

The Conning Tower

The Conning Tower Says:

Farewell, old friend, old kid, old pal,
(I've earned the right to call you
those)

I'll miss your quasi-column, Cal,
Of limpid prose.

You take a three-months' holiday;

Until Oct. 1 lay down the pen.

Farewell, as Gilbert used to say,

Farewell till then.

And if should come, this summertime,

That urge to write a piece of power,

Remember, Cal, in prose or rhyme,

The Conning Tower.

Superiority is what the summer-resorter feels who walks nine miles to the village to get a newspaper in order to find that it is three degrees hotter in town than on the porch of his hotel, cottage, bungalow, or shack.

THE ADORING LETTER WRITERS

Sir: You told us what you thought of Dreiser via Anatole France anent Zola. Here is what I think of your thought, in a somewhat more direct fashion. The greatest sin of all is ignorance. To have a taste for life and living, but no taste for the scribbler's style; to try to discover what the human comedy is all about even though infinitives are split and "whos" transformed into "whoms"; to have a social conscience and a social consciousness, but to lack taste in type, neckties tennis and other rackets—all these are not evidence of lack of taste in the best sense of the word but of a complete absence of true taste and a mania for the trivia and the foam of social existence. Evidently your idea of the virtue called taste is to haul giants across the coals in your column and shiver at their vulgar punctuation, their crass realism and their entire distaste for your effete blurbs. Give me truth, in overalls if necessary, and keep your sliken trappings in perfumed columns where "taste" runs over the sides, but where the world of ignorance, milling and suffering humanity is disregarded for refined and "tasty" nothings.

Of course you will print this, otherwise you, too, might be guilty of bad taste. Even if you will not print it, I shall continue reading the Herald Tribune to acquire wisdom from Coolidge's cornerstones and taste from F. P. A.'s columns.

SAMUEL CHUGERMAN

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F. P. C. (?)

Conning Tower

N. Y. Herald Tribune,

To You,

I don't often have the time to read your stuff and nonsense that spoils the otherwise perfect editorial page of that respectable paper, Herald Tribune. But, when I do I don't expect to see a half witted numskull like you, call to task that eminent and much respected gentleman, in the more intelligent circles, the President of The United States of America, for making a pardonable error in his speeches. If a two by twice penny-a-liner thinks that all Presidents make speeches for, is to give him something to clutter up a decent newspaper with criticism, why its about time that we took up the teachings of red russia and done away this democratic form of government, which so far has and will continue to do so, form the splendid basis of our mighty country. If a few more of you nitwits took the time to find out just what it takes to make a President, and then considered what that President has to contend with after taking office, you might be able to see a few inches farther than your noses in that direction. Not that I think that you ought to try to be a President. (God forbid) but at least try to see and think that perhaps, maybe his job isn't so soft after all. So that when he should transgress from the dogmatic standards of a certain profession, it wouldn't seem necessary for one of the said profession to shout it out just because he should have the means and ways of so doing. Rather, let him do a little something that might be of interest to all who bother to read his stuff. Especially when it is about a person who has more intelligence than he, himself possesses.

You will undoubtedly take much pleasure in pulling this to pieces, but if it will give you as much pleasure and egotistical satisfaction as apparently, you derived from your other pickings, why, go ahead and be damned to you. The only thing I hope is that this will tend to somewhat, decrease the callouses on your ears.

Yours in disgust,

C. T. S.

Passaic, N. J.

"Die Schoenste Lengevitch"

Mei liebe Mr. K. M. S.:

Es hat mich sehr gepleazt Ihre Ihr Poem in dem Nuhspaper zu readeh. Es is nit often dass man noch Families findeh tut wo die Children Deitsch versteheh könneh. Die schöne Lengevitch geht so greduelly in den Discard wo man ashamt muss sein sie zu talkeh. Wisseh se Mr. K. M. S., wo ich noch a child war hat mei Vater immen gepreacht dass zwei Lengevitches a Help sein, particularly wann man se mit mixeh tut wie die Pennsylvania Dutch wo nie wisseh wann se Deitsch ur wann se was anders talkeh solleh.

Mein Frau wo Eirische Parents hat, sagt mir immer mir solleh unsre Kids French lernerh lasseh damit se correct-lich Lanscheray (was Unterhemd meint) ausschpreche könneh. Aber ich sag ihr immer neffer mind das French, sie solleh able sein die Waiters in Lüchows zu adressen damit se extra lartsch Porshuns bekomme.

Ich remain,

LINSEN GERICHT

The fiscal year ends tonight, and many an empty table has been reserved for the celebration.

F. P. A.