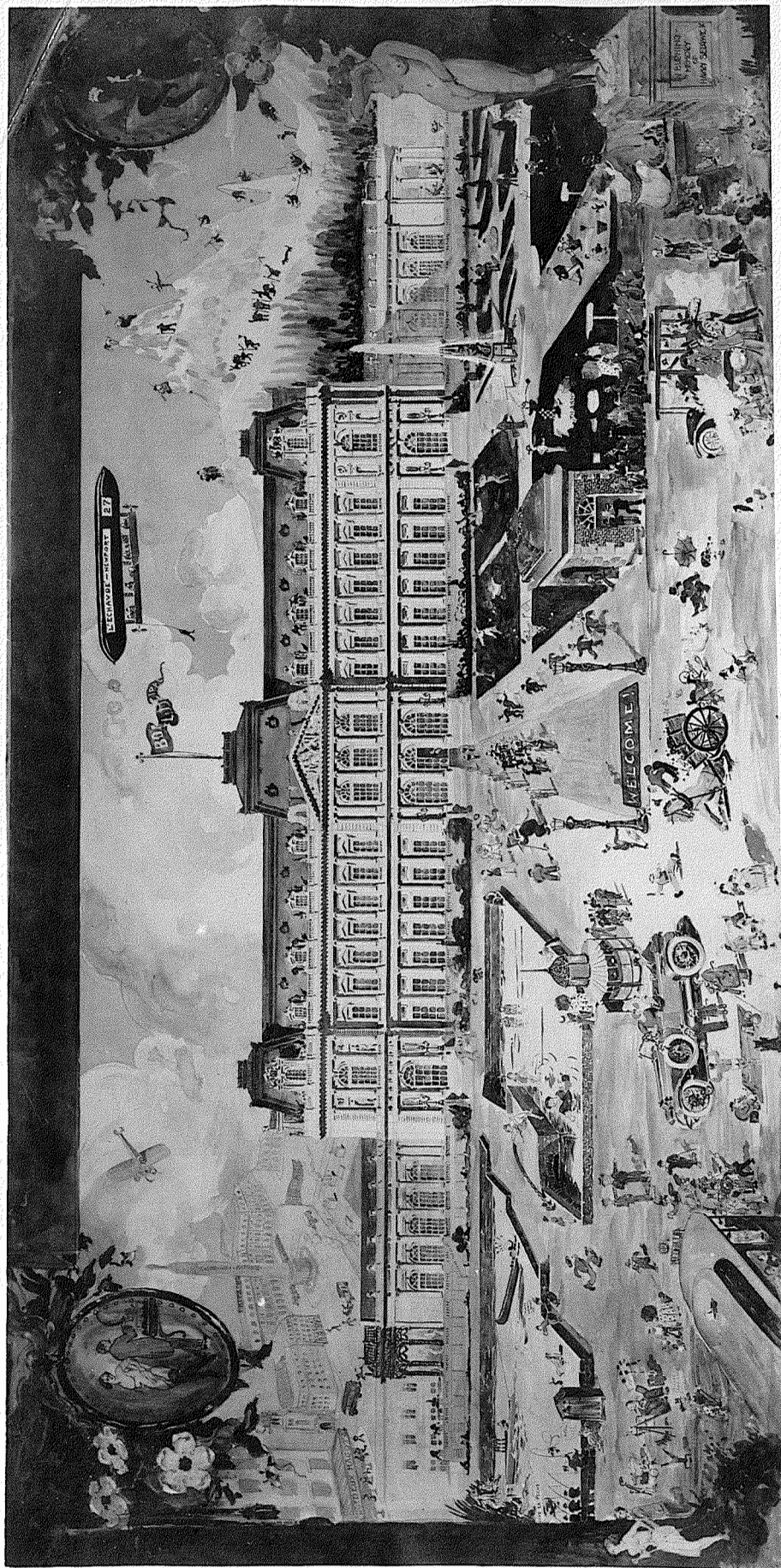


"Ascension" Window, Le Mans



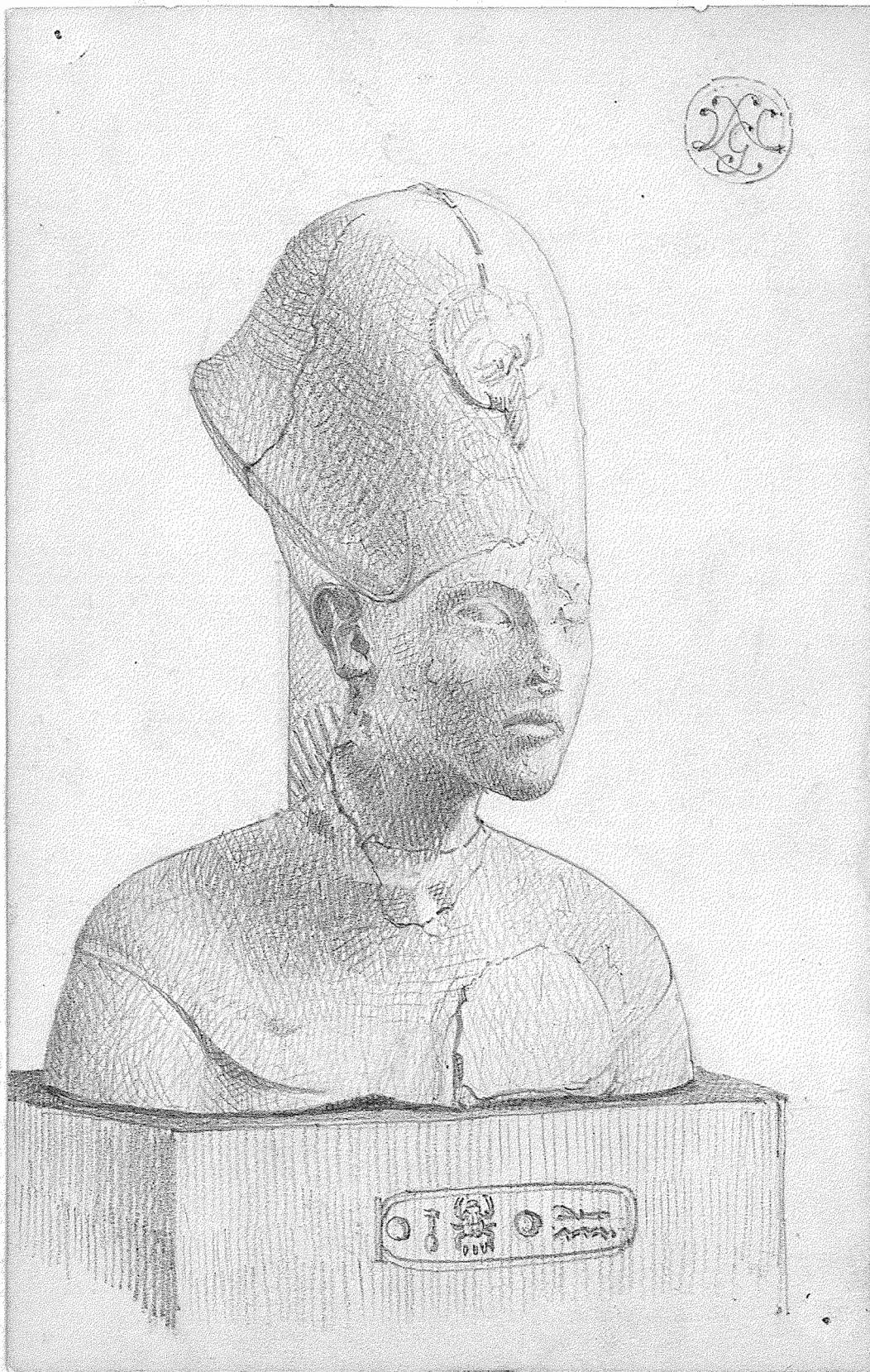
Caricature of Victor Laloux
by Léon Moyné.



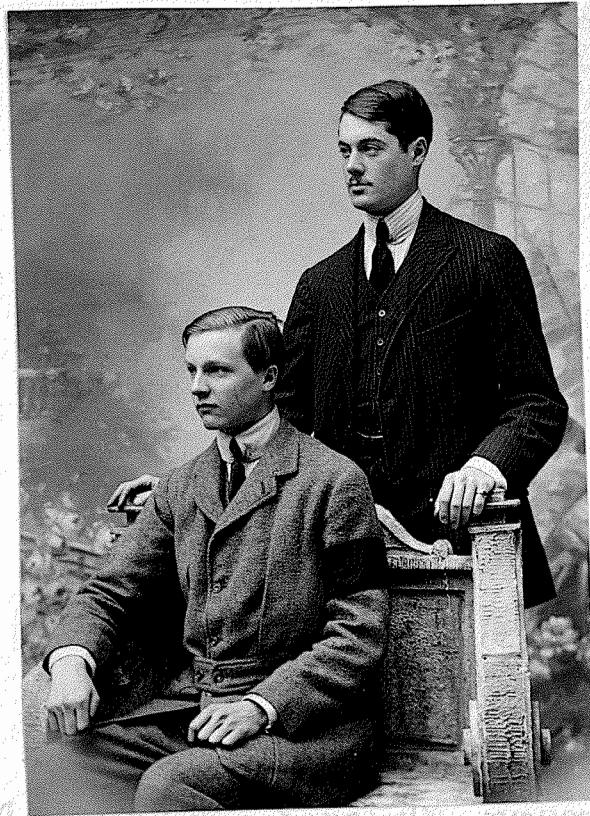


The Great Sedgwickian Blague.

Harry Sedgwick had worked for many months on the design of a Palace. His drawing was copied exactly, but with the fantastic trimmings shown above. He thought that we had ruined his original drawing.



— Akhenaton, Louvre.



R.S.E & L.G.W.



Hudson & Albert Brousselle - chauffeur.
Paris - 1911.



ite de : **L'ÉCHO DE PARIS**
Adresse : 6, Place de l'Opéra, Paris

Date : 10 OCTOBRE 1913
Signé : M. NAIN JAUNE

Les prix des beaux-arts.

Les élèves de l'Ecole des beaux-arts, au moins ceux des classes d'architecture, ont recommencé leurs concours. Et le jury a statué, hier, sur deux de ces épreuves.

Dans la première, les prix Clavel et des premières secondes médailles ont été décernés, au titre étranger, à M. White, élève du maître Laloux, et à M. Brélet (Deglane). Treize autres premières secondes médailles ont été accordées à MM. Allen (Héraud), Damville (Marcel Lambert), Datessen (André), Dresse et Ch. Laurance (Laloux), Raoul Leclerc (André), Mellone (Hulot), P. Michel, Moyne et Léon Muller (Laloux), Quilliard (Lemareshquier), Texereau (Laloux), Verrier (Pascal).

Cent trente élèves, dont quelques-uns des écoles de province, ont pris part à ce concours, et ont obtenu de nombreuses mentions.



LGW & BSW
in The Hudson at Cannes.

MINISTÈRE
DES TRAVAUX PUBLICS.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

DÉPARTEMENT
d *Seine*

CIRCULATION DES AUTOMOBILES.
(Décret du 10 mars 1899.)

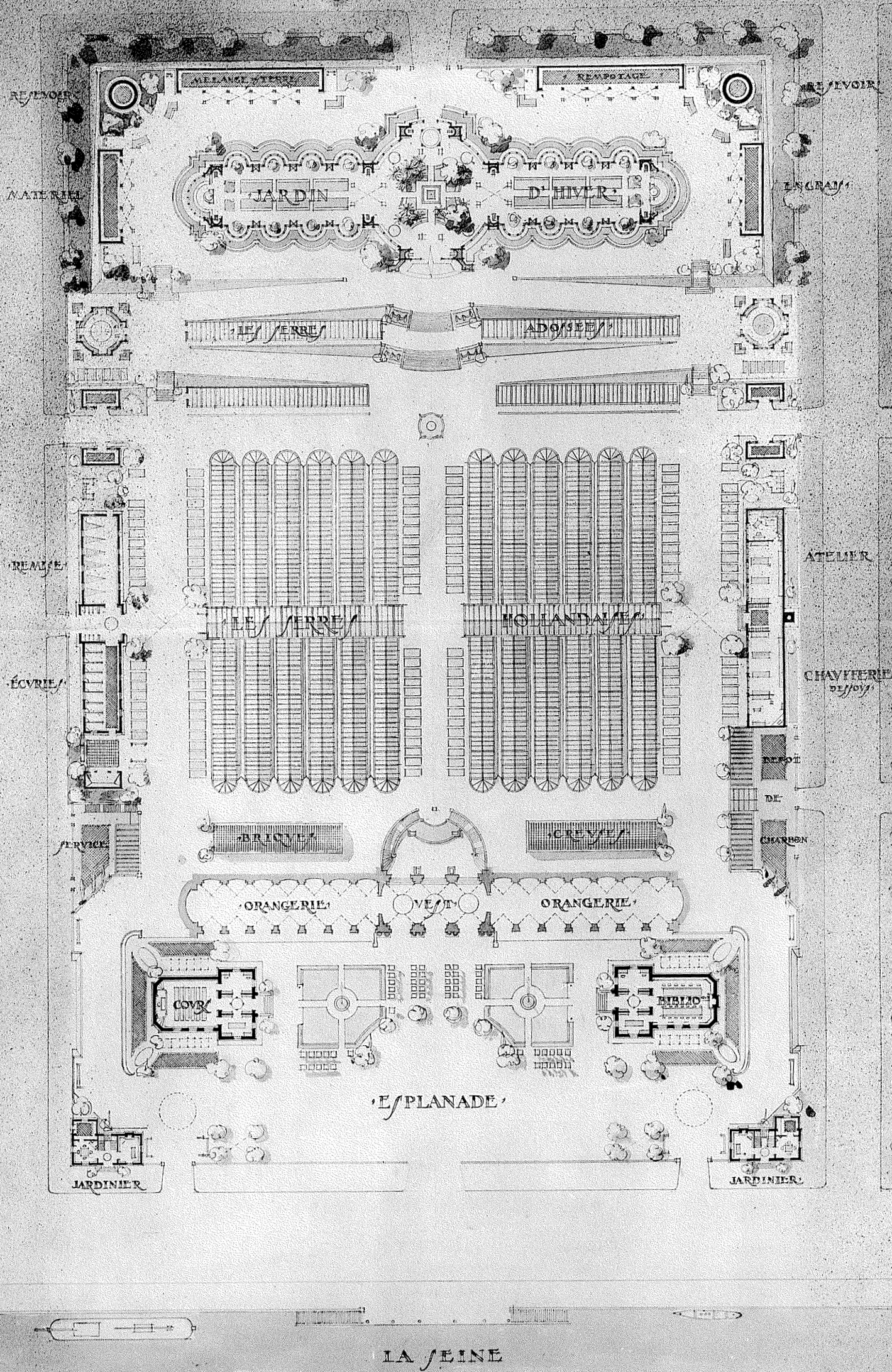
CERTIFICAT DE CAPACITÉ
valable pour la conduite
d *un véhicule automobile*

88-1906, [145]

(1) Désigner la nature du ou des véhicules auxquels s'applique
la certification.

Prix Cavel et 1^{re} Seconde Médaille

UN FLEURISTE
M. WHITE, élève de M. LALOUX.



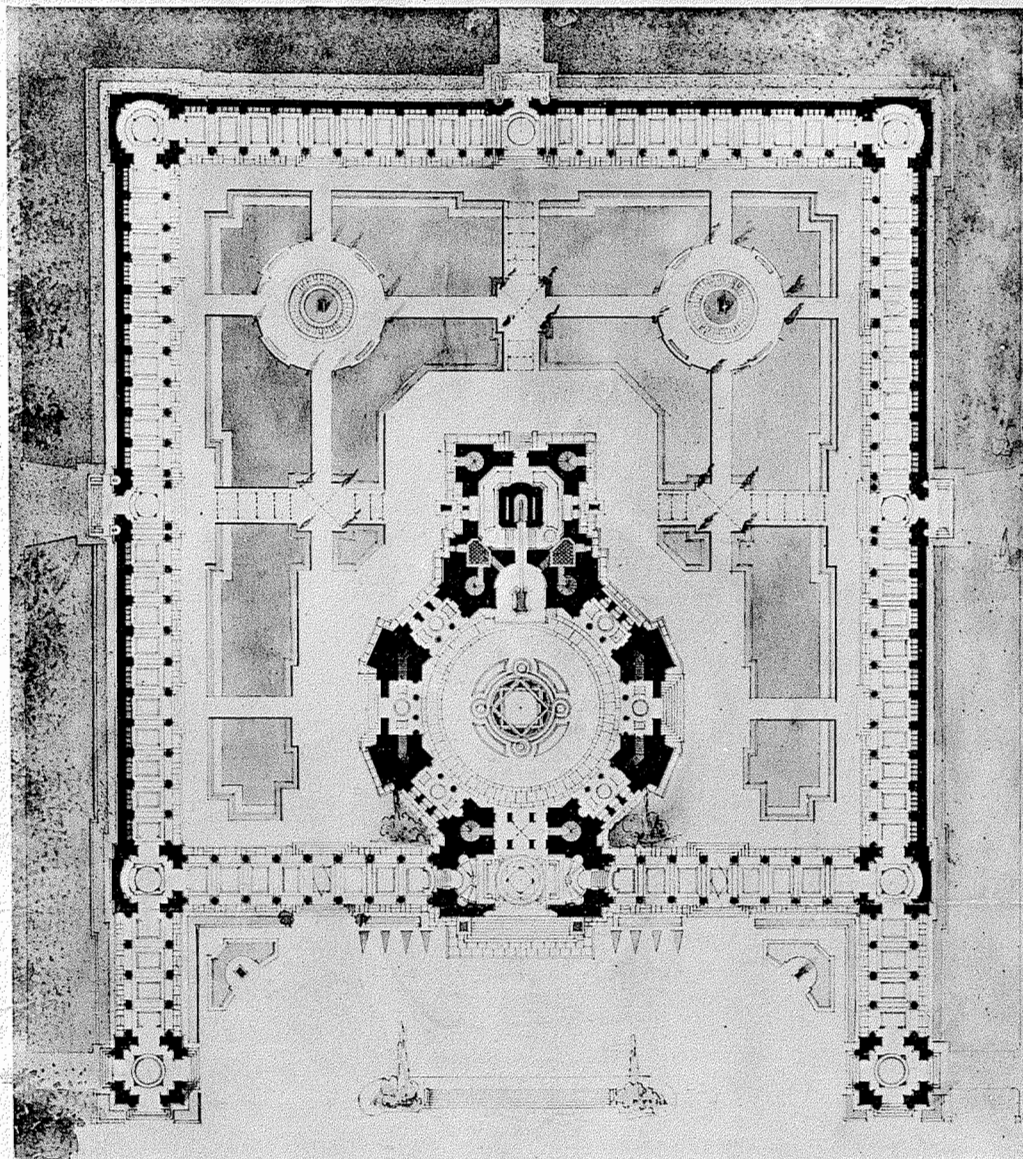
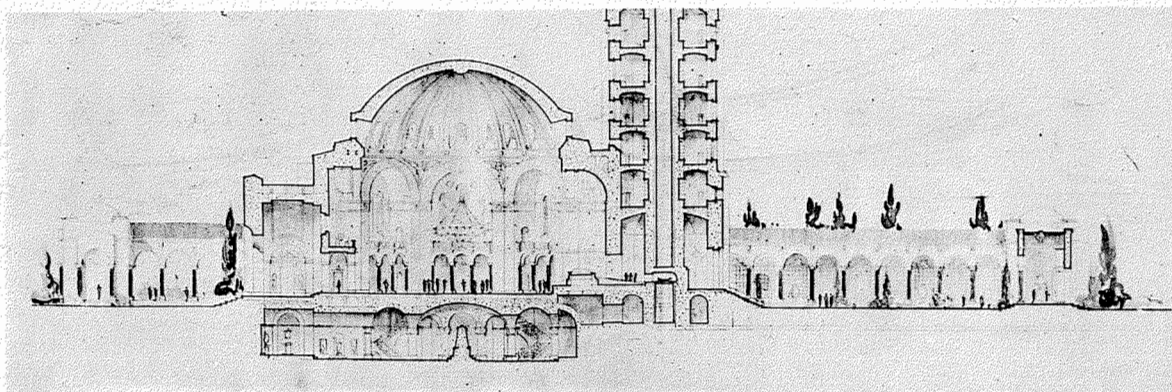


1er Année

UN CRÉMATORIUM
M. WHITE, élève de M. LALOUX

1er Seconde Médaille

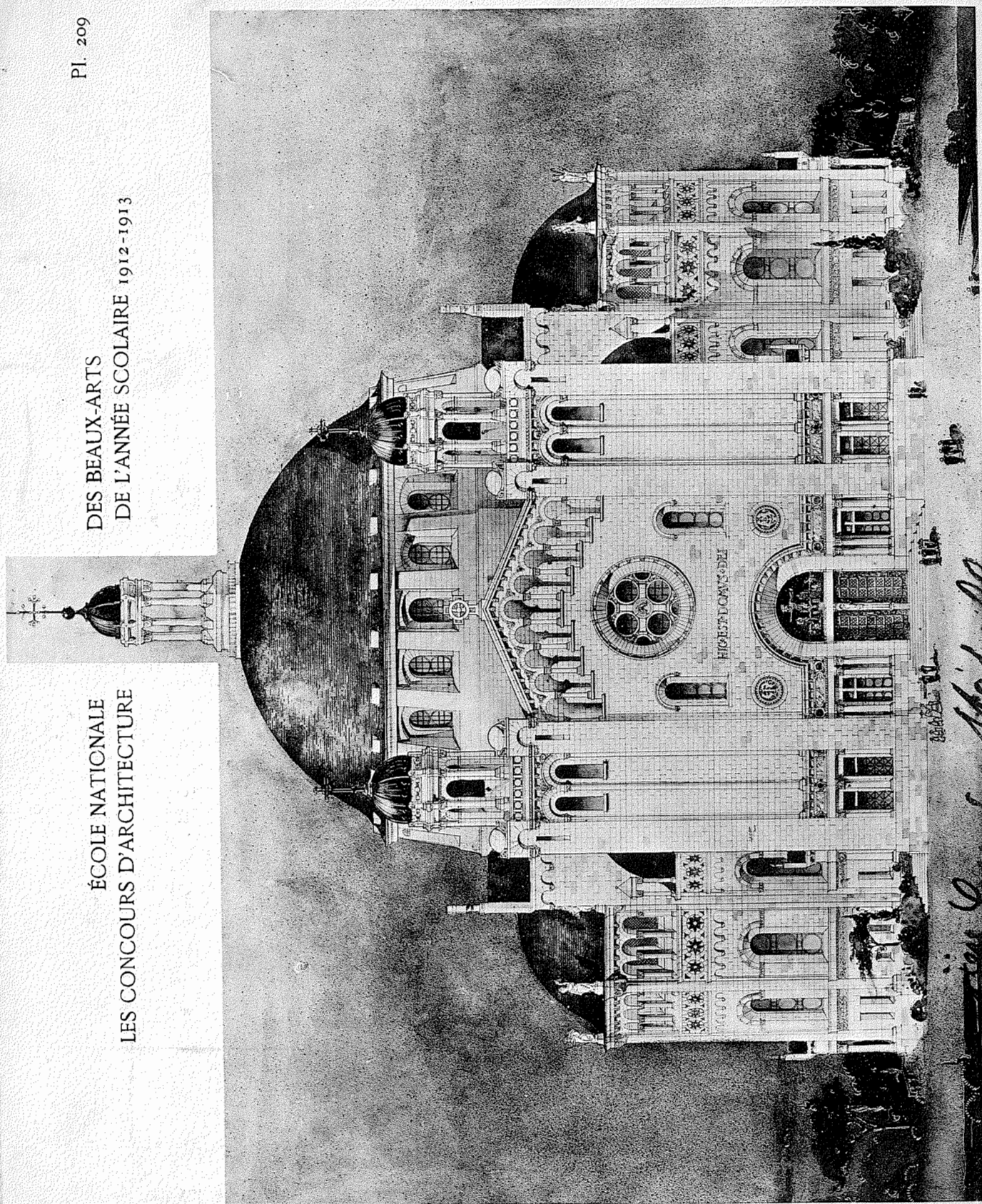
ÉCOLE NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS
LES CONCOURS D'ARCHITECTURE DE L'ANNÉE SCOLAIRE 1912-1913



Pl. 209

DES BEAUX-ARTS
DE L'ANNÉE SCOLAIRE 1912-1913

ÉCOLE NATIONALE
DES CONCOURS D'ARCHITECTURE

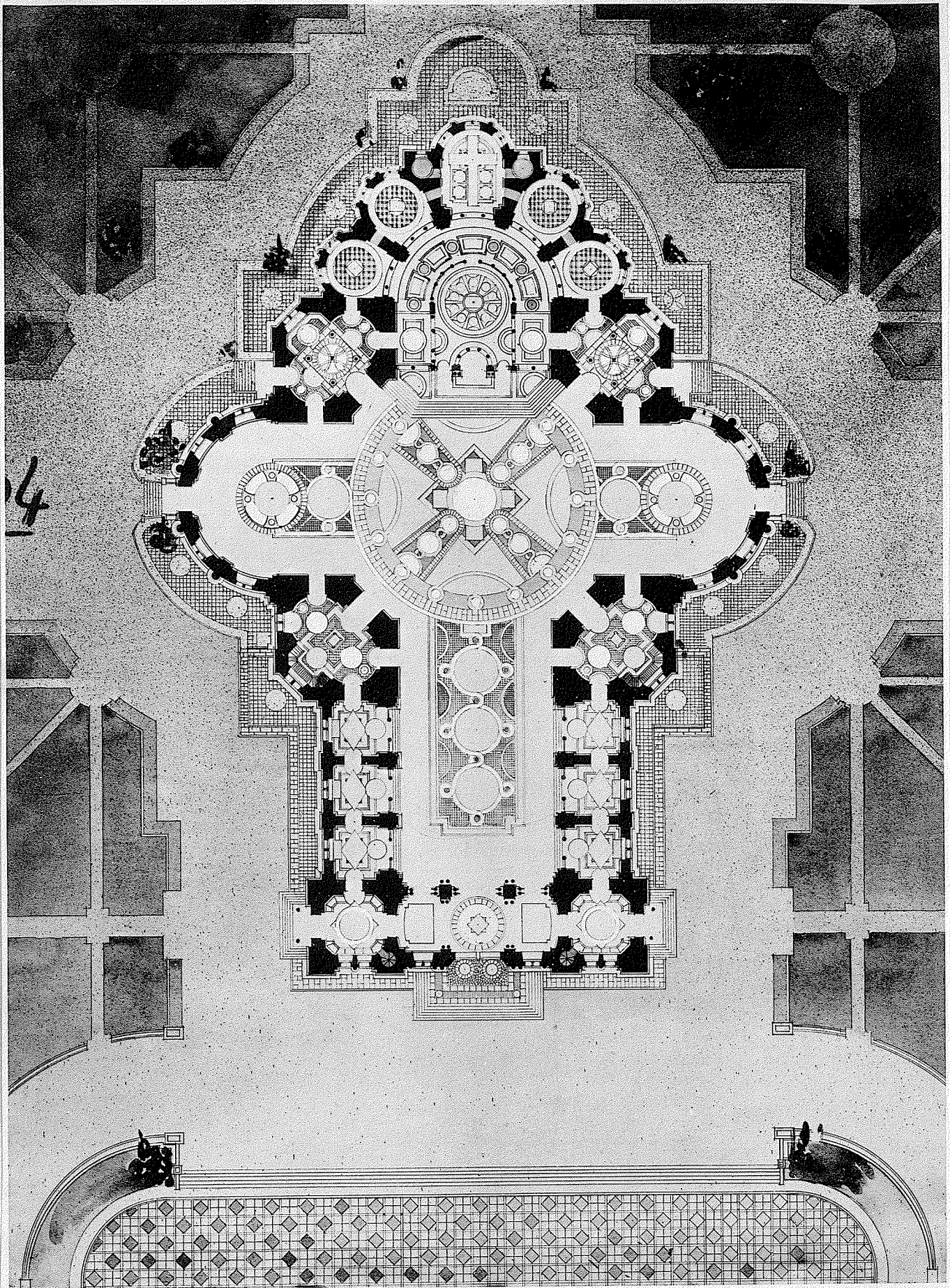
7^e Année

UNE EGLISE

M. WHITE, élève de M. LALOUX

A. VINCENT, 4, rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris

1^{re} Seconde Médaille

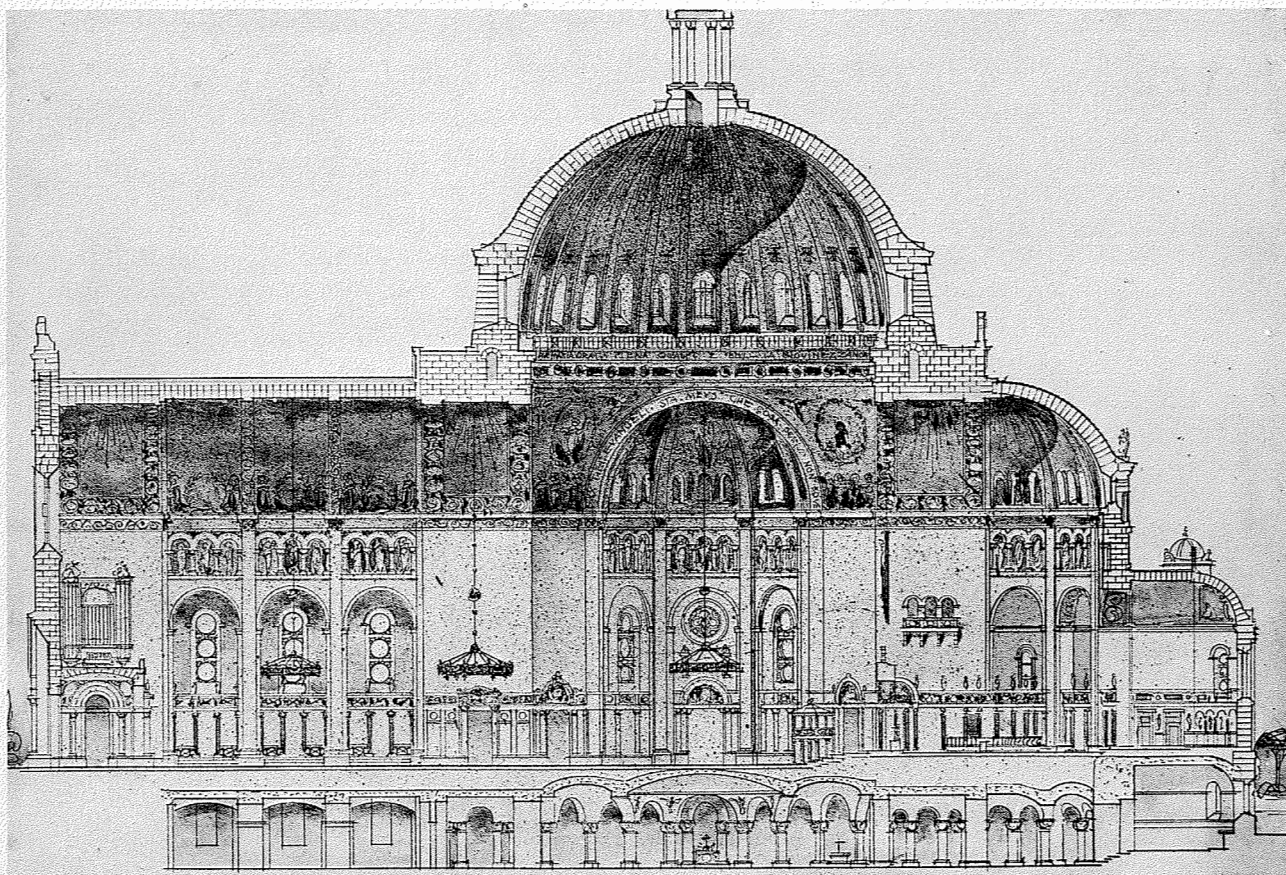
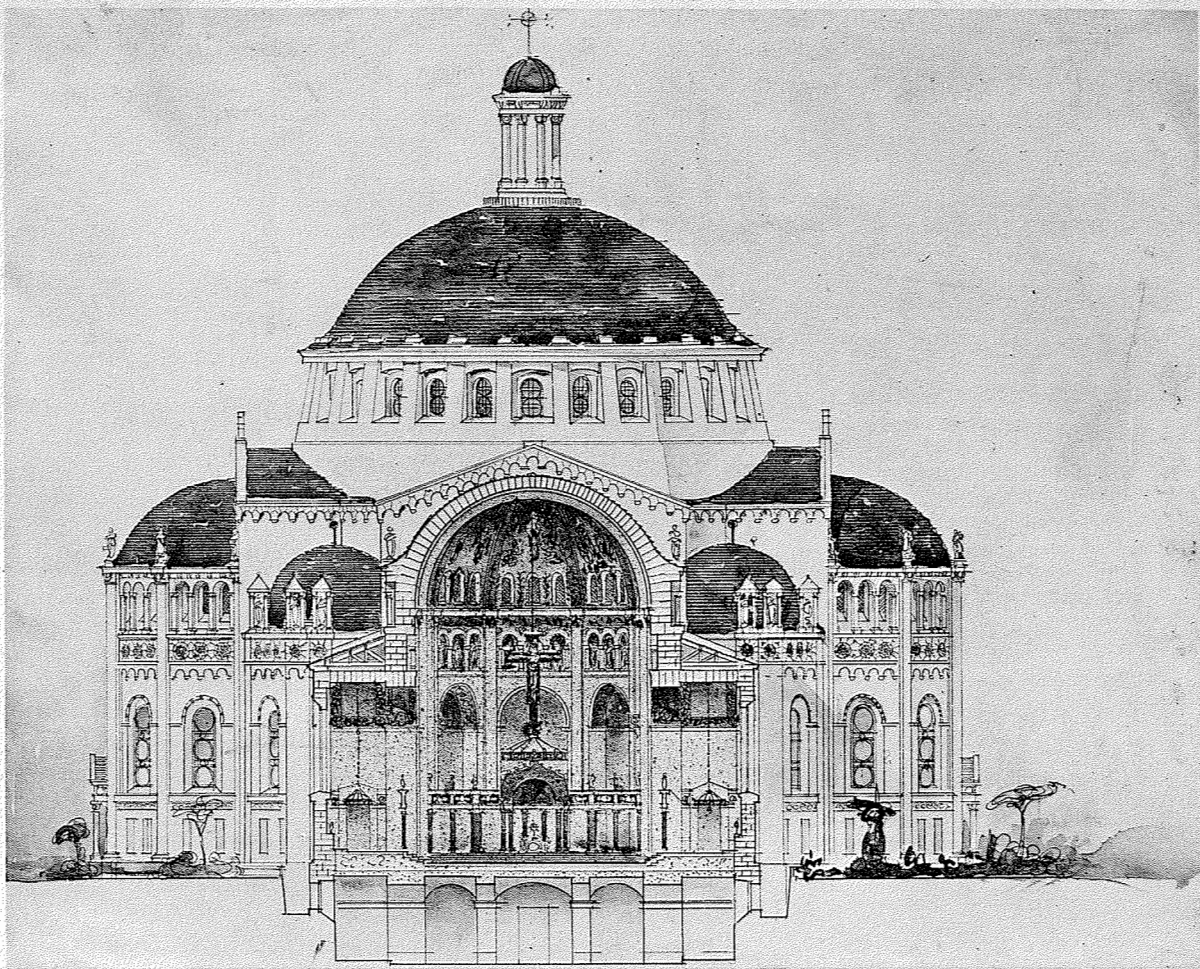
7^e Année

A. Vincent, 4, rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

UNE EGLISE

M. WHITE, élève de M. LALOUX

1^{re} Seconde Médaille

7^e Année

A. Vincent, 4, rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris

UNE EGLISE

M. WHITE, élève de M. LALOUX

1^{re} Seconde Médaille

1911 4 Z'ARTS



Δ L'ORDRE du TOUT-PUISSANT:

Δ KATS-SAR: Roi des Rois: b.s.q: Δ

TV ES INVITÉ À PASSER la nuit à BABYLÔNE (pas à la caserne d'aujourd'hui)

...ARRANGE TES nippes à la dernière mode ASSYRIENNE (690 av J.C.)
AMÈNE LES DAMES du monde que TV fréquenteras.

Δ 10^h ENTRÉE.. Palais, Temples, jardins suspendus sont ouverts à l'usage des 2 SEXES

Δ 12^h 1/2, défilé des PEUPLES

Δ 2^h... gueuleton... distribution de champagne aux indigents.

Δ 3^h 1/4. Attaque inattendue de la Ville: MASSACRE, HORREURS... etc..... ballet.

Δ 7^h... SAUVE qui PEUT... (on est prié de ne pas abandonner les soulards)

6 février 1913.

2, RUE DE SOLFÉRINO VIII^E

TÉL. 737-74

Le Soussigné V. Laloux

professeur d'architecture, chef d'atelier,
certifie que M. Laurence Grant White
compte au nombre de ses élèves depuis
plusieurs années, qu'il possède
plusieurs récompenses au 1^{er} classé,
et que par ses qualités il est apte
à prendre part au concours ouvert
pour le Grand Prix de Rome
américain.

Laloux

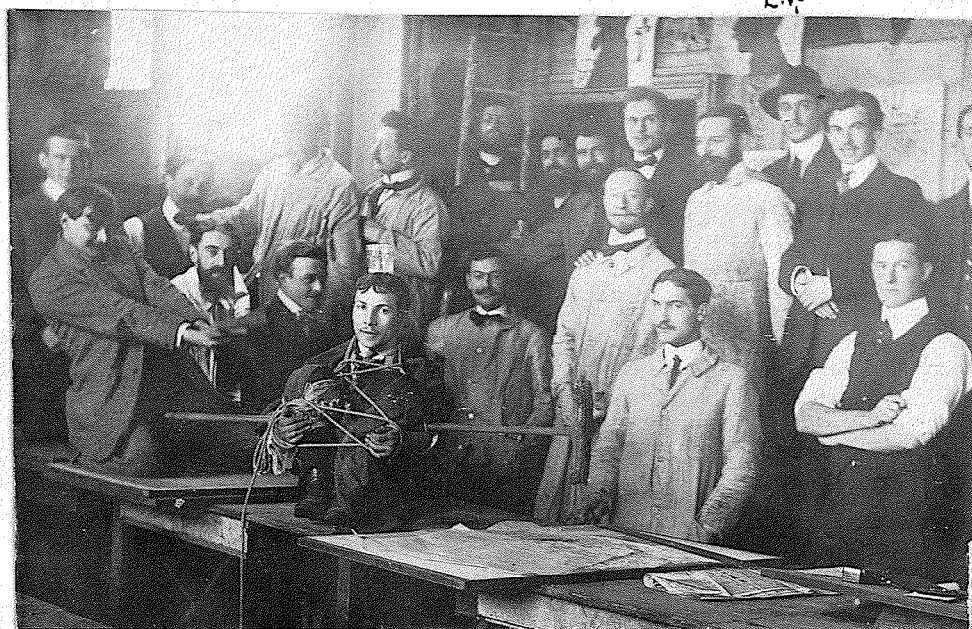
à l'Institut.

M. Lawrence

A.M. C.K.L.



H. Hagelting M. Howard W. Iselin J. Scudder Robt. Bacon
 Whites' Farew. Party at the Archie Browns. Paris.
 11, rue de l'Université



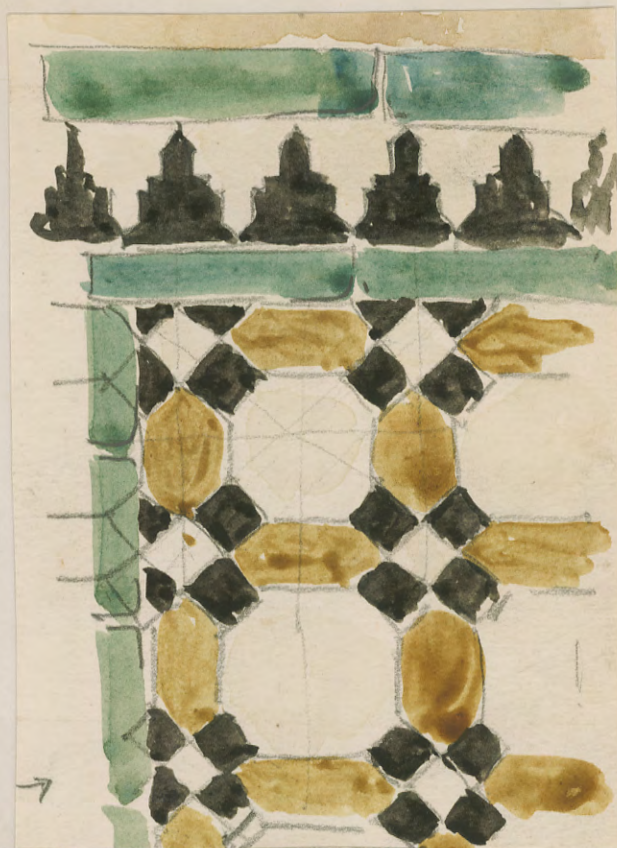
Nouveau "EN BROCHE" W. van Alen K. Ramsford
 Atelier Laloux - 5, rue d'Assas



Puerta
Judiciaria



Puerta del Vin
Granada



Sketches of tiles
Alhambra Granada.



Hall of
the
Ambassadors
←

We took a trip through Spain with the Thomas Hastings, and some of my sketches are pasted in this book. It was on this trip that I bought the panel of tiles from the baths of the Alhambra, that hung in the front hall at 20 East 84. We went to a big formal dinner at the Embassy in Madrid; and the next day the principal guests, including the British Ambassador, left cards on my mother, and I returned the calls in accordance with etiquette. This trivial occurrence stood me in good stead, for I left the following evening alone for Segovia, intending to ride cross country on a mule to Avila. I foolishly took a revolver with me as a precaution against roadside bandits.

On my arrival at Segovia, I was promptly arrested and taken to a guard house. I protested in very poor Spanish, but the authorities demanded my passport. Now in those blissful days before the war, passports were unnecessary; but my heart sank when I thought of the revolver in the bottom of my satchel. I then threw a big bluff, puffing out my chest and saying with some heat that I was an important citizen of the United States on a sketching tour, with influential friends in Madrid. To prove my contention, I



Alhambra - Granada



tol.

Chas. V.

Alhambra - Granada -

dramatically threw open my bag, and drew forth the visiting cards of members of the American and British Embassies, together with my sketch books and box of paints. They believed me, and let me go without probing the bottom of my bag; but I was thoroughly scared. I later learned what the excitement was all about: The Queen was about to produce an heir at the neighboring castle of La Granja, and the Segovia police had been instructed to question any suspicious looking foreigners.

Thinking that six months in the classical atmosphere of Rome would be beneficial, I accepted Mr. Page's offer of the position of private secretary. I had some spare time before my duties began, so I made a quick trip to the Near East with Fred King and Harry Shepley. We took the Orient Express to Vienna, and then went on to Buda-Pesth. Here we felt completely at a loss, for nobody spoke anything but Hungarian. We bravely took the subway, not knowing when or where we would emerge; we went to a night club where they sang a song that took our fancy. I succeeded in buying the music the next day only by humming the air in a Music Store - which proved that Music is at least one universal language!

We had letters to Mr. Henry Morgenthau, our



Constantinople ~ 1913



St. Sophia.

Ambassador in Constantinople, who was most kind to us. When we sent in our cards, he told us that my grandfather Richard Grant White had taught him how to speak English when he was a poor youth; and Fred's middle name reminded him that he paid his first rent to the Rhineland estate.

We engaged the services of a Scotch pastor named Frewed to show us about. He was an ideal guide, agreeable and intelligent, and familiar with every corner of the city. We later learned that he was the head of the British secret service there. This was just before the great war, in which the Turks were to fight on the German side; and yet the British were doing everything to rehabilitate the Turkish Navy, which was then in a ludicrous state of neglect. The Balkan wars were just over, and the barbed wire was still standing at Tchachaldja as we went by. The stories we heard at the club in Pera, of spies, archaeology, and corruption made our eyes stand out of our heads. (I can recommend a book called "Stamboul Nights" that is full of the same sort of tales.)

We were all fascinated by the city and the breathtaking glory of St. Sophia: all the great civilizations have left their mark there. We crossed to Brussa, where



[Berlin.]



KONIA - Mihrab - Mejdjid Bey - He kim.

the blue-tiled mosques so excited Harry and myself that we made a strenuous flying trip over the uncompleted Bagdad railway to its terminus at Konia, in the middle of Asia Minor. Fred waited for us at Constantinople.

The railway could not run at night, as the inhabitants used to hold up the trains, so we spent the first night at Eski-Shehir. We passed by a forbidding black fortress rising sheer out of the plain, and bearing the romantic name of Afiun Kara Hissar, or Black Opium Castle, that was soon to serve as a dungeon for British prisoners. We passed through Xenophon's country, rich land lying idle, but capable of being restored to its former fertility, if European jealousies and Turkish mistrust would allow modern agricultural methods to be introduced. During the long days we talked with a snappy Turkish army officer, who was polite, intelligent and attractive. The other fellow-passenger in our compartment was a patriarchal coffee merchant from Aden.

At Konia we sketched the gay patterns of turquoise and lapis-blue tiles that encrusted the mosques and minarets. Our appetite for things Mahomedan was whetted, and we longed for Bagdad and Isfahan and Samarkand, . . . we are still longing.

KONIA - SYRCHALY MEDRESSEH



KONIA.

Dec 13, 1913.

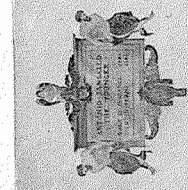
TVRBE

SAHIB-ATA.

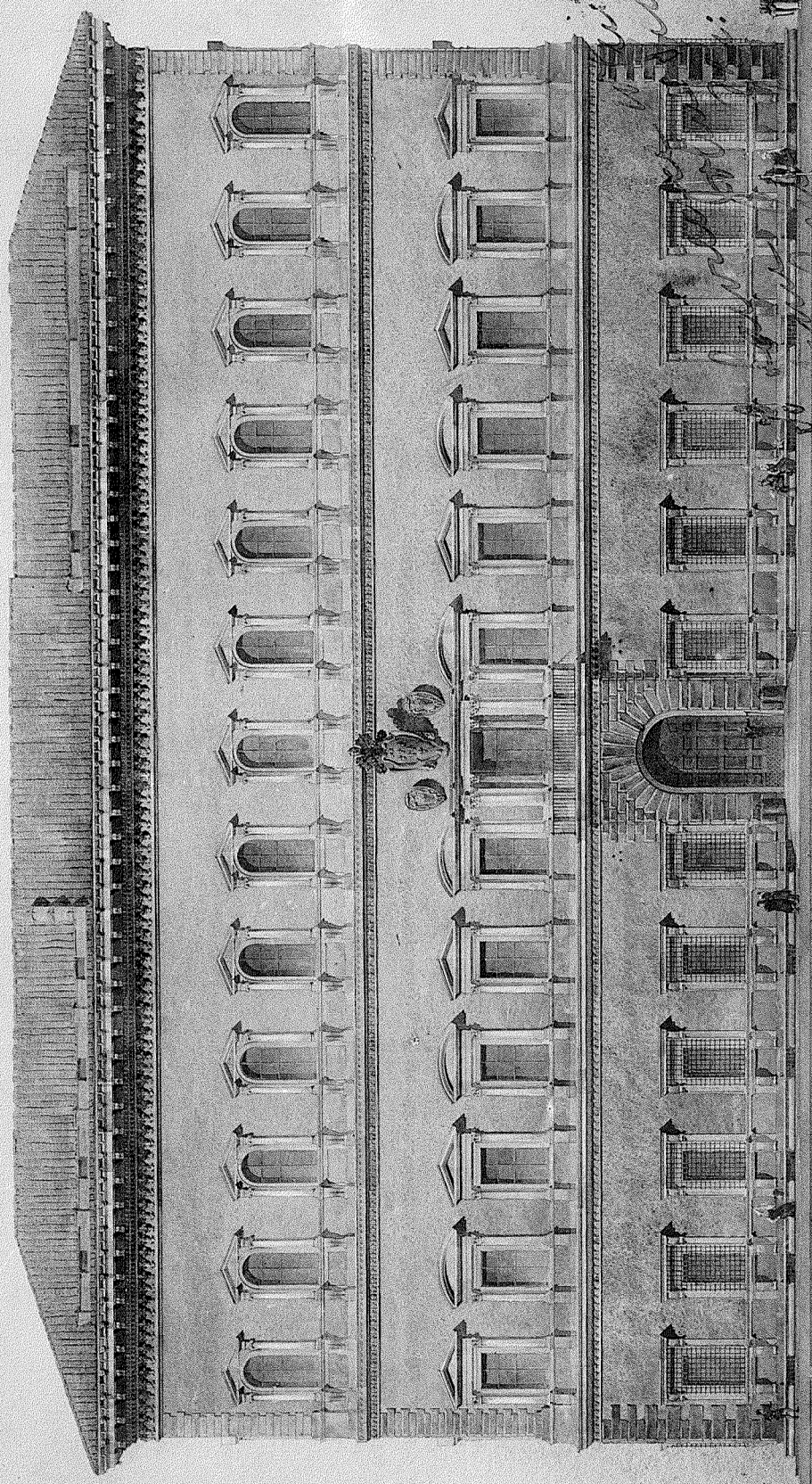
Cut tile Rosette
in center of
star pattern.

F.S. Rubbing.





PAULO III. FARNESIO PONT. OPT. MAX.



Handwritten notes:
11 1/2
10 1/2
200 1/4

MDXIV THE FARNESE PALACE ROME



I helped John Smith take the measurements for this drawing.

R O M E . 1913 - 1914.

I hurried back to Rome, where mother was waiting for me in an apartment she had taken at 1 via Gaeta, near the British Embassy. It was attractively furnished, and had a terrace and a garden. It was really the lower floor of a small house; the only other tenant was Carlandi, the water-colorist, who had the floor above.

My duties at the Embassy were light, and I spent some of my spare time measuring the Renaissance Palaces with the students of the American Academy. We started on the Palazzo Farnese, which was fortunately scaffolded. Thus it happened that I would appear there one day in a blouse with tape measures and note-books, while the next day I would reappear in a top hat, for a diplomatic reception. The porter, a magnificent creature with silver buttons and an admiral's hat with a tricolor cockade, who boasted the aristocratic name of Boncompagni, couldn't quite make me out. But he gathered that I was a person of consequence interested in art; so as I was going out one day, he beckoned me into his loge, and then on into a smaller darker room.

Modern
Slate

1/4 plan.

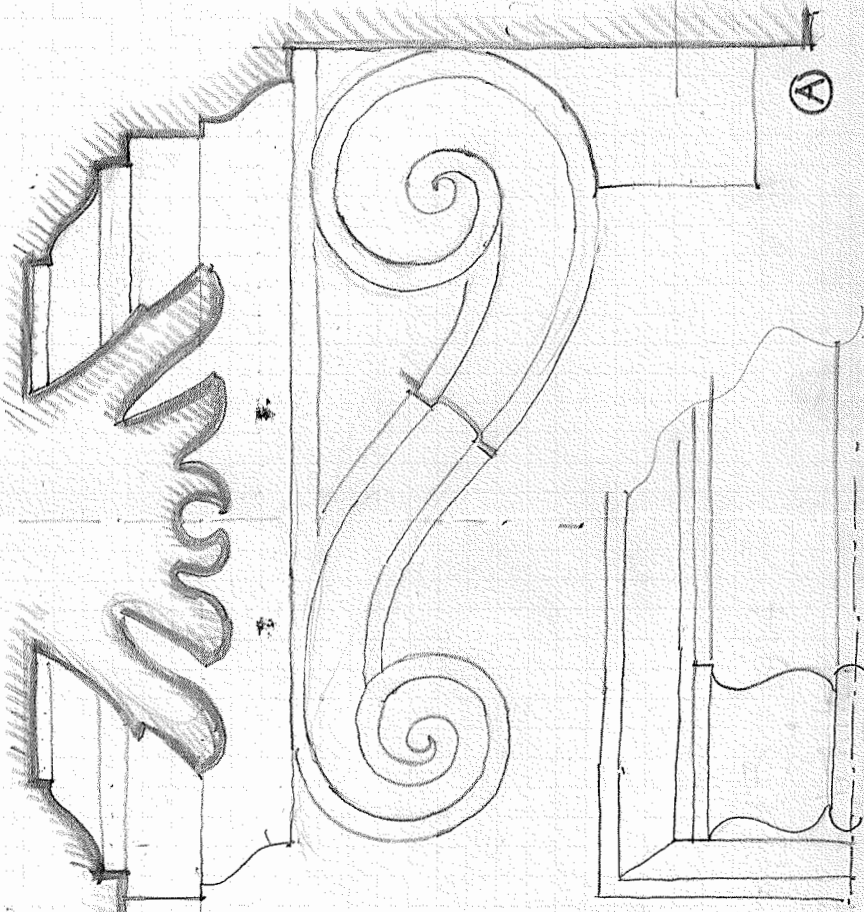


10"



PALAZZO FARNESI

Section Main cornice -
Scorff + Lw. Jan 13, 1914.



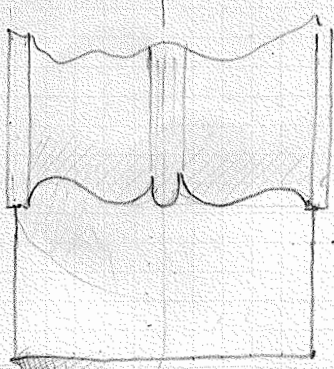
Block 10" in elevation.

PALAZZO FARNESE

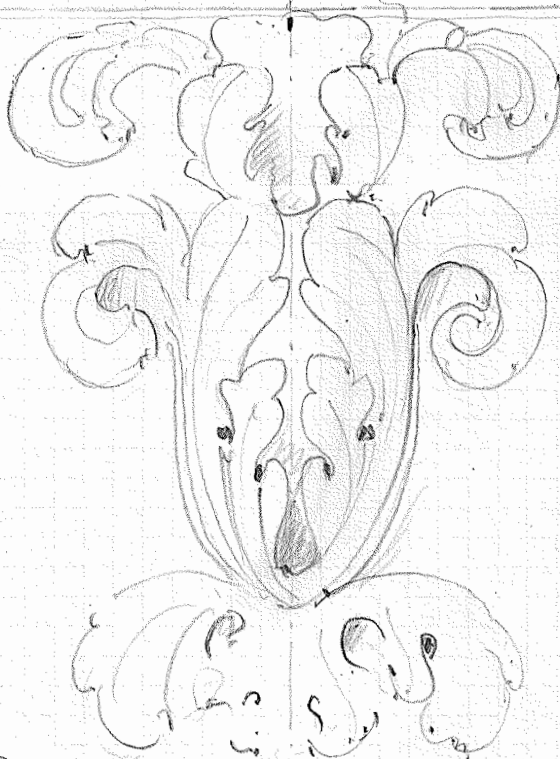
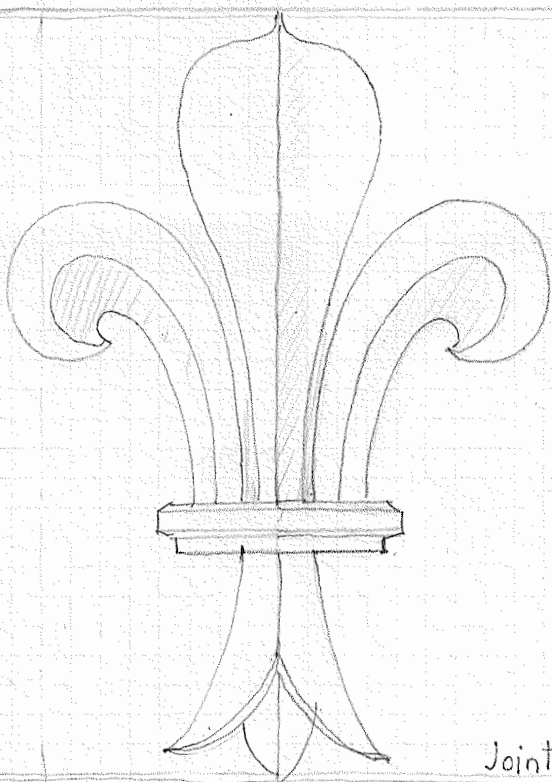
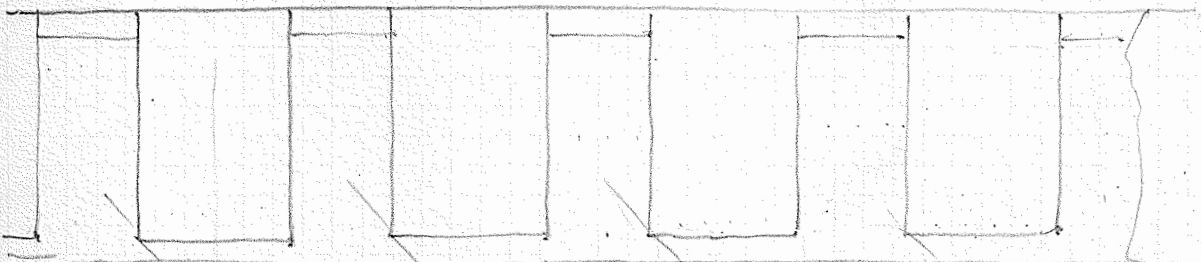
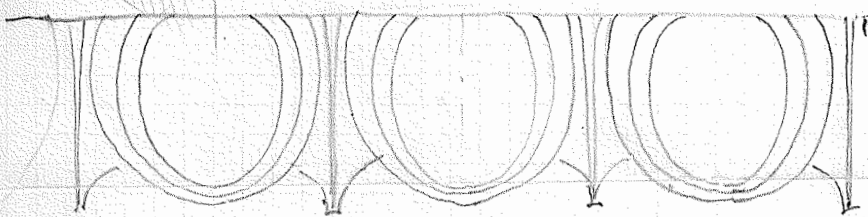
Main Cornice.

L.G.W. - Scarff.

Jan. 13, 1914.

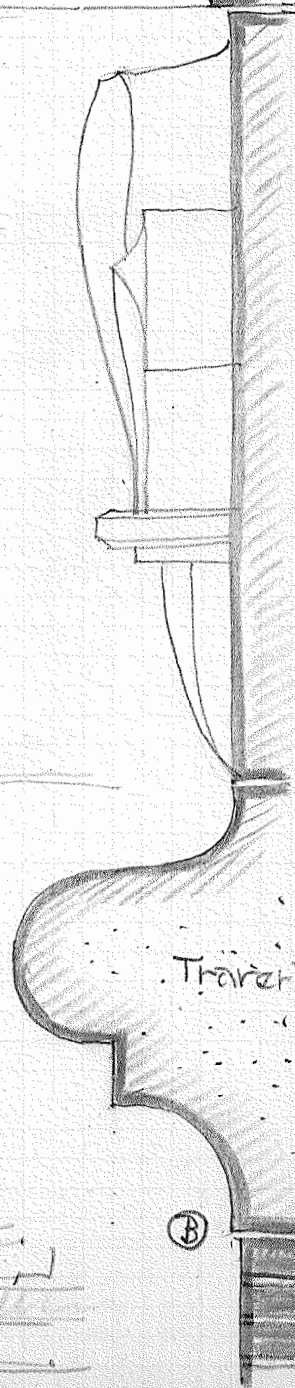


Modillions axed
on every 5th egg.



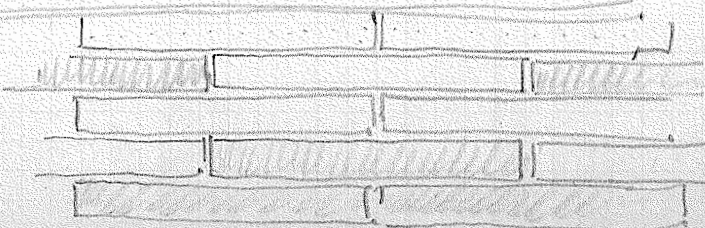
Joint.

20"



Travertine.

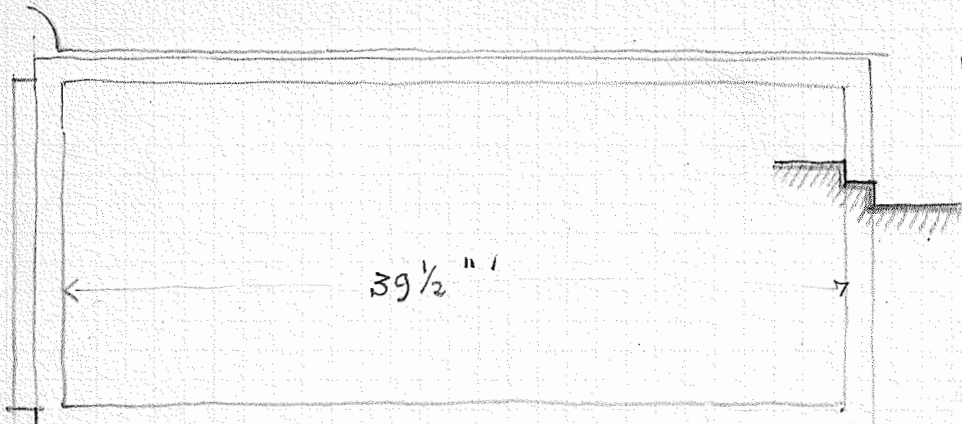
Wall of Yellow mat
brick, with diaper pattern in
dull red brick. Joints $\frac{1}{32}$ ".



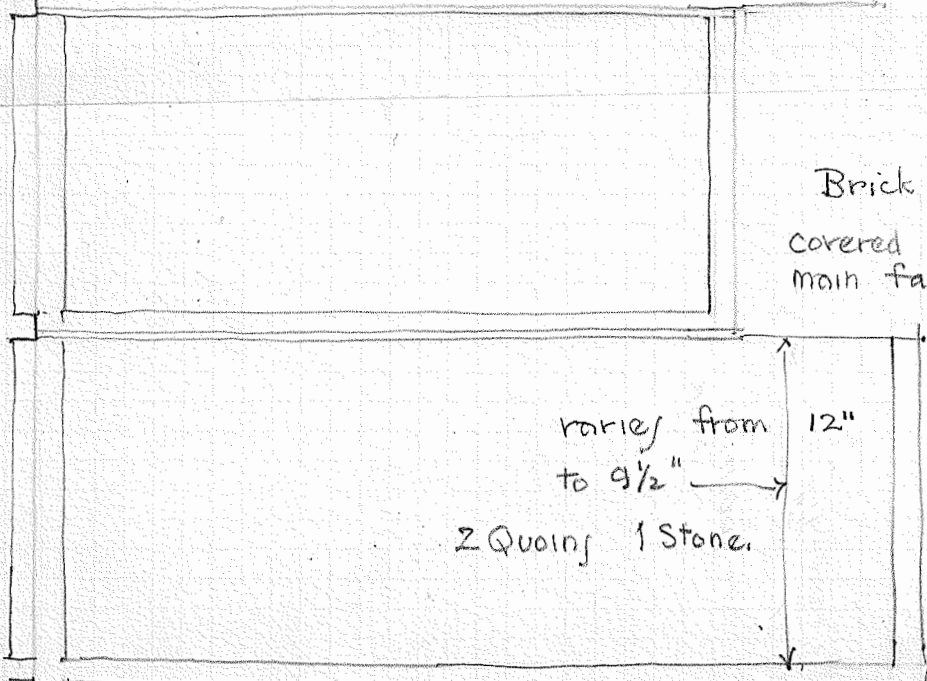
PALAZZO FARNESE * ROMA *

3rd Storey
Corner.

Ⓑ



39 1/2 "

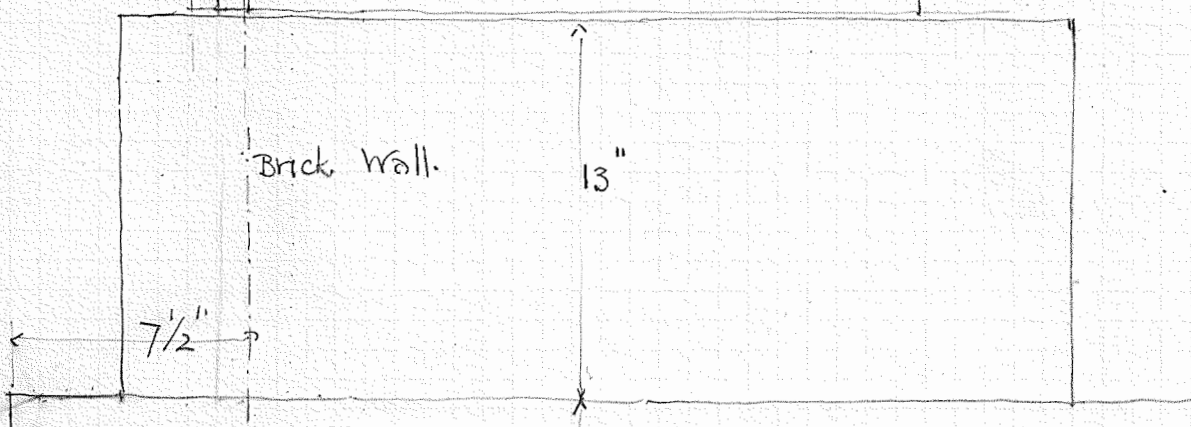


Brick wall.

covered with small nails on
main facade as if for stucco.

varies from 12"
to 9 1/2 "

2 Quoins 1 Stone.



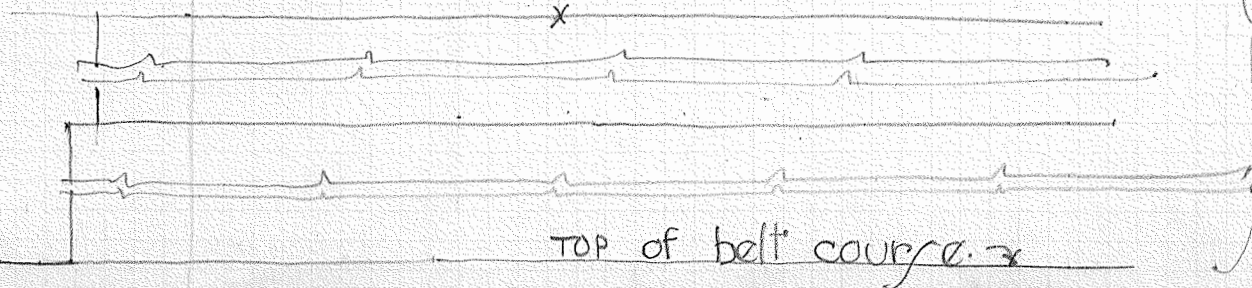
Brick wall.

13 "

7 1/2 "

7 1/2 "

see window
detail.



TOP of belt course.

Ⓒ

9 1/2 " to 1st

There on a table were two large objects covered with a black cloth, which he snatched off dramatically, saying: "MICHELANGELO!" Lying there before me were a pair of colossal marble legs, from the knee to the ankle: and the powerful modelling of the muscular calves looked indeed as if it might have been done by Michelangelo's own hand. He took down a greasy copy of Vasari, from which he read aloud a passage which told how, when the Farnese Hercules was dug up in the Baths of Caracalla, the lower parts of the legs were missing. The Pope thereupon commissioned Michelangelo and Giacomo della Porta to supply the missing legs, and the statue thus restored was set up in the Farnese Palace. There it stood for years; but when Michelangelo had become an old man at the height of his glory, the original legs turned up in the course of the excavations. The Pope was in doubt whether they should be put back with the statue; but Michelangelo insisted that he could not compete with the antique, and his restorations were taken out and put up in the garret.

Now the garret of the Farnese Palace is a fair sized Italian town, with streets and courtyards and wash hung out to dry. When the French government had bought the

Roma 14.2.1914

Illmo Signor White

L'ultima volta che ebbi l'onore di vederlo a Palazzo Farnese, mi promise che sarebbe ritornato presto per trattare le gambe di Ercole Farnese, di Michelangelo. Se lei è disposto di acquistarle preferirei lei piuttosto che un altro.

Ma in caso contrario le venderò a Monsieur Rodin di Parigi che mi scrisse in proposito. Convinto che ella non si farà sfuggire queste reliquie dell'arte Michelangiotesca la riverisco
Distintamente Dev.

Tommaso Boncompagni

The Pillars of Hercules.

Palace from the Bourbons a few years before, an inventory was taken jointly by representatives of both parties. (It must have been a monumental task, for Miss Stanton, Mrs. Page's secretary, and myself had a hard enough task to check the inventory of the Palazzo del Drago, where even the number of sections in each radiator was chronicled.) The lawyers probably discovered the dusty marble legs at the end of a long hot day. They did not know what they were, and nobody wanted them: so they gave them to the Porter as a tip, and went out and had a Vermouth sec together.

The same porter was now offering to sell them to me for 800 lire. In those days, lire were on a gold basis; but even so, an authentic work of Michelangelo was certainly a bargain at that price. But even granted that a vague sort of a diplomat like myself would stoop to having them smuggled out of Italy, what, oh what could I ever do with a gigantic pair of marble legs? I tried to persuade Mr. Page, without success, to present them to the Academy where they could have been shown to advantage set into a cement cast of the statue. Thank heaven my better judgement and lack of funds prevented me from buying them myself.



St. Peter's at Sunset,

from The Pincian Gardens

Rome. March 24th.

Colors. Clouds on left, grey & blue -
 another color - gradient to purple &
 rose & brilliant copper color on right. March 24th

I have no idea what became of them ; but I heard when I next came to Rome that the magnificent Boncompagni had been shot as a German spy. Curiously enough, I have never been able to find that passage in other editions of Vasari. Anyhow, it is a good story!

But I am not yet done with the Farnese Palace. At that time the French were replacing the enormous wooden trusses, which spanned the Salone d'Ercole, with steel; and the great oak beams from the old trusses were lying about on the floor, sound as a bell except for the ends where they had rested on the walls. As we were measuring the palace, I happened to be reading up on its history; and I jumped when I learned that those trusses had been removed from the old St. Peter's, which was being demolished as the Palazzo Farnese was building. And who had put them up in old St. Peter's? The Emperor Constantine!

No wonder they needed replacement; they had been working for fifteen hundred years, and they had a right to be tired. They too were for sale cheap, and I hoped to use them in a room I had designed for Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox at Capri. She never built the room; and when the war broke out, they were cut up and sold for firewood.

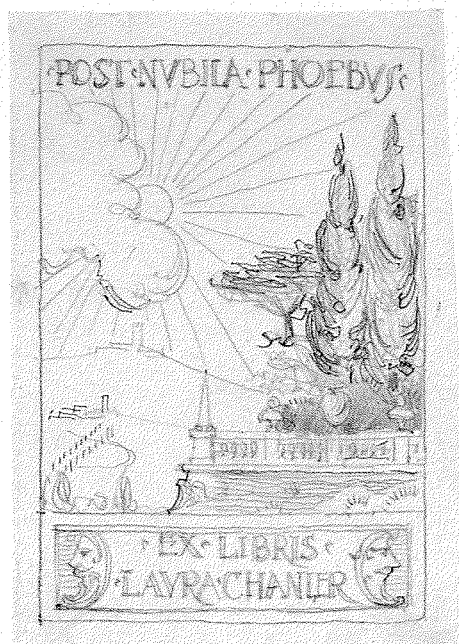


Sketches, by LGW,
for Seal of American
Embassy. Rome.
1914.



It was at Lady Algernon's villa that we learned of the loss of the "Titanic". My mother's only brother, James Clinch Smith, was on board, and we anxiously waited for news; but it was not until some time later that we learned from a survivor how he died. Our informant was standing with my uncle on an open deck just below the bridge when the bow went under. A great wave came towards them, which swept my uncle aft under the covered portion of the deck; but his companion, who was a powerful swimmer accustomed to the breakers at Southampton, dove upwards into the wave and was lifted clear. It shows that one should never say die.

We all got on splendidly together at the Embassy, where we had an unusually harmonious staff. The Ambassador himself was a charming old Southern gentleman, and was well-known as a writer. The Ambassadors was kind and distinguished looking, tall and slender with white hair. She had inherited a large fortune from her former husband, one of the Fields from Chicago. Her private secretary, Miss Stanton, was a granddaughter of Lincoln's Secretary of War. Peter Jay was First Secretary, and Norval Richardson Second Secretary. The latter hailed



from Mississippi; he had written some fairly successful novels, and had married a friend of ours named Mabel McGinnis. I shared my duties with Jack Harrison , who knew the ropes well. He had studied hard to be an operatic tenor.

That winter we all went to a series of brilliant entertainments that were ~~to be~~ the swan-song of the pre-war era. I had had a foretaste during a short visit to Rome the previous season, when my future wife took me to the "Ball of the Gods" at the British Embassy. As you can see from the program on the following page, there were various groups of Mythological and Historical characters. The Duchess of Teano impersonated her namesake Vittoria Colonna; the Marquise Casati made a spectacular entry as the Goddess of the Sun, driving live leopards led by negro slaves; and Prince Liechtenstein, the handsome Naval Attache to the Austrian Embassy, [who was subsequently caught in quite a different disguise spying upon the Italian naval maneuvers,] appeared that evening as a Persian Sultan, literally dripping with jewels,-- and real ones, too. Our friend D'arcy Osborne, who was one of the Embassy Secretaries, went as Apollo,-- in a toga with a monocle.



STAS L. SALOMONE ROMA

Program of "Ball of the Gods" - British Embassy .

AMBASSADE D'ANGLETERRE

ROME

IX AVRIL MCMXIII

Program of "Ball of the Gods" - British Embassy

OLYMPE.

JUNON - LADY RODD

Cinq Amazones	Mrs. Courtenay Stewart
en garde d'honneur	Miss Story
	Miss Parrish
	Mlles. Pourtalès
Iris	Miss G. Rodd
Ganymède	Signorina L. di Viti
Dénus	Principessa Potenziani
Minerve	Hon. Mrs. George Keppel
Céres	Contessa Scheibler
Hécate	Comtesse Thonar
	□ □ □ □
Μars	Captain Stewart
Apollon	Mr. Osborne
Bacchus	Hon. C. Lister
Hermès	Mr. F. Rodd
	□ □ □ □
Bacchantes	Mlles. d'Alcedo
	et Mlle. de Berteux
	□ □ □ □
Pénélope	Baronessa Aliotti
Hélène de Troie	Mrs. Parr
Andromache	Comtesse Czernin
Nausicaa	Hon. Irene Lawley
Aglaia	Miss Bingham
Callista	Miss Stuart Wortley
Hermione	Miss Archdale
Euphrosyne	Signorina Guerrazzi
Proserpine	Miss E. Rodd
	□ □ □ □
Actaeon	Marchese Guglielmi
Ulysse	Mr. Mounsey
Achille	Marchese Negrotto Cambiaso
Hector	Mr. Hoare
	□ □ □ □
Satyre	Mr. Tyrwhitt

Un Ambassadeur du 16^{me} siècle.

Sir RENNELL RODD

Sir Francis Drake.

Mr. DERING

CORTEO DI VITTORIA COLONNA.

<i>Vittoria Colonna.</i>	Principessa di Teano
<i>Camillo Pignatelli.</i>	Antonio Pignatelli
<i>Prospero Colonna.</i>	Mario Colonna
<i>Camillo Massimo.</i>	Fabrizio Colonna
<i>Niccolò Caetani.</i>	Gelasio Caetani
<i>Camillo Caetani.</i>	Michelangelo Caetani
<i>Napoleone Orsini.</i>	Domenico Orsini
<i>Guglielmo Caetani.</i>	Leone Caetani
<i>Ascanio Colonna.</i>	Prospero Colonna
<i>Ambassadeur de Charles V.</i>	Marquis d'Alcedo
<i>Ambassadeur de Ivan le Terrible.</i>	Conte di San Martino
<i>Hans Holbein.</i>	Mr. W. Kaupé
<i>Jan Van der Noot.</i>	M. Michiels van Verduynen
<i>Michelangelo Buonarroti.</i>	Marchese Giuseppe Vitelleschi
<i>Bernardino Ochino di Siena</i>	Conte Antonio Palmieri
<i>Sebastiano del Piombo.</i>	Pietro Sella
<i>Marcantonio Raimondi.</i>	Aristide Sartorio
<i>Baldassare Castiglione.</i>	Conte Giuseppe Primoli
<i>Tommaso de' Cavatieri.</i>	Adolfo Apolloni

LE MENUET LOUIS XV.

Contesse Carlo Frasso Dentice	Duca di Sangro
S. A. S. Princesse de Liechtenstein	Marchese C. Visconti Vesta
Duchesse de Castoria	Principe Ludovico Rospigliosi
Donna Rosalia Boncompagni	Monsieur Mario Pansa
Miss Wild	Don Francesco Ruspoli
Contesse Negroni Prati Morosini	Monsieur Lisboa Rostaing

GROUPE DE LUDOVICO IL MORO.

<i>Ludovico il Moro.</i>	Duca Lorenzo Sforza
<i>Beatrice d'Este.</i>	Principessa di Paliano
<i>Isabella d'Este, Marchesa di Mantova.</i>	Contessa Virginia della Soma maglia
<i>Bona di Savoja.</i>	Marchesa Leonisa di Rudini
<i>Francesco Gonzaga, Marchese di Mantova.</i>	Marchese Cavriani
<i>Isabella d'Aragona.</i>	Marchesa di Bagno
<i>Gian Galeazzo Maria Sforza</i>	Don Lauro Lancellotti
<i>Alfonso d'Este.</i>	Don Rodolfo Borghese
<i>Frecole d'Este, Duca di Ferrara.</i>	Principe di Candriano
<i>Bianca Maria Sforza.</i>	Marchesa Isabella Chigi-Zondalari
<i>Anna Sforza.</i>	Contessa Rota
<i>Barbe de Brandebourg.</i>	Marchesa Cavriani
<i>Bianca d'Este.</i>	Signora Giorgi Menotti
<i>Leonardo da Vinci.</i>	Conte della Somaglia
<i>Mantegna.</i>	Don Guido Antici Mattei
<i>Gentiluomini di Corte.</i>	1° Conte G. Visconti di Modrone
»	2° Monsieur Solinas Sanna
»	3° Principe Andrea Boncompagni
»	4° Monsieur G. Brambilla
<i>Damigelle d'onore.</i>	Donna Margherita Colonna
»	Sig.ra Costanza Malaspina
»	Miss Verschoyle
<i>Paggi di Casa Sforza.</i>	Don Virginio Orsini
»	Don Gerardo Frasso
»	Don Max Frasso
<i>Araldo di Casa Sforza.</i>	Principe B. di Fasernia

GROUPE PERSAN.

<i>Sultan Haroun-al-Rashid</i>	S. A. S. PRINCE JEAN DE LIECHTENSTEIN
<i>Diamant</i>	PRINCE D'ABRO PAGRA- TIDE
<i>Ab-al-Malek</i>	MARCHESE ENRICO VISCONTI VENOSTA
<i>Bahloum</i>	MARCHESE ORILIA
<i>Aslan</i>	PRINCEIPE POTENZIANI
<i>Ali-Nour</i>	BARONE G. COMPAGNA
<i>Hussein</i>	PRINCEIPE DI SCORDIA
<i>Assan</i>	DON IGNAZIO TRABIA
<i>Abou-Behr</i>	MONSIEUR MALLET
<i>Sett-Abiba</i>	COMTE DE LIEDEKERKE
<i>Giafar</i>	PRINCE ALBERT RADZIWILL
<i>Omar</i>	PRINCEIPE ALTIERI
<i>Massahour</i>	MONSIEUR DINO PHILIPSON
<i>About-Kassam</i>	MONSIEUR ALVISI
□ □ □ □ □	
<i>Namouna</i>	DONNA MARIA MAZZOLENI
<i>Domazade</i>	DONNA FRANCA FLORIO
<i>Scheherazade</i>	MARCHESA DORA DI RUDINI
<i>Gamila</i>	DONNA VIVINA MAZZARINO
<i>Azida</i>	PRINCESSE DOROTHY RADZI- WILL
<i>Boudhor</i>	MISS FRANCES CLARKE
<i>Jasmin</i>	PRINCESSA MIMI FALCÒ
<i>Chamsennachar</i>	MARCHESA DE LA GANDARA
<i>Lehla</i>	BARONNE BLANC
<i>Sahlea</i>	PRINCESSE DOLLY RADZI- WILL
<i>Amande</i>	DONNA MARIETTINA TERRA- NOVA
<i>Kamar</i>	PRINCESSA DI CASTAGNETA

LA DIVINITÉ DU SOLEIL

Marquise Casati	
Deux prêtres du Soleil.	Marquis Franco di Rudini
	Monsieur Klukowsky
Serviteur du Temple	Mr. James Rivers

LES NEUF MUSES.

SIGNORINE VARVARO	SIGNORINA SANTUCCI
MLLE. DE BILDT	DONNA BICE MALASPINA
DONNA MARIA SOPHIA BANDINI	MISS SIMPSON
MLLE. BARTHÉLÉMY	MLLE. DE BERTEUX

GROUPE CHINOIS.

CONTE DE LA FELD
MISS LISTER KAYE
SIGNORINA GIGLI CERVİ
BARON Hyé
CONTE OTTO FILOMARINO
MR. DOUGLAS AINSLIE
SIG. CARLO PLACCI

GROUPE ARABE.

PRINCE G. B. BORGHESE

PRINCE DE SCHÖNBURG

MARCHESE CARLO CAFFARELLI

MARCHESE DE LA GANDARA

DONNA ANNA MARIA BORGHESE

SIGNORINA DE MARTINO

SIGNORINA ANNA ANTONELLI

MADAME KHVOSTCHINSKY

PRINCE SAPIEHA



A L'AMBASSADE D'ANGLETERRE

LADY RODD A JOUÉ HIER, SECONDÉE PAR QUELQUES DILETTANTES, UN ÉPISODE EN TROIS SCÈNES DE LA VIE DE CLÉOPÂTRE, ÉCRIT PAR ELLE-MÊME

S. M. la Reine Marguerite assistait à cette fête

Tandis qu'à l'ambassade d'Espagne près le Saint-Siège avait lieu la réception officielle dont nous donnons le compte rendu ci-dessus, une autre fête était offerte à l'ambassade d'Angleterre.

Mais celle-là avait un caractère très différent.

Sir Rannell et Lady Rodd ont donné cette année une série de réunions artistiques qui ont obtenu un grand succès d'admiration.

Les pièces et pantomimes jouées sur le coquet petit théâtre de l'ambassade d'Angleterre, ont débainé des applaudissements plus sincères et plus spontanés que telle ou telle comédie donnée par des acteurs de profession sur une plus vaste scène.

La profonde culture de l'ambassadeur, les goûts littéraires de l'ambassadrice, la science qu'ils apportent à préparer tous les détails de ces représentations, et le soin artistique qui préside au choix des spectacles, donnent une valeur intrinsèque à ces soirées qui sont en même temps des réunions mondaines extrêmement recherchées.

Lady Rodd qui, dans les célèbres visions orientales données par la baronne Blanc pendant la saison de carnaval incarnait Sémiramis, la princesse Colombe, a eu l'idée — et ce fut une idée très heureuse — de composer une pièce dont le sujet est emprunté à la vie de Cléopâtre.

La chose avait été tenue secrète, et les invitations lancées pour la soirée d'hier ne portaient pas la mention: *theatrical*, afin sans doute d'éviter les inscriptions possibles.

Quant aux personnes appelées à collaborer avec l'ambassadrice, pour la représentation, elles avaient gardé le mutisme le plus complet, afin de ménager une surprise complète aux invités.

De sorte que, lorsque le rideau s'est levé hier soir sur la première des trois scènes ou actes imaginés par Lady Rodd, rien n'avait défloré le sujet de la pièce qui se présentait ainsi dans son caractère de nouveauté intégrale.

Voici quelle était la distribution des rôles: *Hatasu* et *Sephket* (la Colombe blanche) c'était Mme de Stumm et Miss Bingham; *Cléopâtre*, était Lady Rodd; M. L. White personnifiait *Marc Antoine*, M. Mounsey *Norus*, M. Tyr-

whitt l'astrologue et Miss Means la danseuse aux serpents.

L'exécution de la pièce a été excellente, la mise en scène et les costumes incomparables: le véritable théâtre d'art a désormais son siège à l'ambassade d'Angleterre.

L'amour de Marc Antoine pour la belle esclave Sephket et leur mort telle est l'histoire narrée de façon dramatique et émouvante par Lady Rodd, et dont les scènes ont été applaudies.

Durant le premier acte, Cléopâtre a revêtu deux costumes du plus féerique effet, l'un noir, et l'autre bleu brodés d'or et de pierres. Elle était parée de bijoux reconstitués avec la plus scrupuleuse exactitude d'après des modèles anciens, et pas une note de la mise en scène ne venait rompre cette harmonie d'un orientalisme aigu et raffiné.

Vers la moitié de l'acte, la reine, drapée dans ses vêtements occlés, a pris place sur son trône, pour assister au ballet — oriental lui aussi — à la danse des épées dansée par Mlle Orlando, Mlle Cervi Gigli, Mlle Guerazzi et Mlle Brock, aux sons d'une musique étrange et captivante, exécutée par l'excellent orchestre Tartaglia.

Au second acte, M. Harrison, en hommage à Cléopâtre a chanté avec le talent que tous se plaisent à lui reconnaître, en s'accompagnant sur la lyre.

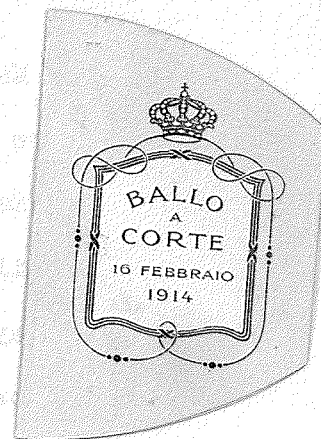
Le troisième acte, le plus dramatique, s'est terminé par la mort de la belle esclave amoureuse, à qui l'astrologue a versé un breuvage fatal.

Lady Rodd a reçu à la fin de la représentation les félicitations chaleureuses de S. M. la Reine Marguerite, qui honorait la fête de sa présence, accompagnée de la duchesse Sforza Cesarini.

La diction des acteurs, la richesse des costumes, — celui de Marc Antoine et celui de l'astrologue, ce dernier, en rouge, étaient d'un merveilleux effet — l'élégance du style, méritaient certes, l'ovation finale qui a salué l'auteur et les interprètes et dont S. M. la Reine elle-même a donné le signal.

Après la représentation, une sauterie a eu lieu, qui a terminé très galement la soirée.

Nous nous abstenons de donner les noms des personnes présentes. Il y avait environ trois cents personnes: les trois cents de Rome en un mot.



Shortly after my arrival in 1913, the Queen-Dowager Margherita received the Diplomatic Corps in her Palace, on the Via Veneto, that has recently been bought for our Embassy. We all stood about the walls of a large salon while she made the round with great dignity and grace, saying a few carefully chosen words to the Chefs de Mission. She looked very handsome in her famous pearls, and seemed truly regal. It was my first close contact with royalty (my nearest ^{previous} approach was sitting under the Lion and Unicorn in the King's Box at Convent Garden) and I was properly impressed. But my awe was soon shattered by a comic episode. When the Queen reached the Germans, their Military Attache, a strapping Junker named von Seckendorff in the gorgeous uniform of the Imperial Guard, made the prescribed low bow,-- and dropped his helmet with an ear-splitting crash upon the marble floor. The company stood aghast while the echoes died away and the unfortunate man retrieved his proud eagle-crested hardware. The Queen never changed her expression.

Later we went to a Court Ball at the Quirinal. It was a much larger and less distinguished gathering, though the setting was far more splendid,--rather operatic, in fact.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE
OF
CLEOPATRA

IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS

HATASU	.	{	.	.	.	Mad. de Stumm
SEPHKET	.	{	.	.	.	Miss Bingham
(Meaning White Dove)						
CLEOPATRA	Lady Rodd
MARK ANTONY	Mr L. White
NORUS.	Mr Mounsey
ASTROLOGER	Mr Tyrwhitt
SERPENT DANCER	Miss Means.

BALLET

Mad.^{lle} ORLANDO

Mad.^{lle} GUERRAZZI

« CERVIGLI

« BROCK

Private Theatricals. British Embassy.
Rome, 1914.

There were innumerable lackeys in scarlet liveries with white wigs and knee-breeches, tapestries and candles and marble and bronze; but there was a very unaristocratic scramble about the buffet, where the loyal subjects were striving for their proper share of champagne and ice-cream. The King was short and cross-looking, the Queen tall and handsome; but they neither of them had the presence of Margherita, which her grandson the present Crown Prince has, however, inherited. The ball was opened by a formal quadrille, which seemed very "old world" indeed. Later there was general dancing. The old Marchesa Rudini, who wore the Order of the Annunziata, sat by the throne as was her right; but she refrained from smoking her customary long black cigar, so familiar to the habitués of the Grand Hotel .

I was again "at the height of my circumstance" when I took part in some amateur theatricals at the British Embassy. Lady Rodd, the Ambassadress, was indefatigable in such matters. During a long series of headaches, she had written a play called "An Episode in the Life of Cleopatra"; and although it was not quite so good as Shakespeare's rendering of the same theme,

From "Queen Cleopatra"
 to
 "Mark Antony"



Lilias & Rodd
 British Embassy Rome 1914

Lady Rodd as Cleopatra.

she was determined to produce it. She herself, somewhat against her will, took the part of Cleopatra, and I was Anthony. Her photograph on the opposite page shows her in costume: I wore silver armor, with a black-and-white Egyptian klepht head-dress embellished with my mother's large diamond pendant.* The packed audience included Royalty, the Diplomatic Corps, my mother, and her sister Mrs. Butler. The Ambassador himself, clanking with orders, put on the final touches of my make-up.

The show was pretty terrible. Kroupenski, the Russian Ambassador who was nicknamed the Laughing Jackass, was heard to remark that it should cost Sir Rennell his post. Lady Rodd was striking looking, with a dark skin and jet black curly hair. She was "Cleopatra's lussuriosa" with a vengeance. So when I said to her: "Dare Antony approach, and with mere mortal hands smooth back those tendriled curls that wanton o'er the fairest forehead the world has ever seen," there was a distinct titter in the audience, as her swarthy complexion was too well-known.

I appeared again in an Egyptian pageant given by the Baroness Blanc in the Palazzo Ruspoli, on

* one of Mrs. A.T. Stewart's earrings.

La fête orientale du 29 au Grand-Hôtel

La salle des fêtes est déjà complètement transformée en un palais égyptien

Rappelons que le 29 de ce mois aura lieu, au Grand-Hôtel, la représentation de tableaux vivants orientaux, organisée par la princesse de Teano, au bénéfice de l'Educatario l'Victoria Colonna.

Comme nous l'avons dit cette représentation n'aura pas de seconde.

Aussi engageons-nous vivement tous ceux qui n'ont pas encore retenu leurs places, de prendre sans tarder des billets pour ne point arriver trop tard.

Cette admirable évocation de l'Orient somptueux sera comme l'apothéose de la saison d'avant Pâques.

Ce sera une fête d'art et de charité, une fête mondaine d'un éclat incomparable.

En vue de cette fête, la salle des fêtes du Grand-Hôtel se trouve déjà presque complètement transformée en un palais égyptien.

Les lignes en sont admirables, et les couleurs splendides.

Ce ne sont que colonnes qui paraissent avoir été enlevées aux temples dont les ruines se dressent encore aux bords du Nil; stèles, sphinx, pyramides et hiéroglyphes.

C'est en un mot la plus prestigieuse transformation de décor oriental que l'on ait jamais réalisée, et la plus prodigieuse vision de l'Orient qu'il ait été donné à des européens de contempler.

Voici la distribution des rôles et l'ordre des tableaux:

LE SPHYNX

Baronne Maria Blanc, comtesse Piccolomini.

RHAMESSES II

Marquise della Gandara (reine prisonnière), baron Basile (*Rhamsès*) — *Guerriers*: don Manfredi Lanza di Trabia, lieutenant Giriodi, baron Skrbensky, comte Giulio Middleton, comte Chiassi, duc de Mondragone, marquis Giulio Muti-Bussi, marquis Mario Incisa.

SEMERAMIS

Baronne Nathalie Blanc (*Sémiramis*); prince Altieri, baron de Rotenhan, M. Lawrence White, M. Moun-

sey, comte Celani, Mme Stoicesco, marquise Dusmet, Miss Story, Mrs Charles A. Moore, Mlle de Martino, Mlle Guiccioli, Mlle Welderen-Rengers.

REINE DE SABA

Mme Terry (*Reine de Saba*); duchesse de Castoria, Mme Messoyedoff, comtesse Bepcecki, donna Isabella Rufo di Calabria, Mlle Masaspina, Mlle de Villafalletto, Mlle Robilant. — Baron Lo Monaco (*Salomon*), prince Lobkowitz, M. Branca, comte Piccolomini, baron Hyé, M. Hamilton, marquis Dusmet.

SALAMBO

Princesse de Castagneta (*Salammô*); Mlle de Biddt, M. Walden-Rengers, donna Maria Sofia Lanza di Trabia, Mlle Patrizi. — Duc de Morignano, prince de Scordia, marquis Dusmet, don Andrea Boncompagni.

HERODIADE

Princesse de Castagneta m Marquise Carrega (*Salomé*); Mme de Nélidoff (*Hérodiade*); Mlle de Berteux, Mlle Fiammetta Scudammi, Mlle Quinones de Leon, Miss Frances Clarke. — Prince Antici-Mattei (*Hérode*); duc de Sangro.

LA FILLE DE PHARAON

Donna Vivina Mazarrino (la fille de Pharaon); donna Maria Pignatelli, donna Stefanina Moncada, donna Isabella di Sangro, donna Carolina di Sangro. — Prince d'Abro Pagratide, don Corrado Moncada, don Fabrizio Mazzarino, M. Harrison.

CLEOPATRE

Princesse de Teano (*Cléopâtre*); princesse Potenziani, baronne Altotti, Mme Giorgi, Mlle Bianconcini, Mlle Volatch, Mrs Baulter. — Baron Compagna, M. Turwhill, comte de Pourtales, M. Clark Kerr, le lieutenant Aloisi, le lieutenant Bussi, M. Pietro Seilla.

La représentation sera suivie d'un grand souper auquel prendront part toutes les personnes composant les tableaux vivants.

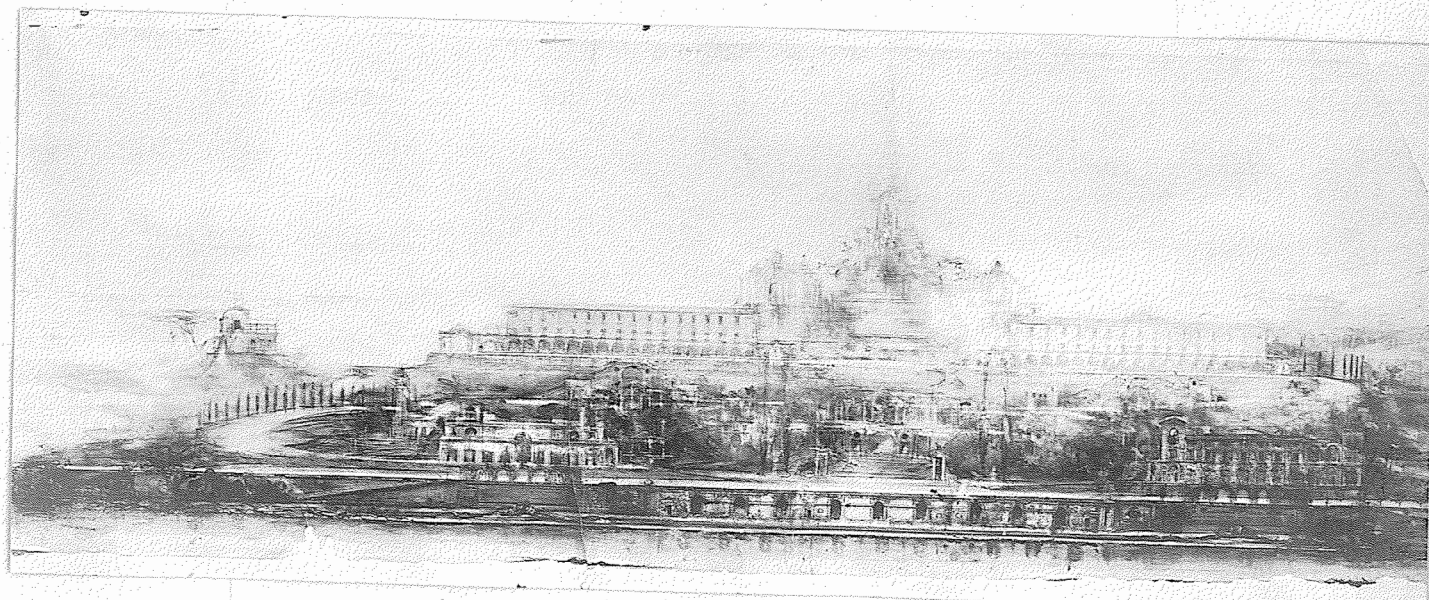
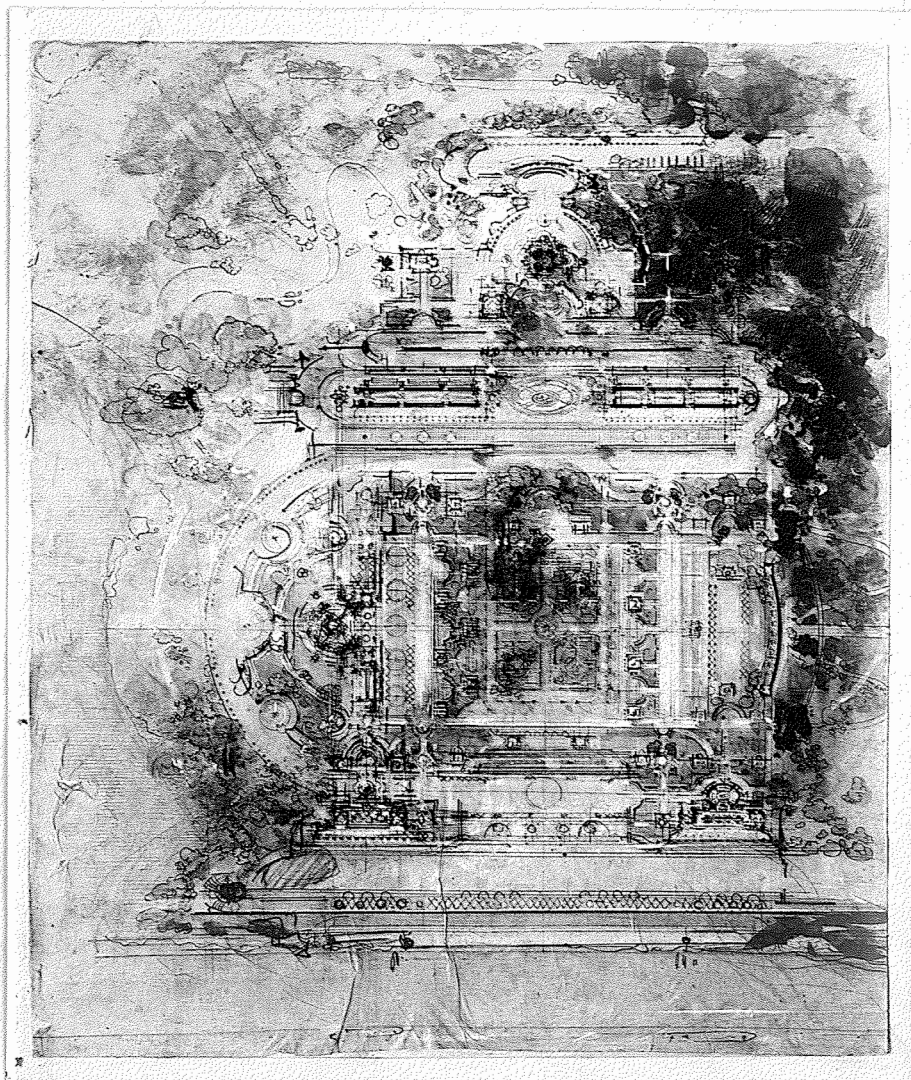
the Corso. It was extremely well done: a huge Sphinx was set up at the end of a splendid long gallery, with the guests seated along the sides. The procession of groups walked down the centre and then formed about the statue, so everyone had a good view. There was an amusing rivalry between the reigning Roman beauties for the most prominent positions. The whole show was repeated later at the Grand Hotel for charity.

But the most brilliant reception of the season was given by the Countess San Martino in her enormous palace on the Piazza Navona. The suite of rooms seemed positively endless. We came up the grand staircase lined with footmen holding candelabra. Our hostess, who was as devastatingly beautiful as her famous sister Madame Le Tellier, received us in an oyster-grey satin gown, unrelieved by jewels or trimming of any kind. Needless to say, it was perfectly cut, and she made most of her guests look like old Christmas trees. We went to another similar reception given by Princess Borghese. Here again the salons succeeded one another ad infinitum; but although the historical associations of the Palazzo Borghese were more impressive, it was not such a good party.



Al. Lane Norval Richardson Mrs. Page
 Thos. Nelson Page Miss Stanton

Three of my old comrades of the Atelier Laloux, -- Janin, Debat-Ponsan, and Mireland, -- were living in the Villa Medicis, having won the Prix de Rome, which is the highest ambition of every Frenchman in the Beaux Arts. I could therefore drop in on them at will and enjoyed doing so immensely. Fernand Janin was the most gifted, and the one I knew best, as I had "niggered" for him on his Grand Prix studies. He had a miserable physique; he died a few years later of consumption. Although his personality was far from attractive, for he was ill-kempt and inordinately vain, his genius shone about him like a halo, so that he was always an inspiring companion. He was a past master of water-color, and he soon abandoned architecture for painting. Charley Lawrence bought his best picture, the "^{de Nuit} ~~Départ de Fête~~", a Venetian night scene with fireworks reminiscent of Whistler; but I like my mother's companion-picture, the "Départ de Fête", about as well. When she bought it, at my urgent entreaty, he presented her with the sepia sketch for the same subject. George Howe and I bought his studies for the Grand Prix and gave them to Harvard. I have a few of his smaller sketches, and a book in which his best things are reproduced in color.



Fernand Janin's Grand Prix Drawings
I "niggered" on the elevation.

He had one of the grandest bedrooms in the Villa Medicis. Its window commanded the whole city ; its ceiling was about thirty feet high, above a deep and very beautiful painted frieze. In the corner of this magnificent room he had built a miserable little cubby-hole with board sides and a ceiling of cheese-cloth; and inside of it was his bed. When I asked for an explanation, he replied: "Ah, tout cela me donnait le vertige!" His home in Nîmes was probably the size of a dog-kennel, and he felt uncomfortable in such monumental surroundings.

I went on a sketching trip with him to San Gimignano. On a lovely spring morning, we trudged around the outside of the town through the muddy fields until we reached a viewpoint that suited him. Then we both set to work. I made a tight little pencil drawing first, and was priding myself on its accuracy, when I felt Janin looking over my shoulder. "Ah, mon cher White," he said in his thick southern accent, "tu es embêtant comme tout: tu fais le Kodak." I then looked at his sketch, which Fred King subsequently bought. The scene had been completely rearranged: the towers were made higher and crookeder, and painted all sorts of yellows and browns where I could only see drab gray. It was a splendid object-

lesson for me, and I recalled that Ruskin says that Turner's greatness lay in the liberties he took with his subjects.

Debat-Ponsan, who is now a successful architect in Paris, was as clever as you will. He was particularly good at posters; I have one he made for an early aviation meet at Rheims, an eagle flying over the towers of the cathedral, against a yellow sky. That winter he was making marionettes, caricatures of the pensionnaires of the Villa, that were exceedingly funny and cruel likenesses. Albert Besnard, the director, and his wife were also represented; her prominent eyes were made out of iridescent sea-shells, and they gave you quite a turn. His own caricature was one of the best; it had little cylindrical eyes like a lobster's, and the face was painted a sickly mustard yellow. He destroyed them during the war, as he was heartbroken at the death of so many of their subjects, including René Mireland.

There was a charming sculptor named Lejeune; he was then working on a Young Apollo that was bought by the Metropolitan Museum when he came to America after the war. He wore a red beard, and was bubbling over with

health and good spirits, like the students in 'La Vie de Boheme.'

The Besnards were most kind to me, and I got to know them better when I went back to Rome during the War. They were both enormously stout, courteous and intelligent. I had always admired his paintings extravagantly; his wife and one of his sons were sculptors of no mean talent. One always met interesting people in their salon, and I greatly enjoyed their hospitality.

We also used to climb the Janiculum on the other side of Rome, to the Villa Aurelia where the director of the American Academy, Jesse Benedict Carter, lived. He was a high-pressure salesman who could talk faster than anyone I have ever known; and as he had wide knowledge on a great variety of subjects, and an amazing memory, he was always entertaining though sometimes exhausting. The words spurted out of him like water from a fire-hose; his generous proportions betrayed his fondness for food that he constantly indulged, as he had one of the best chefs in Rome. He dressed somewhat floridly, and was known as San Benedetto in Spatibus. It was rumored that he wrote cheap novels secretly, and published them under an assumed name.

The visit of the Hon. Ira Nelson Morris to Rome was an ordeal for the Embassy staff. He was a rich pork packer from the West, whose name was originally Moritzenberg. He was the very type and pattern of vulgarity, but he had influence at Washington, so that he had to receive special consideration. He was later appointed Minister to Sweden; but we suspected that he wanted to be made Ambassador to Italy, and that he and his wife had come to Rome to look over the ground.

He gave his occupation as a "Lyric Poet" when he filled out his passport. He used to say: "My wife, you know, was one of the Rothschilds"; but although her name had been Rothschild, I believe her father was a Jew tailor in Chicago. Just to start things off, the incredible Mr. Morris gave large diamond rings to several beautiful Roman princesses. Then they gave a ball at the Grand Hotel, with gold wrist-watches as favors. The gilded youths of Roman society ran from one end of the line to the other as they were being handed out, in order to get as many as possible; and everybody was laughing in their sleeves. A few days later, more than a hundred of the watches had found their way to the Mont de Piété; and we all sighed with relief when the Morrisses left.

There were many queer and amusing characters in Roman Society. There was old Count Greppi, who was at every party, although he was then nearly a hundred; "Je-je" Primoli, a somewhat louche personage, who was descended from the Bonapartes, and had a stuffy apartment filled with Napoleonic Relics in camphor; Archbishop Seton, whose titular See was Heliopolis, who loved tea-parties, and who was quite ga-ga; the handsome Duke of Sermoneta a great friend of your mother's family, and a well-known Dante scholar. Then there was the beautiful Princess Radziwill, nee Dorothy Deacon, who after some dispute about the rent with her landlady Countess Frankenstein, dumped the contents of a slop pail on her head by way of rebuttal. There were the Wurtzes, about whom your grandpa Chanler used to recite:

" My name is George Washington Wurtz,
And the WASHINGTON part of it hurts!"

She was a sister of Charlemagne Tower, and had magnificent jewels which her husband used to sew on to her dress before they went out. They entertained a great deal in their splendid apartment in the Palazzo Antici Mattei, and fed their guests on peacocks.

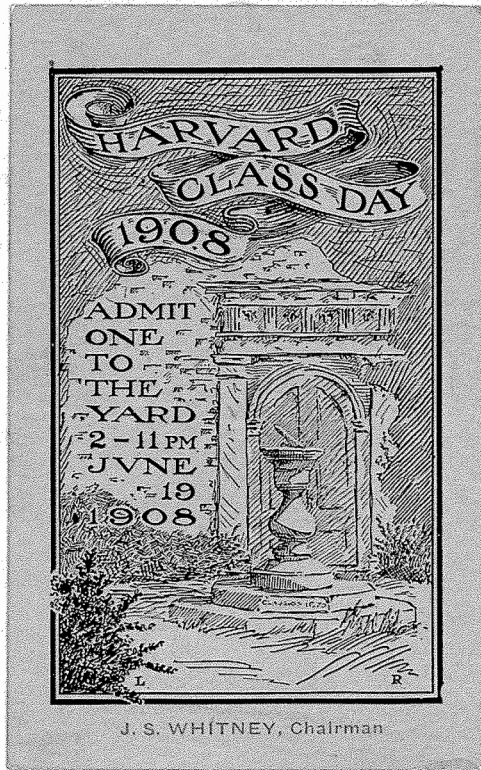
While the countryside around Florence is dotted with lovely villas, there are comparatively few around Rome. But a short motor ride to the north lies Caprarola, as splendid a castle as one could wish; and I went out there to tea one day with Mrs. Baldwin, the mother of three beautiful daughters: Princess Radziwill, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Mrs. Harry Gray. She had furnished and restored the castle with perfect taste, and had planted the garden with flowers with the deft hand that seems to be lacking among the French and Italian owners of gardens. Staying with her at that time was Lady Sackville, the chatelaine of Knole. They were a successful pair: one had the finest place in England, by proving her own illegitimacy in Court, so that her husband would inherit it; the other lived in the finest castle in Italy through the kindness of a Roman Prince. Caprarola is, alas, dismantled now, and I am afraid I shall never be able to satisfy my wish to live there.

Sometimes, when I rode horseback in the early morning, I stopped for breakfast with the Samuel Abbots at the Villa Lontana. As we sipped our coffee on the terrace looking at the Dome of St. Peter's one day, my hostess

told me how the enormously stout widow of Admiral Porter, who was lunching there, had fainted at table from the heat. Her stays were removed, smelling-salts were produced, and she drove away none the worse from the experience; but in the commotion she left the stays behind. They were about the size of a small carpet, and Mrs. Abbott was at a loss to find a delicate way of returning them. She finally sent them back wrapped up in a gigantic bouquet of roses!

We left Rome in June. I joined the Pages in London, and motored with them to a place they had taken on the banks of the Dee in Scotland. By the end of July, my mother and I were homeward bound on the "Olympic", and while we were at sea the War broke out. It took a heavy toll among my French comrades of the Atelier Laloux; of the Americans none was killed. But Gordon Blackader and Hugh McClellan, who were Canadians, both died. Charley Lawrence abandoned architecture as I have said, and is now the leading aeronautical engineer in the country: Harry Shepley and George Howe are at the top of the Architectural profession in Boston and Philadelphia; King and Goodwin and Sedgwick are designing successful

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Altar for wedding of L.A.C + L.G.W., Sweetbriar Farm
Geneseo June 19th, 1916.

country houses around New York.

My experiences in the War are covered in another volume; but what is much more important than the War, at least from your standpoint, is my marriage to your mother. Although our families had been intimate for many years, she had lived abroad a great deal, so that I met her for the first time in 1904, at a dance given by Mrs. John Cowdin in her house on Gramercy Park. I proposed to her, in accordance with the best traditions, on Class Day in the Harvard Yard in 1908; but it was not until June 19, 1916, that we were married. If she had not kept me waiting, you would all be eight years older than you are; and with this thought I shall end my story.

172 AGREEABLE SURPRISES IN RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

EASTER week exceeded the most rosy expectations of society, opening with the usual round of weddings and dances and closing with the first race course field day. Society now will settle down to its spring routine, which, with its weddings in and out of the city and its multifarious happenings in sport, will keep the local fashionable coterie intact until late June calls the summer resort colonies together.

The fashionable world of late has become so accustomed to matrimonial surprises that such matters are now taken more or less as a matter of course. "I suppose it is because the younger set has become so populous with eligible young men and women that guesswork in the way of prospective engagements has gone far afield," observed the mother of two debutantes at a tea last week. "The fact stands that many of the engaged girls this spring have found their mates in directions unexpected."

There were agreeable surprises in the engagements of Miss Laura Chandler to Mr. Lawrence Grant White, announced last week, and of Miss Frances T. Morgan to Mr. Paul Geddes Pennoyer, of Berkeley, Cal., a few days before.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler came to this city from Washington, D. C., last Tuesday and made known to a few friends the engagement of their daughter to Mr. White, son of Mrs. Stanford White. He is following in the footsteps of his late father, who was famous as an architect, and is a member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, of which his father was the head. He was graduated from Harvard in 1908 and took his post-graduate course at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris.

Like her fiancé, Miss Chanler finds congenial work in art, and she has shown marked versatility as a sculptress, portrait painter and interior decorator. Following three years of study abroad, she returned to make portraits in oils and drawings in black and white of many of her friends in this city and at Newport, R. I., where, during the summer of 1914, she gave her first exhibition in the rooms of the Newport Art Association. Mrs. E. Henry Harriman lent some bronzes and decorative sculptured pieces Miss Chanler had made, and there were shown also several panels she had designed for Mr. Adrian Iselin's dining room.

Miss Chanler does most of her work in Washington and in her studio here and has an apartment at No. 149 East Fortieth street. Her relatives are many here and in Newport, Messrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, Robert Winthrop Chanler and John Armstrong Chanler and Mrs. Richard Aldrich being her uncles and aunt. Through her grandfather, the late John Winthrop Chanler, she is descended from the first John Jacob Astor. Miss Chanler and Mr. White will be married soon.

An engagement of much interest to society here, in Newport and in Washington, D. C., was that announced recently of Miss Laura Chanler, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, to Lawrence G. White, only son of the late Stanford White. Miss Chanler is a member of one of the most prominent families in this city. She is a granddaughter of the late John Winthrop Chanler and a direct descendant of the first John Jacob Astor. She is an accomplished artist and has exhibited examples of her work in sculpture, drawings from life and bronze. She has painted the portraits of persons prominent in society and her other work has included many decorative objects.

Mr. White was graduated from Harvard in 1908, and like his father has a great taste for architecture. He studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and during his stay there was joined by his mother, who lived in Paris for some years. He is a nephew of the late Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler, Mrs. J. Bloomfield Wetherill and the late J. Clinch Smith. His family has large estates at Smithtown, L. I. No date has been mentioned for the wedding.

L. G. WHITE TO WED ARTIST.

Son of Late Architect Engaged to Miss Laura Chanler.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Laura Chanler, an artist, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler (Miss Margaret Terry) of Washington, D. C., formerly of New York, to Lawrence G. White, the son of the late Stanford White and of Mrs. White.

Miss Chanler has an apartment at 149 East Fortieth Street, and has also a studio here. She is a sculptor, and some of her bronzes and decorative work has been purchased by Mrs. E. H. Harriman. She also draws from life, and has executed several decorative panels for the dining room of Adrian Iselin's residence. She is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Luther Terry and John Winthrop Chanler.

Mr. White was graduated from Harvard in 1908 and took up his father's profession, architecture. He took a postgraduate course in Paris at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and then entered the firm of McKim, Mead & White, of which his father was a member. His mother was formerly Miss Elizabeth Smith of Smithtown, L. I.

STANFORD WHITE'S SON IS ENGAGED TO MISS CHANLER

Architect to Wed Young Painter and Sculptress, Daughter of Mr. Winthrop Chanler.

Society will be greatly interested in the announcement made yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, of New York, Washington and Geneseo, N. Y., of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Laura Chanler, an artist of note, to Mr. Lawrence G. White, son of Mrs. Stanford White, of this city, and the late Stanford White, famous architect. It is expected that the wedding will take place soon.

The engagement follows an attachment formed in their common interest in art. Upon his graduation from Harvard, in 1908, Mr. White decided to follow in the footsteps of his father. He took his post-graduate course at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and then entered the firm of McKim, Mead & White, of which his father was the head.

He is a member of a family well known in this city. Mrs. White was Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Smithtown, L. I. The late Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler and Mrs. J. Bloomfield Wetherill and the late J. Clinch Smith were Mr. White's aunts and uncle.

Miss Chanler does much of her work in her studio in this city, and has an apartment at No. 149 East Fortieth street. Following three years of study and work abroad, she held her first exhibition in August, 1914, at the Newport Art Association. She showed fifty examples of sculpture, drawings from life and in bronze, in all of which there was strength and originality. Her drawings included likenesses of Mrs. Archibald S. Alexander, Mrs. Henry Wise Miller and Miss Edith Deacon, and there was a life size portrait of Mrs. William E. Glyn. Her bronzes included busts and some decorative pieces loaned by Mrs. E. Henry Harriman.

Miss Chanler also has gone successfully into interior decoration, her work in this regard including several panels for the dining room of the residence of Mr. Adrian Iselin.

Miss Chanler is a granddaughter of the late Luther Terry and John Winthrop Chanler, through whom she is descended from the first John Jacob Astor. She is a niece of Messrs. John Armstrong Chaloner, Robert Winthrop Chanler and Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and Mrs. Richard Aldrich, and is a distant cousin of Mr. Vincent Astor.

The engagement of Miss Laura Chanler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler of this city, to Lawrence G. White, son of Mrs. Stanford White of No. 24 East Eighty-fourth Street, is announced. Miss Chanler is an artist, sculptor and decorator with a studio at No. 149 East Fortieth Street. Mr. White is a Harvard man. He is a member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, architects, of which his father was a member. The wedding will take place this spring.



Dining Room - 24 First St.





MEMOIRS OF
LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

VOLUME II

War Memories – WWI

1914 - 1918

WAR MEMORIES

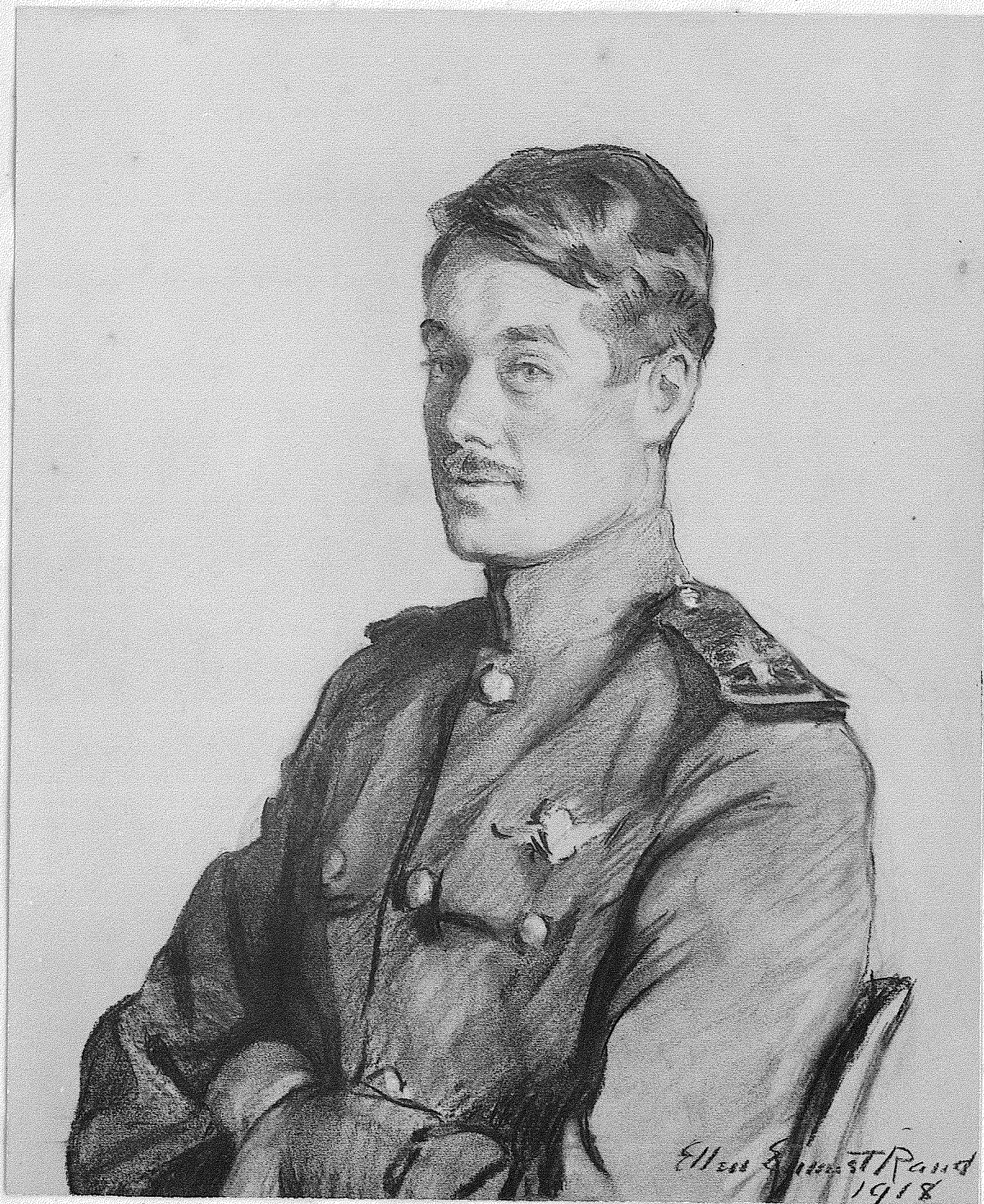
OF

Lawrence Grant White.



MCMXXXI





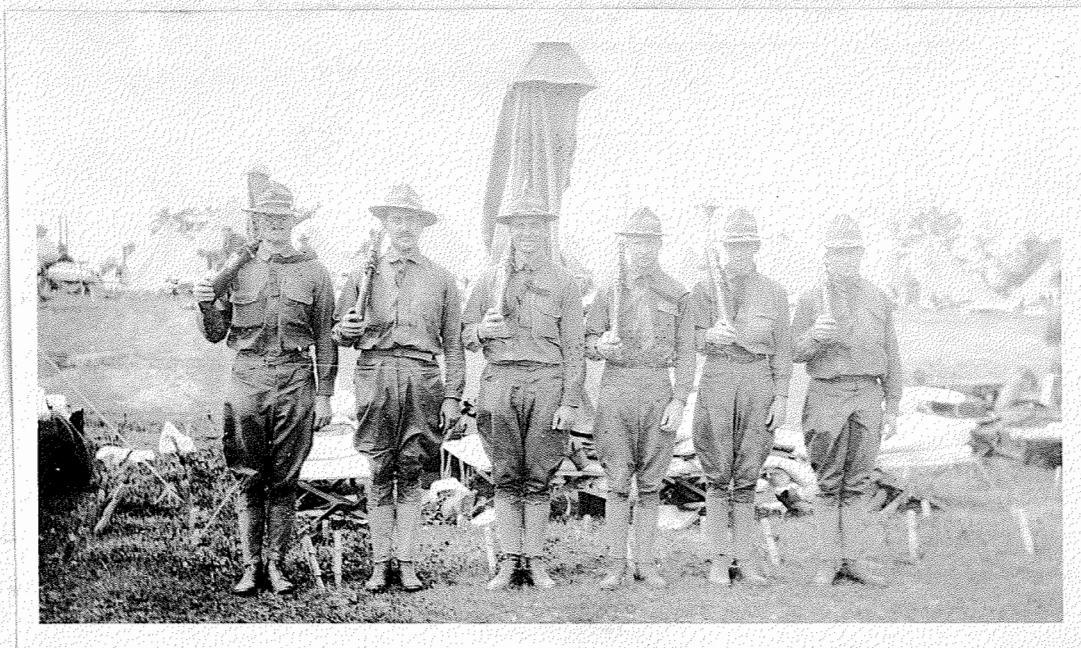
L. G. W. Ensign, U. S. N. R. F. 1918
Charcoal drawing by Ellen Emmet Rand.

1.

PLATTSBURGH - BAY SHORE.

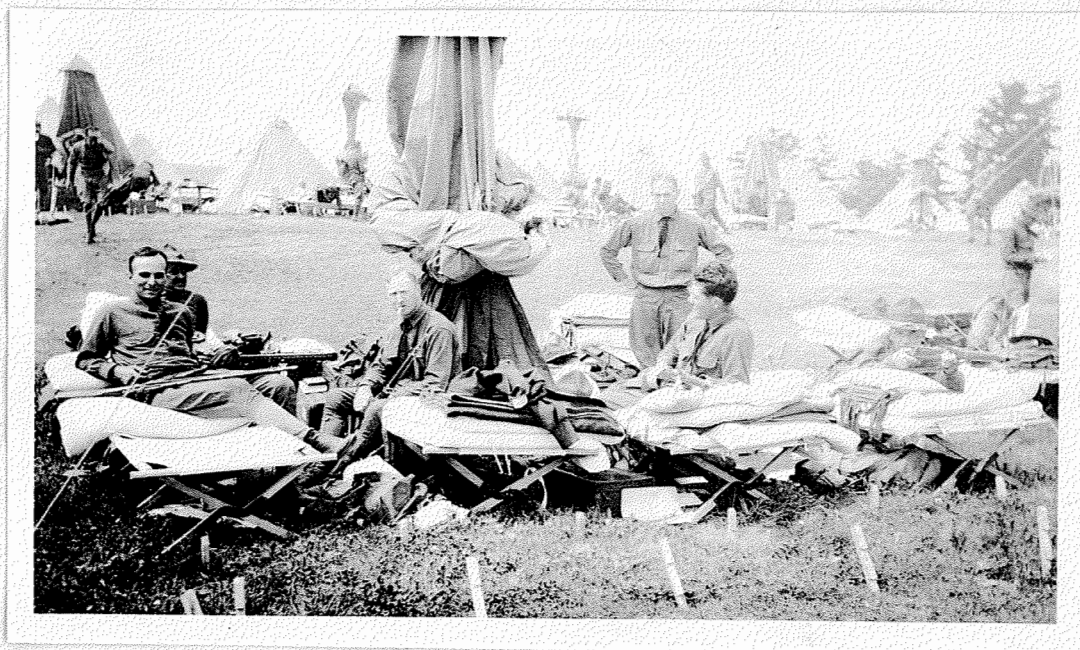
My grandchildren will surely ask their parents: "What did grandfather do in the Great War?" It is to answer this question that the present memoirs are written. The record is not a glorious one, for I never came in contact with the enemy: It is a futile, purely personal chronicle of interesting work among old friends in pleasant surroundings; of trivial events which occurred while friends and nations were suffering and dying. However, some of my experiences may be interesting enough to be preserved for family perusal.

At the end of July, 1914, I was in London, having returned from a motor trip to Scotland with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page. He was then our Ambassador to Italy, and I had spent the previous six months as his private secretary - semi-officially attached to the Embassy. I took the "Olympic" from Southampton; my mother joined me at Cherbourg - and we started homeward from our five-years sojourn in Paris and Rome, unaware of impending calamity. A few days out at sea, the radio bulletin announced laconically that Austria had declared



L.G.W. C. Gizenough P. Bendlestein

Plattsburg - 1915



L.G.W.

war on Serbia; and before we reached the American coast, Russia, Germany, France and England were in the conflict. The steamer ran at night without lights, but we did not change our destination - and we arrived without incident, thankful to have escaped the mad scramble for steamer passages among our compatriots caught in the belligerent countries.

Our sympathies were of course with the Allies from the start - and we chafed at President Wilson's endless notes and smug neutrality. The sinking of the "Lusitania" was the last straw.

It now seemed inevitable that the United States would join the Allied cause, so, with Le Roy and Frederick King and many other friends, I enrolled in the first Military Training camp at Plattsburgh. It was a most interesting experience. Marching under a heavy pack put me in better physical condition than I have enjoyed either before or since.

I was corporal of the first squad in Company D,



H.R.S.
Map Making. Plattsburgh.



L.G.W.
"Marksman"

1,300 CIVILIANS BEGIN ARMY LIFE TUESDAY

Two Trains of New Yorkers
Start Tomorrow for Month's
War Work at Plattsburg.

MANY NOTABLE MEN GOING

Regular Army Officers Will Com-
mand and Teach Tactics and
Demonstrate Duties.

"The Business Men's Military Camp Special" will start from Grand Central Terminal for Plattsburg tomorrow night in two sections, the first at 9:15 and the second ten minutes later. About the same time another special will leave Boston with the contingent from that vicinity.

The camp will be organized on Tuesday morning, and by noon most of the 1,300 recruits will have donned the khaki and campaign hats of the regular army. Captain Halstead Dorey, U. S. A., senior aid to Major General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Eastern Department, will be in command with a corps of subordinates, every one a graduate of West Point selected for unusual fitness. General Wood will spend much time at the camp, as will many other high officers of the army and the National Guard.

Bankers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists, brokers, policemen, and clerks will be there, and among them Dudley Field Malone, Alderman H. H. Curran, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Willard D. Straight, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Raymond Belmont, Police Captain Edward Hughes, Rhinelander Waldo, the Blagden brothers, C. C. Rumsey, J. C. Fargo, and T. W. Carnegie.

Traveling with the New Yorkers will be the Philadelphia and New Jersey contingents. From every State in the Union the recruits are coming, the largest delegations after New York, Boston, and Philadelphia being those from Chicago and Pittsburgh. Nearly every polo player and steeplechase rider in the country will attend, also former stars of the gridiron, among them Percy Haughton, the Harvard coach, and Frank Butterworth, still remembered as the greatest Yale fullback.

The New Yorkers have been preparing for several weeks for the month's tour at Lake Champlain, drilling in the regimental armories, and most of them have read the military books recommended by General Wood.

Two big armored automobiles, each dragging a 3-inch field gun, started for Plattsburg from this city yesterday. The trucks, which are protected with steel armor, are said to be the very last word. Ten other war automobiles will also go to Plattsburg, carrying machine guns, fourteen of which have been procured. Each of the two big trucks can carry 15,000 rounds of machine gun ammunition, 500 one-pound shells, and 800 rounds of 3-inch shrapnel.

Arrangements for the air service are being made and two machines and their pilots will probably be at the camp by the middle of the week.

The food will be the usual fare of the regular army, prepared by army cooks, eaten from unbreakable metal plates. As a regular officer puts it: "This is not going to be an ice cream and cake affair, but real army work." The Thirtieth U. S. Infantry, stationed at Plattsburg Barracks, will take part in the battle exercises that will be featured.

The program of instruction will be along the lines indicated in this memorandum of the Army General Staff:

Physical drill, marching, camping, tent pitching, making and breaking camp, signaling, loading and unloading wagons, camp expedients, field cooking, camp sanitation, first aid to the injured, personal hygiene, and the care of troops in the field will be taught by practice.

Informal talks by selected officers will be given on the following subjects: Use and duties of the different arms and branches of the service, (Infantry, Field Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Signal Troops, and the Medical Corps;) field fortifications, including the laying out, construction, and use of trenches; military bridge building; use of explosives; demolitions, the installation and operation of field lines of electrical information and the use of buzzers, field telephones and radiotelegraphic apparatus, signal flags, heliographs and acetylene lanterns, and other apparatus used by Signal Corps organizations in the field; the tactical organization of the military forces of the United States, the reasons therefor, and comparison with that of foreign armies; the supply (food and material) of an army and the problems connected therewith; the psychology of war; the military history of our country—not the illuminated schoolbook versions of our victories merely, but the true versions, as taken from the official records, of our failures and defeats, as well as our successes and victories, with reasons therefor; our military policy, past and present, the necessity for some sound, definite military policy and the adoption thereof; and the present scheme of organization of the land forces of the United States.

The schedule of instruction will include a practice march of several days' duration, in which, as nearly as possible, such actual campaign conditions of march, bivouac, and combat, as the assumed situation would exact, will be followed.

With the large number of men it will be possible to organize a regiment at almost war strength. There will probably be twelve companies in addition to a machine gun organization, and each company will be commanded by a regular army officer.

Here are the New Yorkers who are going to the camp:

A
John W. Alexander, 2d.
P. E. Adams.
A. Allenberg.
J. O. Adler.
John Amer.
W. N. Amory.
C. L. Appleton.
F. R. Appleton.
H. N. Arnold.
S. S. Auchincloss.

B
J. C. Benson.
H. W. Berdis.
S. Bacchus.
R. L. Bacon.
H. McC. Bangs.
Thomas H. Barber.
R. F. Barnes.
William H. Barr.
Othel Baxter.
Reynolds Baxter.
E. De T. Bechtel.
E. S. Benedict.
C. T. Blissell.
Arthur Blagden.
Crawford Blagden.
Thomas Blagden.
F. K. D. Bond.
Willard Botsford.
W. C. Bowers, 2d.
George W. Bradley.
Paul Bradshaw.
Thomas J. Brady.
Philip Brashear.
H. H. Brown.
Kenneth P. Budd.
W. Buckman.
George H. Bull.
J. W. Burden.
G. T. Burdett.
Grant Burns.
L. H. Butt.
Raymond Belmont.
Emmons Bryant.
Winthrop Burr, Jr.
R. O. Bailing.
Raymond F. Burns.
James I. Bolan.
Edward J. Bourke.
Mortimer Boyle.

C
James Cunningham.
John J. Collins.
T. W. Carnegie.
Roy R. Carpenter.
W. H. Carpenter.
P. A. Carroll.
L. S. Chanler, Jr.
William M. Chapman.
Lewis S. Charles.
Hazen Chatfield.
Harold B. Clarke.
Frank Clarke.
Grenville Clark.
J. W. S. Cleland.
Alex. S. Cochran.
F. B. Coe.
E. J. Coleman, Jr.
G. Chittenden.
Edward T. Collin.
Robins L. Conn.
Ramon Conroy.
T. G. Cook.
Robert E. Coulson.
J. D. Crimmins, Jr.
Clarence Crimmins.
P. P. Crosbie.
F. Crowninshield.
E. C. Crowley.
F. H. Cruger.
Henry H. Curran.
Lewis P. Chanler.
Frank J. Clarke.
J. H. Callaghan.
B. Curtis.
A. W. Chauncey.

D
C. W. Dall.
J. P. Davies.
W. E. Dawson.
B. W. Dennis.
Richard Derby.
J. L. Derby.
A. C. De Ruble.
D. D. Dodge.
L. D. Dominick.
Claude Dore.
E. L. Dorr.
W. F. Doughty.
W. E. Dowd, Jr.
David Dows.
C. F. Draper.
J. De Forest.
H. C. Drayton.
C. Dreschel.
I. E. Dupont.
W. A. Damen.
W. T. Davis.
C. R. Dean.
Reginald Durant.

E
J. L. Eastland.
W. Eastman.
W. J. J. Elger.
T. H. Ellett.
Ernest Esler.
M. Estabrook.

F
S. W. Fahnestock.
C. Fahnestock.
J. C. Fargo.
W. Farwell.
R. M. Ferry.
H. Fish, Jr.
G. D. Fish.
C. H. Floyd.
Eric A. Fowler.
W. W. Fowler.
Noel B. Fox.
J. J. Frank.
A. A. Fowler.
K. Fairbanks.
W. R. Ficke.
John Fine.
Sherman Flint.

G
R. Grosvenor.
G. H. Gaston.
W. G. Geety.
N. F. George.
E. M. Gilbert.
G. De K. Gilder.
E. P. Glover.
A. H. Goddard.
Conrad Goddard.
Alex. Gordon.
A. Gordon.
A. E. Grady.
G. E. Grafmuller.
L. H. Grant.
H. G. Gray.
H. D. Greeley.
C. E. Greenough.
B. Greenspan.
M. R. M. Gwilliam.
W. F. Gifford.
Enos T. Geer.
J. J. Ghegan.
D. J. Goss.
P. J. Graham.

H
G. C. Hass.
P. L. Hammond.
W. L. Hanaran.
D. G. Harris.
G. V. Harvey.
Cyril Hatch.
Woodhull Hay.
Isham Henderson.
J. J. Higginson.
John W. Hill.
W. Hobart.
W. W. Hoffman.
J. P. Hogan.
H. M. Holt, Jr.
H. S. Hooker.
S. B. Hoppin.
G. F. Hornblower.
G. W. Hubbell, Jr.
W. Hyams.
R. Hume.
A. V. Hemphill.
R. R. Hayes.
A. J. Heimbeck.
I. C. Hohn.
E. P. Hughes.
Frank Hughes.

I
H. M. Ingraham.
E. du Pont Irving.
T. A. E. Irving, Jr.
Adrian Iselin, 2d.
Oliver Iselin.
O'Donnell Iselin.
I. Isaacson.

J
F. Jackson.
Henry James, Jr.
B. G. Johnson.
H. du J. Jones.
R. C. Jones.
G. L. Johnston.

K
J. Keogh, Jr.
Archibald King.
Fred R. King.
Le Roy King.
F. H. Kinnicutt.
G. B. Kipp.
G. E. Kuhn.

L
I. Lachenbruch.
W. W. Lamson.
E. L. Landman.
Theodore Lane.
B. M. Langstaff.
Fred Lawry.
C. R. Leaycraft.
Robert Lehman.
B. B. Lewis.
J. C. Lillienthal.
W. D. Lille.
F. H. Littleton.
L. M. Loeb.
R. B. Lorimer.
Arthur Lovell.
R. M. Lowes.
E. A. Lynch.
G. B. Lannice.

M
A. J. McClure.
Robert McGrane.
J. A. McKenna, Jr.
Arthur P. McKinstry.
T. McIlvaine.
D. F. Malone.
C. M. Malone.
C. S. Mackenzie.
W. M. MacLean.
W. Macleod.
C. H. McKinney.
W. B. Maloney.
J. H. Mallory.
R. M. March.
J. Marshall.
Bradley Martin.
George Mathews, Jr.
A. B. Marvin.
L. P. Marvin.
W. R. May.
H. L. Meinhof.
H. Merrill.
W. M. Metcalf.
J. T. Milburn.
C. D. Miller.
Q. S. Mills.
H. O. Milliken.
L. D. Minnick.
Van S. Merle-Smith.
G. P. Montgomery.
B. Moore.
E. D. Morgan, Jr.
J. Morningstar, Jr.
J. A. Mullen.
T. E. Murrell.
A. J. McClure.
S. N. Meyer.
A. F. McKeogh.
Lew McCarliss.

N
E. B. Nye.
A. E. Nathan.
M. A. Noonan.

O
C. T. Olcott.
N. S. Oliver.
J. V. Onatavia, Jr.
C. I. Orth.
R. C. Otherman.
J. M. Oskinson.
W. L. Oakley.

P
Regis Post.
James Park.
A. A. Parker.
G. F. Parsons, Jr.
R. H. Patchin.
J. D. Peabody.
F. Pearson.
S. C. Peckham.
A. Perrenod.
C. A. Perry.
H. P. Perry.
T. M. Peters.
J. W. Pickworth.
R. S. Pierrepont.
S. Plummer.
Abraham Poole.
W. A. Prime, Jr.

Q
Joseph Quiltnr.
Lester Quigley.

R
W. P. Rauch.
Newton Ray.
D. A. Raynor.
C. L. Redmond.
R. W. Redpath.
Charles Reed.
A. Reichling.
F. D. Reid.
W. S. Van Rensselaer.
L. Richards.
H. L. Riker.
J. A. Ripley.
F. B. Rives.
C. D. Robison.
J. C. Rochester.
Ellhu Root, Jr.
C. C. Rumsey.
C. R. Runyon.
C. T. Ryan.
C. H. Rogers.
F. Rooney.
T. Roosevelt, Jr.
P. J. Roosevelt.
R. Rosenbluth.
S. J. Rosenzohn.
J. T. Rowland.
H. V. Rudderman.
W. L. Reed.
G. A. Reeder.
C. W. Robertson.
W. C. Rogers.
A. Roelker, Jr.

S
W. D. Straight.
A. G. C. Sage.
L. Sanders.
B. H. Sandler.
A. Schaefer.
H. S. Scanlan.
J. S. Schlusell.
W. D. Scholle.
R. Sealey.
W. Seligman.
R. N. Seymour.
L. H. Shepherd.
W. E. Shepherd, Jr.
E. Shippen.
H. A. Sherman, Jr.
H. R. Shurtleff.
H. Slaton.
J. E. Sloane.
F. A. Smith.
T. P. Snow.
G. D. Snyder.
J. B. Spencer.
R. Stephenson.
G. E. Stehan.
A. I. Stiles.
H. C. Stebbins.
O. G. S. Semonstad.
H. K. Stockton.
M. Stevenson.
H. F. Stone.
Max Soletsky.
D. Strachan.
W. H. Sutphin.
E. A. Sweeney.
A. H. Singer.
W. S. Sloan.
H. C. Sweeney.
J. E. Stearn.
C. E. Schofield.
D. S. Schwartz.
A. N. Shaw.
Joseph Slicker.
M. Schiess.

T
Harold Tappin.
J. C. Tarryhill.
F. T. Taylor.
W. N. Taylor.
A. C. Thomas.
G. R. Thompson.
J. G. Thornton.
D. C. Townsend.
Robert Tunis.
Harrison Tweed.
A. M. Tweedy.
Harry A. Taylor.
J. W. Taussig.

U
G. L. Utassy.

V
G. B. Vail.
H. D. Valentine.
B. M. Vance.
C. D. Vezin.

W
Bronson Winthrop.
M. A. Wall.
Charles E. Warren.
Ernest E. Wheeler.
David Wilson.
T. F. Wilcox.
John A. Wade.
P. C. Wadsworth.
Rhinelander Waldo.
Lewis G. Wallace.
Francis M. Weed.
Julian L. Wells.
Lawrence G. White.
R. C. Wigard.
James D. Williams.
Lewis Williams.
Roydan Williamson.
Frederick L. Wilson.
Bertram Winthrop.
B. von Witzleben.
Francis Woodbridge.
P. E. Wood.
B. V. T. Worthington.
Marshall C. Wright.
J. C. Way.
D. R. Wade.

Y
William H. Young.

and Lewis Chanler, ex-Lieut. Governor of New York, whose niece I was to marry shortly afterwards, belonged to my infinitesimal command. General Leonard Wood made a stirring and indiscreet speech emphasizing the appalling state of unpreparedness of the nation; and we all left the camp with much food for thought.

I was passionately interested in aviation, and had made an ascension in a captive balloon in Paris when I was only thirteen, and a passenger flight in a primitive air-plane in 1910, kneeling on the lower wing of a Farman biplane and hanging on to the struts for dear life. I had made an ascension in a free balloon with Charlie Lawrance and Arthur Moulton in 1912. I have also always loved the sea; so I decided that if I had to die for my country, I might as well enter the branch of the service which appealed to me most. Fortunately some of my close friends were forming an aviation section of the Second Battalion of the New York Naval Militia, so I promptly joined the unit, and in spite of my defective eyesight, I was fortunately accepted for flying duty.



To all who shall see these presents, Greeting:

Know Ye, That L. Grant. White has attended and successfully completed the prescribed course of instruction at the MILITARY INSTRUCTION CAMP held under the auspices of the WAR DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES at Plattsburg, N.Y. from August 10 to September 6, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen

Given under my hand at Plattsburg, N.Y., this sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen

Remarks: Rank: Corporal. Service: Honest and Faithful.
Character: Excellent. Marksmanship: Marksmanship

Ralph W. Pulu

1st Lieut. Cavalry

Commanding Company.

Halsted Dorey

Captain 4th Infantry

Commanding.

The leading spirits in the organization were Samuel S. Pierce, who had had actual flying service in the Balkan war; Charles Lanier Lawrance, a fellow student in Paris, destined to become the most brilliant aeronautical engineer in America; Philip Cusachs, who had also been at the Beaux Arts with me in Paris; Roger Poor, who had lived across the street when we were boys, in a beautiful house which my father had designed; and Vincent Astor, who actually owned a seaplane and its floating hangar.

Charlie Lawrance supplied us with a beach on the Great South Bay at Bay Shore, Long Island, and there we pitched our tents in the muck, facing our solitary seaplane. I persuaded my mother to contribute an ancient motor launch - and I still have a crick in my back from efforts at trying to start its engine. We had even more trouble with the seaplane, a freak affair shaped like a chevron, without a tail or a rudder, known as a Burgess-Dunne. It actually made a few flights, piloted by the courageous Sam Pierce, but before I had a chance to go

up in it, it crashed with him and Cusachs, fortunately without serious injury. For the rest of the training-period we confined ourselves to the study of aeronautics and mechanics.

In June 1916 I was married; and it looked as if my honeymoon would be interrupted by my being mobilized to the Mexican border. Fortunately our Battalion was not called out; and I fear we would not have been of much use, as we had little training, and no equipment. My son Peter was born on April 2nd, 1917, and two days later I got the mobilization telegram directing me to report in Brooklyn. I had an early breakfast with Roger Poor whose red-headed waitress burst into tears at the sight of two such fine young men going off to the wars. We were in blue sailor-suits which made us both look finer and younger than we actually were!

It turned out to be rather an anticlimax - for the armory in Brooklyn was overcrowded, and we were told to return home and report back every morning. Our unit was anxious to build a permanent camp at Bay Shore. Mrs.

MRS. STANFORD WHITE'S ball in honor of the naval officers of the Atlantic fleet, while a most brilliant affair, was not the success that it might have been for several reasons, from the naval point of view. Not having a personal acquaintance with enough officers to insure a sufficient number of dancing men to attract the girls, the captains of the battleships were asked to send officers, and they did so, with official orders—a certain percentage from every ship. These were told to be on the dock at eight o'clock, ready to be transported over to St. James. The dance was not given at the White home, but at the music room at Mr. Butler's squash courts, and when the first contingent of brass buttons and gold lace arrived, they were told that Mr. Butler's dinner guests were lingering over their coffee. No less a personage than Admiral Rodman was kept cooling his heels upon the damp lawn until Mr. Butler was apprised of waiting guests, and it was a very flustered host indeed who came forth to bid the guests of honor welcome. Mrs. White had not yet arrived, and when she did come the officers were set to work to help light up the ballroom. One of the officers told Mrs. White that it was through no fault of theirs that they had arrived before they were expected, that they were ordered to come at a certain time, and she cheerily replied: "Oh, yes; I asked for you to come at eight o'clock. It's quite all right, but the music hasn't arrived from New York yet." It was nearly ten before Mrs. Emmet arrived to assist her sister.

Sept 27 - 1917.

Bayard Cutting patriotically gave us a Ford truck in which we commuted daily from Brooklyn to Bay Shore. Here we built with our own hands a small shanty, during the construction of which I gained a first-hand acquaintance with practical architecture.

The camp soon grew larger, as we had been joined by the Aviation Section of the First Battalion. They received the assignment of the first plane, and we were bitterly jealous. During the summer, hangars were erected and more planes arrived - mostly Curtiss "N-9's".— The Army "Jennies" with pontoons attached. These planes were pleasant to fly, but were so under-powered, that they would not leave the water on a still day, and had a ceiling of only four or five thousand feet. We had also some "F-boats" and "R-6" and "Aquamarines", but I learned to fly in an "N-9". My instructor was Lieut. A. C. Read, who later flew the "N-C4" across the Atlantic. His engineer officer on that pioneer flight was my old friend Jim Breese, a fellow cadet at Bay Shore, who christened his daughter "Encie" to commemorate the event.

215.

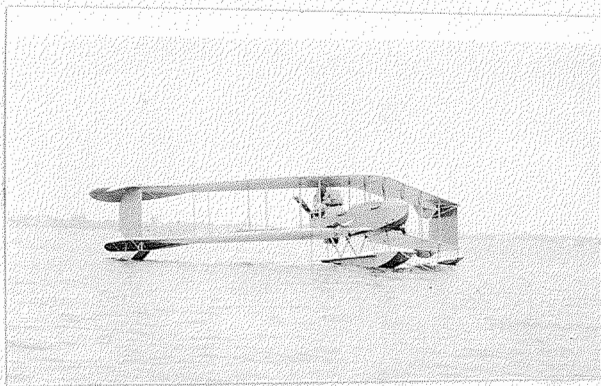
My wife and I lived in a small cottage near the camp; and when I was on leave, we could run across the Island to St. James in our Ford. The whole Atlantic fleet was concentrated secretly at Port Jefferson; so secretly, that the wives of fourteen officers were there to greet it upon arrival! The searchlights were a fine sight from my mother's porch. She acted as hostess for Lawrence Butler at a ball he gave to the officers of the fleet; so Admiral Will Rodgers, in return, invited my mother, my wife and myself to lunch with him on board his flagship the "Arkansas." We called his attention to the fact that I was in a sailor's uniform, but he replied, he did not care - and what was the use of being an admiral if one couldn't choose one's guests?

Never has there been such a breach of Naval etiquette! The Admiral's barge was waiting for us at the dock, and as we sped through the fleet, the sentries all snapped to attention. We were met by the officer of the deck at the starboard gangplank and he almost dropped dead at the sight of my "gob's" uniform. The Admiral

thought it a huge joke, and put me on his right at table, surrounded by gold lace and the choleric faces of very superior officers.

The captain of the ship, a four-striper, was particularly outraged. I only saw him once again at Rome, in 1918. He had become an admiral, and I a junior lieutenant; but, as the personal aide to President Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, I wore glittering gold aiguillettes on my right shoulder, so that as far as etiquette was concerned, I technically outranked the admiral. As we talked together, in the Grand Hotel, I thought - but alas, did not dare to say - "We have both been promoted since we last met, haven't we?"

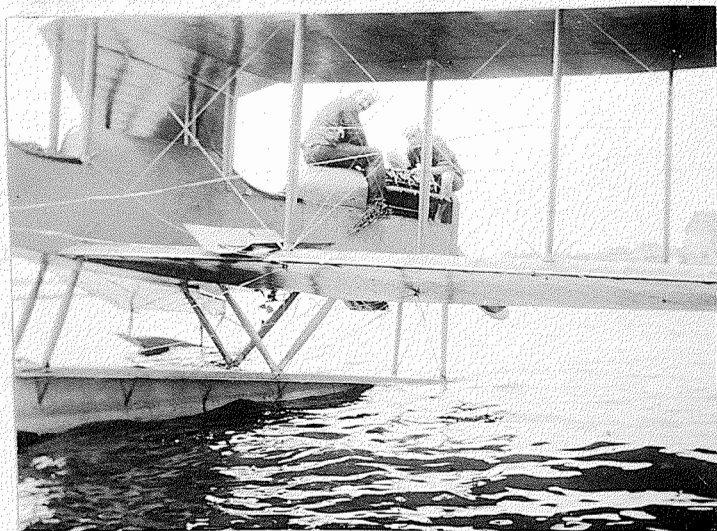
Another afternoon, on leave, my wife and I motored over to Oyster Bay. As we turned a corner, we were astounded to see two companies of German troops along the side of the road. We were convinced that they had been landed from a submarine (ships were being sunk off Nantucket) - and feared the worst - but I bravely drove on unmolested, and around the next corner was a



The Burgess-Dunne



U.S. Naval Air Station
Bry Shore, L.I.



"R6 Biplane"

company of mounted Uhlans! Needless to say we had run into a movie set.

A puppy, an approximation of an Airedale, had strayed into camp, and was immediately adopted by Roger as a mascot, and named "Gob." He was a most engaging and affectionate animal; but unfortunately, one day, he got in the way of our Commanding Officer, a quick-tempered Irishman, who tripped over him, and ordered that he should be annihilated forthwith. We were all broken-hearted at the thought of losing our pet; but all ended happily, as can be seen from the following doggerel:

GOB: AN EPIC

"Of all the blessed quadrupeds that God put on the job
The best, the most affectionate, most beautiful, is GOB.
He boasts no canine lineage, no kennel pedigree:
A poor benighted starving cur, an outcast, once was he.

I say he WAS; one April day, the kindly roving eye
Of Mate (now Ensign) R.M. POOR this wretched beast did spy.
He took him to his bosom, and nursed him with such care
That a blooded Airedale he became, with long and silky hair.

His drooping ears now stand erect; likewise his drooping
tail
The latter beats upon the air just like a thresher's
flail;

His glaz-ed eye now shines as bright as any evening star;
His raucous bark now sounds as soft as silver stringed
guitar.

But hearken, gentle reader, to the burden of my song;
Our GOB became rambunctious, and before so very long
Aroused the wrath Hibernian; the Captain's goat was got—
So he issued forth an order that the animule be shot.

The heart of Mate (now Ensign) R.M. POOR was sore dis-
tressed
To think this dog he had reclaimed and nurtured with
his best,
Should thus be cruelly sacrificed; his young life be
destroyed
Because Gold Lace tripped over him, and chose to be
annoyed.

With streaming eyes, he pled in vain to spare his dar-
ling pet;
Decided upon chloroform, and was going for a vet,
When he had a stroke of genius, and stopped upon the way
At the house of Ensign LAWRANCE (retired, with half pay)

Once there, he sought the genial spouse, the charming
chatelaine
Of this bold seaman, once the terror of the Spanish Main;
And played upon the heartstrings of that amiable dame
Until she promised to adopt this dog without a name!

So, saved from execution, our GOB is now enshrined
In the hearts of all the Lawrances, the camp, and all
mankind."

We suffered horribly from the mosquitoes. One

night, Albert Johnson, one of my comrades, whose genial disposition had earned the nickname of "June", was on watch, and was so annoyed by the pests that he climbed up on the watch tower in an effort to escape them. Hence the following:

POST #3, 12- 4 a.m.

"On the observation tower, looking southward to the sea,
There's an aviator settin', though he hadn't oughter be,
For his post is down below, and he's supposed to be on
guard,
But the enemy, in numbers, made his duty far too hard.

Not the minions of the Kaiser, nor the dreaded submarine,
But great squadrons of mosquitoes, undeterred by kerosene,
Bred in special private hatching grounds on Ensign Astor's
barge,
Flying upward through the hatchways to the camp, and world
at large.

There, waiting on the tower, looking southward to the sea,
Sits our patient, watchful, guardsman, where he hadn't
oughter be
Far above the dulcet music of the insect's busy tune
Waiting for the crack o' daybreak, sits our ever watch-
ful June;

While the other wretched guardsmen in the teasing cage
below
Slap their necks and scratch their ankles, feeling welts
begin to grow,



U. S. S. GLOUCESTER

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE

CHRISTENING

AND

OFFICIAL ACCEPTANCE

OF THE

HYDROPLANE

WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE

SECOND BATTALION, N. M., N. Y.

BY A

COMMITTEE OF PATRIOTIC CITIZENS

SATURDAY, JULY THE FIRST

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

AT TWO IN THE AFTERNOON

R. S. V. P.

- II -
"202's" Baptism.

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR NAMES AN AIRSHIP

Hydroaeroplane "No. 1" Is
Turned Over to the Naval
Militia, National Guard.

MAKES SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT

Machine Bought by Popular Sub-
scription and Presented by
the Aero Club.

The first hydroaeroplane to be purchased for the National Guard by popular subscription made its maiden flight yesterday from the pier of the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, in Brooklyn, where it had been named by Mrs. Vincent Astor. More than 1,000 persons, assembled on the field at Fifty-second Street and First Avenue, watched the launching of the aeroplane after it had been formally presented to the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, by a committee representing the Aero Club of America. Vincent Astor, as ensign of this battalion, superintended the launching.

The presentation was made by Charles L. Lawrence, chief engineer of the Marine Division of the Second Battalion and member of the Aero Club Committee. The aeroplane was received on behalf of the battalion by Commodore Robert P. Forshew, who is in command of the naval militia of New York.

Following the presentation of the hydroaeroplane, Mrs. Vincent Astor broke a bottle of champagne over its bow and named it "No. 1." This was greeted by an outburst of cheers from the spectators, as well as a sonorous acclamation of whistles and horns from boats in the harbor, among them being the training ship Gloucester and Vincent Astor's yacht Noma. All of the yachts were strung with flags and bunting.

On being lowered from the pier to the water, the hydroaeroplane was towed out to midstream in a launch commanded by Vincent Astor. He then released his charge to Ensign Samuel Pierce of the Second Battalion, an expert aeronaut, who made a flight of twelve minutes, encircling Fort Hamilton and Sea Gate, and returning to anchor at the battalion pier. The aeroplane traveled

through the air at the rate of from thirty-five to forty miles an hour.

The hydroaeroplane cost \$8,500. It was purchased with funds collected by the Aero Club of America, Vincent Astor being one of the chief contributors. The plane is driven by an engine of 100 horse-power, and was built by Burgess-Dunne of Boston. After the demonstration flight, it was raised on Pier B, and will remain there until transferred to Bay Shore, L. I., the aeronautic concentration camp.

THE REGULAR SPEAKS:

"Lor lumme, Bill, I wonder why I ever showed me face
 And came from Pensacola to this bloomin' little place.
 A bunch of half-cooked college guys, wid ratings on, at
 that!
 Machinists who can't use a wrench; and ghinks who are
 so fat
 They can't get in and out boats; and sailors who can't
 sail,
 And carpenters who can't connect a hammer with a nail!
 And then they make an orficer out some green galoot
 That don't know nothin' nohow - and expect yer to saloot.
 God, man, it's fierce! I hope to Hell that something
 soon occurs
 To stop me sweatin' round this bloomin' bunch of
 ammerteurs."

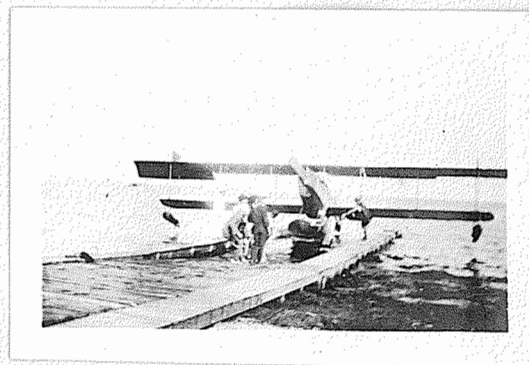
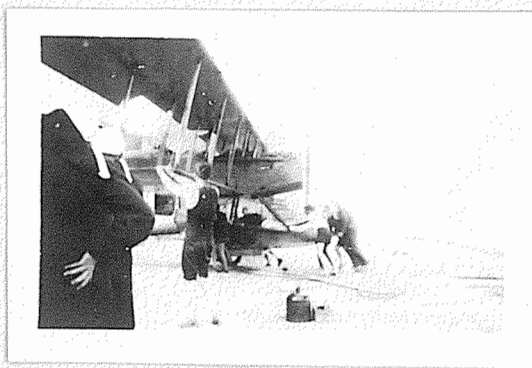
THE N.N.V. REPLIES:

"I want to serve my country, but I fail to understand,
 Why the Government selects the biggest rough-necks in
 the land -
 Bull-necked, thick headed anthropoids, with manners of
 a lout
 And makes them petty officers to order me about!
 When I enlisted I was told that this would be a place
 Where nobody but gentlemen would ever show their face,
 Where each would have his aeroplane, and plenty more
 to boot
 In case we had a smash up, or the motor didn't suit;
 While, instead, I'm but a Landsman, and I draw a Lands-
 man's pay
 For dragging heavy "F" boats through the scorching sand
 all day."

I made my first solo flight on September 14th.
 after 10 hours in the air. My pilot's licence is dated



Aviation Section, N. M. N.Y. - Bay Shore, L.I. 1917.



November 12, 1917, and numbered 176; my Aero-Club licence is No. 109 for seaplanes.

The red tape was endless; we had all been transferred from the State Militia to the National Naval Volunteers; and when the long-awaited commission arrived on December twelfth, it was as Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve Force.

We kept on flying until the motors froze - for the winter of 1916 was bitterly cold, and the camp and the streets were coated with solid ice. I made the last flight at that station on December 7th. Soon afterwards I received orders for Key West, where a new training station was to be established. Much against my wishes, I was appointed Executive Officer and Treasurer, so that I was virtually the "man from Cook's" for a detachment of about 300 men, which left Bay Shore in a special train one cold afternoon. The officers were in Pullman cars, but with no porters in them. The men were in day coaches; the dining car was left off at the last moment, so we were fed by the Red Cross along the route. Sure enough, when we got to

Pennsylvania Station, Ethel King and others were on the platform in uniform, handing out coffee and rolls. But later on we had difficulty in getting food, as our train was always several hours behind schedule, and changed its route temperamentally several times. At Richmond we were handsomely entertained by a bevy of Southern beauties; at Columbia, South Carolina, we had to shift for ourselves late at night in drug stores. We finally got to Key West on December 23rd, after nine days of travel.

My wife and Peter moved to Boston, to spend the winter with the Pickmans.

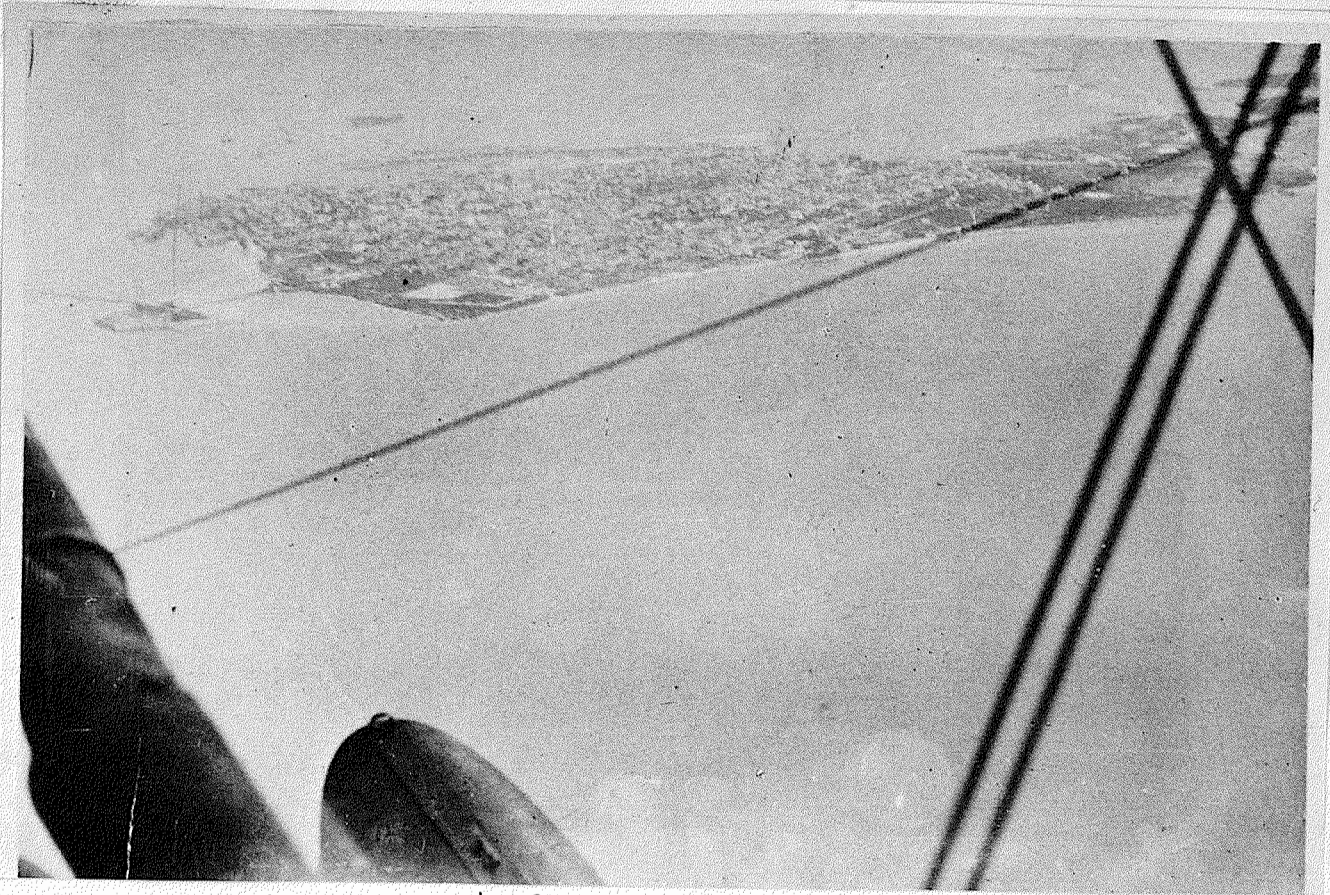
2.

KEY WEST.

Key West has the inestimable advantage of perfect flying conditions. We revelled in the tropical sunshine, and moved into new wooden barracks. I was soon relieved of my duties of Executive Officer by my own request, and put in charge of Construction and Repair, for which I was more fitted. New hangars and other buildings had to be located at once; and I was also in charge of the physical plant of the station.

There is no fresh water in Key West - it all has to be hauled in tank cars from Miami. There ~~were~~ therefore two water systems in the camp, salt and fresh; and some emissary of the devil, or the German Government, had cross-connected them! So one fine morning there was not a drop of fresh water in the station, and I, as the responsible officer, got dirty looks from the men as they drank their coffee made with salt water! By dint of a great deal of telephoning, I got a trainload of water down the next morning.

Key West is - or was then - a sordid little town on a coral Key with the entire water-front occupied by



Key West from the air~



Looping over Key West in "R-6" with broken strut~
Erl Gould, pilot.

slums and factories, like New York. The sole distraction was a meal, at the fusty little hotel, of broiled turtle steak and ginger ale. But a board of Scientists and naval officers were then studying inventions which might win the war. The most distinguished members were Edison and Professor Pupin - and I used to see both of them.

As head of "Construction and Repair," I carried out Edison's experiments in camouflaging aircraft. He gave very careful instructions regarding the composition of the paint, and the width of the stripes measured in thirty-seconds of an inch. I remember being skeptical as to the effect of a thirty-second of an inch at the height of a few thousand feet - but I had his instructions carried out conscientiously on one-half of a seaplane. We were rewarded for our efforts when the lookout tower reported a plane flying with one wing! But when the Board of Admirals met, they decided it was all a mistake - for the submarines were scared under by the sight of an air-plane. Therefore, why make them invisible? Edison laughed and shrugged his shoulders as he told me of a

similar incident early in his career, when he invented and installed in the House of Representatives, an electrical contrivance which in a few seconds recorded the votes - an undertaking usually requiring about an hour. It worked perfectly, but it destroyed the political filibuster by roll-call, so it was never used. Edison ended by saying "Never invent anything unless you are sure it is wanted!"

I was also member of a joint board to study co-operation of seaplanes, surface craft and submarines. We took the submarine officers up in the air, and tried to scare them with loops and side-slips, but when I went down in the submarine, they had their revenge in my uneasiness when water came through the hull in a stream - and was caught in a bucket - like a leak in the roof!

One day Lieut. Erl Gould, the senior officer in charge of Flying, took me up as his observer in an "R-6", with orders to make contact with the surface craft at a point 20 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico. Now in those days our planes had no instruments except a tachometer

or revolution counter, so we had to navigate by eye. I had an altimeter mounted like a wrist-watch that was the envy of the whole station. We climbed to three or four thousand feet and soon got above the clouds. After a while we realized that we had lost our bearings completely, and were 30 or 40 miles out at sea, with no sign of the fleet. Then through a small hole in the blanket of clouds, we saw a schooner; Gould put the plane into a vertical bank and spiralled down through the hole to a beautiful landing, only a few feet from the schooner.

I say a beautiful landing; but the waves were running high - which was hard to see from the air, and we broke the forward pontoon strut when we hit the water. We shouted "Key West" at the schooner, and the helmsman pointed to leeward as the ship drew away from us - but there we were, bobbing up and down in a rough sea with a broken strut. Our only chance was to try to get into the air again - which we did, thanks to Gould's skill. When we got over the station, he made three successive loops (my first) to celebrate our safe return while I



U.S. Naval Air Station, Key West, Fla.
1918

held on to the cameras.

As I was kept pretty busy with Construction and Repair, I was relieved largely from flying instruction duty. There was, however, a nice young student named Donahue, whom the other instructors had given up as hopeless - and I offered to give him another chance. One day he took a landing too fast, and we hit the water with a terrifying smack, bouncing about 200 feet up in the air. With a sigh of relief, I took control of the plane - but when I landed near the beach, the plane sank at once, and we later found out that our "bounce" had sucked the rivets out of the bottom of the pontoon!

My wife came down to Key West, and while she was there, the civilian contractor who had built the hangars under my supervision, begged for a ride in a plane. It was against the regulations, but I persuaded our Commanding Officer, Lieut. Parker, to let me take him up, as a reward for his speed in building the hangars.

At Bay Shore, our instructors had told us that

acrobatics in seaplanes were fatal, owing to the cumbersome pontoons; but even while there I had "bootlegged" a ride with Will Rockefeller, an acrobatic pilot, who knew better. At Key West loops and vertical spirals and stalls were the order of the day, and I had learned to do them in the "R-6" planes. Twice I had started my dead motor by the air stream on the propeller in a steep nose-dive.

This time the "R-6's" were all out, and the only available plane was an "N-9" - the kind I had learned to fly in at Bay Shore. I decided to give the contractor a good ride, so after I had climbed 3 or 4 thousand feet, I stalled the plane, let her drop into a nose-dive, and then put her into a vertical spiral - watching my wrist altimeter. At 1000 feet, I put the controls in neutral, as I had often done in an "R-6", and waited for the plane to come out of the spiral. But, while the "R-6" had a diedral angle to its wings, the "N-9" did not - so I found myself at once in a dangerous spinning nose-dive at a low altitude right over the station. Sea and land

were whirling around like a pin-wheel before my eyes - and getting nearer and nearer. The men in the station rushed out on the beach with stretchers awaiting the seemingly inevitable crash. It takes quite a while to drop a thousand feet; and it seemed even longer. I remember I was perfectly calm, that I reasoned out why the plane went into a spin, cursed my stupidity, shuddered at my responsibility for my passenger's death and my own, and bewailed my helplessness - and then, very slowly, I recalled a casual talk with Lieut. Read at Bay Shore, when he said: "Don't ever get in a spin in a seaplane - you will probably never get out of it. Your instinct is to pull the wheel towards you, which only makes matters worse: Your only hope is to push the wheel away from you." I then - very slowly - pushed the wheel forward, and the plane came out of the spin about 40 feet above the water! We had been saved by Read's advice. I remember being interested in a detached way, and trying to puzzle out why it had worked - and then realizing that I was flying around the course anti-clockwise and thereby breaking the local flying rules. I quickly reversed my direction and



L.C.W- Villa Viscaya - March 1918.

landed to receive the congratulations of my brother officers, as I stepped out of the plane with shaking knees.

As I helped my passenger out, he remarked: "I didn't like that dropping business, but, gee, that spinning around was great." "O fortunati nimium qui suae bonae norint!"

All of us were itching to go overseas, and I was fortunately among the first to get foreign orders. Two week's leave was allowed, so my wife and I accepted Mr. James Deering's invitation to stay at Villa Viscaya, his enchanting place at Coconut Grove. Here we spent several happy days in the greatest comfort and luxury. On the way north we stopped at Washington, when I put in a plea with the Navy Department to equip the planes with instruments.

The night before I sailed we went to the theatre. ^{Theodore} President Roosevelt, an old friend of the family, happened to be there, and I was proud to have him clasp my hand and wish me good luck.



March, 1918.

ENSIGN LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE
U. S. N. R. F. C.

3.

EUROPE.

We were not told which steamer we were to take - but it turned out to be the "St. Paul", on which I had recently crossed - so that the steward knew me by name, and my room-mate was Walter Bradley, an old college friend. We were surprised to find that there were only 75 officers on the whole boat - when bottoms were at a premium! We had an uneventful crossing, and could not pick up our convoy of destroyers off the Irish coast, because of our antiquated radio, which, though it is hard to believe - had a crystal detector. Fortunately, one of the officers aboard had with him, as a curiosity, the galena detector which had been used to open the San Francisco Exposition. He hooked it up to the ship's radio and got the destroyers. There were two submarine scares as we went up the Irish Channel and we were all ordered into life-preservers. We landed at Liverpool, where I rescued my luggage by a miracle just as it was leaving for Ireland. We reached London, darkened for the air raids, late at night, and were taken to a most attractive Officers' Club, where I was greeted by my friend, Mrs. Cecil Higgins, in a fetching chintz uniform. We waited in London a few days,



I HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Lawrence Grant White

This card will be held until safe
arrival of the boat on which I sailed.

as the Channel boats were jammed. I had time to lunch with Cecil Baring (now Lord Revelstoke) who owns the Island of Lambay in the Irish Channel. Wreckage from a torpedoed liner was littering his shore; and he was deciphering a grant from King John in Mediaeval Latin, conferring on the owner of the Island the right to all wreckage - and the grant still held good! I also stopped at my tailor's, and had him make me overnight, a uniform "de fantaisie" - our personal interpretation of the Navy regulations, which were somewhat hazy in regard to flying officers.

After two days' wait at Southampton, we crossed by night to Havre. The tiny boat was crammed with officers and men; but I got a few winks of sleep on the floor of the cabin of one of the ship's officers.

There were seventeen officers in our detachment. None of them could speak a word of French, so I was again the "man from Cook's." We arrived in Paris late at night, and stepped out of the Gare du Nord into an air-raid. The drone of the German planes could be heard

overhead, while the sirens of the fire-engines warning everyone to get under cover, mingled with the bark of the anti-aircraft guns and the burst of shrapnel in the sky. A navy truck took us to the Hotel Continental where we could get a good view of the raid from the arcade. A red glow down the Rue de Rivoli showed where a bomb had set fire to a large furniture store.

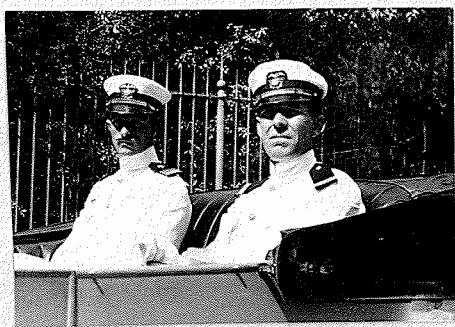
The next morning I reported at headquarters in the Hotel d'Iena. I was told that I was to leave for Rome in a few days to help Lieutenant Commander J. Lansing Callan organize the U.S. Naval Aviation Force in Italy, as his Executive and Liaison Officer. I had been selected because of my previous experience at the Embassy, and my working knowledge of Italian.

Our departure was postponed two or three times, so that I spent about ten days in Paris. The bombardment by the big gun was going on, and I was sleeping in the line of fire, at 18 Rue Bonaparte, where Fred King, his brother Le Roy, Phil Goodwin and Chauncey McCormick, all in the Intelligence Division of the Army, - had a charming

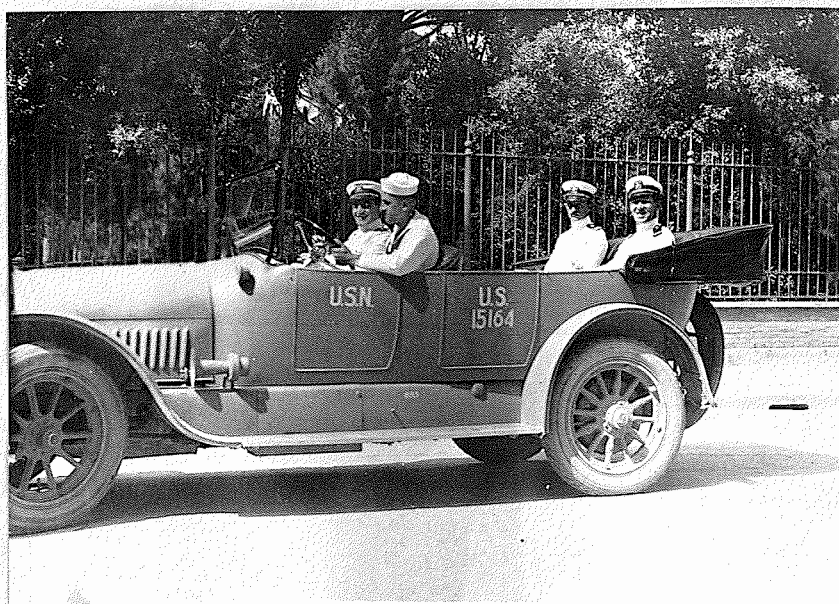
old apartment. Paris seemed much the same as ever, but when the shells landed, the stenographers in the Naval Headquarters at the Hotel d'Iéna would stop and give a little squeak - and then go on with their work. Once when I was at the Théâtre Français there was a dramatic hush in the house as a shell landed nearby. The bombardment, although it did but little material damage, exerted a strong moral effect upon the population.

Upon our arrival in Rome we reported at the Embassy where I felt thoroughly at home, for Thomas Nelson Page was still Ambassador, and Russell Train, Naval Attaché; and Francesco was still the General Factotum. My friend Arthur Lane was Secretary to the Embassy. He and Emerson McMillen, the Ambassador's private secretary, were living in Sargent's apartment in the Casa dei Quattro Venti at the top of the Spanish steps, commanding the finest view in Rome; and I accepted Arthur's kind invitation to live there.

We had a lot of hard work getting our small organization started, and making contacts with the Italian



Lt. Com. Callan. Paymaster Parker.

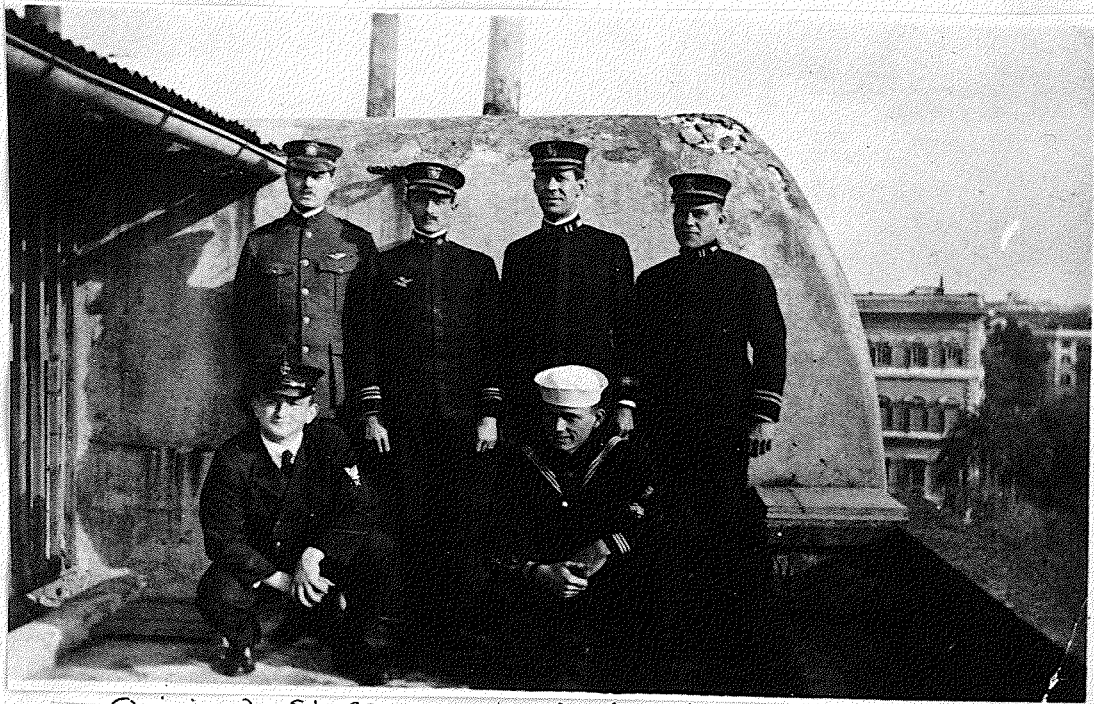


Navy. We had the proud title of U.S. Naval Aviation Forces in Italy, but our "Forces" were only a few students in training at the Italian seaplane school on Lake Bolsena. It was intended that we should take over some stations on the Adriatic as quickly as possible, and start some new ones. My job was to inspect the sites, lay out the new stations, and cut the red tape generally.

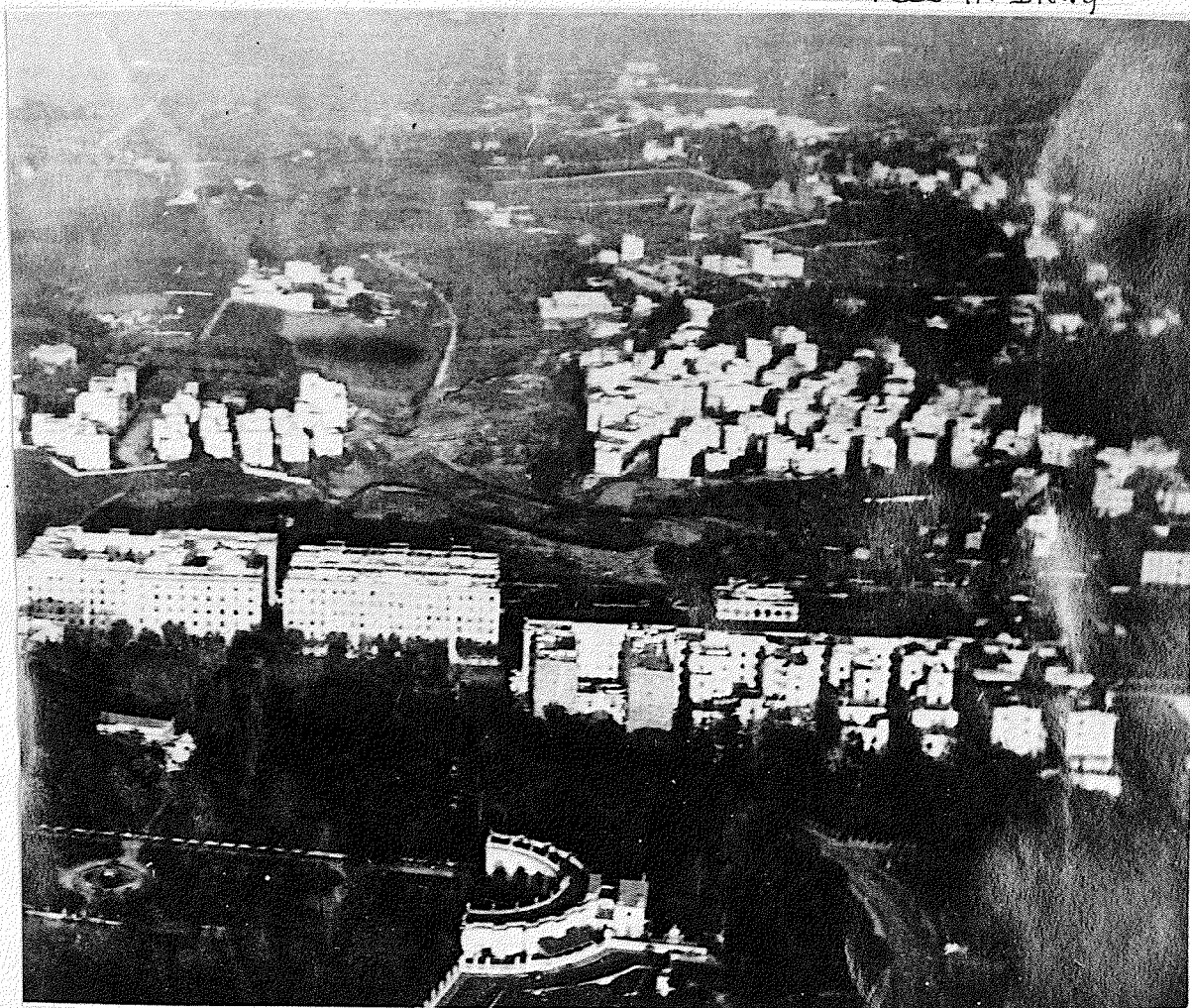
We soon increased our staff and moved our office to the Eden Hotel, where I had an excellent draughtsman, and a stenographer who took my dictation directly on the machine.

The first station that we took over was at Porto Corsini, on a canal near Ravenna. As at Key West, the station was innocent of any water supply. After much talking and writing, I had some tank railway cars built to take the water from Forlì to the canal, where it was transferred to tank barges ; but the Italians in their zeal, towed the barges too fast - so that there were frogs, from the canal, swimming in the barges when they arrived at Porto Corsini! The detachment of American Naval

L. G. W. Lt. Com. Callan - Lt. Parker - Lt. Solhaug



Original Staff - U.S. Naval Aviation Forces in Italy.



Villa Albani, Rome, from Dirigible "M-1" L. G. W.

Aviators, again had to drink coffee made with brackish water! We solved the problem for the moment by breaking into a tank of distilled water used for the batteries of the Italian submarines. I took the night train for Rome to run the office, while Callan came up to inspect the station. While we were on our trains, the station was bombed, by a squadron of Austrian seaplanes, as a greeting to the Americans. Fortunately for us, they had mistaken their target, owing to a similar formation in the network of canals nearby; but their high-explosive bombs made craters twenty-seven feet across, within a few hundred yards of the station.

Other projected American stations were to be at Pescara, Ancona, and the Island of Poveglia at Venice; and a large station for land planes at Poggio Renatico, near Ferrara; so that I was constantly making trips to these places. Once I was fortunate enough to meet my father-in-law, Major Winthrop Chanler, in Padua, where he was attached to the Italian G.H.Q. as liaison officer.

Venice was a depressing sight; the railroad



ROMA DAL DIRIGIBILE

(AERONAVE M.1)

BATTAGLIONE DIRIGIBILISTI
SEZIONE FOTOGRAFICA

al generale M.1
1941



collxn
Crater from Austrian bomb, Porto Corsini-

LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

ENSIGN
UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE FORCE

COPIA

AVIATORI AMERICANI

Per la via dell'infinito
 Vola audace l'aviatore
 E nel cor si sente ardito
 Del nemico cacciatore.

Come il falco fa la ruota
 Quando avvista su dall'alto
 Così lui volteggia e quota
 Il momento dell'assalto.

Sul nemico sottostante
 Con ferocia attacco sferra
 E cadere in qualche istante
 Lo fa vinto e morto in terra.

Gl'Aviatori Americani
 Han la fede nella gloria
 E con loro oggi ovver domani
 Avrem certo la vittoria!

Duca Lante.

Oct 1918

AMERICAN AVIATORS.

In the sunset's golden glow
 O'er the pathways of the skies
 Hunting boldly for the foe
 The daring aviator flies.

As a falcon turns and swoops
 Seeking widely for its prey
 So he spins and banks and loops
 Eager for the coming fray.

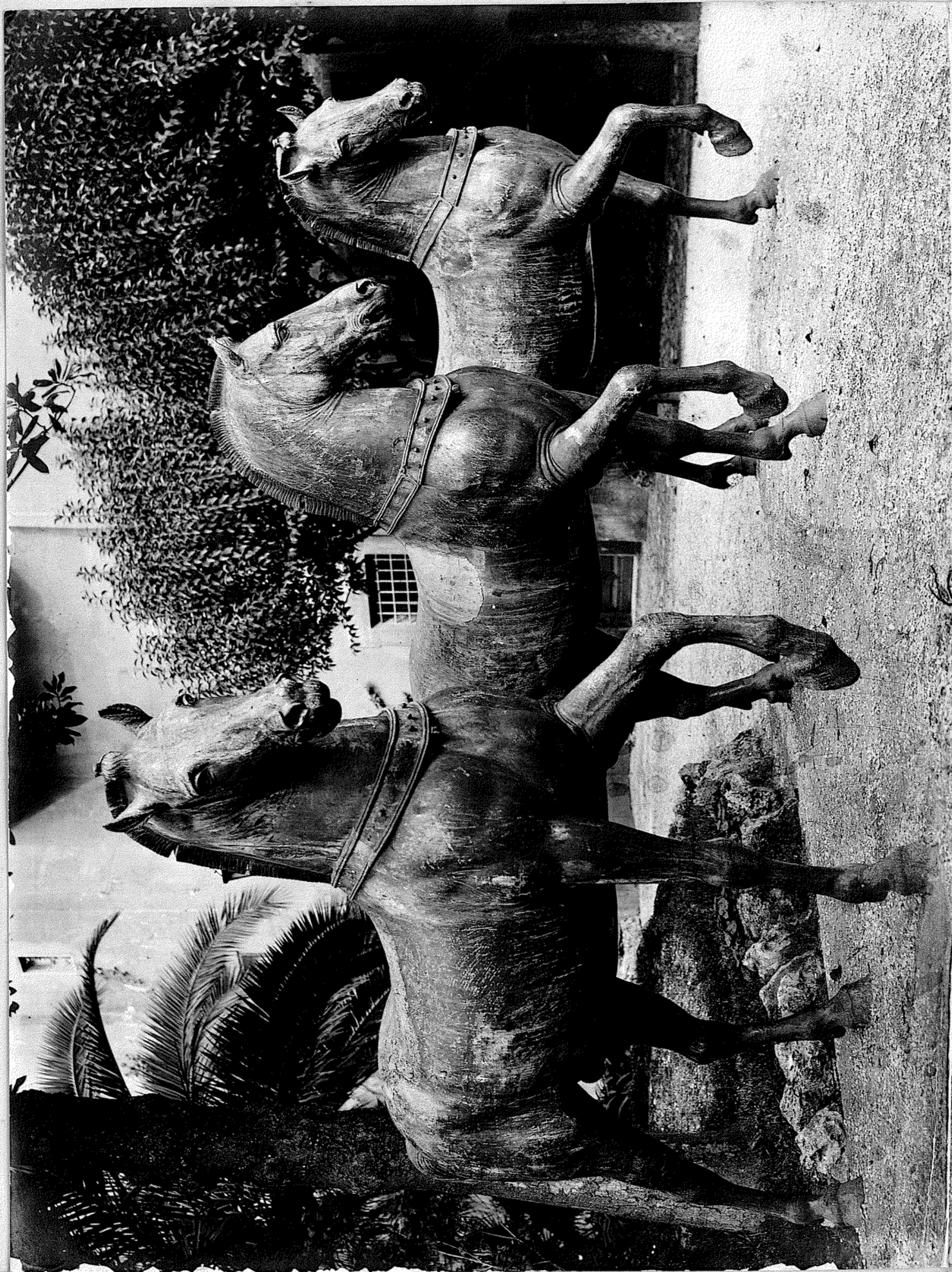
Straight and sure, with swift attack
 Down he bears upon the Hun
 N'er a thought of turning back-
 An instant - and the fight is won.

Faithful in their hope of glory,
 Coming far from o'er the sea,
 They will live in song and story
 As having brought us Victory.

Translation by L.G.W.

station was in ruins, there were no gondolas, so we walked along the dark canals right across the city, expecting to fall in the water at every step. The facade of St. Mark's was covered with sand-bags; the bronze horses, together with the Colleoni [and Gattamelata^c from Padua] had been removed to Rome, where I saw them later in the courtyard of the Palazzo Venezia, the quadriga prancing on the gravel. It was a fine sight - the greatest equestrian statues in the world collected in one place.

I was also attached to several commissions on inspection trips - often with British officers. The Italians did us well- high-powered motors which tore about with their mufflers cut out, and pompous luncheons. We inspected the Ansaldo, Caproni, Forlanini and Isotta plants, and the Macchi seaplane factory where I made a wonderful flight over the Alps in a seaplane about 12,000 feet up - the highest I had ever been. I also made some interesting flights over Rome and the Campagna in dirigibles. All the famous buildings appeared in plan, and the outlines of great structures out in the Campagna,



24546 - VENEZIA - I cavalli in bronzo della Basilica di S. Marco - Ripr. int. - Anderson - Roma

invisible on the ground, were clearly defined when seen from the air. They let me run the dirigible for a short time - but owing to its sluggish response, I over-controlled.

Some of our fliers were detailed to pilot Caproni planes from Milan to the army training camp at Foggia, calling at Pisa and Rome. Some were lost, as the Fiat motors had a disagreeable habit of catching on fire; others lost their way or crashed quietly - and as the pilots could not speak Italian, and telegraph messages in foreign tongues were forbidden - they could not let us know where they were. Once we got a message that a plane had crashed, but at a place which none of us could find on the map. It turned out to be a small town on the Lake of Garda, almost in enemy territory - and nearly ninety degrees off the proper course. The pilot, Howard Maxwell, had mistaken the lake for the Mediterranean!

Arthur Lane was married in Florence - and his wedding was the only occasion on which I wore my sword.

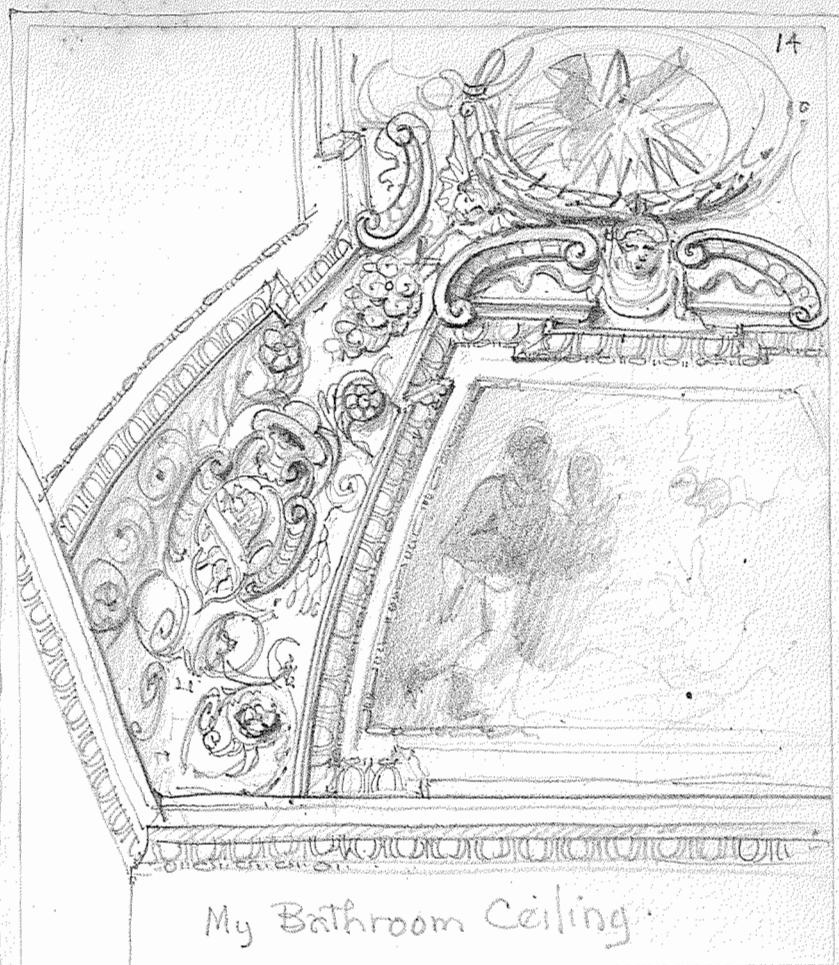


Conte Pecorini Lt. Com. Lt. L.G.W.
Callan Parker

Our Mess at 42 Via Po
in front of the Chancery

As he brought his bride to his Roman apartment, I joined Callan and two of my fellow officers, and moved to the apartment of Count Pecorini Manzoni - who oddly enough, was the Chinese Consul in Rome. He was very fond of his food, and was glad to take advantage of our combined stock of Navy rations - for food in Rome was hard to get. We never could teach his chef to make corned-beef hash; but someone had the brilliant idea of sending down pies, made of priceless white American flour, from Porto Corsini, by the weekly courier.

Our mess broke up after a while, and I moved to the American Academy on the Janiculum. My father had been one of its trustees, together with his partner, Charles McKim: Mr. Mead was now President, and Mr. Stevens, the Director, had worked beside me in the office, where the building had been designed. So again I felt thoroughly at home. Across the street in the Villa Aurelia, lived the ranking Red Cross officers: Robert Perkins, Guy Lowell, James Byrne, Chester Aldrich and Dr. Collins. I had a little red Fiat car that I kept in the garage of



My Bathroom Ceiling.



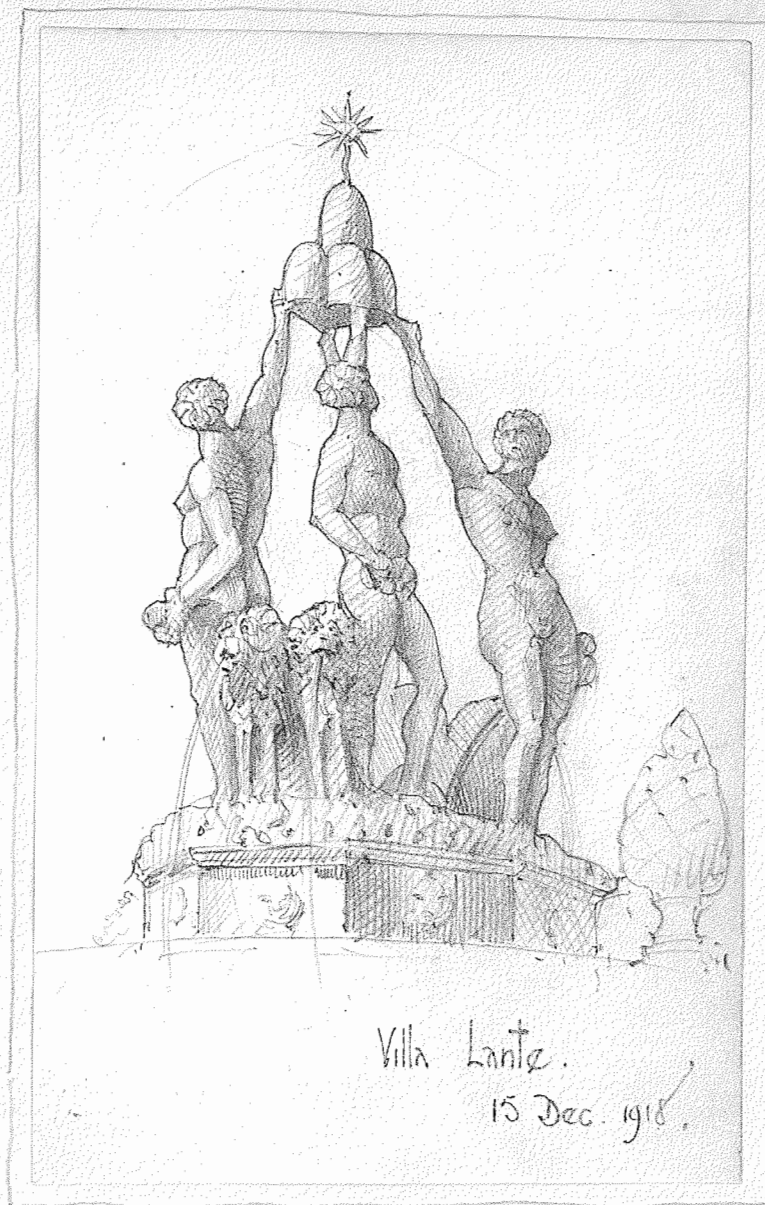
My Bedroom. Villa Lante. Dec 15.

Sketches made at Villa Lante ~

the beautiful Villa Spada next door. Callan had a swell 8-cylinder Cadillac which was the envy of all our Italian colleagues.

Occasionally, when I could get leave over Sunday, I went to stay at the Villa Lante at Bagnaia - one of the most beautiful places in Italy. The Duchess was an American - a distant connection of my wife's. In that enchanted spot, the war seemed very far away, as I sketched in the gardens or dreamed in a cardinal's bedstead; and I shall always remember their delightful hospitality with gratitude. I was there the night of the false armistice - all the bells in the tower were ringing, - the townspeople formed a torchlight procession and walked to the gates of the Villa, where the Duke made a patriotic speech. Champagne was opened, and the end of the war fittingly celebrated; but the next morning we learned that it was all a mistake!

A few days later we got news of the real armistice - and I have always regretted that I was not in Paris for the occasion - for the celebration in Rome did not amount



Fountain, Villa Lante ~

to much.

Of course, the armistice meant that none of the air-stations we had been planning would be built, so that our organization lost its raison d' être. There was a general relaxation of activities; all our worries were at an end - and our one idea was to get home.

One night Charles Platt, Paul Manship and I were dining together. They were both in the Red Cross; and after a "Capretto Arrosto" washed down with vino dei Castelli, one of us thought of the brilliant idea of going home by way of the Orient - as all the Atlantic steamers were jammed, while the travel eastward was light. We accordingly sent three cables to our wives, who sent back answers at once that made the wires sizzle.

To my delight, Charlie Bradley, whom I had been with both at school and college, appeared unexpectedly one day in the office, in the position of Assistant Naval Attache and Intelligence Officer. Our work and tastes lay in the same direction, so that we were much together,



Villa Lante, Braganza

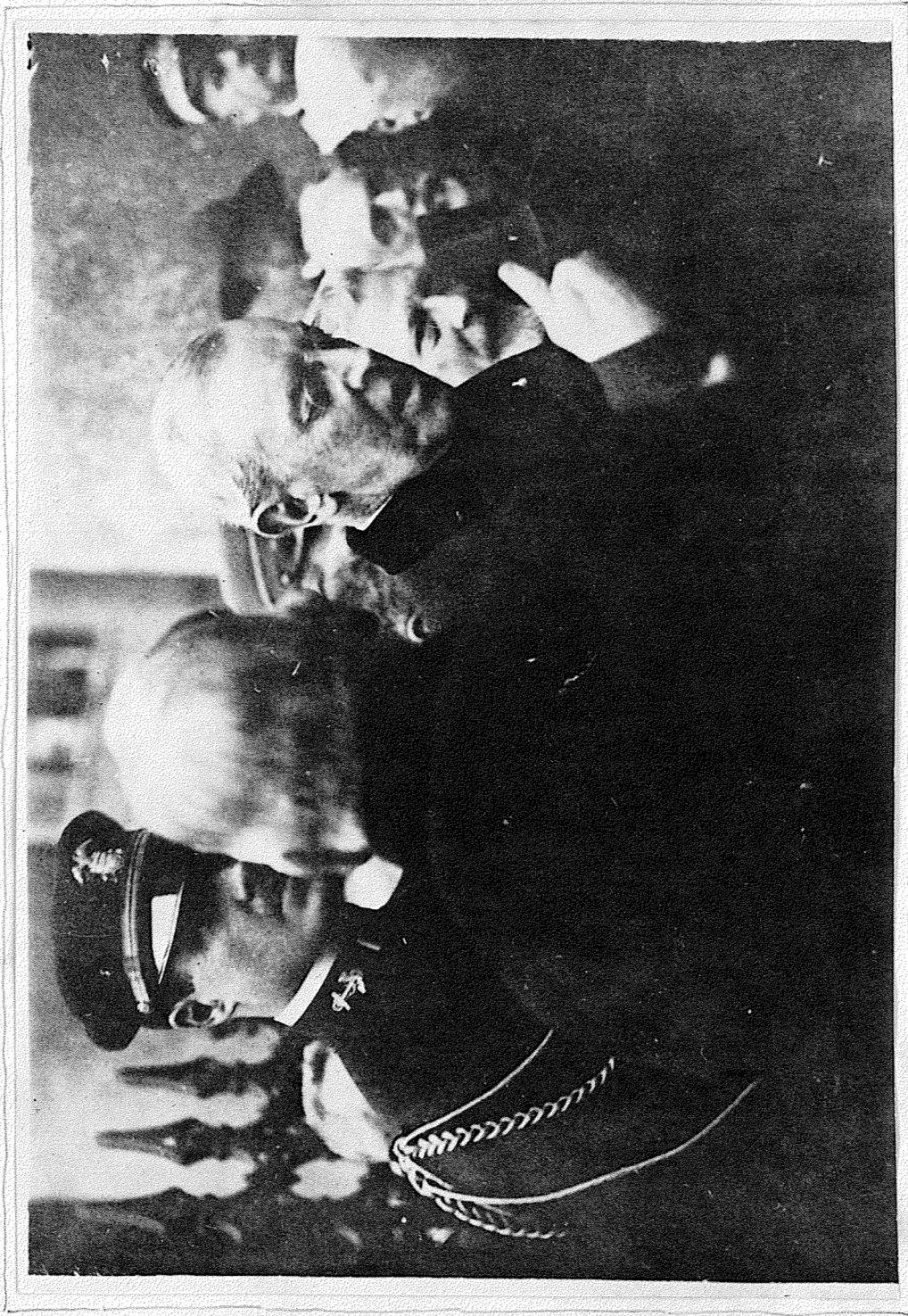
Vase on House terrace. 3 Nov 1916



and used to spend the generous lunch interval prowling about the city, armed with "Hare's Walks in Rome." He was a lieutenant, junior grade, and so had the advantage of me in rank; but in November I was promoted to the same grade, and was thus removed from the common herd of Ensigns.

Shortly after Christmas, all Rome was agog in anticipation of President Wilson's visit. The streets were elaborately decorated, and the three buildings on the Campidoglio were connected by temporary structures. I was fortunate enough to be attached to the Embassy on December 30th, for special duty, in connection with the ceremonies.

The first of my duties was to decorate the Palazzo del Drago, the Ambassador's residence, for a luncheon to be given by the President to the King and Queen. We only had five days left, so that I was obliged to scramble about at a great rate. A detachment of our sailors were imported from Taranto to act as riggers; flags were borrowed from the Italian warships at Naples; flag-poles adapted at the last minute from spears used for Roman



L.G.W. Thomas Nelson Page President Wilson.
President Wilson at the Pantheon, Jan 1919

Legions by a moving-picture concern, and so forth. A seal of the United States, eight feet in diameter, was painted at high pressure by two architectural students from The American Academy. Hundreds of yards of laurel garlands and some gilded plaster ornaments, completed our materials. We had a bad time hoisting them all up forty feet from the sidewalk; but the sailors were not ~~faz~~sed by tying knots up aloft.

I also had to arrange the details of a ceremony in the Pantheon, where the President was to lay wreaths on the Royal tombs.

By far the most interesting of my duties, however, was that of personal Naval Aide to the President - an honor which I shared with Charley Bradley. The Military Aides were Captain Post, the Assistant Military Attaché, who had been my instructor in Italian at Harvard, and Lieutenant Fleming. Two of us were always on duty in the President's ante-chamber at the Quirinal Palace, to receive such persons as had appointments. Charley and I, resplendent in our blue uniforms and clanking with

aiguillettes on our right shoulders - so worn only for the President or a sovereign - consciously outshone our olive-drab Army colleagues.

The President's suite of rooms in the Quirinal was in the "Manica Lunga" on the Via XX Settembre. It was ordinarily at the disposal of the Regent; but sovereigns had stayed there before, the rooms having been redecorated for the last royal guest, who was none other than the Kaiser!

The ante-room in which we were on duty was furnished in a heavy late Victorian style. A versatile wood-carver had produced a mirror-frame which was a masterpiece of undercut curley-cues; and one of his colleagues had embellished our desk with sharp proturbances, ingeniously placed so as to lacerate the knees and skins of the writer.

To the east was the President's private salon, a cheerful and splendid Louis XV room hung with magnificent French tapestries, and furniture covered with the

same material. Next came a small black-lacquered vestibule, leading into the President's bedroom, and beyond were Mrs. Wilson's apartments.

The rest of the Presidential party, consisting of Miss Wilson, Admiral Grayson, General Harts, George Creel, and various secretaries, were quartered along a corridor of incredible length, in what had once been the apartments where the Cardinals were confined during a Papal election.

A curious contrast between feudalism and democracy was presented when the colored maid and valet came in contact with the powdered and satin-clad retainers of the Quirinal. The gorgeous plumage of the latter failed however, to daunt the spirit of the former, so that America carried off the honors.

My first sight of the President was on the afternoon of January third, when he came into the ante-room with Mrs. Wilson to await the arrival of Queen Margherita. Fleming and I, who were on duty, immediately froze to attention, and remained congealed for some time, while the

President and Mrs. Wilson conversed in low tones. The Queen Mother arrived some fifteen minutes later, wearing a beautiful sable cape, and they all went into the salon.

Fleming and I thereupon relaxed into human beings again, and compared whispered notes of our impressions. We both had felt the President's magnetism, and admired his dignified carriage and perfect self-possession; but before we got any further, the door into the salon opened, and we both froze into automata again.

That night there was a big state dinner in the vast Sala degli Arazzi - a magnificent room hung with tapestries, as its name indicates, adjoining our ante-chamber. As punctuality is known to be the politeness of kings, the guests arrived early, and waited in the President's salon. Presently one of the gentlemen in waiting announced "Loro Maesta!" and made an aisle through the assemblage which curtsied and bowed low as the King and Queen passed. The Queen looked magnificent in a diamond tiara, which, with that of the Duchess of Aosta, glistened above the heads of everyone else.

They soon filed in to dinner, followed by about a hundred and fifty guests. Our own Embassy staff were there in force, and smiled at us as they swept past.

In the meantime, Charley and Captain Post had arrived and after everyone had been seated, we all four of us were standing behind the doorway enthralled by the dazzling spectacle. The table was arranged in the shape of a horseshoe at the far end of the room, and was set with quantities of candelabra, which shed a rather too brilliant light over the diners, but produced a most gorgeous effect from our viewpoint. An army of flunkies in scarlet liveries were serving the dinner with incredible alacrity, because everyone had to leave immediately afterwards for a reception at the Campidoglio.

While we were watching the progress of the banquet, I was startled by the sound of a door opening behind my back. As I turned around, I saw, with no small alarm, several people in every-day clothes, creeping stealthily into the room through a door leading into the pantry, led by a man in a black cloak, who put his fingers

to his lips mysteriously. I immediately thought of anarchists and bombs; and advanced with clenched teeth and beating heart, putting out my hands, saying with as much authority as I could gather, "Non si puo' passare!" The cloaked man smiled and explained in a stage whisper, "Sono i principi reali!" -and sure enough huddled behind him, I recognized the Crown Prince, his younger and sisters, and their governesses. My sense of confusion at this discovery was soon overcome by the humor of the situation, and I burst into laughter and apologies. Bradley and the other aides were over in a corner, convulsed at the whole proceeding.

The children thought it a great joke too, and the ice was effectually broken. We all moved with exaggerated stealth, and conversed in hoarse whispers, occasionally interrupted by a Royal giggle. After some difficulty the lights were extinguished, and the arm-chairs arranged so as to command the best view of the banquet. The children stood up on the seats with opera glasses having the time of their lives, picking out var-

ious familiar faces, and saying "Vedi Papa", "Vedi Mamma!" and so forth.

After short speeches by the King and the President, the dinner ended without further warning - so that we had quite a scramble to get the lights on and put the room to rights again in time; but as they all filed back into the salon, we were frozen up again into rigidity, and no one could have noticed, from the appearance of the room, that anything unusual had been taking place.

In a few minutes everyone left for the Campidoglio; and as there seemed to be no reason for our remaining, Charley and I accepted our Naval Attache's invitation to go there with him. We accordingly drove in the procession through solid lines of troops, standing rigidly at attention, and drew up before the red awning which marked the entrance to the Palazzo dei Conservatori. Before going in we cast a fleeting glance at the impressive decorations and illuminations which adorned the three splendid buildings.

Once inside, we could hardly move owing to the crowds which packed even this supposedly reserved and exclusive portion of the reception. We finally, however, managed to worm our way into the Sala degli Orazii, till we were within a few feet of the President, and saw him receive the citizenship of Rome. We afterwards went around through the other buildings. Our progress was rather like a football scrimmage. Once ejected into the gratifying fresh air, it was a Herculean task to find our car - so that we didn't get home till all hours of the night. I then began to realize that I hadn't had any dinner; and did the best I could with a piece of chocolate.

Early the next morning I had to be at the Pantheon to see that all was in readiness for the ceremony. About two hundred tickets had been issued, and seats placed with their backs to the altar. I was afraid that the chosen few would all get drenched by rain coming in through the open eye in the dome, in addition to suffering from the cold and the damp; but luckily only a few drops fell.

All the details of the ceremony had been care-

fully planned; but at the last nearly everything was changed. A soldier and a sailor held a large bay wreath which was laid on each tomb as the President made the gesture. On one of them, the President tripped, ~~and~~ fell into my arms.

Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, the archaeologist, quivering with emotion, gave the President a highly condensed and intensified history of the buildings - and that was all.

As soon as it was over, I rushed to the Palazzo del Drago to see how the decorations were coming along, as it was nearly time for the lunch. All seemed to be going well, but at the eleventh hour one of the guests sent word that he was ill and could not come. Much to my delight, I was asked to take his place - and I had barely time to prink, before people began to arrive. It was a most distinguished gathering, including General Diaz, Admiral Thaon di Revel, Orlando and Sonnino, the Prince of Udine, and all the ambassadors; and I believe it was the first time a King of Italy had ever lunched or dined officially at a private house. My immediate

task was to explain the seating diagram to the guests, and see that they made an aisle for the Royalty to pass through.

When the moment came, I accordingly announced "Loro Maesta!" very solemnly, and motioned the guests to one side and the other - while close on my heels came the King and Mrs. Wilson, followed by the President and the Queen! Needless to say, I felt very pompous indeed.

Being the least important person present, I sat at the middle of one end of the long table - whence, however, I had the best view of all that was taking place. About half-way through the menu, the President rose to speak and the rest of us didn't quite know whether to get up too or not. With ready tact he saved the situation by asking us to rise to drink to Italy - which, of course, we all did. The King responded with "Viva l'America!" - and then everyone began talking at once very fast.

An excellent American Army band played in the courtyard of the palace during the luncheon, which went

off very successfully. As the President was leaving, "The Star Spangled Banner" was played, and we all remarked that he stood at attention with his hat across his chest until the anthem was finished, before he stepped into the motor.

I then relieved Charley on duty at the Quirinal. The President returned about five with the Ambassador. H. E. Berenini, Minister of Public Instruction, had an appointment, and was waiting. As I ushered him in, the Ambassador told me to remain as interpreter during the interview. During the next twenty minutes, I was so excited that I could hardly speak English, much less Italian; but I managed as well as I could, and had to repeat the performance later in the afternoon during the President's conference with Bissolati, a conservative Socialist, and a prominent political figure in Italy. I was shaking like a leaf from the mere effort of concentration; but I had ample opportunity to realize how well the President chose his words, and how important each one was. To translate them into correspondingly limpid Italian, would have required a Dante; but I did the best I could - angels could do no

more!

My memorandum of the conference with Berenini is given verbatim below:

H.E. Berenini, Minister of Public Instruction, met the President in the Quirinal Palace at 4.45 p.m. on January 4, 1919. The American Ambassador was present, but, through an error, Sig. Bissolati was absent. The conversation, which was carried on through the undersigned as interpreter, was about as follows:

THE PRESIDENT: "I am very glad of this opportunity to meet you, and regret that Mr. Bissolati is not present also, as I have followed his career with great interest, and have a great admiration for him."

Sig. BERENINI: "Mr. Bissolati and I share the same ideas, although this would not seem to be so at present, as he is in the present Government, while I am out of it. He was obliged to resign, for reasons which I am not at liberty to divulge; and my present task is to carry on his ideas, though with less authority than he had for imposing them upon the Government."

THE PRESIDENT: "I am going to speak with you quite frankly, and the answers which you may give to my questions are for my own personal use only. What, in your opinion, is the true feeling of the Italian people in regard to the settlement of this war, as regards Italy?"

Sig.BERENINI: "The saner people (il popolo sano) undoubtedly believe in the establishment of those principles which you have laid down in the past and are supporting now. There is also the great national desire for the redemption of the Trentino and Carso and Istria; but in order to encourage our soldiers and keep them fighting, we tell them that they are fighting so that there may be no more wars; that they are fighting not for themselves, but for their children and their descendants."

THE PRESIDENT: "That is most interesting, that is what I thought. What is your opinion in regard to Dalmatia, and the Jugo-Slavs?"

Sig.BERENINI: "That is of course the most delicate question which is now confronting us. In September, our Government made a declaration of sympathy for them; but they have now passed all bounds, and are turning against

us as our enemies. I believe, however, that it would be the greatest mistake to attempt to seize and hold Dalmatia by force of arms; but, instead, we should try to conquer their friendship. That would be the only possible solution for that comity of nations at which you aim."

THE PRESIDENT: "I am so glad to hear you say that; it is of course the only possible solution. What is your opinion in regard to Fiume?"

Sig. BERENINI: "I am now speaking, of course, for myself, and not for the Government, but if it ever came to pass that Fiume and Dalmatia should hang in the balance for acquisition by Italy, I should unhesitatingly say Fiume."

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: "As the President has another appointment at five, I fear that we must leave."

Sig. BERENINI: "Permit me, before I leave, to express my great admiration for you, which is shared by Mr. Bissolati, and indeed by all of Italy. I believe, in fact, that the people of Italy are the most Wilsonian people in Europe."

THE PRESIDENT: "Yes, I believe that may be so, from

what I have seen of them."

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: "Yes, I think they are more in sympathy with your ideals than either the French or the English people."

Sig. BERENINI: "It is the greatest misfortune that Sig. Bissolati is not present. Could you not arrange to see him later, if only for a moment?"

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: "Unfortunately every moment of the President's time is taken, and I fear that it cannot be arranged."

THE PRESIDENT: "Yes, I am afraid I shall be unable to see him; but I wish that you would express my regret to Sig. Bissolati, and my hope that I may have some future opportunity to place my mind side by side with his; as I should value his opinion most highly."

Sig. BERENINI: "I fear that there might be some political repercussion, when it becomes known that you have seen me without seeing him. Could you not possibly arrange to have him meet you before you leave?"

THE PRESIDENT: "I shall try to see him at seven o'clock; but as I must call on the King at the Villa

Savoia at 6.30, and am dining at 7.30, it may be difficult. However, if he will be here at seven, I shall try to see him." (The Ambassador leaves)

Sig. BERENINI: "Thank you so much. Let me again express my admiration for you; Justice is greater than Victory."

THE PRESIDENT: "It is, indeed."

The President and Sig. Berenini shake hands, and leave.

Unfortunately I was not allowed to keep a copy of the conference with Bissolati. It was much more interesting. The Fiume question, then a burning one, was discussed; and the President drew a sketch map on an envelope which I drew from my pocket, and indicated where he thought the frontier between Italy and Serbia should run.

Shortly after this interview, there was another State dinner at the Quirinal, but smaller than the previous one, and less formal - during which Charley and Fleming and I determined not to go unfed another night, arranged to have the same excellent dinner served to us in the ante-chamber. We then drove in the State procession to

the railroad station. There seemed to be more troops lining the streets than before - and every few hundred yards a band would crash out The Star Spangled Banner with Italian variations, as we passed. The beautiful State carriages and scarlet liveries detached themselves against the green of the trees and the grey of the mist, and made an impressive spectacle.

The familiar station platform was magnificently disguised by a red velvet carpet which stretched as far as one could see. After taking leave of the King and Queen in the chocolate and gold Royal waiting room, the President boarded the train; and as he did so, the ubiquitous camera man with his flashlight ready, rather brusquely motioned the King to step to one side. Everyone laughed, The King most of all. - Photographers are no respecters of Royalty!

When the train pulled out, my duties ended; so I regretfully laid aside my tangle of gold cords before going on to a dance given at the Excelsior by some of the Embassy staff. Everyone said that it was the best party

of the season; but I was so tired that I didn't last long, and sneaked off early to bed.

The next morning my duties began as Liaison Officer for a joint Anglo-American Technical Mission which kept me hard at work for a week, taking me to Milan.

Shortly after my return, I was given orders to sail for America on the "Dante Alighieri." Before leaving I went on a farewell ramble with Charley, during which I surprised him by taking him to see the bronze horses of St. Mark's, and the statues of Gattamelata from Padua and the Colleoni from Venice, all shown together in the garden of the Palazetto di Venezia; and that night, January 21st, I boarded the train for Genoa.

On my arrival there, I found Mr. Charles Platt and Paul Manship who were also sailing on the same steamer. It proved to be a most whimsical craft. It first postponed its departure for several days; then sailed for Naples, but only stayed a few hours there, leaving at once for Marseilles! Though exasperated by the delay, I was glad

to get another glimpse, not to mention taste, of France before leaving. However, my adventures were only beginning; we lingered for days at Gibraltar, so that I had an opportunity to see a fragment of Spain again by going to Algeciras. We finally arrived in New York on February 17th, a month since we had left Rome.

On the whole, however, I could not help feeling, as my cynical friend Fred King put it, that I had had "a very pleasant war."

EXCERPT

from

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM

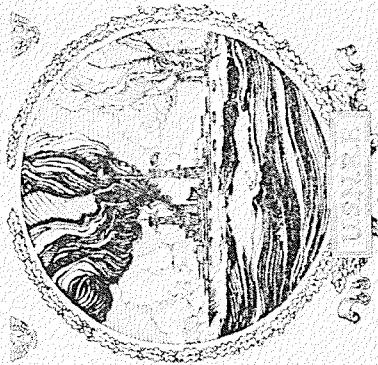
of

UNITED STATES NAVAL AVIATION ACTIVITIES IN ITALY

by

Lieutenant-Commander J.L. Callan.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Lawrence Grant White, USNRF., who acted for the first four months as Executive Officer, and in addition had to do the work of the Liaison Officer, and conduct the Public Works, and Intelligence and Planning Departments, performed his duties in a most admirable manner. He was untiring in his work and very conscientious, and despite the fact that he had enough work to do for three or four officers, he never complained and the work of his departments always kept up to date. He is deserving of commendation for the great aid he gave to the United States Naval Forces in Italy.



Navy Department

Bureau of Navigation

Asst. Registrar.

Registered No. 3 The lowest number of same date takes precedence.

C. M. Tugan

Know ye that in accordance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved August 29, 1916, and the regulations for the Government of the United States Naval Reserve Force
Lawrence J. White

having enrolled in the United States Naval Reserve Force for a period of four years from

December 12, 1917

is hereby given the provisional rank and grade of
Lieutenant (junior grade)

in the

Naval Reserve Training Corps

Class 5 for general service.

from *Oct. 1, 1918*

Given this *14th* day of *Nov* 1918

M. J. Doolittle

Ensign



U.S.N. 396

Commission as Lieutenant, J.G. U.S.N.R.F.

SUA MAESTÀ VITTORIO EMANUELE III

per grazia di Dio e per volontà della Nazione

(Re d'Italia)

GRAN MAESTRO DELL'ORDINE DELLA CORONA D'ITALIA

Ha firmato il seguente decreto.

*Sulla proposta del Nostro Ministro Segretario di Stato per gli Affari Esteri
" Abbiamo nominato e nominiamo C. Lawrence White, già Addetto all'Am-
" basciata Americana in Roma Cavaliere dell'Ordine della Corona d'Italia
" con facoltà di fregiarsi delle insegne per tale Equestre grado stabilite*

*" Il Cancelliere dell'Ordine è incaricato dell'esecuzione del presente Decreto
" che sarà registrato alla Cancelleria dell'Ordine medesimo*

" Dato a Roma, li 7 Agosto 1919

Firmato Vittorio Emanuele Controfirmato *Vitt. l'isto: P. Boselli*

IL CANCELLIERE DELL' ORDINE DELLA CORONA D'ITALIA

*dichiara che in esecuzione delle soprascritte venerande Regie disposizioni il predetto
" Signor C. Lawrence White*

*venne iscritto nel Ruolo dei Cavalieri (Esteri) al N. 3749 (Serie 22) e ne spedisce
il presente documento al Decorato.*

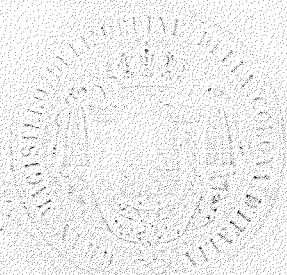
Roma addì, 15 Novembre 1920

Il Cancelliere dell'Ordine

P. Boselli

Il Direttore Capo della Divisione I.

[Signature]



Diploma, Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

IN REPLY ADDRESS
THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
AND REFER TO NO.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

1098-1512
N-32-IRB

2 January, 1919.

To: Lieutenant (jg)
Lawrence G. White, U.S.N.R.F.,
St. James, Long Island,
New York.

SUBJECT: Award of the Chevalier of the Crown
of Italy, by His Majesty the King of
Italy.

1. The Department is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of State, forwarding the insignia of the decoration for the grade of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, conferred upon you by His Majesty the King.

2. Accordingly, there is being forwarded to you under separate cover by registered mail, this decoration, the receipt of which you will please acknowledge.

3. It is requested that the receipt and the form of record, attached hereto, be filled in and returned to the Department of State.

4. A copy of this letter will be filed with your official efficiency record.

Joseph Daniels
Secretary of the Navy.

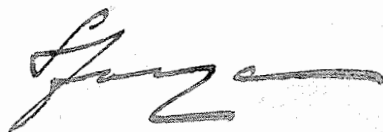
Roma, 22 SETTEMBRE 1919

Ill.^{ma} Signore,

Mi è grato di annunziarle che S. M. il Re
si è degnato di conferirle, sulla mia proposta, il
grado di Cavaliere del Suo Ordine
della Corona d'Italia.

Mi riservo di farle pervenire il relativo di-
ploma magistrale allorché Ella mi avrà resti-
tuito, debitamente riempito e firmato, l'accluso
formulario.

Nel congratularmi con Lei per la conseguita
onorificenza, colgo l'occasione per offrirle gli atti
della mia distinta considerazione.



Al Signor
Lawrence G. White
già Addetto all'Ambasciata Americana
in Roma

