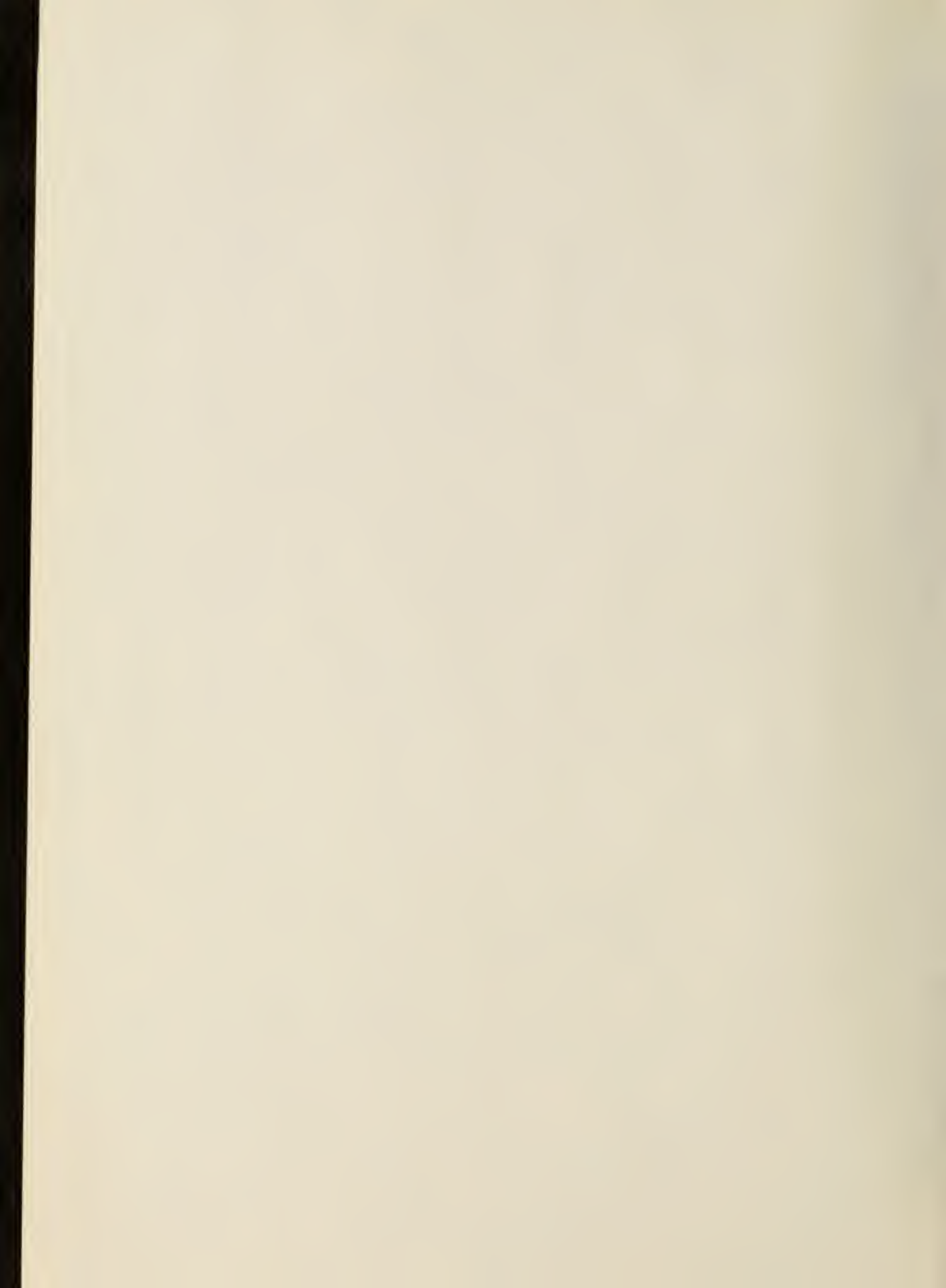


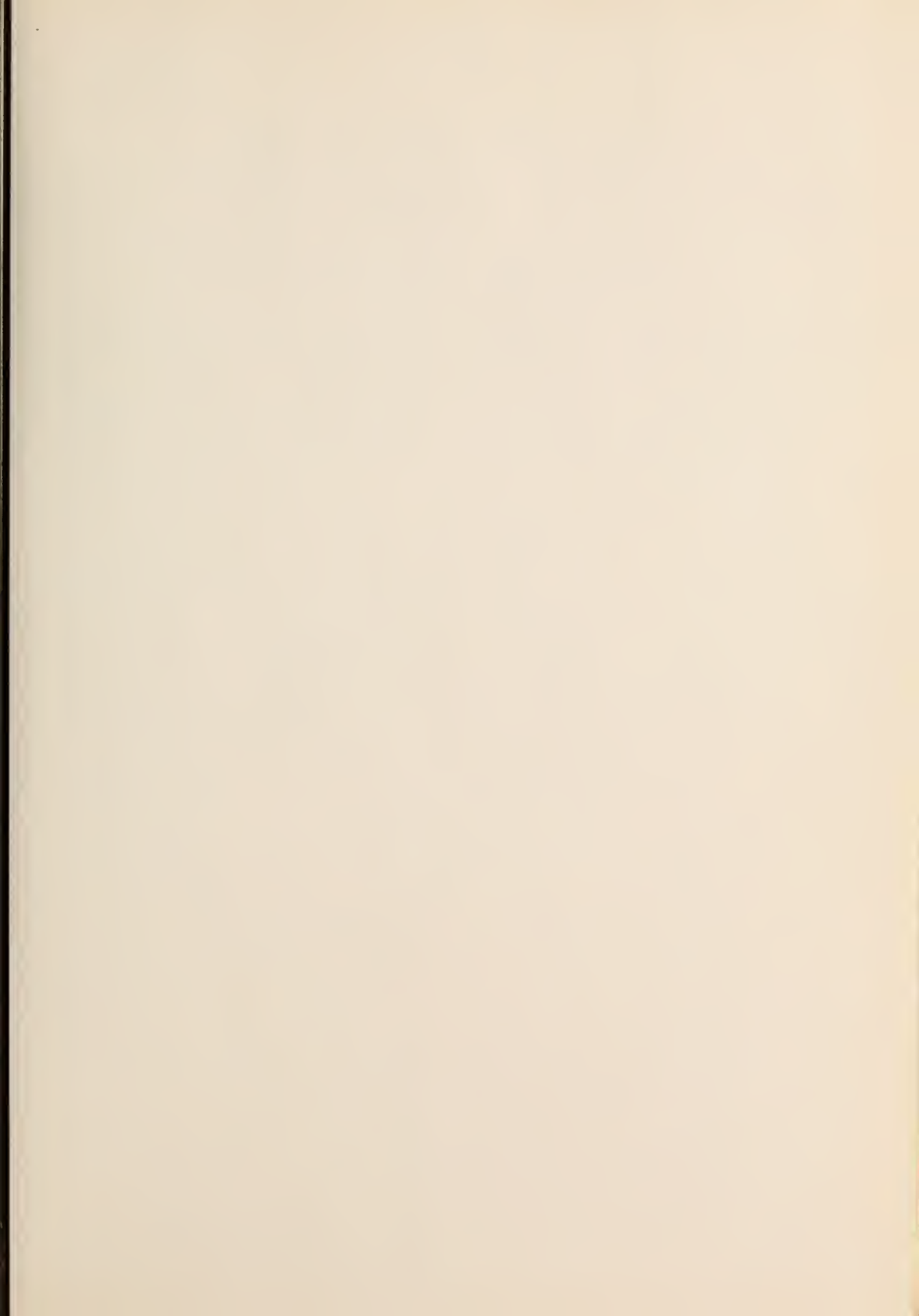
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Published by 'The Employees' Benefit Association
of The American Museum of Natural History

VOL. I, No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1937

PRICELESS

The E. B. A.

THE Employees' Benefit Association of The American Museum of Natural History was organized twenty-nine years ago "to create, maintain and provide a fund" which would afford protection and relief to the beneficiaries of its members. In this respect it has been successful and for the information of some of the newer members this brief summary is offered of its proceedings since September 26th, 1908, when the Association started.

A group of Museum employees, realizing the need for such a mutual benefit society called an informal meeting in 1908 to discuss this need and to formulate the necessary plans for starting the organization. The final result of this meeting was the adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws which set forth provisions, whereby a fund was to be set up by the payment of an initiation fee and the levying of a fifty cent assessment at the time of the death of a member. The benefit provided, was the immediate payment of \$150. to the designated beneficiary of a deceased member.

During the first three years of its existence the Association received cash gifts totalling \$128.90 from Professor H. F. Osborn and Mr. Archer M. Huntington. In 1914, when Mr. Smyth was President, he gave unstinted support and worked hard until he had established the Endowment Fund. Through his efforts the Association received from Mrs. Morris K. Jesup a check of \$500. which was the foundation of this fund.

During 1928 our Association had grown in membership and the necessary increasing difficulty in the matter of collecting assessments prompted the Directors

to adopt a resolution requesting the Museum officials to have these payments deducted through the Bursar's Office. This plan was approved and was an important step as all assessments are collected immediately and the required balance in the fund always maintained.

Three years later a change made in the By-Laws eliminated the initiation fee and a drive was started which brought the total membership close to 500.

During these years the Museum had been steadily increasing the personnel of its various departments and with the new interest shown by the employees in the E.B.A., it was realized by the members of the Association that an opportunity was presenting itself to assist in bringing Museum Employees closer together. After careful consideration of this matter it was agreed that the scope of our organization be enlarged and it was suggested that we hold occasional social gatherings which would bring together members of the Museum staff who had little or no opportunity to know each other. To date we have sponsored four

such affairs which have been both social and financial successes. The profits realized are applied to the fund in order to help reduce assessments and so by the support of those attending, we have been able to omit several of these in the last two years. As a further step toward getting to know each other it was recommended some time ago that the E.B.A. undertake the publication of a monthly bulletin for its members and this has culminated in the present edition which we present herewith. The Association is deeply appreciative of the Museum's close cooperation and helpful

(Continued on page 4)

I am extremely happy to be informed that the Employees' Benefit Association has completed its plans to publish a monthly bulletin. The officers of the E. B. A. are to be congratulated for sponsoring this publication, and I am sure that all the Museum employees will look forward with interest to receiving each successive issue. It will give me great pleasure to follow your progress, and I wish you success.

Roy Chapman Andrews

Director

The Museum has guide leaflets, expeditions has maps, and street cars run on tracks. All of which proves that the best of us should have a guide to advise us. Through the medium of this column we shall attempt to give wise (?) counsel on any question which may be submitted to the editor. Inasmuch as such advice should be impersonal, we sagely omit his name. Just send your problems to "The Sage" and his solution will be given in the next installment—that is if he can find a solution with the aid of the stars or his own wits. As we have no problems to solve for the first issue, we present for the misdirection of all the following horoscope, which if given the attention it does not deserve, should prove of questionable benefit and probably not prevent catastrophes.

FEBRUARY—Sign of Aquarius

1st to 14th—First half of month. Tend to duties carefully and you may expect exciting contacts and rich rewards. Avoid over-work. Do not talk too much.

15th—*This should prove a good day for financial matters.* Watch for mistakes. Smart profits to quick thinkers. Money may be expected from odd sources.

16th—*Good day to seek solitude.* Dark clouds obscure brightness. Might be attributed to collectors arriving after the 15th. Beware of everyone.

17th to 21st—*Period for vigorous action.* Love and business do not Keep cool and you may expect fine responses.

22nd—*Personal, private matters predominate.* Fine day for sleep. Avoid all anxiety.

23rd—*Good day to arrive on time.* This applies to all days. A word to the wise is sufficient.

24th—28th—*Give deep study to solve problems.* Put your heart and head into everything you do. Avoid nefarious schemes. Maybe this will bring personal and public promotion.

Don't blame us if this doesn't work!

FOUND IN OUR BOOKSHOP

Spring Tonic for Dull Winter Days—Some Beautifully colored, imported Flower Cards

The famous little Insel Books—all about Birds, Butterflies, Shells, etc.

A new dinosaur to add to your collection of models—Stegosaurus.

Watch this column for additional news about books each month.

We strongly urge all members of the E.B.A. to attend the annual meeting each year. That is the time when the officers are voted for and all the business for the coming year and for the good of the organization voted on. For you members who did not come out this year, the following is your panel of officers for 1937.

President—JOHN R. SAUNDERS

Vice-President—WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

Treasurer—FRED H. SMATH

Secretary—MARGUERITE NEWGARDEN

Board of Directors

Chairman—James L. Clark

Irene F. Cypher

Walter F. Meister

Wayne M. Faunce

Henry H. Ramshaw

POP! POP!

Did you know that we have a very august group, or should we say club, known as the Rifle Club of the American Museum of Natural History? They meet on the first and third Wednesday of every month, at the Rifle Range, which is opposite the Shipping Room. Moreover, their latest addition is a "Ladies Auxiliary". Watch your step, everybody! Anyone interested in acquiring a good aim, please don't apply.

President—James L. Clark

Vice-President—Robert H. Rockwell

Treasurer—Walter F. Meister

Secretary—John Orth

THE NEWSHOUND

Somewhere in the annals of your department, or in the memories of a co-worker, must be a recollection of an even better "Out-of-the-Past" than we have been able to unearth (See page 5).

Somewhere in your department is a bit of news that the rest of us would like to hear.

Somewhere in the museum may be a new specimen that the rest of us haven't heard about or seen as yet.

Will you write it up and send it along to us, or find your department representative on the editorial board and tell it to him.

The E. B. A. (cont.)

assistance in this and all of the E.B.A.'s efforts.

In closing may we remind you that membership in our Association is open to all Museum employees and it is our sincere hope that we may soon attain a full 100% membership in all of the Museum Departments. Some have already reached this goal and others are very close. We urge your cooperation in getting your co-workers to join if they are not yet members.

Out-of-the-Past . . .

How many of you as "Old Timers" remember the Museologist? A paper which was once issued by the then Dept. of Publicity and which was our august ancestor. Just to refresh your memories, or, if you are a newcomer, to let you in on some interesting ancient history, we reprint excerpts from that publication:

"The American Museum baseball nine will play the Metropolitan team on Saturday, Oct. 9th [1920] at 1:15 p. m. on the Central Park Sheep Meadow. All welcome. No admission fee. Team will leave here at 12:30"



"A CRUISING ICHTHYOLOGIST"

"Mr. Nichols will spend the first three weeks of February cruising in southern waters."

"On February 11th and 12th [1921], Dr. Gregory gave the Darwin Lecture at New York University, speaking on "The Evolution of the Human Face." Popular interest in this subject seems to be very strong just now."

"The attendants are eager for information concerning the exhibits in their halls. Short, informal talks given to them by the members of the scientific staff ought to be very helpful."

"The Department of Parks has greatly improved the appearance of our grounds by repairing the fences and sodding the bare spaces on the green."

"It is an unwritten rule of the institution that attendants shall not force their attentions on members of drawing classes or on other visitors."

"Henry Hundertpfund, as delegate of the Wallace A. Downs Post, No. 26, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, attended the national convention of the organization recently held in Washington."

Atten-shun ! ! !

Stop, Look and Listen!

Have You Heard the Latest Rumor?

Pin Your Ears Back, Ladies and Gentlemen! It's True!

The E.B.A. will Welcome the Flowers of Spring, Tra-La With a South Sea Island Entertainment and Dance on the 10th of April.

Swaying Palms—A Smooth Orchestra—A Professional Review—Will Bring You an Evening of Fun and Enjoyment

There will be A Moon (*We hope!*)

Dancing Girls (*Certainly!*)

Foot-Tapping Rhythm and Ear-Tickling Music.

A Ticket is all That's Necessary for A One-Way Passage to the South Seas.

Gang-Way!—First Port of Call—Tahiti!

For further details—*Watch for the March Edition*

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Mr. Bernard F. Chapman has joined the Department of Preparation and will work on the construction of large habitat groups for the Roosevelt Memorial.

Mr. Charles M. Bogert, formerly of the teaching staff of the University of California in Los Angeles, came to the Department of Herpetology the first of the year. Mr. Bogert is especially familiar with the wild life of the western deserts and has contributed many papers to the herpetological literature of these regions.

Mr. Ernest Deike and Mr. Ramiro Quesada have recently been added to the staff of Planetarium technicians. Mr. Deike comes to us with a splendid record of work done in the Chicago and Philadelphia planetariums, and Mr. Quesada has been making lots of people around here star conscious by helping them to construct telescopes.

Dr. Alice M. Boring, head of the Biology Department of Yenching University, Peiping, China, sailed late in January for China after spending some months of a sabbatical leave in the Department of Herpetology. Dr. Boring is a specialist in Chinese amphibians and her study of the museum collections was a necessary part of the research for a projected volume on the frogs, toads and salamanders of China.

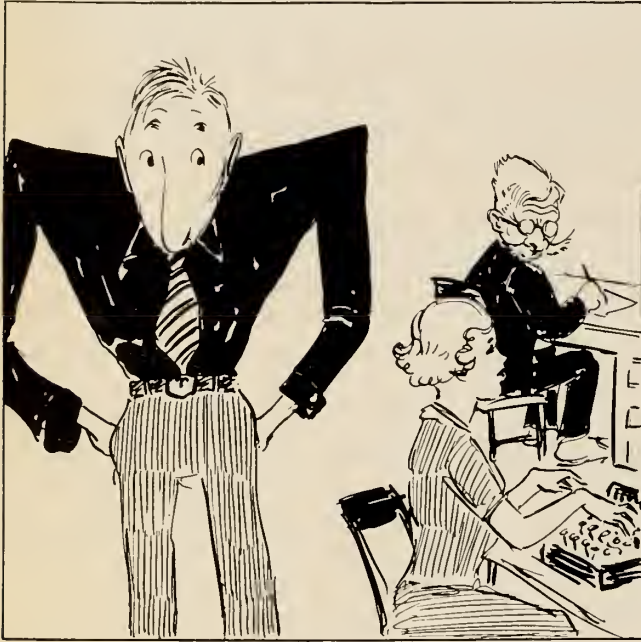
Will Hassler is now supervisor of the group activity exhibition models on the fifth floor of the Power House.

Important news from the Department of Experimental Biology is the recent staff recognition of Mrs. Katherine Kumpf Aplington and Mrs. Priscilla Ryan, now Assistants.

Non-scientific Discoveries...

Mr. H. C. Raven returned on February 1st, from a semester of work at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. He was appointed Associate in Anatomy there last June, and this past semester was teaching human anatomy and continuing the dissection of the gorilla which he began last spring. This is one of the gorillas he shot in the French Cameroon on the Columbia University-American Museum Anatomical Expedition of 1929-31.

We are pleased to hear of another popular young man's intentions, Patrick Wallace, Assistant Supervisor. (Paddy—we will be on hand April 10th to meet the lucky young lady!)



"OUR GEORGE"

Since Mr. Tanber has a new "female" assistant, he has been wearing dark shirts, to blend with the fascistic atmosphere of his office. (?)

The Custodian's Department is going around with its chest out—and well it can, for it has 100% per cent membership in the E.B.A. As it is such a large department, that is really something to boast of, and should be an inspiration to all other departments.

Some of us were a little worried, not so long ago, to see Mr. G. Miles Conrad, Assistant Curator in the Department of Comparative Anatomy, busily engaged with an erector set and toy steam shovel in Mr. Raven's laboratory. When the playthings finally turned up in the foyer as part of an exhibit showing that vertebrate skeletons are nothing but walking bridges, we were not only interested, but relieved.

Earl Carrol has nothing on our new Power Plant engineer Todd, with his famous picture gallery. If your curiosity is aroused stop around some time.

We wonder who is ahead in the Slide Room triangle these days, when two young men and one blonde go to lunch together quite regularly.

Someone has remarked that all entomologists smoke pipes; the administrative staff boasts its cigarette fiends—but thank goodness Dr. Brown has remained a loyal cigar smoker. We were worried when Mr. Pindar left the fifth floor stamping grounds.

Has anyone noticed our handsome John Saunders stalking through the halls these days with important looking people and beauteous women? We understand he isn't seeking his fortune—but is telling FORTUNE a thing or two. What a man!

Mr. Gaynor Evans, volunteer worker in the Department of Comparative Anatomy, who was ill at home last fall, is back with us again. We're glad to see him here once more. He is studying, of all things, the evolution of the neck!

Dorothy Edwards, Junior—One year old this month! (We mean the Junior Natural History Magazine, of course).

I have often been strongly tempted to make a pun of Irene Cypher's last name, but can never make up my mind whether I "Ought" to or not. Having said this much, I hasten to add by way of conciliation that Irene is also the name of the Roman goddess of Peace.

Spring must be "just around the corner" (pardon the slogan), with so many departments moving to different parts of the building these days. How come? An issue of guide leaflets will certainly be in order if this keeps up.

Flash!—If you see a certain young man by the name of Phil Duffy of the Printshop walking around with a broad grin on his face and his chest expanded above normal, remember there's a reason. "The hospital never lost a father yet." Congratulations, Phil, on the arrival of a baby daughter, your first born.

The girl in gray whom you see slipping very quietly in and out of the Fish Department every morning, is Miss Elizabeth Ostrander. Elizabeth is a volunteer artist who is learning to do scientific illustrations.

We are happy to learn that the popular young clerk in the Custodian's office has "popped" the question. We understand that he is stealing a "Star" out of the Planetarium.

WE WONDER—

We are still wondering who won the fat man's race at President Davison's estate?

We wonder if every employee knows just how good the E.B.A. can be?

We wonder what has happened to Jack Scott's application for membership in the E.B.A.?

We wonder what your reaction is to this paper? If you like it, tell your friends. If you don't, send your suggestions to the editors.

THE GRAPEVINE

*Published by 'The Employees' Benefit Association
of 'The American Museum of Natural History*

VOL. 1, No. 2

MARCH, 1937

PRICELESS

OUR NAME

Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Workers, we give you the *E.B.A. Grapevine*. At last our periodical has a name, and the lucky winner of the name contest is *Agnes K. Saunders*, whose suggestion for a name was the one chosen. Congratulations *Agnes* and also two tickets for the great South Sea Island night, as your prize for a good suggestion.

To be serious, this business of running a newspaper and choosing names is hanging heavy over the heads of the Editorial Board. Last week the sugar bowl on the Editor's table in the restaurant was filled with *salt*—which is *not* good seasoning for editorial coffee! We hate to suspect anyone—but, well enough for that. In addition, we print herewith a sample of letters being received by the staff:

Dear Miss Editor:

After due consideration and much coddling of the cranium, I move the checked name [for the paper] be my choice.

ANONYMOUS.

P.S.—And if you don't use my selection I'll stage a sit-down strike and haunt you as well! ! So there——

So you see, we hope you all like our name, for truly it's no fun to be haunted. But don't forget, the *Grapevine* is your paper. All suggestions for improvements, your ideas on any and all subjects, and your literary efforts, will all be welcome at our council table. Just send them in and we promise them a reading.

Museology . . .

The Planetarium presents this month the shifting picture of the seasons, dealing with the changes that take place not only in our part of the world but also in the southern hemisphere, as planet Earth circles the sun yearly. On the excursion to the south, visitors will have the opportunity to view that very beautiful sky display, the Southern Lights, with its streamers and arcs of all colors of the spectrum. A special mechanism newly installed will add to the Planetarium sky another and more familiar atmospheric phenomenon, the rainbow.

On exhibition in the corridors are the original issues of the New York SUN for 1835, showing the famous

"Moon Hoax", probably the greatest scientific fraud ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting world. The articles (really written by an enterprising reporter but signed by him with the name of Sir John Herschel) as well as the ingenious illustrations he included, described in detail the marvelous discoveries about the moon made by Herschel through an immense telescope, including its queer-looking inhabitants. This story was swallowed by everyone, though it had no basis of fact. Also to be seen in the Planetarium is a recently installed "accelerograph", a new type of seismograph. This instrument which recorded the earthquake at Helena, Montana, not long ago, is so mounted that it may be operated by visitors.

Please note carefully the revised Planetarium schedule of hours for demonstrations, as printed on the new posters throughout the Museum.

The Department of Entomology is so preoccupied with the onus connected with moving into new quarters, that it has had scant time in which to segregate its net gains from its liabilities. Nevertheless, two extra-mundane things have recently happened. Dr. Lutz has departed on an expedition, the nature of which is shrouded in mystery, and Dr. Curran has so far departed from dipterology as to have written a book entitled "Snakes and Their Ways", in

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Membership Campaign

Here is our roll call of new members added to the membership list of the E. B. A. since our last issue:

Adamson, Hans C. Patterson, George S.
Butler, Albert E. Scherer, Fred T.
Cooke, Richard H. Stevens, Arthur J.
Federer, Charles A. Turner, Albert H.
Federer, Helen S. Weeks, Henry O.

The Membership Committee is doing good work and we are looking forward to the day when we can announce that they have achieved our longed for goal—100% employee membership.

Why Librarians Stay Young

We are happy to print herewith some learned questions asked of our librarians, in the hope that all may learn to appreciate why they eventually assume that benevolent aspect towards humanity.

1. If cows moo and cats meow, what do zebras and aard-varks do?
2. Where are the hottest and coldest places in the world, and how hot and cold are they?
3. Were cattle of Biblical Times like Egyptian sculpture of the Indian sacred cow?
4. How can you tell Leap Year?
5. How heavy is the earth?
6. Did the Chinese wear pigtails in 1700 B. C.?
7. I am looking for the false teeth of George Washington—the original ones.

Museology—continued

collaboration with Clark Kauffield, who is now connected with the Staten Island Zoological Society. This interestingly written book, which is well illustrated by photographs, was published on February 18th, and very favorably reviewed in the New York Times and the Bulletin of the Staten Island Zoological Society.

A few new accessions have been added, since the beginning of the new year, to the Department of Minerals and Gems. Of these, the most noteworthy are a rock crystal seal which once belonged to Abd-ul-Medjad, the thirty-first Sultan of Turkey, and some beautiful jade figurines representing the eight Chinese immortals of Taoist tradition. The latter date from one thousand A. D. at the very latest, and are perhaps of much earlier origin. Dr. Whitlock considers them the finest works of their kind within the last decade. Of scarcely less interest is a rare green sapphire from Ceylon and four pearls from the middle west. The Turkish seal and the sapphire were donated by Mrs. George B. De Long, and the Chinese immortals by a donor who wishes to remain anonymous.

Making time may be considered as the present watch word of the Department of Lower Invertebrates. At least this is true as regards the present status of the Pearl Fishery Group now in course of preparation, since as an aftermath of the shipping strike the coral specimens collected by the Crocker Expedition are still languishing in Los Angeles. However, the specimens preserved in alcohol and formalin have arrived, and Mr. John Hope has finished the modeling of one of the pearl divers, and the ground plan for the group has been completed by Dr. Miner and Mr. Olsen. Thus, despite outside annoyances, hope springs eternal in the lower invertebrate "breast".

Among many interesting matters now engaging the attention of the editors of NATURAL HISTORY is a certain partly melted shoe polish bottle labeled "Nubian" which Charles Bernheimer gave to Dr. Barnum Brown with the understanding that it is a relic of the 1902 Mount Pelee eruption. D. R. Barton is now investigating the authenticity of this bottle and an interesting article on the same is promised for one of the future numbers of the magazine.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

An informal debating society meets every noon in Mr. Siever's office. Topics of general interest and the latest developments in science and politics are discussed. The members include Jack Orth, Robert Snediger, Elwood Logan, Charles Bogert, Dave Crothers and Howard Cleveland.

Ed Lacey of the old Print Shop has only two hairs left, and his life is on one of them.

It's all over, boys—the Joan Crawford of Comparative Anatomy is engaged. Barbara Sims announced the event at a party at her home on February 6th. William Bainbridge, the same very tall blond chap you saw with her at the last Museum dance is doing the Clark Gable. And Barbara thinks that after marriage she will stop writing a book and devote her life to raising horses in Connecticut. Yoicks tally-ho, Jeeves, our pink coat! We're going visiting up at the Bainbridges.

Mr. Al Pflueger, that genial fisherman and taxidermist whom you all remember so well from your last trip to Miami (chorus from us wage slaves: What trip to Miami?) has just been playing Fairy Godfather to the fish Department again. He sent up

a 3½ foot African pompano, which Mr. Nichols has been wanting to see whole for years, and considers quite something. In short, Mr. N. is as excited about it as Mr. N. ever gets. It seems that this is not the common garden variety of pompano usually served on a platter with lemon, but the kind only served mounted on a panel on the wall. You may see it in the Fish Hall yet, and leave your knife and fork home—see?

On February 9th, a son was born to Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Colbert. Name: George Matthew Colbert. No wonder Dr. Colbert comes to the restaurant wearing a smile that can't be measured!

We wonder if *The High One's* Gift of God has said the word, or hasn't he asked yet?—Of course we mean:

*Dorothy.....Gift of God

*Arthur.....High One

The Mail Desk Pinochle Team is shaping up fine. All contestants should see Chris Michels, Manager.

The Bachelors' Club we learn is losing one of its older members. Henry Hunderptfund is taking a walk!

William Buckley has passed a quarter century mark in the Custodian's Department. Bill is going around looking for another good quarter.

The stork visited the homes of Michael Gayer and William Somerville. Bill is now the proud father of a 9½ pound boy, and Michael is the father of a 9 pound girl. They are both on vacations. Congratulations boys, you need a vacation.

The Custodian's Department extends sympathy to James Coyle on the death of his wife.

An amusing incident occurred in Mr. Siever's room the other day, when a teacher phoned in and said she would come for an eagle, that

she wished to use in her work in the classroom. When she came in the next morning and was shown a mounted eagle, all she could say was "My! Are they that big?" Then she asked, "Haven't you any little ones?". Finally she compromised on a screech owl, and everyone was happy.

Johnny McCormack is handling the tickets for the South Sea Island night in the Custodian's department, and confidently expects 100% attendance. How about the other departments?

Tony Cartossa is back on duty after a serious illness. "Little Tony" is popular in the Department. He is Steve's right hand man.

Our phone operators, the Misses McGoldrick and Scharf are seldom seen throughout the building, but always heard. We have one of the busiest two-position boards in the city.

Arthur Schmidt has recently been added to the department of Experimental Biology, and is in charge of the men who are responsible for the Greenhouse and live stock.

Will Hassler is now supervisor of the group constructing exhibition models on the fifth floor of the power house.

Jake Shrope, Foreman of the Machine Shop, known in the past as "The Pirate of Staten Island", is enjoying a well earned vacation in Florida. We wonder if memories of March 2nd, 1914, when he was snowed in on the island were the cause of his departure to the land of sunshine and luscious fruits. Someone should have tipped him off that Georgia is the land noted for its "peaches"—but then he might have left friend wife at home. Herman Otto, a mechanic of the first water (even his worst enemy would admit that) has been left in charge of the Machine Shop during Jake's absence.

The carpenter shop floor, which once put the rocky road to Dublin to shame, is gradually assuming the smoothness of a new state highway, thanks to the cooperation of the Mason's department.

We heard that Dr. Reed was playing with building blocks, so we had to investigate. Then we learned that the Building Stone Exhibit, admired by many architects, had been moved to the Third Floor. You will be relieved to learn that this accounts for that stony stare in his eyes.

ALOHA! . . .

A welcome from the South Sea for everyone to the Entertainment and DANCE, given under the auspices of the E. B. A., Saturday evening, April 10th. The lady from



the southern isles (above) is one of the many entertaining personalities who will bring to you an enjoyable revue. An excellent orchestra will provide the music for your feet and ears. The evening begins at 8:30 . . . and we are sure you can last until 1:30 . . . Floor show at 11 o'clock . . . Informal. Buy your tickets . . . 75c each . . . from

your department representative or from Miss Lucy Clausen and Mrs. Elizabeth Emery. Make table reservations for your party *now* through Mr. Frederick Mason.

The Entertainment Committee of the E. B. A. is making "*South Sea Island Night*" the best entertainment ever given at the American Museum. Do your part by supporting the worthy purpose of the E.B.A. and our efforts to please you.

On Friday, March 19th, 1937, the Mail Desk will give away thirteen two cent stamps for just a cent and a quarter. (!!!)

The Lost and Found Department, headed by Mr. James J. Sheeran will gladly start an auction sale (at the request of 12 members) of old caps, hats, gloves (all left hand ones), shoe strings, combs, pocketbooks (empty), scarfs, handkerchiefs, etc. If anyone is interested please communicate with James Sheeran at once.

We are all deeply appreciative of the opportunity of receiving NATURAL HISTORY each month, and since the magazine has been enlarged it has proven even more interesting. Unfortunately, each month there are several employees who complain of not receiving their copy. Since the name of each employee appears on every magazine wrapper, we take the liberty of asking that, when departmental copies are delivered in bulk, each employee be sure that he takes the copy with his name on it. This will assure everyone of receiving a copy, and at the same time eliminate the expense of issuing duplicates.

Members of the Museum Staff and fellow-workers, were grieved to learn of the death of Richard C. Raddatz on February 21st, in Nairobi, East Africa, at the close of a very successful expedition. Mr. Raddatz was a member of the expedition led by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Plant, for the purpose of collecting ostrich and wart hog specimens for the Akeley African Hall group.

Mr. Raddatz has been general assistant in the Museum's department of Preparation since 1924, and received his early training in the modern method of mounting animals for habitat groups under Carl Akeley. He did considerable field work for the Museum on several expeditions and was an active member of the Explorers' Club.

GUESS WHO!

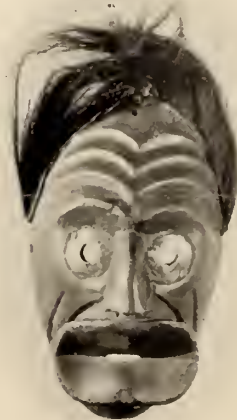
Out-of-Town-Visitor (To guard in So. Asiatic Hall) (Pointing to short, chubby guard who stands stationary): "I beg your pardon, sir, is that statue stuffed," Guard: "I hope not, he owes me \$10.00"

In "Poor Richards Almanac" we read, "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some" . . .

Why not save your money by joining the Museum Federal Credit Union? Your extra dollars will draw interest for you, and at the same time provide funds for fellow employees who are in need of ready cash. We suggest that you discuss this matter with Miss Newman, Personnel Director.

Out of the War Canoe

(As we promised you last month, the Museum Sage, in the person of Chief Pot-Calls-the-Kettle-Black will be with us every month to give you wise counsel and answer any questions which may be troubling you. As the Chief rules the Haida War Canoe, on the first floor, he occupies a key position for observations of museum "goings on". We give you for your own—Chief Pot-Calls-the-Kettle-Black.



My boys are still a little tired after being looked over by that Washington's birthday crowd. Some of'em can't take it anyhow. The younger generation seems to lack stamina and pride. For years we've been going nowhere in this boat and the kids have kept com-

plaining about life being dull. Then when we did move and got floated to a new dock at the rear of the hall, a couple of these git-and-go babies showed what they were made of. They got seasick. If James Bell hadn't come down and patched them up they'd probably have gone completely to pieces on us. Well, it quieted'em down a bit and we won't get through kidding the one that lost his oar for a little while.

I'm just as glad he lost his oar. He was always being tempted by it. He's one of the easy insulted kind and the other day while the crowd was waiting to get into the concert he got insulted again, and was going to pop somebody with an oar. I says to him quietly, "What do you mean, you're going to pop somebody? You keep still or I'll put a crack in your plaster after the Museum closes!" But, after he told me what he had heard, I sort of had to admit maybe he was right. This guy had sort of looked us all over hurriedly and grabbed a pal's arm. "Take me away!", he says. "Take me away!" "I was out last night and woke up in the morning with my insides feeling just like yon archaic aboriginal ark!" The friend squawked and said nobody could possibly feel as bad as we looked! The guy insisted that he could and had and was beginning to again—"just like I was full of dirty Indians, dried apples and bad whiskey!" And there's not a dried apple in the boat.

Spring is here—pratically—and, I suppose, as usual, thoughts will turn. The occasion of the EBA ball may be the start of somebody's romance. Or the spoiling of one. With the idea of furthering the first and hindering the latter, I've dug into my *Manual of Etiquette and Polite Behavior* and extracted a few pointers on proper ball room behavior which may be helpful.

1. Do not put in all the steps of the quadrille. The figures are now executed in a graceful walk.

2. Do not engage yourself for the last two or three dances. It may keep you up too late.

3. Do not contend for a position in the quadrille at either head or sides. It indicates frivolity. You should be above it.

4. Ladies should not boast to others, who dance but little, of the number of dances for which they are engaged in advance.

5. No gentleman should use his bare hand to press the waist of a lady in the waltz. If without gloves, carry a handkerchief in the hand.

6. Never eat your supper in gloves. White kids should be worn at all times through dancing. It will be well to have two pairs, one for before supper, the other after.

[Editor's Note: In our next issue, in addition to a little timely gossip, Chief Pot-Calls the Kettle Black will edify us with a little essay on "The Language and Sentiment of Flowers". Watch for it!]

Parody on "The Sidewalks of New York"

Steve Murphy said to Otto at the beginning of the day—I want no more delay—
Then Otto called his men to him and to them he did say—Go get your rags and buckets, boys, for Steve wants no more play.

Chorus

Inside, outside, all around the glass,
The boys were swinging right and left—then Scotty made a pass,
Otto he looked foolish at Timothy slinging the rag,
The way the boys kept running around the case, you'd think they were playing tag.
The boys, oh, they were good and mad—they didn't like the way
That Otto gave the orders to clean the glass that day.
So Otto cried out in despair—you boys will never advance!
Then Scotty gave them a vicious look and Otto fell into a trance.
Next day when Otto came to work he didn't feel so well!

And as he staggered on his feet, upon the floor he fell.

The boys they shouted in delight—they thought he threw a fit.

But when they picked him off the floor, oh, Otto, he was——!

Dinosaur Lullaby

A Dinosaur old
Once sagely remarked
To his youngster upon his knee
"It's true, I am told
That we are embarked
On a very queer destiny."
"We are headed for"
He slowly said,
"A place that is large and roomy
No Dinosaur
That keeps his head
Need fear oblivion gloomy.
A Barnum Brown
A mammal small
Our obscurity shall prevent
He has renown
He loves us all
So, Dinosaur Babe, consent
Let's find a spot
Not far away
Where blows the sandstorm freely
We'll die and rot
Our bones will stay
Till Brown hears Horace Greely
And when he will
He'll dig us free
And send us off to town
There will we fill
A swell Musee
And the heart of a Barnum Brown."
J.R.S.

News from the Museum Bookstore

On March 1st, at 9:05 A. M., on the south window ledge of the Roosevelt Memorial Bookshop, a set of homely yellow pigeon twins were born. True, pigeon "blessed events" are not unusual at the museum. But it is rumored that Mrs. Mack has sold papa pigeon a book—and he reads aloud to them. This rumor has not been officially confirmed but it is definitely known that papa occasionally wears spectacles.

There are some fascinating "At-A-Glance" charts of Europe, North and South America and the United States in the bookshop, which are so constructed that a simple movement of the index

finger will show you the standing army of the country you happen to be interested in, the population per square mile, the form of government, the country's capital and its population, what time it is in this country when it is noon in New York, the national colors, highest elevation, principal river and its length in miles, the area of the country in square miles. Its' cost is fifteen cents and the bookshop has been selling a gross of them every three days since they were placed in stock. There is also an "At-A-Glance" chart of the whole world, which, when it is noon in New York, will tell you just what time it is in any other part of the globe for that same simple (anybody can do it) movement of the index finger.

Books about The Stars

It is not difficult to choose an astronomy book to suit your needs, even though there are many published, if you know something about the various types of books.

If you want a book presenting *general astronomy* in popular style, Forest Ray Multon's CONSIDER THE HEAVENS, or ASTRONOMY FOR THE LAYMAN, by Frank Reh, will interest you. For an *observer*, Barton and Barton's GUIDE TO THE CONSTELLATIONS is splendid for the beginner, and Kelvin McKready's BEGINNERS' STAR BOOK, for more intensive study, including telescopic work.

Excellent *texts* are of course available for the earnest student with a background of mathematics or astronomy.

Many fascinating books keep the interested layman up-to-date on *special fields*. Harvey Brace Lemon's COSMIC RAYS THIS FAR; Edwin Hubble's THE REALM OF THE NEBULAE; THE ROMANCE OF THE CALENDAR, by P. W. Wilson, are examples of new works.

Did you know that there are *books for children* even as young as six or seven? There are also Jig-saw puzzles of the heavens, and specimens of meteorites for sale.

The Book Corner at the Planetarium has a list of these and many other publications, and will be glad to let you have one. There is a discount for astronomically minded employees who wish to get books through the Book Corner.

News Flash

Hugh S. Rice, Associate in Astronomy at the Hayden Planetarium, and a specialist in the study of asteroids, becomes the first New Yorker to have a minor planet named after him. According to word just received from Germany, this honor was conferred upon Mr. Rice by the Astronomisches Rechen-Institut, headquarters for scientific work on asteroids, in recognition of his great help to amateur astronomers and small telescope users throughout the world. Discovered by Dr. K. Rheinmuth of Heidelberg, Germany in 1931, the asteroid has been nameless until the present time, when it was decided to designate it *1230 Riceia* after the best-known American observer of these tiny members of the solar family.

The Rice asteroid, one of the thousands in the great asteroid zone between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, may be found at this time of the year in the constellation of

Hydra, very close to the celestial equator. It is 164,400,000 miles from the earth and is believed to be about seven to ten miles in diameter. To see his namesake, Mr. Rice must use a 15-inch telescope.

John Burroughs Memorial

In celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Burroughs, a centennial memorial meeting has been arranged for the evening of April 3rd, by the John Burroughs Memorial Association at the American Museum of Natural History. At that time, a niche will be dedicated to the world-renowned poet and naturalist and a bust of Carrarra marble will be placed there. Prior to the dedication of the niche, the program will consist largely of intimate tributes to Mr. Burroughs through brief talks and letters by those who knew him. Tributes from friends will be read by John Burroughs, the second, grandson of the

naturalist, and son of Julian Burroughs. The latter will, through pictures made by himself, show something of the early life of John Burroughs.

While the meeting in New York City will be, perhaps, the one of outstanding importance because of the presence of so many who knew John Burroughs personally or who are closely connected with his life and work, it will be only one of many meetings scheduled for April 3rd throughout the country. In Washington and other large cities centennial programs will be given and many scientific organizations, schools and clubs are already arranging for these memorial meetings.

John Burroughs books on natural life and his philosophic writings are world known, as are his poems, the most familiar of which is one entitled "WAITING", the closing stanza of which reads,

*"The Stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor
high,
Can keep my own away from me."*

LOOK ! LOOK ! LOOK !

Introducing the

"Men or Mice" Column

How are you on the business end of a fountain pen? Do words fail you when an important problem arises? Or do they jump through the hoop when you crack the whip?

Each month a new topic will be chosen. This topic will be one of vital interest to all fellow sufferers in this great institution. The best letter (chosen by the Secret Six) on the current topic will be printed in full in the following issue of this paper.

For the April Issue the Topic the Secret Six Suggests

"Should Husbands Wipe the Dishes"

Note: Archaeologists tell us that the broken condition of ancient pottery indicates the possibility that men have been confronted with this problem for many centuries. If you don't believe us, then visit the Peruvian hall and see for yourselves.

We anticipate you, you champions (of both sexes). Limited space forces us to request you not to write more than 150 words. Only one letter will be printed. So, ladies, rally around your knitting, and don't let the gentlemen "scoop" you. And to the men, remember your slogan "Out of the kitchens by Christmas".

Send you letters to the Editor, and may victory crown your noble efforts.

Traveling Exhibits

At the recent meeting of the King's County Dental Society, held February 17th to 20th at the Towers Hotel in Brooklyn, the Department of Education had an exhibit showing some of its school loans. The exhibit consisted of cases of types of mammal skulls and also two cases showing the variation in the skulls and teeth of harmless and poisonous snakes. These cases had been prepared by Jack Orth. The exhibit attracted so much attention that the Bronx County Dental Society has asked for them for their Better Health Exhibit to be held in the Bronx County Court House, April 20th to 26th.

For the first time in its history the Department of Education has broken into a bank (although you never can tell what Mr. Sievers is going to do next). The bank in question is the Lincoln Savings Bank in Brooklyn, where a temporary exhibit of minerals has been installed. With it are publications of the Museum and leaflets concerning the Planetarium. This exhibit will be followed by others.

THE GRAPEVINE

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APRIL, 1937

PRICELESS

GEORGE H. SHERWOOD

1876—1937

WITH the passing of Dr. George H. Sherwood on March 18, the Museum lost one of its oldest and most devoted friends and benefactors. Since joining the Museum staff in 1901 Dr. Sherwood had fully dedicated his rare gifts of mind and spirit to advancing the interests of the institution and its employees. For thirty-six years he gave himself without reserve, as assistant curator of invertebrates, curator of education, assistant secretary and assistant treasurer, executive secretary, as director, and honorary director.

Dr. Sherwood played a vital part in the growth of the Museum. In the seven years of his directorship, from 1927 to 1934, many new buildings were added, numerous expeditions were sent out, and the influence and prestige of the Museum increased enormously throughout the world. One of his most signal services to the Museum was getting through the State legislature a bill that relieved the city of the pay-as-you-go policy in connection with the erection of additions to the Museum buildings. As a result of this release, appropriations were secured from the city for the erection of the Hall of Ocean Life, the School Service Building, the African Wing, the Power House and Preparation Building, the South

Asiatic Hall, and the Whitney Bird Wing.

Especially is Dr. Sherwood's loss felt by the Department of Education, of which he had been the head for thirty-one years. Through the extensive school service which he developed, millions of New York City school

children have benefitted from contacts with the Museum which they might otherwise never have enjoyed. Limited city horizons were broadened by glimpses of nature's wonders in various parts of the world. Dr. Sherwood was a patient and understanding teacher and delighted in children's society. He would often stop in the halls to talk to a young visitor and to answer childish questions.

Not only was Dr. Sherwood a loyal defender of the Museum as a whole, but he furthered and protected the interests of the employees both as a body and individually. He was never too busy or too tired to lend

ear to personal problems of fellow workers, and his sudden death is a tragic loss not only to the institution but a personal grief to hundreds of employees who loved him as a loyal, unselfish, and generous friend. The Museum and its people filled his life. He died as he wished to die—on the job and in the place he loved so well, but we shall miss him, for he is irreplaceable.



THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Membership Campaign

The E.B.A. roll call is rapidly getting bigger and bigger. This month we are glad to add the following names to our membership roster:

Emil A. Berg	Margaret A. Hanby
Edwin H. Colbert	Richard J. Joyce
Robert E. Cox	Ove C. Kaisen
Albert A. Gagnee	Harry Hawkins
Thomas Grady	Mary Sallmon
Walter Grotzmann	Arthur H. Schmidt

With Spring and Summer not far off, we wonder if there aren't some of us who would be interested in outdoor activities. Perhaps you have a favorite sport or summer pastime which others in the E.B.A. also enjoy.

Swimming, rowing, canoeing, baseball, tennis and fishing are but a few sports suggested thus far. Why not let the Membership Committee of the E.B.A. know what you would be interested in. If they can get sufficient support, committees could be appointed and plans put under way for various field activities.

Let us hear your reactions to efforts to make the E.B.A. a real social organization. This is but one step for 100% membership. We feel sure that our goal will be reached much faster with more attractive programs. By sending in your suggestions and participating in these activities, you will gain for yourself many pleasant hours, and you will also assist the work of the Membership Committee.

Headlines Wanted

APRIL 20th! Batter'up! Play Ball!
(How many aunts and uncles will be buried on this date?)

Out of the War Canoe

Well, I'd never have believed it if I hadn't seen it, but St. Patrick's passed off all quiet and none of the boys with anything to show for it. Excepting maybe Tony Gerrity, and still, all in all, that bandage of his had none of the proper look of having been come by in a legitimate and sociable fashion. There's something satisfying and pleasant in the look of a nice black eye, and it gleaming with greens and purples and all manner of sunset hues. When I think of the ones we used to pass out on potlatch nights up on the old homestead in Alaska——! beauties, boys, positively beauties! I miss 'em!

Old Mr. Beringei in the Gorilla Group is a gentleman with a highly original point of view. A bit too formal for my taste—he says he wouldn't think of *not* dressing for dinner—but quite a thinker. He prides himself on his logic and a rational way of figuring things out. We were taking a little stroll around the other night and went down into the Hall of Ocean Life. He'd been talking about logic and the prevalent lack of it and, as we stopped on the stairs, slapped himself on the chest and said,

"There, my dear Chief, there's a sample of it. Indeed a clear case of lack of logic. Most transparent—most flagrant!"

Not quite getting his drift I hemmed and hawed a little and finally had to come right out and ask.

Punctuating his explanation with whacking big booms on his chest, he went on to philosophize. "That airplane—that Lindbergh plane. Utterly illogical! Very imposing and a splendid example of 20th century American craftsmanship. But out of key with the intention! The idea was apparently to put in an honored place in this hall something that had been around—something that had seen the world in many tumultuous and tempestuous phases—something that had cheerfully stood up under great stress and strain—something that could take it! This airplane—after all, it only went around the world *once*. Logically considered, my dear Kettle, when you think of the vicissitudes suffered by headgear belonging to some of the staff, season after season, in rain, in snow, in hail and in subways, how much more rational and fitting to hang a few staff hats here. For service, stand-up and travel, my dear Pot, the sturdy Homburg belonging to Dr. Nichols, the fedora of Dr. Smith, or even the black toupee-cheater of Robert Snedigar, have the Lindbergh plane beat a mile. Any of 'em deserves the place

of honor more than this mere globe rounding flitter mechanism."

At the present writing, it looks as if we're going to be lucky if summer comes on Sunday this year, but just in case wild flowers bloom and the boys fancy to make up bouquets for the girl friends, here's a few tips taken from my Guide to the Language and Sentiment of Flowers. Space doesn't permit of any extensive exposition of this dainty and delicate manner of correspondance, but important communications may be made by means of single flowers, bouquets, leaves or even, if the gentleman is obtuse, by means of a chunk of wood. To illustrate:

A declaration of feeling between a lady and a gentleman may be expressed by single flowers, as follows: The gentleman presents a Red Rose—"I love you!" The lady admits a partial reciprocation of the sentiment by returning a Purple Pansy—"You are in my thoughts!" The gentleman presses his suit further by an Everlasting Pea—"Wilt thou go with me?" The lady replies by a Daisy twined with Poverty Grass, by which she conveys—"Amseray ouyay oorpay ishlay!"

Chief Pot-Calls-the-Kettle-Black.



News Flashes!

In the spring, tra, la, the birds are on the wing! Bees buzz, and Entomology satisfies an age old desire to move. In other words, "Insects" are invading the African Wing.

Spring Tonic

A lot of us are going around in circles trying to make ends meet. A little systematic saving in the Museum Federal Credit Union will start you on the right tangent leading to prosperity. Get the habit—and 6%, which is not to be sneezed at these days. Think it over.

The Museum Smith

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The museum smith now stands,
For Charlie, a contented man is he
As he surveys his lands.

For five and twenty years worked he,
Now to his farm retired,
And "Cyclone" Turner now we see,
His understudy, hired.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

Mr. Van Campen Heilner, well known fisherman and research Associate in the Fish Department, has just brought out a very thrilling book on "Salt Water Fishing". It gives the low-down on everything from swordfish to sea serpents complete with pictures, and if this doesn't get you excited about fishing, nothing will.

At one of the Tuesday afternoon lectures for teachers we dropped in to hear Irene Cypher give a talk on the "Historical Development of Maps". We had heard vague rumors prior to this concerning Miss Cypher's mania for collecting maps, but even this failed to fully prepare us for the vast number of maps adorning the sides of the room. If she took them all home again with her our sympathies are extended to her family.

Yes, sir! Spring is here, and to prove it, all one has to do is to stop by the Printshop in the early morning and see a certain young man with a contraption called a watering can going over his garden crop. From Printer to Horticulturist—quite a jump, eh, Phil?

Dr. Gudger is at present away on his annual winter vacation in Florida, visiting a former pupil of his in Sanibel. He sends a picture postcard of palms and tropic skies to these frostbitten halls, via the U. S. mail, and whispers sweet toles of tarpon fishing into our envious ears.

One of our chief pleasures in life is trying to make Mr. Draper, of the Planetarium Drapers, unbend. Consequently we delight to report the following items. 1. Did you know that quite a while back a mouse got into the cosmic ray machine, and was electrocuted? This played havoc with the cosmic rays and had the Planetarium staff pretty worried trying to subdue the odor of Burnt Mouse. 2. One of the People for whom this museum is intended ("For the People, for Education for Science") asked the Planetarium ticket-seller, "Is there any charge?" "Twenty-five cents". He turned away bitterly, complaining, "I knew there was a catch to it." When we get too awed by the impressive things the Planetarium is doing, playing with time and space and Einstein's laws, it cheers us to hear such different news.

There's a Long Trail! Yes, into the Land of Mammalogy Dreams. It's that Pierce Arrow trailer parked in the carpenter shop, to be equipped for a land cruise (better known as an "expedition") to collect material for Dr. Anthony's department. Many envious eyes have been cast upon it by

gypsy-minded museumites, who stood aghast and wondered what it was all about. We predict that this ultra-modern model travel will revolutionize expeditions—too bad it is not amphibious.

Note for Charley Rice: Ben Falvey wants to buy a turtle.

William Shrope is sporting a new (?) Reo special. It is whispered, however, that he will not send his wife for the next license plates—they cost too much where she gets them!

We have been told that a diet of coconut milk and bananas, together with plenty of Florida sunshine, is the best treatment for one whose dentition has suffered a major reduction. But Jake Shrope will be back with us again soon.

'Little Jake' Stephens has had us all guessing as to his nationality. He seems to talk all tongues (hands too), so we finally decided that he must be a little "League of Nations."

All the last half of March a swordfish has been eyeing us from one corner of the lobby with the grimmest look we have ever seen in a fish—and he's only a model too. This together with the photographs of the fishermen in action, and the dozen or so swords taken from the 601 pounder's fellow-swordfish, give us a good idea of the more thrilling side of the expedition that went to Cape Breton last summer and collected this material.

The plot thickens! One of our sojourners in Florida reports seeing a certain entomologist on the edge of a roadside canal with what looked like a fishing pole!

We are wondering why John Healy is making so many week-end trips to Boston. The old answer. A New England Blonde. After April 10th, we will give you further reports.

Do you know the fastest stepper in the Museum? It's none other than Red, Hot and Green, Stephen J. Murphy.

Who is the Latin from Manhattan who on his day off takes the long trip on the Subway to the cold, cold walls of Ebbetts Field?

Dan Banks and Fritz Petranowitz, two natives of Islip, L. I., do most of their sleeping on the Long Island Railroad, and amuse themselves by trying to trap unsuspecting flies in their oral buz saws. We wondered what Dan could see in that far-off town with its squirrel ranch (nut house), but soon learned that chickens, as usual, were the real attraction.

The latest South American cocktail has just arrived at the Museum, as a gift from Mr. Orlando Weber and Mrs. Gladys Gordon Fry. Birds, mammals and fishes, in native rum from Venezuela and Trinidad, are the ingredients.

Miss Utermehle has been looking a bit tired of late. "Timmie" has had a slight and sleepless case of indigestion from eating too many cream puffs. Congratulatory messages have been received on her recovery.

Miss Mary Salmon, latest recruit to the Membership Department, pulled a strong oar in the Vassar Crew of '28, and Miss Betty Cotter was coxswain of the Sweetbrier splasherettes. There's material right away for these events the E. B. A. membership committee is sponsoring.

We expect to see Bob Snedigar riding up and down all day in the African Freight elevator now. He can—we saw it in print! If you don't believe us, go look at the sign in the aforementioned elevator (now forbidden ground to us mere mortals), which ends as follows, "... and Mr. Snedigar who may use the car at all times."

Are you acquainted with the Museum's "Finest"? We mean Sergeant Gilmore and Privates Hynes, Shanley and Phelan. They are performing excellent Police work.

What we want to know is, Who is the Coffee Fiend at the Mail Desk?

Miss Celia Murphy and Miss Edna Kelley have signed articles for the next ladies' match. Mr. O'Connor refereed the last bout and was counted out in the first frauce.

We understand that Mr. Albert Giompaoli was so unfortunate as to lose a perfectly becootiful pair of shoes which he had recently purchased for his working hours. Anyone seeing a pair of shoes walking around without an owner, please communicate at once with Albert.

The members of the Frick Lab. are making a collection for a hungry dog. (For those who are not in the Know.) One of the lab. boys has his new store teeth and his poor dog goes hungry now.

Special Notice

Please save all cigar remains for Frank Miller's indoor garden in the Frick Lab.

????????

Visitor: How do the Dinosaurs, being such large animals, lay such small eggs?

Guard: I don't know, m'am, unless they ran out of plaster of Paris.

More ?????????

A Visitor, having received his Photo Permit, stopped at the Mail Desk and asked, "This Roy C. Andrews is a man, is he not?" "Why of course", Ben replied, "Well," the visitor said, "the lady inside is after signing R.C.A." !!!

Men or Mice

It is with great joy, that we are able to present the winning letter in the April "Men or Mice" contest, the answer to the question "Should Husbands Wipe the Dishes?"

DEAR EDITOR:

I beg to enter the following as a contribution to the April contest advertised on page 6 in your excellent publication.

It is possible, as suggested, that prehistoric man at times laid aside his dignity and assisted his spouse in household tasks, but to my mind that is not an adequate explanation of the presence of broken dishes in the ruins. My private opinion is that she broke them over his head in sheer Exasperation at his airs of masculine superiority.

In this modern age the question submitted is scarcely a controversial one. When wife comes home from a hard afternoon of bridge, or an equally trying experience in choosing a new hat, with the added mental strain of selecting delicatessen food calculated to satisfy hubby's hypercritical taste, no real man will sit idly by while she struggles on alone. He just naturally grabs the dish towel and "plays ball".

The question is, therefore, purely academic. To wipe?—of course! To wipe, perchance to *wash*, aye, there's the rub!

A CURATOR'S WIFE.

That is what we call *real* response. Also it cheers us to think of many of our best loved curators wiping the dishes. It lends that human touch, which make the whole world kin.

For May the Committee of the Secret Six gives you the following topic :

SHOULD WOMEN STAY OUT OF BARBER SHOPS?

NOTE: Early cave relics show many nice weapons for the subjugation of the fair sex. John Q. Caveman knew how to keep his women in check. Shall modern man play second fiddle? What say? As usual send your letters to the Editor, who will forward them to the Secret Six for consideration, and the best one will be printed next month.

Overheard in the Cafeteria

Old Campaigner: (Recalling the World War Days) "Yes, the *flower* of this Country was sent over to France in 1917.

Cynical Twerp: "Well it must have stayed there, because these rolls seem to have been made of rubber.

Eggs to Frogs



There is no way of telling where Mr. Sievers will pop up. This time his name is linked to that of a frog. In case you don't believe us, may we quote from the Herald-Tribune of March 31st, as follows: "Frog eggs week started yesterday at the American Museum of Natural History. 135,000 eggs of the Eastern wood frog were held ready for distribution among educational institutions and a museum expedition was combing the ponds of Westchester county for more. It was estimated that by the time the week is over 350,000 of the eggs will have been delivered to science laboratories and nature classrooms. . . . One reason for anxiety this year is that the frogs have been late in laying their eggs. The weather has been a little too chilly for them. Herman A. Sievers, of the museum's department of education, said he now had the situation well in hand and that deliveries were being made just as fast as the trucks could make their rounds."

All of which goes to prove what a versatile gentleman he is, equal to any situation, and capable of handling any problem. We wonder if the frogs will serenade him this summer? Or doesn't a frog remember?

True Story

Once upon a time, not so long, there were three or four little "gentlemen of the streets" who played on Columbus Avenue and frequently took walks through the Museum halls. One day they appeared carrying a large dead cat, which they said had been their playmate, and which they wished could be mounted instead of being consigned to an ash barrel grave. True to his role of Chief Consolator, Mr. Sievers promised to see what he could do. The Museum taxidermist set to work and, lo and behold, the result was so beautiful that one of the girls in Education has been tying a blue ribbon around its neck. Furthermore, it is often asked for in the schools, and all the children now enjoy seeing the one time playmate of a few little boys who believed they could count on the Museum in time of trouble.

Visitors

The Department of Comparative Anatomy is at present headquarters for two distinguished scientists from over the seas. Dr. Robert Broom of the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, South Africa, brought his specimens of *Australopithecus* to the Symposium on Early Man in Philadelphia, and is now lecturing through the country. He will lecture in this Museum on April 22, on "Primitive Races of Man". Prof. D.M.S. Watson of University College, London, is also here, to deliver the Silliman Lectures at Yale.



Museum Bookshop Notes

A recent visit to the Roosevelt Memorial Bookshop reminded us once again that among the many good things accredited to Spring one of the best is the appearance of new books. There are so many to report this month that to name them all would require more space than is at our disposal. Especially appropriate for this time of year, however, are the garden books and there are some excellent new ones now on the shelves. It is good to learn that "Snakes and Their Ways", a book recently published, and written by Dr. C. H. Curran, and Mr. Carl Kauffeld, is selling very well.

The Bookshop also has a colorful section devoted to a new menagerie of china animals, which is proving popular.

Preparation

When the feud of rhyme and rhythm
Waxes warm in 209;
When each thought that seeks expression
Is indited line by line;
When the gentle muse is tempted
With an offering sublime;
When the air seems tense and teeming
And forgotten is the time;
Then you need not fret or worry
Need not seek an anodyne;
It is simply preparation
For another month's "Grapevine".

Museum Wives

The Museum Staff Wives have been holding some very interesting meetings this year. The programs this season are under the direction of Mrs. J. T. Zimmer, and have included talks by Mrs. W. C. Bennett and Dr. George Vaillant, as well as a cleverly acted play by members of the Society. The final get-together will be a lawn party, probably some time in May.

Important Flash!!!

Although we have to wait until the May issue of The Grapevine to give you a complete financial statement concerning South Sea Island Night, we have been given permission to tell you this:—All expenses were paid, and sufficient funds raised to cover an assessment (which all good members of the E.B.A. know means \$150.00.)

Dance Postscripts

Aloha! And we really mean "until we meet again"! The annual entertainment of the Employees Benefit Association has truly become something to look forward to each year. We salute the Committee and officers for their fine work.

Our reporter was stationed at an advantageous spot right at the edge of the dance floor, and he *saw plenty!*

What we would really like to know is, do all the girls in Hawaii resemble Aloma? (We should also like to know why so many managed to be looking at the photographs in the alcoves next to the dressing room when she went home!)

It was truly enlightening to see the effect of party clothes on one's fellow workers. Of course *all* the girls looked lovely in their spring prints and chiffons, which we will not describe in detail, but when the boys started appearing one after another in their tuxedos, we began to sit up and take notice. One would almost have thought that they were attending the opening of a swanky new night club. (Did anyone hear that George Tauber said that was what it was?)

Robert Snedigar, that rival for Fred Astaire, had all the feminine hearts flutter with hopes. One fair maiden even wept softly into her hankie because she missed a chance at a last waltz with Bob—and can he waltz! Also swing, swirl and gallop through all the known terpsicorean steps extant.

South Sea Island Night was a great occasion for at least two Museum workers. It was Harry Farrar's first wedding anniversary (and Mrs. Farrar is our idea of a very lovely bride). It was also Mrs.

Timonier's birthday. The musicians proceeded to serenade both of them, and Mrs. T. had a petite birthday cake. As Will Oakland would have said, we take this auspicious occasion to wish them many more anniversaries.

When the Ames sisters came out to do their number, we sat back and watched. When they started to do those cartwheels all around the hall we sat up. When they finished, we stood up and applauded. Do you folks realize that the floor in Education Hall is stone—which made it doubly hard for cartwheels? All of which made us appreciate a good act even more.

Thanks are certainly due to the Carpenter Shop and the Electrical Department for their share in decorating the hall. For once it actually looked attractive, and lost some of its resemblance to a barn, and even Mr. Maxwell seemed to be smiling his approval.

The languid dancing of Sherman Voorhees was entertaining to watch. We hope he never has to catch a train on short notice, for it would be a pity to disturb that rhythm.

We understand Charles Coles had a candid camera with him. If he caught shots of Aloma, or even of certain other people, at certain moments, it shouldn't be hard for him to make a nice little profit. Nuff said!

Little Sidelights to Remember

Those tables assigned to Herpetology—that department certainly did turn out. And they also seemed to be having a *very* good time.

Steve Murphy was even nicer than usual. Steve is our idea of the perfect Host. He welcomed everyone with his mile long smile, and then seated them at the nicest tables.

That comedy team could be put to good use sometimes right here in the Museum. The way they could dispense with anyone annoying us with pesky questions would be a gift from heaven.

Johnny McCormick told us he had to go out to Long Island! That is a sample of true love for you—trains to Long Island don't run any too frequently, either.

The Mail Desk turned out in force but they never noticed anyone. They were having such a good time they just walked right past us—wait till we have a chance to send out a nice heavy load of extra mail. We understand Henry Voelmy went around taking the food from other people's tables.

There are loads and loads of other things we will all remember. From our reporter's observations we know that everyone was having a good time—so we leave you to your own memories, and hope that we see you again next year.

We Thank You

Why thank the Committee? They did a marvelous piece of work—everyone agrees to that! Everyone is willing to give them an extra special vote of thanks. *We wish to thank our guests.* For their response in the purchasing of tickets. For the nice things they said about the entertainment we provided. And for the friendly spirit which pervaded the hall and made everyone feel at home.

Cooperative Buying Reduces Cost

The matter of cooperative buying for members of the Credit Union has been under consideration for some time. There is an enormous economic waste to the consumer in our present distribution system and it is hoped that Credit Unions will play a great part in correcting some of these abuses.

An arrangement has been made with the CENTRAL CREDIT UNION PURCHASING AGENCY at 280 Madison Avenue, near 40th Street, whereby discounts ranging from 20% to 50% can be had on most types of standard merchandise, such as ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES, REFRIGERATORS, MIXERS, CLOCKS, VACUUM CLEANERS, TOASTERS, RADIO SETS, JEWELRY, CLOTHING, TOYS, AUTOMOBILES, FURNITURE, RUGS, ETC.

Whenever a member of the Credit Union wishes to purchase household items or other materials, he should consult with the Treasurer of the Credit Union who will make the necessary arrangements and furnish the proper identification card so that the discount may be had.

Highlights Culled From Old Museology

Early in October (1920) the members of the Long Island City Chapter No. 110 of the Order of Eastern Star made a visit in a body to the Museum, and spent an afternoon among our exhibits. (Did they do some preview work for the planetarium?)

We hope that we may some day all have the pleasure of listening to the Messrs. John Finn, John O'Neill, John Larsen and Henry Ruof. (Shades of Socrates, if they had known in 1921 of the famous entertainments to be put on in 1937!)

Dr. Barnum Brown is in London. (July 1920). Now why didn't Dr. Brown wait till 1937—then he could have been there for the coronation.)

The new editorial room of Natural History has been completed, including the installation of a number of very neat cabinets. The office is a great improvement on the former editorial room. (How are you going to keep track of what they mean by "former" rooms, if offices keep changing at the present rate.)

The auditors are busy on our books again! [1921]

Mr. Miner and Mr. Granger are in a fair way to become moving picture

idols. They figured recently in films made in the Museum by the Bray Studios. (1921) Mr. Miner shared the honors with some radiolarians, in one film, and, in the other, Mr. Granger and the ground sloths in our laboratory and Age of Man Hall were featured.

Mr. Clarence A. Hough, who on behalf of the Chicago Art Institute is investigating various methods of propaganda for institutions of art and science, visited the Museum in September [1920] and was given a complete survey of the publicity methods employed here. He expressed great surprise at the scope of the work in which the American Museum holds the position of pioneer. (Perhaps we should invite him for another visit to-day!).

Mr. Harry Ramshaw has been observing union hours since beginning work on his own house. [1921] (We hope Harry has continued the good habits started back in those days.)

With Apologies to R. K.

When the last group-background is painted, and we've mounted the world's last bird,

When the oldest digger has fainted collecting the last lone sherd,

We shall rest, and call it a day, boys—
and lay down the book and the pen,
Till the Master of all Directors shall put us to work again.

And those that were good shall be happy;
they shall sit on a cloud-built throne,
And plan the Ideal Museum, taking no
ones advice but their own.

With never a care about money, with
never a bid for fame,
What need to consider the Public when
only the Master shall blame?

And no one shall drag himself homeward
at the end of the day, dead beat,
There will be no annoying callers, there
will be no Museum Feet;
But each with a corps of assistants, and
each in his own separate Hall
Will arrange all his truck as *he* likes it,
or else not arrange it at all.

Overheard in the Restaurant

1. A man paying his bill in the restaurant put this poser to Ethel Fisher—
"Do you remember the gorilla they had here about thirty years ago? Where is it now?" — And our fair Ethel not even thinking of life thirty years ago!!

2. Woman with broken accent poked her head inside the restaurant door. She then hopefully propounded this question, "You give to eat in here—free?" !!!



Planetarium Book Corner

Have you a little Planetarium in your home? Believe it or not, you can have one. Many people who like terrestrial globes do not know that they can have sky globes too. There are globes made which show the whole celestial sphere, with yellow stars on a sky blue background, and the mythological figures traced in lighter blue. With one of these globes you can do as amazing things as the Planetarium itself, finding for yourself the appearance of the sky from any place on the earth at any hour.

Come over and see what stars the Hayden Planetarium eclipse expedition will see down in Peru this summer. They are very upside-down compared to our own northern stars, but of course it's all in the point of view. For those who are interested, may we whisper softly in conclusion, that the globes range in price from \$3.50 to \$15.00.

Bughouse Blues

(With apologies to Luey)

How would you like my "lousy" job?
Nursemaid to a flock of bugs,
I feel low and so would you,
Fixing grub for insect mugs.

Chorus

Come my pretty cock-a-roach,
May I please the subject broach—
Eat your meal worms every one,
And wipe your mouth when you are done.
Keeping house for a swarm of flies—
Boy! Do I get sick and tired;
Icky, sticky, fat and juicy,
Up to my neck I find I'm mired.

Chorus

Come my pretty centipede,
Let me not your health impede,
Eat your meal worms, never linger,
Say! Stop chewing on my finger.

Mopping up for sloppy beetles,
Dusting off the fruit fly suite—
Some reporters burn me up,
"These your bugs?" "Gosh, aren't they sweet!"

Chorus

Come my crawly, six-legged pest,
Don't you think I ever rest?
Best behave, or else I'll rub,
Cockroach paste upon your grub!!

THE GRAPEVINE

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MAY, 1937

PRICELESS

New Trustees . . .

Five new members were added to the Board of Trustees of The American Museum of Natural History at the spring meeting of the Board, held on Monday, May 3rd, 1937. Two, James Rowland Angell, President of Yale, and Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell, are world famous in the realm of education; three, Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, Mr. William Lloyd-Smith and Mr. Robert Earll McConnell, have distinguished themselves in public service, business and conservation.

The Museum's Constitution was also amended by increasing the number of Trustees from thirty-three to thirty-eight. Due to the death of Mr. Charles Hayden there were six vacancies on the Board but only five were filled. "The reason for increasing the number of Trustees at this time", said F. Trubee Davison, "is that there is general feeling on the part of the Trustees that it would be wise to widen the scope of interest represented by the membership of the Board.

Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, former Director of the United States Budget, has a distinguished record as a public servant. He will give to the Museum the benefit of his experience in public life and will aid in extending the influence of the Museum in wider fields of national service.

Mr. Wilton Lloyd-Smith and Mr. Robert Earll McConnell have both had notable experience in business, and in several fields of natural history. Their background and associations will be most helpful in the Museum's immediate program of development.

By enlisting the direct and active cooperation of such notable educators as Dr. Farrand and Dr. Angell, the Museum hopes to reach new heights as an educational factor.

Among action taken by the Trustees was the adoption of a resolution of regret in regard to the death of Dr. George H. Sherwood, who, during more than thirty-six years of service with the Museum, contributed extensively toward

its growth. A similar resolution was adopted in regard to the death of Professor William Morton Wheeler, Research Associate in the Department of Entomology, who died on April 19th. Mrs. Antoinette K. Gordon was appointed Associate in Asiatic Ethnology.

Bust of Dr. Sherwood

At a meeting of all the museum employees called recently by Dr. Andrews, it was decided that as an expression of the love and respect felt for Dr. Sherwood, a bust of Dr. Sherwood was to be made and placed at the entrance to Education Hall. A motion was made and seconded that the funds to purchase this bust be collected from among the employees themselves, as they wished it to be their own tribute to Dr. Sherwood.

Dr. Andrews is very happy to report that the fund has been oversubscribed, and that the money over and above the amount to pay for the bust itself, will be used to purchase a pedestal worthy of the bust. Dr. Andrews appointed a Committee consisting of Dr. Wissler, Dean of the Scientific Staff, Dr. Chapman and Dr. Shapiro to consider who was best fitted to make this bust, and this Committee, after also consulting with the Council, chose Mrs. Sally Clark. Mrs. Clark's work is well known and she has already made busts of Lincoln Ellsworth, Amelia Earhart and Dr. Andrews.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES FROM ADMINISTRATION

Resolved: That in accordance with the recommendation of the President and in conformance with the custom of the last six years, the Trustees hereby approve of closing on Saturdays from June 5th to September 25th, 1937, all departments of the Museum except those required for the necessary operation of the Museum to keep it open for the public.

Eclipse Expedition

With bands playing appropriate South American rhumbas and flags waving, the first contingent of the Hayden Planetarium Grace Expedition including Professor and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, and Miss Sarah Van S. Pyle, embarked for the long voyage to Lima, Peru, on Friday afternoon April 30th, aboard the Grace Liner S. S. Santa Maria.

The send-off for the party was made even more stirring by a coast-to-coast farewell broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting Network in which President Davison, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Dr. Fisher, Senor Pedro de Zela, the Peruvian Consul General, and Mrs. Blair Niles, author of "Peruvian Pageant", extended best wishes for the success of the expedition.

On their arrival in Peru, Mr. Barton and Mr. Adamson will make the necessary arrangements for the main body of the expedition which will arrive at a later date. These arrangements will include the selection of the exact sites from which the expedition's big camera guns will be aimed at that point in the sky where the "moon will swallow the sun" at 5:21 o'clock on the afternoon of June 8th. Chinbote, an important seaport on the coast of Peru, is in the center of the eclipse path, but it seems an almost foregone conclusion that the expedition will have to take to the hills at altitudes over 3,000 feet in order to be well above any interference caused by fog and low-hanging clouds.

Arrangements will also be made for microphone positions for radio-broadcasting, as a description of the eclipse will be given over the Columbia Network in cooperation with members of the Expedition.

Dr. Fisher and other members of the Expedition will sail on the S. S. Santa Lucia on May 7th.

THE GRAPEVINE

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Our Membership Campaign

With a membership committee like ours, you are bound to get places! Look where we are this month—we have passed the five hundred mark on our membership roll. That is our idea of good work. The names added to our list this time are:

Charles M. Bogert Arthur L. Draper
Urania D. Fuller Michael J. Higgins
Ware Lynch Edward T. Malley
Hazel L. Miller Arthur Scharf
Ramiro Quesada Ethel J. Timonier

If the Committee keeps on at this rate we shall soon reach our long desired aim—100 per cent membership of every employee in the Museum. Then we shall celebrate with a grand parade, or something equally appropriate, for good work always deserves a celebration.

That Planetarium Again

A lady came into the Planetarium the other day and said to Mr. Lacey, "I see they made a few changes since the last time I was here," and Lacey said, "Yes, we allow the people in free of charge on the first floor." So the lady said, "You even changed that ticket taker; the other fellow was baldheaded. Mr. Lacey took his hat off—and the lady said 'I'm sorry.'"

Just a Lament

I strive, I sweat, I strain,
I push my squeaky pen in vain
I think, I dream, I contemplate,
I scratch my weary hairless pate
The editor I try to delight.

But all in vain I work so hard,
What's the use of being a bard
When all my gems of verse depart,
Since the Editor has no heart!

Out of the War Canoe

That lady weight lifter that tossed the boy friend around the night of the E.B.A. dance—you know—that Tenth Avenue babe—would make a lovely wife for an Eskimo. She's strong like plenty too much. After her man throwing number, she came out past us, looking tough and tougher and talking out of the corner of her mouth. I could see by the glint in her eye that something was up and whispered to the boys, "Stand by!" "Hang on to your seats". I think we're in for a squall" And we were. With a wave of her arm that sent her little tossie into two half flip-flops and one complete Brodie, she yelled, "So—you don't think I could. Well, bozo, these Kwakiutl comics still look depressed and in need of a lift. I ain't got a Camel, so—here goes!" And with that she puts a heave under the bow of the boat and gives it a boost. She certainly would have been a big help when we shifted to our new moorings. I haven't got over the jolt she jarred us down with yet. What do you suppose she would have made of that bunch of wild pigs that chased Tommy Gilliard up a tree down in Barro Colorado? Cocktail snacks is my guess—nothing but cocktail snacks.

Spring got here and with it a lot of things. Spring hats, for instance. The lady editor of this sheet (she doesn't dare cut this out for fear I'll take my column to another paper—I've had offers) showed up with one that looked like it ought to be served with butter and maple syrup on the side. If the present style trends keep up America is going to be in a bad way for flower pots and cookie tins.

Another thing I trust Spring has brought is that pleasant and romantic old custom of taking a walk with the boy friend. Just in case some of our young folks are a little uncertain about the proprieties of street behavior, Mr. Dodo from up on the second floor, has graciously set down a few precepts for their information and betterment:

1. Running across the street in front of carriages is dangerous and shows a want of dignity.

2. A gentleman may take two ladies upon his arms, but on no account should a lady swing on the arms of two gentlemen.

3. Allowing a dress to trail on the street is in exceedingly bad taste. Such a costume calls forth criticism and contempt from more sensible people.

4. When crossing the pavement, a lady should raise her dress with her right

hand a little above the ankle. To raise the dress with both hands is vulgar and can only be excused when the mud is very deep.—*Chief-Pot-Calls-the-Kettle-Black.*

Sand Bag Carter

T'was in the rifle range, boys,
The air was filled with smoke
The empty shells fell round about
And Dead-shot Donald spoke.

"Now did I ever tell you boys
The time I shot that sheep
T'will warm the cockles of your heart
And make the strong man weep."

"Buffalo Bill may have been fair,
Annie Oakley, good in her day,
But I'm the boy that bagged a sheep
Three hundred yards away."

"It was in far off Indo-China
On a misty, murky morn
I shot the biggest mountain sheep
That ever had been born."

"My sights were dim and dirty
My powder damp and wet
The clouds were pouring rain-drops
I can hear that thunder yet."

"I drew a bead, like this, boys,
The bullet true and tried
And if I'm lying, so help me,
I hope I'm cooked and fried."

Then spoke a sturdy gunman
Standing in the rear
"Listen Dead Shot Donald,
Why not try it here?"

Donald took the rifle
He knelt down in the dark
We saw nought but the smoke and flame
As his gun began to bark.

The target showed five shots, boys,
Right thru the bulls-eye spot
Carter rose and proudly said,
"Say boys, am I Hot!"

"But wait", the gunman shouted
And Donald's knees did sag
"No wonder he's so good, boys,"
And then — we saw the bag.

There on the dirty floor reposed
A SANDBAG! What a shame!
Which Dead Shot Carter had just used
To fortify his aim.

For shame, for shame! You scurly knave!
Your fame has flown away
So you had to use a sandbag
You sure will rue this day.

No more the dead-shot Donald—
It's SANDBAG CARTER now
From the sunny Bronx and Boonton
To the shores of old Han Kow.

And when he tells his story
About the mountain sheep
No more will people wonder
No more will strong men weep.



Museum Bookshop Notes

"In Quest of Gorillas", a recently published book by Drs. Raven and Gregory of the staff, is the story of an expedition to Africa in 1929. It is on sale at the Roosevelt Memorial Bookshop, and very popular, too.

There is also a shelf of children's books selling at ten cents per copy which are well worth investigating if you are ever up against the problem of selecting an inexpensive gift for a boy or girl.

Then, too, the Osage drums! They are good-looking affairs with a "bom-bom" sound, when you beat them rhythmically, that is excellent for whooping and stomping. They have also been used, more conservatively, as dinner gongs. A noble calling for which they are distinctly worthy.

Perhaps the most ornamental as well as instructive objects in the bookshop are the handsomely colored globes. Selling, ordinarily, at \$3.50 each, the discount for employees, which as most of you know, is in effect on nearly all the merchandise handled at the bookshop, brings the price down to \$2.60. These, if you have a special hankering for a globe, are sincerely recommended. If you don't have the hankering now, you'll probably get it when you see them.

Timely Observations

Mr. Howard Taylor, a tall, conscientious, dark haired young man who tends strictly to business, has at last, in spite of his modesty, become ensnared by the Grapevine's publicity tendrils. Here's the dope about him. He is a pupil of Frank J. Meyers, Research Associate in Rotifera, and is engaged at the Museum in working out some very interesting technical methods of preserving and sectioning rotifers for microscopic study.

Dr. Austin L. Rand, ornithologist and assistant leader of the 1936 New Guinea Expedition led by Richard Archbold, returned to New York on the Conte di Savoia bright and early Thursday morning, April 22nd, 1937.

Mr. David Nichols arrived in New York on the Berengaria April 30th, and came directly to the Museum. He has been in England studying specimens at the British Museum, and has a paper in the course of preparation which is to be called "The Transatlantic *Mus* Problem."

Lend Us Your Ears !!!

We all know and admit that Dr. Andrews is a great man and a great explorer, but we wish to offer another tribute to his greatness this month. The other day he let us see some of his "fan mail" received from time to time, and we in turn are giving you some of the choice excerpts from this pile of epistles. After reading them we hope you will realize why Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews looks worried.

(They are all addressed to "My dear Dr. Andrews): "The enclosed picture resembles strikingly a man I knew a long time ago. Foolishly enough, we never told each other our real names. Sometimes you do things like that when you are very young. He was very interested, also, in man's evolution from mammalian life, which is rather a coincidence. Do you, by any chance, have red or sandy hair which quite refuses to lie flat—and are you about forty years of age? Please forgive these personal questions if you are not the man. If you are, I knew you would be glad to hear from me."

Excerpt No. 2: "Instead of supporting a second trip to the South or North Pole, I would ask you to support my plea to Mr. Rockefeller, to start a movement to dig a shaft 50 square feet towards the center of the earth. According to my opinion there is more to be learned by going towards the center of the earth than to the poles, and this work could easily be made self-supporting in time if properly handled."

Excerpt No. 3: "Please write and let me know if there are any women and thunder storms at the South Frigid Zone or South pole."

Excerpt No. 4: "I am a bachelor, 65 years of age, and have lived 57 years in Chicago, have a clear record and I can furnish \$100 bond and references. I will pay you \$100 if you find me a wife, but not a negro, she must have \$1000 cash. I am a temperance man and I will join your Club [the Museum] also the wife may be from 16 to 60 years of age. I have \$250 in three banks, they are closed. I carry \$10,000 insurance.

Excerpt No. 5: "Mr. Andrews I want to ask, nay plead, to accompany you on your dangerous trip. I say dangerous because the risk of being killed by wild cannaballs and animals and as I will be 21 years old the 17 of January I shall have to ask no one except you for I have been my own boss for 5 years. Now Mr. Andrews think twice before you answer and count 10 and see if you can't possibly find a place where you will need me on your trip as it would be the chance of a life time and would make a new man of me. . . . Who knows I might even



Planetarium Book Corner

Have you ever made a telescope mirror? If you have, you will know that there is a remarkably helpful book all about what to do and how to do it. This is AMATEUR TELESCOPE MAKING. For those who know everything in this volume, and have made a mirror, two or three, there is a newer book, long awaited among telescope making brethren, known as AMATEUR TELESCOPE MAKING, ADVANCED. These you may see at the Planetarium Book Corner.

We have also, a fine mirror on display, made by one of the members of the Optical Division of the Amateur Astronomers Association. If you have fifty dollars, and not enough elbow grease or time to make your own instrument, you may buy this eight inch Pyrex disc, which is corrected to one-half a millionth of an inch. Come and look at it anyway.

(Personal note: Mrs. Federer's enthusiastically started six inch mirror was accidentally dropped and broken last week. When this happens, you just start over again.)

Little Known Facts About Museum Animals

We tried to keep it quiet, but the other day she moo-ed and now the story is out. We'll warrant few know that Tom Potter in addition to being No. 1 timekeeper also takes care of Sophronia, the Museum Cow. The enterprise started about seventeen years ago and has withstood many trials and tribulations. At first there were only three inveterate milk drinkers. Now—the habit has spread to include eleven imbibers of the white fluid.

Disdaining all manner of bribes we felt our first obligation was to our dear public eagerly awaiting the outcome of our investigation. We give you the staunch milk patrons—Misses Clausen, Olsen, Guinan, and Voter. Messrs. Hoffman, Rooney, Sherer, (Don Juan) Tauber, Walsh, Weaver and Vitolo. We think it mighty nice of Tom to go to all the trouble necessary to ordering and paying for the daily delivery of eleven bottles of milk. Thanks Tom!

save your life, of course probably I wouldn't but I would if I got the chance."

(Next month we shall give you a further glimpse into this interesting file of documents.)

Non-Scientific Discoveries

Everyone should know that the very successful and efficient Chairman of our dance committee is now a proud father—and her name is Cynthia Fay Mason.

We listened in with great interest to Dr. Weyer and Mr. Voorhees in their fascinating broadcast on Friday evening, April 30th, over the Columbia Broadcasting network. We certainly hope there will be more of the NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE "Stranger Than Fiction" programs, for they are as interesting to us Museumers as they are to the public. But really Mr. Voorhees!!! "stranger than fiction" is being strained just a little too far when you addressed Dr. Weyer as "Dr. Fish"! ! !

Noticing a loud buzz of excitement in the neighborhood of Entomology we decided the matter should be investigated. We were therefore pleasantly surprised to see Ethel Olsen back on the job again after a serious illness.

Mr. Burns isn't the type to let Anthropology put anything over on him. When he saw the Pierce Arrow trailer in the carpenter shop, he just up and bought a new De Soto!

Mr. Junius Bird, field assistant in the Department of Anthropology, has just returned to the United States with Mrs. Bird, after two and a half years spent in the far southern regions of South America, during which time they covered almost 10,000 miles by boat and automobile. In studying the native Indians of Tierra del Fuego, the Straits of Magellen, the island of Chiloe, and the Aklachufs of western Chile, Mr. Bird has obtained extensive material on the primitive canoe, and land tribes in this remote part of the world which promises to be of great value toward further knowledge of these isolated, primitive peoples.

We have two hand ball courts now, located to the north side of the Hall of Ocean life. Come around between twelve and one o'clock some day and see some action. Mr. Broderick is captain of the Custodian's Team.

In addition to hand ball, we also have a tennis court—it too is located to the north side of the Hall of Ocean Life. We understand that it might be possible to get in some good play there if Mr. Kinzer and Mr. Johnson ever finish that set they started a week ago.

The Department of Advertising is growing rapidly these days. We welcome Mr. W. Ware Lynch (from Arthur Kuder, Inc.) whose is now the Sales Representative of the

department, and assistant to Mr. Voorhees. [We think his greatest task is going to be to keep track of Mr. Voorhees, and check up on his speeches.] This same department also has a publishers representative in Chicago now—Mr. Frank S. Whitman.

Many of you remember Jane Turner, secretary in Mammalogy, and will be glad to hear that after a period of almost years she is decidedly on the road to health. Several of us paid her a visit the other week, much to her joy. Even though she has only been home from the hospital about six weeks, she is as energetic and as in love with life as ever.

We wonder if it's really Junior Natural History that brings Miss Edwards to the print shop so often.

This was heard in the Museum Yard: Freddie Weir (To Ed Burns in a stalled Ford): "What's the matter Ed, are you broke? Riding in an old thing like that!!! "How dare you insult my car!" yelled Violet Whittington, indignantly, "Mr. Burns is merely trying to start it."

It has been brought to our notice that a man is needed to take the squeak out of a pair of new shoes. Replies may be addressed to Tony, or Steve Murphy.

Having read some of Otto Eckholm's articles in "The Elm Beacon", a well known church paper, we report that he sounds like another Arthur Brisbane.

Why is it that one very active member of the Editorial Board is always late for meetings? Say, Bill, we too know some restaurants where they serve good things!

Mrs. Cotter has definitely settled in New York now. Her furniture has all been moved here and we understand she is completely settled.

Birds go south in the winter and north in the summer—and true to form, so does the Department of Ornithology. In other words, Dr. Frank Chapman is back again from Barro Colorado Island, and so is Tom Gilliard. Once more we can be sure that winter is over and the spring migration under way.

The Bronx was the scene of an important bowling contest the other evening between the attendants of the Planetarium. Al Patterson, after scoring 40, was there with his cogibundity of cogitation.

Dr. Roy W. Miner attended the Annual meeting of the American Association of Museum held at New Orleans this year. He spoke on May 5th on "Under-sea Field Work for Marine Groups."

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Marion Jellicorse de Roos is no longer with us at the Museum, but we also wish

to take this occasion to welcome Mrs. Dorothy Scott Gillam to our public. You can meet Mrs. Gillam any day in the Museum restaurant, where she will escort you to your table, and give you a very lovely smile.

Flash!!—Just as we were going to press we received the news that Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy is now a grandfather. His first grandson was born on May 6th, and is already planning to help his grandfather in the Bird Department.

Mrs. Helen Voter is leaving on May 15th, and while we don't wish to say anything yet, we just wish to tell you that there will be a further announcement in a future issue.

John Saunders was at home sick for a week, and the first day he reappeared a small but blossoming moustache appeared with him. The next day it disappeared. Can anyone tell us why?

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Alice K. Frazer on May 6th in Pasadena, California.

Brighten the Corner Where You Are

For many years a calm and sedate looking gentlemen sat on a marble pedestal in the Foyer, patiently watching the main entrance on 77th Street, as if scrutinizing all who dared to enter its portals. But alas, the powers that be decided to bar those historical old doors, through which many noted personages had passed. The marble gentleman became sad; he thought of the many years he had devoted to our worthy institution—and now he was deserted.

No longer did the cheery, expectant youth flock past his gaze. They seemed to sneak in behind his back, as if to avoid his glance. So the kindly hearted old gentleman, Morris Ketchum Jessup (yes, it is he of whom we speak) decided to do something rash. Yes, he decided to take a back seat, where he could see things from a different angle. He would go where he could "ketchum" coming and going. It seems others noticed his plight also, and it was decided to redecorate and modernize his surroundings, and ease the strain on his eyes with indirect lighting. Who knows, we may yet see him smile, when he sits, resplendent in his new surroundings, gilded as the proverbial lily, and basking in the light diffused softly over the gleaming new paint. Should you wish to see the effect for yourself, we understand the foyer will be ready to be seen about May 10th.

The First Aid Room is now in The Roosevelt Memorial basement. Mrs. Emery and Mrs. Dunn are both in attendance there.

THE GRAPEVINE

Published by The Employees' Benefit Association
of The American Museum of Natural History

VOL. I, No. 5 AND 6

JUNE, 1937

PRICELESS

Sparkling Gems...

No matter how far back the historian may delve into the secrets of the past there has not been a time when women of all races climates and cultures failed to revel in adorning themselves with gems. Their lure is older than the pyramids, older than bronze age and in all probability older than fashion in dress.

The famous Morgan Gem Collection in the Museum devotes two of its exhibition cases to the "Antique Use of Gems", and now, through the courtesy of an anonymous friend of the Museum, there has been placed on exhibition a small but very interesting group of jewelry pieces which show how gems were combined in jewelry forms a century ago. Some of them date even further back than that, and take us well into the jewelry of our great grandmothers.

"In this loan collection of old jewelry fashions" says Mr. Whitlock, "are to be found diamond necklaces and brooches that might easily have winked across the glittering horseshoe when the lights went up on the first performance in the Metropolitan Opera House. There is a memorial ring that marked the death of a lady who lived through the American Revolution. Florentine earrings, which if they could speak, might tell of glamorous romances when men wore swords not merely for decorations.

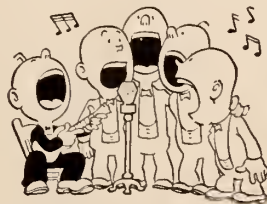
There are French betrothal rings with diamonds and surmounted by tiny coronets, that were worn some hundred and fifty years ago. And in this same sentiment belongs a curious ring that displays a little masked face, done in black and white enamel with jewels set in the eyes and mouth. On the back of this mask, next to the finger, and invisible until the ring is taken off, is the sentiment of the giver, also done in enamel, "Je cache mon amour". This ring belongs to the period of Louis Phillippe.

Picked up here and there in the curio shops of Europe, when travel was still a matter of leisure, these old jewels give a veritable cross section of the life and culture of a time when that much over-worked word "cosmopolitan" really meant one who had seen the world, not merely dashed through it.

Reflection on Member's Day

(By one of the Guides)

Members' Day—the tall bronzed good-looking man who seemed so appreciative of everything you (female) said, flutter, flutter, of course it turned out he had a wife and kiddies—the little girls who seemed so enchanting until they wanted to know what that little hedgehog-looking thing was, which you had entirely overlooked up to that moment—the peace that passeth all understanding as you realized that your group wouldn't know the difference—the Fidgety One who came to see Preparation and nothing but Preparation, and yet would neither leave you in peace and depart to see Preparation, nor stay with you and stop asking questions, "How long are you going to stay here?". . . "Are you nearly finished here?". . . "What other places did you say we were going to?". . . "What is in them?"—the elderly ladies who couldn't tear themselves away from the masculine beauty in the Whitney Bird Hall and were seen in my group, Nevermore!—the enthusiastic lady in another group who thought it was so nice of the Museum to have such *charming* young men to take them around—the relief as you herded your flock back to green pastures and refreshments, all responsibility lifted from your shoulders, and realized that they were really all nice, friendly people and you loved them, every one. Members' Day, you thought, is really getting better every year.



Singers Wanted

Museum employees who enjoy singing and would like to join a glee club will be interested in knowing that a Museum male glee club is being formed. For further details see Bernard Moore.

Off the Tennis Racquet

The Tennis Fever has certainly gripped the athletically inclined of the Museum. More so than any other sport and before long, who knows, we may develop a Tilden or a Vines.

That boy, Patsy Saulina, swings a mean racquet, in fact he broke one right in half the other day.

Those two boys from the Bursar's Department (Charlie Kerr and George Decker) are a combination which we think will be hard to beat.

The Custodian's Department is also well represented in the persons of Mr. Kinzer, Frank Bacon, Johnny McCormack and Bernard Moore.

Tom Voter, Henry Ruof and Bill Wright are three of the regulars seen on the court, not forgetting a certain heckler from the Storeroom who is always present with his sun glasses, nose awning and Bronx cheer. (How are you Frank?).

Confidentially, the boys from the Print Shop have brought their racquets and have been getting in some early morning practice, so beware!

We understand that the court is pretty well occupied after five o'clock. Will try to get the low-down on some of these players for a future issue.

"Scotch"

Overheard at the Mail Desk—really and truly: "Let me have a three cent stamp, please. Here's two cents—and you owe me a cent from last year when you had no change."

Vacation Days

The Grapevine is being issued at the end of the month this time so that you may all take it on your vacations with you, and so that our staff may have a vacation too. We wish you all a happy summer and will see you again in September.

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Membership

We take this opportunity to say a few words concerning the important item of assessments, an all important question always to the association. It was not necessary to levy an assessment for the death benefit payments for the late George H. Sherwood and George B. Dill. Money on hand in the treasury and the proceeds from our recent dance covered these payments. The assessment for the late John H. Seip had to be met by the usual method.

Our increased membership will tend in the long run to reduce assessment obligations per member. With five hundred members we can assume the payment of five death benefits with only three actual assessments.

Don't forget our goal—one hundred per cent employee membership and one hundred per cent participation in all of the organization activities. This is your organization—make it really yours by taking an active part in all of its affairs.

Of Rabbits and a Man

Most things like rabbits and like hares,
Are very timid and subject to scares.
That's why I think it strange and funny
That Bunny should be known as "Bunny".

The only likeness that's specific
Is that his hobbies are prolific,
For all his sparetime he beguiles
Collecting stamps and painting tiles.

Collecting guns and making plaques,
There's only one thing that he lacks,
And that is finding time enough
In which to do and keep his stuff.

Out of the War Canoe

Well it certainly does my heart good before I sign off for the summer months to know that my readers really read my ravings—or do they? Maybe they don't read, but just look. At any rate this note was deposited in our bark, and while the boys were a little set up over being publicity material, so to speak, I told them not to get excited, we could leave the worrying to the editor. Here's the note:

"Dear Editor:—

You may say about your big chief in the war canoe whatever you like, but in my opinion he is a bum executive. For a coons age now he has been watching his beauties paddle the boat in one direction, and the two guys up front pole it in the opposite direction, and he has done nothing about it.

Or could it possibly be that the paddlers are Democrats and the polemen Republicans? Or is the chief just waiting for the Supreme Court decision as to which direction is the constitutional one?

In that case my apologies to the chief.

....."

Things have been pretty dull around here and the boys were getting low in spirits when one of them overheard a passing whisper all about "I do . . . etc.", and then we heard another whisper about party, so I just quietly slipped out for a few minutes and followed the whisper. Of all places it led straight to the natural history advertising offices. It seems that that nice Frederick Hahn had been foolish enough to decide to get married on June 12th and they were giving him something they called a "surprise party". I'll say it was a surprise! It was a gathering of the clans—for every one of the museum publications was amply represented, from the junior of the family right down the line to the scion of this sheet. I'm not mentioning any names you notice, but the publicity department wouldn't have to go far to get information. They certainly gave that bridegroom a send off. It did me good to see so many people enjoying themselves at the expense of one man's downfall. The refreshments restored my faith in humanity, and it was such a nice friendly crowd they made me feel right at home. Even the little alligator they were all excited about didn't bother me (but it *is* strange how the female of the human species objects to the most harmless animals). They gave Mr. Hahn some books to start filling up the gaps in his new bookshelves, and they all seemed to be having a good time over one about the struggle for power. I must try to get ahold of it some quiet night and get some

pointers on how to handle the boys the next time they get restless. I wish somebody else around here would get married.

Chief Pot-Calls-the-Kettle-Black

Museum Sidelights

(This should really be sung to "Side-walks of New York")

As the chain gang at the Museum their daily task began

They had one member in their group, his name was Martin Dunn.

Now the boys that day worked very hard, they all were on the run,

They tried to finish up their job, but Martin he was Dunn.

There's old Hugh McCullen, upon the upper floor with those prehistoric animals they call the dinosaurs,

And at the little children you should hear him loudly roar

Don't dare ye touch those skellitins, Or you'll get old dino-sore.

A visitor at the Museum, to the guard he said,

I'd love to see the copper man, of him so much I've read,

The guard tried to suppress a smile and slowly shook his head,

"I'm sorry, sir," was his reply, "the copper man is dead."

Reporters' Guide

(Again with apologies to R.K.)

Now this is the law of the Press-World—as old and as true as the sky;

And those who would be of this Pack and prosper must keep it truly and try.

As the cable that circles the ocean, the Press carries news forth and back—

For the strength of the Press-Pack is freedom, and freedom's the strength of this Pack.

Watch closely from morning to night for news that's of interest to all in your fold—

And remember as long as no malice is tendered, *real* news should always be told.

For the Lair of a Paper's its own field, where it has made its home,
There shall it be left to do its work—to do it unfettered, alone.

Now these are the Laws of the Press-World, and many and mighty are they;
Keep these, bank your presses on time—and you may truly say these are the laws you obey.

On Your Toes

One of the time consuming duties of a Museum Curator is to answer, or attempt to answer, questions of a most varied nature.

For instance, the correspondent asks, "How many toes has the African elephant?" It was evident from the communication that his interest was not osteological but rather pertaining to the external appearance of toe-nails, which is variable.

To answer this very important question in a scientific manner it became necessary for Mr. Chubb to travel by a quadrupedal method of progressive locomotion, flash light in fore paw, among thirty-two pillarlike supports of a mild and indulgent herd of elephants.

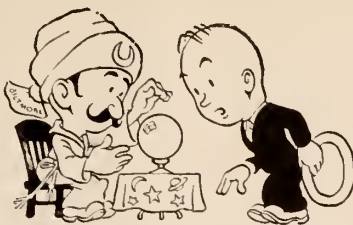
It is to be hoped that this earnest "seeker after the truth" was much gratified to learn that toe-nails of the African elephant range from 2 to 4 per foot.

Our Planetarium

The Planetarium show for the month of June centers appropriately upon eclipses. Eclipses of the moon, which occur when that body enters the cone-shaped shadow of the earth, are interesting, of course. Eclipses of the sun, however, which occur when the moon is placed precisely between our planet and the sun, far excel those in grandeur and for that reason are given prominence in the demonstrations. The longest total eclipse of the sun in 1200 years, lasting for over seven minutes, fell on the 8th of this month. Planetarium visitors are projected by means of the versatile magic lantern that is responsible for the celestial spectacles of the Planetarium to the latitude and longitude in which this eclipse was visible, down to Peru, location of the Hayden Planetarium-Grace Line Expedition. The beautiful thrilling display of the total solar eclipse is vividly reproduced on the artificial sky.

While in the southern hemisphere the audience will have an opportunity to view another outstanding and striking spectacle of the sky, the Southern Lights. This has proved so popular to visitors that it is being held over as a special feature. For July the topic will be "Circus Time in Space", and for August, "Cosmic Ghosts Galore".

Recently put on display on the first floor of the Planetarium is a large modern reflecting telescope, with a mirror 12 inches in diameter and equipped with electric drive for following automatically any heavenly body under observation. This instrument was presented to the Department of Astronomy by the maker, Mr. J. W. Fecker of Pittsburgh.



What's Your Guess ? ?

(True to our promise made last month, we reprint a letter received in the Museum. Our suggestion is that we shall probably ultimately be driven to establishing a correspondence department to cope with just such situations. Applicants need not apply unless qualified to answer any question under any circumstance.)

"How to write this letter without you thinking me some weird freak and recommending a visit to a physiologist, I do not know, so I shall simply state the facts as they happened to me.

Sometime ago I had a dream or vision of spending a day and night as a cave dweller. The method of living, warmth of the soil and strange texture of the skin was so different from anything I have ever thought of, that I am interested in knowing whether it coincides with your theories of life of early man.

The following is a brief outline:

Our series of caves were located on the side of a cliff overlooking a small open valley, with a stream flowing close to the opposite bank. It was a habit of the people to doze beside this stream, some of them with the lower half of their bodies in the water. The earth itself was warm.

The skin covering the outer part of the body was odd in the extreme, it had a rough, salty texture, perhaps half an inch in thickness. The inside of the arms and legs were soft and smooth. We were amazingly sure footed. We ran down the side of the cliff, jumped from rock to rock, without a thought of falling. Contrary to popular opinion, we wore no animal skins.

The tribe was composed of twenty or thirty people. There seemed to be no laws. The strongest took what he wanted. Their dead were dropped through a crevice in the rock floor at the back of one of the caves. This cave was made of smooth red rock. A tree overhanging the river had pointed leaves and a red trunk.

If my letter is not too absurd to merit an answer, I should appreciate knowing whether this agrees with facts known of prehistoric man. Perhaps I should add that I have arranged to have an answer delivered to me under the name signed below, as my husband is a doctor, and I should not like to cause him any embarrassment."

Reward !!!

Admirers of the Junior Zoo (that collection of miniature animals belonging to The Junior Natural History Magazine) will be grieved to learn that, on the night of June 7th, that office was entered and thieves made away with a number of the choicest creatures of the collection. Dorothy Edwards was seen for several days thereafter going around with a dazed expression muttering "and they took the tiger—and giraffe—and manx cat—" The Junior Natural History is offering a reward of a year's subscription for information leading to the recovery of any or all the kidnapped creatures.

Expeditions in the Field

Dr. Barnum Brown, Curator of Fossil Reptiles, is at Rock Springs, Wyoming, where the American Museum-Sinclair Expedition of 1937 will dig for the bones of a mystery dinosaur whose tracks Dr. Brown has been following for many years. Other members who will join the Expedition sometime in June are Dr. Erich M. Schlaikjer, Instructor in Geology and Palaeontology at Brooklyn College; Messrs. Gilbert F. Stucker, Roland T. Bird and Robert G. Chaffee of the Museum's staff; G. D. Guadagni of Boston and G. Edward Lewis of Yale University. It is expected that the party will be in the field throughout the entire summer until the first of October.

The Snyder (Canadian) Mountain Expedition arrived at Edmonton, Canada on June 2nd. From there the expedition will fly and go by power boats to the Snyder Mountains, collecting at various camps along the rivers in the mountains. George B. Goodwin, Assistant Curator of Mammals is in charge.

The Krech-Solbert Expedition will collect small and large mammals in North British Columbia during the summer. James Dillon will be the Museum representative.

Currents Exhibits

These are the exhibits you may want to watch for, coming to Education Hall in the next few months.

Museum Teaching Aids—Exhibit of the Circulating Collections and Museum Aids for Teachers, for Biology, Nature Study, and the Social Studies, July 7th to August 13th

Aquarium Society—Annual Exhibit of the Aquarium Society, September 10th, 11th and 12th

Fisher Body Exhibit—Exhibit of Model Automobiles, made by boys in competition sponsored by the Fisher Body Crafts Co., July 12th to July 26th



Non-Scientific Discoveries

Mr. Chris Olsen will spend a three month's holiday in Denmark, where he will lecture at the University of Copenhagen on the activities of the Department of Lower Invertebrates for the benefit of the combined Danish Natural History Societies. He sailed June 9th on the Drottningholm accompanied by Mrs. Olsen. This trip marks their first return to their native heath.

Ernest Deike, Planctarium technician, left in June for a two month's sojourn in Europe, to visit his parents in Hanover for the first time in fifteen years, and also to visit the Zeiss Planctarium at Jena.

That prosperity corner has been found . . . we caught Bobby Burns of the Bindery rounding it in a new Plymouth sedan.

The other Saturday afternoon we were one of a small gallery watching the Museum tennis fans. A certain tall dark young man, wearing classic spectacles, and closely affiliated with advertising, was one of the most energetic of the players. All of a sudden one of his lovely blue braces (suspenders to some of us) gave way. This did not daunt him. But then the other half also gave up the ghost, and we beg to report that he blushed, (we leave you to imagine why). Then he bravely tied the offending articles tightly around his manly girth and finished in a blaze of glory.

Last month this column reported that one of our readers had moved to this city and was now completely settled. The phrase "completely settled" conveyed to several people the lamentable notion that the editors were writing an obituary. The editors, shocked and grieved at having this homely colloquialism thrown back at them horribly punned, wish to announce that great effort will now be taken to wit proof all notices before publishing.

Not to be outdone by her confreres who globe trot, Miss Lucas has also decided to join the ranks of those who are traveling this summer. She and her sister are sailing in August for a trip to England.

Help Wanted: Dick Joyce is collecting Red Ants who can help him. He is also interested in the wild ducks in Central Park Lake. He spends his lunch hours feeding them.

Among a lot of other things, Museum-ites play checkers. And the checker fans want to know why Frank Bray won't play Freddie Weir, when all the other boys are around. (They say that perhaps Jim Philburn can tell us).

This item should really be under expeditions in the field, for it is an expedition if there ever was one. Mrs. Ramsey is taking her vacation to make a tour of museums in the middle west and along the coast, to study the type of work they are doing in education. Her itinerary is one to reckon with, for it includes Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Glacier National Park, Portland, Ore., Mt. Ranier and Crater Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, and then home.



If any of you happened to be listening in on Station WOR on the evening of June 1st, you probably heard Dr. Childs. He spoke for the Hobby Programs—and what do you think his hobby is? "Making Miniature Animals!"

We saw Michael Beeth the other day proudly escorting a fine, upstanding young gentleman through the Museum halls, and so we had to find out what it was all about. It was none other than his son Joseph, home on vacation from Ft. Meyer, Va., where he is stationed with the machine gun troop of the 3rd cavalry. Michael also informed us (you know these proud fathers) that Joseph had won five medals for sharpshooting.

Charles Bogert is growing a new moustache. He states that they grow best in the warm weather—hence he always starts anew when summer comes around. You know the old adage "faint heart, etc. . ."

She walked so slowly that we became very much worried—for who of us had ever seen the agile, fleet-footed Miss Newman going along at a sedate pace? To see her dashing down the halls one imagines her saying "Awake my soul! stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on." It is no wonder then that we noticed with affright her "measured beat and slow". No sooner had we expressed our concern to this priest Museum-ite than we were completely taken by surprise. Ill? Good heavens no!—it was only the discomfort of a new pair of shoes. When she walked fast, friction made them uncomfortable, but when she slowed her pace, everything was ease and peace.

This is offered merely as a tip to Museum motorists. Miss Lucy Clausen is said to be an expert auto mechanic.

The serious looking attendant in Roosevelt Memorial took his bar exams the other week. If everything is all right we will identify him in a later issue.

David Nichols entrained on June 21st for the Pacific coast en route to Alaska, a-a-all alone, on a collecting trip for the Mammal Department. He has carte blanche to bring back everything from mice to moose, and maybe even a big brown or grizzly bear. He says they're both equally dangerous, so don't be disappointed if it's only a big brown one. He expects to hire a cook (and a good thing too, as we understand that one of his previous trips landed him in an apple orchard on a steady diet of apple butter and bread.) After that he expects to go it on his and the cook's own for about four months, or until the weather drives him home, and to get well into the interior of Alaska where less collecting has been done than near the coast. Wants to do it without a guide if possible. Good luck, sour-dough.

Dr. William Lord Smith, back from vacation in Henryville near Delaware Water Gap, reports a young couple who are putting cooperation into trout fishing, as the Johnsons did for aerial exploration. The young wife was running along a stone wall some feet above the bank, directing things. "Darling", she kept calling, "there's one rising right over there! No no, you're casting in the wrong place—over there, where I'm pointing!"

Speaking of vacations—those pretty Roscommon widows had better look out. Our genial Mike Lennon is going to spend his vacation in the Emerald Isle.



Several members of the Fish Department are off again June 30th for a jaunt to Bimini with Michael Lerner, who took them to Nova Scotia last year for sword-fish. This time they are out for data on the local reef fishes and the marlins. Dr. Gregory, Miss LaMonte, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Ferraglio are The Elect, while we sit home and look pickled fishes in the eye, baleful glare for baleful glare. Yah, fish-face!

THE GRAPEVINE

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VOL. I, No. 7

OCTOBER, 1937

PRICELESS

? ? ? ?

The Grapevine staff in solemn conclave assembled started to get up a story along the lines of "Returning prosperity brings many marriages to the Museum." One of the staff immediately objected that this would give the Administration the wrong slant entirely—if they would only give out some raises think how many marriages there would be then! (Dear unbiased reader: is this or is this not prompted by personal motives? If your verdict is *yes*, we will try to blast this young man's secret out of him by the next issue.) And then think how the Grapevine could break loose with news! And just when we're so hard pressed for material! Puh-lease, gentle Administration it's up to you! (Anyone interested in a raise will please consult with our Raise-getting Bureau, Co. P. O. Box 0000.)

All in the same spirit of bettering the lot of our employees, the same young man suggests that Saturdays off all year round would enable the married people to enjoy their marriages so much more, and would give the unmarried people more time to devote to getting married. (It might also give Sherm Voorhees a chance to get both hands burned on the kitchen stove instead of the one he now shows.)



Paging Publicity

On Saturday, September 4th, 1937, the heavens opened and it poured! ! ! Two girls (small), however, were so interested in astronomy that they braved the elements, came to the Planetarium, and arrived as wet as the proverbial drowned rats. Whereupon the Planetarium proceeded to lend them a couple of their own ticket girls' old uniforms, and hung the damp garments up to dry.

We nominate that for the courtesy deluge award. The publicity department should advertise the planetarium as being equal to any emergency—think what a sales point that would be!

From a School

Dear Mr. Davison:

We have been trying to get a mascot for our class here at school and have, so far, been very unsuccessful. Would it be possible to get a lion cub through the Museum? It cannot be more than three feet long at the most and light enough for a girl to carry easily.

We have to have it by Saturday morning, June 5. Do you think you could send one up on approval? If it's a lion, Heaven be praised because we have hunted so hard with no luck.

Thank you

Bang ! Bang ! Bang !



The Annual Meeting of the N. R. & R. Club will be held on Oct. 15th at 3:00 p. m. in Room 208. All those interested in joining this association (and this means *both* men and women) may obtain complete information from the club Secretary, Mr. Jack Orth.

The Hospital Fund

Will the employees desiring to enter the Associated Hospital Fund give their names to the Personnel Officer as soon as possible? These names will be accepted only in groups of fifteen. A group is now forming and nine more individuals, or family units, are needed.

(By the way, how many people know there is a Personnel Officer in the Museum to receive applications for positions? You really should all begin to look around and get to know your Museum. When you see someone day after day in the elevator, why not find out his name, and what department he is in.)



Non-Scientific Discoveries

We are about to petition the Board of Directors of the E.B.A. to appoint a new officer with the title of "Adviser to Householders," and the logical candidate for office would be Mr. S. P. Voorhees, who in case you didn't already know it, was married on his vacation to Miss Mary Mandeville of Elmira, N. Y. Mr. Voorhees is well equipped to give advice on the handling of strikes of plumbers, painters, paper hangers and electricians (he has had experience with them all). He will also tell you what to do when your furniture van collides with a truck and your furniture becomes hash. Miss Kendall and Mr. Lynch will act as his assistants, and handle all questions on wedding etiquette.

The Grapevine is pretty pleased with two of its editorial staff. Robert Snedigar and William Hassler are somewhere in the interior of British Guiana with the American Museum-Terry-Holden expedition. Mr. Hassler is official photographer of the expedition, and we sure do hope that maybe he'll bring us back a picture. We don't know of two people we would rather go on expeditions with than Bob and Bill (they wrote some of the best stuff we ever published.)

We heard a rumor that Anthropology had a new member, so we investigated—and what do you think we found? It was only Dr. Vaillant *Minus a Moustache!*

Dr. Frank E. Lutz won 2nd prize in the Herald-Tribune Garden Contest recently. Dr. Lutz's garden is in Ramsey, N. J., and we wonder what he, as a good entomologist, does with his insects.

They tell us that the official tennis season is pretty well ended, but Miss Bradley, in Dr. Gregory's department, tells us that she would like to play tennis if she could only find someone to play with. Won't some of you tennis fans communicate with Miss Bradley.

THE GRAPEVINE

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Some people like to work while on vacation. To prove our point, look at Esther Morton, who spent her vacation pushing a bicycle all over Bermuda.

While visiting Canada on vacation this summer Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Curran (the former Miss Ethel Kingsbury of the Education Department) looked in at the Dionne quintuplets.

Most of the Lower Invertebrates have now wriggled their way back to the Museum after passing through their yearly period of vacational dormancy. Did I say dormancy? The term is hardly applicable to Mr. Chris Olsen's vacation, however, for he not only delivered three lectures and a radio talk in Denmark, but also toured Denmark and Sweden. Besides all this he joined the Haverlee-Handley Expedition in Lapland in the capacity of an entomologist and returned to the Museum with a very creditable collection of insects and photographs.

Miss Margaret Handby, Dr. Miner's secretary is back with pleasant, if wistful, memories of a sojourn at Mr. Oscar Seagle's camp in the Adirondacks. Her most diverting experience, she says, was in attending a marriage ceremony where Miss Lyda Selman (alias Boots) was converted into Mrs. William Wright.

Dr. Child's holiday was divided between the wilds of Maine and the civilization of Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. While not putting too fine a point on it, he is convinced that Philadelphia is not such a bad place after all.

Lost, strayed, stolen or kidnapped—one School Service Elevator. Finder please communicate with Mike Gayer.

Free Cigars!!!! See Mr. Holterman, Asst. Engineer who is now the very proud father of a bouncing baby girl.

Aside from holiday experiences, the most outstanding invertebrate news item is the departure of Dr. Willard Van Name to the Philippines, where he intends to collect isopods and other invertebrates.

Mr. Joseph Gordon fireman of the Heating and Lighting Dept. decided to get right into style. During his vacation he had his appendix removed and is on his way to recovery. Best wishes, Joe, from us all.

Prosperity must be here. That surely must account for Dr. Lutz's purchase of a new Plymouth.

We know that this is a natural history museum, but even at that there is a limit to things, and we protest when they begin to have too many live specimens around. The other day we had a frantic telephone call, and the voice at the other end said, "You know that big table down in Natural History Office?" We said yes, we knew the table. "Well", the voice continued, "Fred Hahn was reaching under it to pick up something, and a *live cat* jumped out at him". Now, what we want to know is, who is trying to find a nice warm home for a deserted pussy?

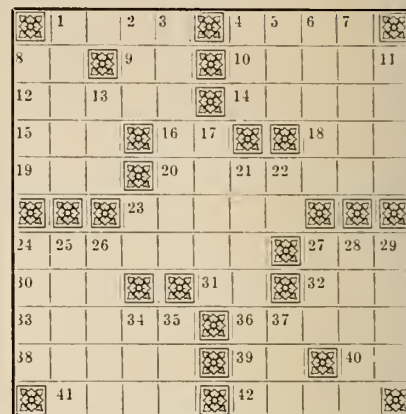
It has been rumored that Mr. Saunders also went to Bermuda this year. He is telling about all the glories of the island, its tropical foliage and fruit, and the grandeur of its sunshine. But what he should tell us about is the grandeur of ocean voyages and the appeal of food at sea. (P. S. Mrs. Saunders went too.)

In the merry month of July, Mr. Henry Hunderptfund, the world famed operator of the School Service Elevator, also joined the ranks of the happily married. Now we hope Henry has a very happy life, and that he continues to be master of his domicile for many a year, but we should like to enlist the services of Mrs. Hunderptfund in training Henry to be alert and swift when he hears the sound of a bell.

Just to make this wedding issue really complete, we give you the last announcement. Mr. Arthur Naylor is announcing his marriage to Miss Dorothy Heffernan. Congratulutations.

During one of the recent floods in the Roosevelt Memorial and the African Building, our illustrious Membership Secretary was seen literally 'carrying them out'. Yes, we mean carrying them out. The flood waters of the Subway inundated the Membership Office so rapidly that most of the ladies were stranded. But... not for long. One by one Hurricane lifted them in his brawny arms and brought them to the safety of his office.

Museum X-Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Powder
4. Jewish month
8. Diphthong
9. Exclamation
10. Spin around
12. The Attendant-philosopher
14. Educate
15. Congealed water
16. Post meridian (Abbr.)
18. Sure (Colloq.)
19. Article
20. Tall, dark and handsome (A book-keeper)
23. A popular book of a few years ago
24. The Riverside Flier
27. A President's nickname
30. Tier
31. Negative
32. Wheel mark
33. Group of three
36. Avoid
38. Masculine name (Fr.)
39. Vulgar Latin for the Greek Z
40. Continent (Abbr.)
41. Old
42. Places

DOWN

1. Instruct
2. A medusa producing hydroid
3. A world famous ornithologist
4. Able
5. Expire
6. Nautical term
7. Mr. Smyth's "Little Joe"
8. Leave out
11. God of War
13. Tribe of the Arikara Indians
17. Cantaloupe
21. Advances in
22. Continent (Abbr.)
23. June (Abbr.)
24. School Service tennis star
25. Asiatic Empire
26. Due
27. Exist
28. A smiling printer and jolly binder
29. Girl's name
34. 100 Square meters (Var.)
35. Performed
37. Contest

Aid For Postal Card Writers

Mr. Ware Lynch, an admirable young scribe and advertising man, spent his vacation in Martha's Vineyard, and the cards he sent his fellow office workers should go into the "Postal Writers' Guide." We present samples to substantiate our claim (Without permission of the author):

Written to Fred Haha:

Fun.....Sun
Sink.....Drink
Hail.....Sail
Cinch.....Lynch

Written to Don Barton and Mary Ford:

Gloat.....Boat
Sun.....Fun
Miss.....Heat
Dirt.....Street
Salt Water
Really Oughter
Sail.....Race
From....."Ace"

Written to Edith Kendall:

Fish.....Smell
Sun.....Swell
Artists.....Models
Whiskey.....Bottles
Weather.....Fair
From.....Ware



- 1.—WHY is mistletoe hung at Christmas as a pastime for kissing?
- 2.—WHY is a gratuity called a tip?
- 3.—WHY is a burden or difficult task frequently referred to as a "White elephant"?
- 4.—WHY does a pound of sugar weigh more than a pound of gold?
- 5.—WHY did General Grant, who was christened Hiram Ulysses, change his name to Ulysses Simpson?

(Answers will be found on page 4)

Copyright 1937—James Nalbud

A Snapshot of Mr. O'Connor taken at noon, 8-17-37

He stood in the doorway,
Hands upon hips,
And silently surveyed
The work already done.
His face was flush
With recompense—
Before he turned around
A new task was begun!

Anna R. Maskel

Museum Alphabet

A is for Andrews
Of Gobi fame

B is for Bushell
Who oft signs his name

C is for Chapman
His son's quite a singer

D is for Davison
Well known as a winger

E is for Emery
Three as, irins—twice

F is for Faunce
The director—vice

G is for Granger
The man, not the smoke

H is for Hill
He's very soft spoke

I is for me
Who scribbled this theme

J is for Johnson
His foreland's a dream

K is for Kinzer
He's inspector, oh My

L is for Lockwood
She plays with the sky

M is for Miner
Diving's his dish

N is for Nichols
The big man in fish

O is for O'Connor
As members know well

P is for Pough
Crystals won't tell

Q is for Quinn
Tommy and Joe

R is for Ramsey
The teachers all know

S is for Sievers
His pets make a hit

T is for Tate
Who travels a bit

U is for Uncle
Have You had enough

V is for Vaillant
Who digs Mayan Stuff

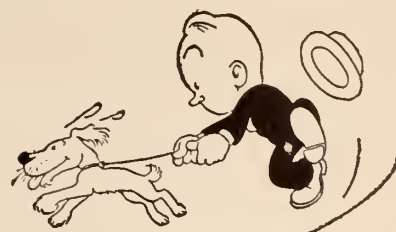
W is for Wissler
Dean of the staff

X is for Xylophone
Just for a laugh

Y is for You
That suffer by now

Z is for Zounds
I've finished and how

John R. Saunders



All about Dogs and Cats

"Once upon a time, when the world was young, to each and every kind of animal a duty was assigned. The dog and the cat were relieved of menial duty because of the faithfulness of one and the cleanliness of the other, and a written document was given them in attestation thereof. The dog took charge of the document and buried it where he kept his stock of old bones. This privilege of exemption so roused the envy of the horse and the ox, that they bribed the rat to burrow underground and destroy the charter. Since the loss of this document, the dog has been liable, on account of his carelessness, to be tied or chained up by his master, and the cat to this day has not forgiven him."

A Fable from Palestine

SEATS

I've dreamed of an easy "Cogswell",
At my club, with a sign, "Don't disturb",
And in musing's brighter moments
I've visioned a "seat on the curb".
And oh, what boundless joys were mine,
When I visioned a throne-like "chair",
Drawn at the festive board, to dine
On lobster, capons and caviar.
And I have quite decided that
A leather "lounge chair" fills my plans,
For the den—while round my flat
I'll strew a dozen ottomans.
These seats I see in sweet reverie,
But what boils me to white-hot heat—
Is when I'm the odd, of an even crowd
And have to ride the "rumble seat".
Gwynne V. Paige.

The many friends and former associates of Miss Mae Hubbard are shocked and saddened to learn of her sudden death, at Colorado Springs, on August 4th.

Miss Hubbard resigned her work at the Museum because of ill health, in 1935, after ten years of loyal, conscientious service. During that time her unselfishness, kindness, and her readiness always to help others, endeared her to everyone who knew her.

Answers to Wise Y Y Ys

1.—The custom is derived from the Saturnalias or feasts of the ancient Pagans. It was used as a decoration at these festivals, which were noted for their kissing and merry-making, and its use since then has always been associated with kissing.

2.—The origin of the word is dubious. Thought to be derived from the word "tip" or touching of the elbow is a private hint that some reward was expected. Another explanation, which is not authenticated, is that the word was formed from the first letters in the phrase "To Insure Promptness".

3. The white elephant is considered sacred in Siam and has an enormous appetite. It is reported that when the kings of Siam desired to ruin anyone, they made him a present of a white elephant. As it was a crime to let it die, the present generally entailed ruin on the recipient. Hence, a proposition good but costly.

4.—Sugar is weighed by avoirdupois weight, which has 16 ounces to the pound; gold by troy weight, which contains only 12 ounces to the pound.

5. When Grant registered at West Point, he learned that his Congressman had reported his name as Ulysses Simpson Grant. Fearing that the initials of his christened name, Hiram Ulysses Grant, would make him an object of ridicule among his classmates, he accepted the change in name.

Copyright 1937—James Natbud

Answers to the Museum X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

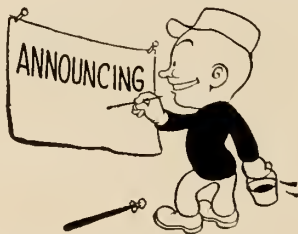
1. Tale
4. Adar
8. Oe
9. Ah
10. Pivot
12. Marra
14. Tench
15. Ice
16. P.M.
18. Sho
19. The
20. Meister
23. Jalna
24. O'Connor
27. Abe
30. Row
31. No
32. Rut
33. Triad
36. Avert
38. Henri
39. Di
40. N.A.
41. Aged
42. Sets

DOWN

1. Teach
2. Lar
3. Chapman
4. Apt
5. Die
6. Avast
7. Roche
8. Omit
11. Thor
13. Ree
17. Melon
21. Inroads
22. S.A.
23. Ju.
24. Orth
25. Corea
26. Owing
27. Arc
28. Burns
29. Etta
34. Arc
35. Did
37. Vie

Our Charlie

"Did you hear? Charlie's in to-day!" Whereupon Mr. Charles Wunder is besieged by all his old Museum friends wanting to say hello and wish him well. In all his twenty-five years of service it is doubtful if anyone meeting him in the halls was not considerably cheered by his hearty laugh and friendly smile. Now, starting on his fourth year of retirement he is as full of life as ever. Long may he smile!



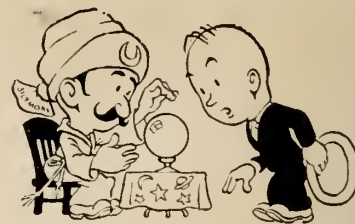
City Planning Exhibit

The largest and most unique jig-saw puzzle in the world—a faithful miniature of the city of New York, consisting of over 20,000 pieces—will be on view in Education Hall Monday, Oct. 4th to Oct. 17th.

Built on a scale of 300 feet to the inch, the model—which is 22 feet wide and 37 feet long—shows the boroughs of New York as they would look from an altitude of three miles over Manhattan. It was constructed by the Cartographic Study of the WPA of New York City as a practical visual aid to city planning. All of the prominent landmarks, and many that are not so prominent, appear on it. The diminutive skylines of down-town and mid-town Manhattan show towering sky-scrapers that are all of four inches high. The Washington Bridge, the Triborough, the Worlds Fair Grounds, parks and piers, industrial and residential sections stand out with startling clarity.

Impressive as it is, the Metropolitan Model is only one of the many interesting times in the first nation-wide exhibit of the City Planning Committee of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce designed to lift the curtain upon Cities of the Future, when long-term planning and slum clearance will have enhanced the beauty and living conditions of cities throughout the land.

The show which contains exhibits from more than a dozen cities ranging from Boston to Portland; from Philadelphia to Los Angeles and San Francisco—is sponsored by the New York Young Men's Board of Trade. It is technically supervised by the Municipal Art Society of New York.



We Wonder Why ?

It can happen Room 209 in Education always has been held in awe by us (a mere newsgatherer), as we gently tip-toed past. It signified the Holy of Holies where information accumulated and issued therefrom in a certain paper. As we walked past THE ROOM some little time ago we were shocked into speechlessness, because its occupants had been dispossessed bag and baggage and were sitting in the hall. All because someone decided that the office was due for a *Cleaning!*

Gratitude

[This being busy season, the editorial staff worked nights and days to get this issue on the press—and then look what the mailman brings us!]

Dear Editor:

Up to now I was counting on subscribin to yewer Grapevine agin. I had the bushel of pertatoes all put aside fer yew to swap like we has done but I wunt dew it! There ain't no sheet as late as yewerin that wuth a bushel of my tubers! I kin send for the Sears, Roebuck catalog and git as much downrite enjoyment and a durned site more use and git it here no more than three days late! Seems tew me you'd better quit this fussin and stewin around and make up yewer mind to be a writin pusson or a school teacher and I ain't so sur you cud be so good at either won! I'll bett B'gosh, you kant cook a tuber no how! Shuck!

Grover Cleveland Stebbins

What's Your Hobby?

If you have a hobby that others might enjoy sharing with you, let the editor know. We are planning a hobby corner and are interested in getting your reactions for next month's issue.

News item

Its strange how Mr. R. P. Johnson should be ill on Yom Kippur. We wonder?

THE GRAPEVINE

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PRICELESS



Christmas—AROUND THE GLOBE

WE are beginning to feel that subtle something in the air that always means Christmas is lurking around the corner. The Grapevine felt that we ought to find out something about celebrations in other parts of the world, so here is the result of our investigations.

The following account of Christmas in Erin is given us by Timothy O'Sullivan, who recently made a visit back to his own section of the country, County Wicklow, and other places. "It begins on the eve of December twenty-fourth and lasts until January sixth, usually called the twelve days of Christmas, and is given over entirely by all the people to devotion and reverence to the Christ-child. All the homes in the country are lavishly lighted with decorated wax candles as a token of homage to the Babe of Bethlehem."

"Christmas Eve is the biggest part of Christmas. In the country they start their festivities then, and beginning at midnight [it is a fast day] they have all kinds of refreshments such as turkey, steaks, and all kinds of home-made cakes, and keep on eating and drinking till morning. On Christmas Day the presents are all delivered by mail; the postman is going around all day. The people confine themselves to their homes and enjoy all the luxuries within their means. On December twenty-sixth, St. Stephen's Day, all the games and sports of Gael are in evidence. The exercises consist of feats of skill and prowess—horse-racing, fox-hunting matches, wrestling, foot-racing, country dances, military exercises, games at chess, contests in

music and poetry. The victors of these games are rewarded with valuable prizes. Their names and fame are sung by the bards and echoed throughout the land."

"The Christmas season in Erin is generally mild and genial. The people, young and old, enjoy it entirely at leisure; all laborious work and manufacture cease. The sons and daughters of the race visit if possible their home and parents and come from far distant parts to enjoy the native customs, the old scenes, the old home, and the old friends."

Inquiring still further among our employees, to see what ancestral tales of different celebrations we could unearth, we came upon some more strange customs. In Italy they make much more of Christmas than we do here, according to a resident of a typical small town in the southern part. In the darkness before dawn two weeks before Christmas Day the town is awakened from its sleep by the ringing of the bells, calling the good people to mass, and from then on an entirely different spirit can be felt everywhere. The people are gay and lighthearted and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Every home is "open house" to relatives and friends and there is a great deal of jovial eating and drinking and exchanging of presents. The adults give each other mostly the best of the year's yield—their finest wines, cheeses, dried fruits, nuts, and fancy cakes, of which they make a great variety. They have no Santa Claus, but an old woman whom they call *La Befana* goes from house to house, and the children look

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to their elders for presents. At a relative's house they will go around the room kissing the hand of each grown-up, and from each they receive a little money. Each child will collect the equivalent of perhaps one and a half to two dollars.

They have no Christmas tree, but in every home the family builds a miniature scene of the Nativity. The entire Christmas is more closely linked up with religion than is ours. The people start the two weeks of celebration by going to five o'clock mass every morning, and there is a great deal of church celebration during the entire period. The grown-ups are free of their usual pursuits and schools for the children are closed.

Christmas in Japan is of course observed only by the Christians, and is celebrated just the same as it is here. The festival is fairly new to Japan, having been introduced by the missionaries, so the customs are all borrowed; none has originated in Japan. The Christians take a holiday but not the Buddhists. The children are told about Santa Claus, a pine tree is set up and decorated with gay colors, presents are exchanged and there is a big feast.

The Tarahumara Indians in an isolated region of Chihuahua, Mexico have departed a good deal from the usual idea of Christmas. Their main contact with Christianity and Christmas customs came from the

Catholic priests about a hundred years after the Spanish conquest. The priests don't get around to this group of Indians any more, so the Indians have kept up a celebration at Christmas time though they no longer know why they do it. They call in Noce Buene, the Spanish for Christmas Eve.

The women make a great batch of corn beer and set it next to the church. On Christmas Eve the men all dress up in fancy costumes—straight red capes with white border and lining, a little cone-shaped head-dress with mirrors, feathers, tin-foil from cigarette packages, all sorts of odds and ends sewed to it, and any kind of white man's boots or shoes, no matter how battered, on their feet, looking very brilliant and picturesque—and start the dancing. First they dance twelve dances very much like our square dances inside the church. The music is turned out by home-made fiddles, all playing the same tune, pretty trying to the unaccustomed ear. At intervals during the dancing and also during the preceding day the sacred pictures are brought out and paraded around the church yard by a procession. Then the dancers come out and drink the beer and get gloriously tight. The women, who up to the celebration have been staying at home making the corn beer, also come out and get tight. Platters of food are passed around, and the dancing and drinking keep up all night. Christmas Day they spend sleeping it off.

From her memories of Christmas in Hungary, Miss Renee Strisoff tells of the festivities and customs celebrated in the village of Szepes-Olaszy (pronounced, Se-pesh-olasee), which was noted for its community choir.

The Christmas tree was the most important part of the season to the children. Cut from the forests near the village the tree was decorated with so many good things to eat, as well as ornaments, that the branches fairly bent. Fruits and little cakes were suspended by brightly-colored

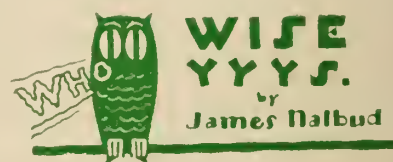
ribbons and wools, and candies of all kinds and shapes covered with chocolate or wrapped in tinsel hung from the twigs.

All the people in the village attended the midnight services at the Church on Christmas Eve, after which there were always the family parties. From long custom a special cake was served at this time, a poppy-seed cake over which honey was poured. Miss Strisoff tells us that she was especially fond of the honey. The beverage that accompanied the season's feasts and served to all visitors was tea with lemon and rum. Christmas Eve was not complete without a visit from the minstrels singing their way from house to house. At the end of their carols the singers were always presented with gifts by the mistress of the house.

With this bird's-eye view of what they do on Christmas day in odd corners of the globe, we leave you to pleasant dreams of your own Christmas, and may your stocking be filled to the top!

Christmas Cards

Have you seen the Animal Christmas Cards the Book Shop is showing? It's a grand collection, featuring animals from Moose and Mice to Panthers and Pomeranians. The prices are 5 and 10c.



- 1—WHY is a barber pole striped red and white?
- 2—WHY is a bad actor called a "ham"?
- 3—WHY is food placed between two pieces of bread called a sandwich?
- 4—WHY are theatrical passes nicknamed Annie Oakleys?
- 5—WHY did Benjamin Franklin fly a kite during a thunder storm with a metal key at the end of the kite string?



(A Place in the Sun for Modest Museumers)

Among those of us who have been content to wait until "greatness is thrust upon them" Mr. Herman Mueller certainly comes very close to being Public Friend No. 1. It would be out of place here to re-echo his wide spread fame as an artist in glass or to quote the expressions of wonderment which have come from the interested throngs who have watched his miracle workings. More to our purpose is the man behind the fame and flame, whose personality makes his work what it is.

He was born in Neuhaus, Thuringia, of a family in which glass blowing had been an hereditary calling. At the age of fifteen he emigrated to the United States and for many years worked with his father in making ornamental glassware for the Tiffany Studios and other well known New York concerns. Finally, in 1904 he came to the Museum.

During the career thus briefly outlined, Mueller acquired many fine traits of character. His patience, deep sense of obligation and genial humor are the kind that inspire true admiration and love, and his equanimity is almost unbelievable of anyone who has to live in this hectored world. Being human, we assume that he must have some weak points, but, try as we have, we have not succeeded in bringing them to light. In all probability they are hidden behind some subtle ductless gland, somewhere within the recesses of this remarkable man.

Remember the Eighteenth!

Several weeks ago we all received a pair of very attractive tickets announcing an E.B.A. Christmas Party and Dance to be held on December 18th, of this year. Let us hope that we still have those tickets and intend to use them, for this is an event which should cast, not a shadow, but a mellow glow of Christmas cheer both before and behind it. Like the dances, minstrel shows and revues that have preceded it, its main object is to raise money for the E.B.A. but, more than that, it is the first Christmas party ever undertaken by the museum employees and promises to be as informal and friendly in spirit as any social 'get together' of its size could hope to be.

Among the many diversions in prospect is a real, old fashioned Christmas tree and an equally real turkey to be raffled off to the one whose ticket bears the lucky number on the reverse side. After much difficulty, including official permits from the C.I.O. and A.F. of L., we have persuaded Santa Claus to be with us in person and, in accordance with his usual prodigal habits, he will give us all something for nothing. The gifts in question, to be quite frank, will lack the high intrinsic of a Junker Diamond or the Brooklyn Bridge, but will be fully as valuable as lots of things people take home from the museum as souvenirs. There will also be dancing to the accompaniment of a first class orchestra until 2 A.M., singing for those whose vocal cords need stretching and movies, such as pictures of the Museum Outing on President Davison's estate and 'The Story of Louis Pasteur' for the non-dancers. Refreshments will be served at very moderate prices and table reservations may be had through Mr. Wright, extension 393, on or before December 15th.

But the piece de resistance of the entertainment is yet to be mentioned. Unknown to most of us, a Museum Glee Club was organized last spring with Mr. Sherman P. Voorhees as chairman. Through the able coaching of Joseph Coca, pianist, it has now reached a truly professional standard of excellence and will make its first public appearance at the Christmas Party. The personnel of the Glee Club is as follows:

Tenors

Stephen Klassen
Michael Power
Bernard Moore

Baritones

Walter Mc. Grath
Victor Badaracco
John Shea

Second Tenors

Frank Bacon
Phil Horan
Wilbur Sharkey

Basses

George Reuther
Lambert Pintner



JOSEPH COCA, Conductor

We should need no urging to attend this party, for in doing so we will be killing three birds with one stone (with all due apologies to the Audubon Society). We will aid the E.B.A. financially and indirectly, ourselves. We will further an already growing cooperative spirit in the museum and, last but not least, give ourselves a rare treat.



Know Your Museum

DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

Next Issue, Department of Birds

(We are going to get acquainted with our Museum, and find out just how each department has come to be what it is today. Our history is going to proceed in alphabetical order, and as our first Chapter, we present the Department of Anthropology.)

The Department of Anthropology of the American Museum has in some four decades grown from extremely slender beginnings to be today a major and indispensable part of our institution. The familiar dictum that "the proper study of man is man" has been taken so seriously by our museum's Anthropologists that their rather formidable collections of study material illustrating man, ancient and modern and his development in all sections of the globe present a serious problem. These collections have reached such mammoth proportions that the available exhibit space is inadequate to display publicly more than a portion. And this, in spite of the many large halls which house at present the infinite variety of tools, weapons, and clothing which so vividly tell the story of man.

It is hardly necessary to say here that much of this story has been pieced together by the Anthropologists of this museum. The scientific world is only too well acquainted with their significant discoveries, made possible largely by the numerous expeditions sent into the four corners of the world.

The Department was really organized in 1895. For it was in that year that President Morris K. Jessup invited the man who has later become famous as the "builder of museums", F. W. Putnam, to take charge.

Under the direction of Putnam worked many able men whose names will have a familiar ring to all—Marshall H. Saville, Franz Boas, H. J. Smith, Adolph Bandelier and Charles A. Meade.

Putnam was succeeded by Franz Boas, later to join the staff of Columbia University. And at this time it is interesting to note that one of the assistant Curators was Livingston Farrand, who was destined to become finally President of Cornell and an educator of international reputation.

In 1905 Boas in turn was succeeded by the present department head, Clark

Wissler. The entire staff as it stands today has been brought in by Dr. Wissler. And perhaps it might be remembered also that two-thirds of the exhibit material now in the Department of Anthropology has been added since the year in which Dr. Wissler came to the Museum.

Let us glance at the present numbers of the staff, whose researches continue day by day to make more understandable the fascinating story of man, the story which will never grow old and which perhaps is so intriguing because it may never be quite complete in every chapter.

Clark Wissler, head of the department, Dean of the Scientific Staff, and as well a member of a Plains Indian Tribe.

N. C. Nelson, Digger in Southwestern Ruins, who also enjoys frying flap-jacks on a 1000-year old slab of stone.

George C. Vaillant, collector of dolls, from ancient ruins in the Valley of Mexico with which he reconstructs the culture of a vanished people.

Harry L. Shapiro, who travels to the Orient with microbmetric calipers to measure the skulls of humans.

Margaret Mead, keen-eyed observer of man and maid in far-away Samoa and authority on the psychology of adolescence.

W. C. Bennett, who clothed in a smock covered with the dust of ages, unravels the sixty layers of a Peruvian mummy to build a picture of a civilization antedating the Spanish culture by many centuries.

Bella Weitzner, faithful custodian of the priceless collections which cover the whole of the globe and the people of every land.

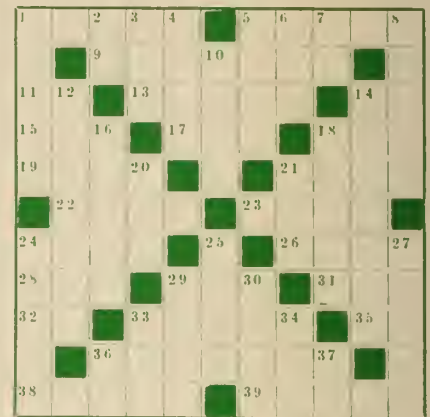
William W. Howells, whose bent turns him to the collecting of skulls.

Clarence L. Hay, not only an enthusiastic student of people unearthed but a very generous benefactor.

Milo Hellman, who gauges the age of man by examining molars and incisors.

George E. Brewer and Frederick H. Osborn, whose generous help as volunteers further greatly the wide-spread work of the Department

Museum X-Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Jim and Johnny
5. A bird
9. A Museum carpenter
11. Period of time (abbr.)
13. Tested
14. Father
15. An American author
17. Collection of facts
18. The Sun
19. A volume
21. Festive
22. Charlie and Walter
23. Hindu myth
24. Scorch
26. Old time
27. Endeavor
29. Biblical character
31. Ozone
32. Yes
33. Growing Old
35. Highway (abbr.)
36. A Museum artist
38. Seasoning
39. Diminutive

DOWN

1. A vault
2. A measure
3. To soak
4. A river in Asia
5. Chubby (A Museum attendant)
6. To spread
7. Either
8. Australian arboreal marsupial
10. Prong of antler
12. A breeding place for birds
14. The North Star
16. One of our Nurses
18. A group of islands in the Pacific
20. Before
21. Museum Librarian
24. Begin
25. Lower extremity of the face
27. An assistant Librarian (Museum)
29. An acute fever
30. Place of shelter
33. A human upper limb
34. A precious stone
36. Near
37. Egyptian Sun-god



What's Your Hobby?

Have you a hobby? Your first answer would probably be "No" and then on second thought you might say, "Well, I have always liked to hike, to follow baseball, to send questions to Professor Quiz, or to collect records of swing bands." In other words, anything in which you are really interested is a hobby from collecting stamps to playing the numbers.

What with the Hobby Lobby hour on the radio, hobby columns in the newspapers, a hobby room at the Book Fair, and hobby clubs everywhere, our Grapevine reporter decided to do a little sleuthing in the A.M.N.H. to discover the "other side" of our associates. Statistics of how many liked to knit, travel, reread favorite books, or have a farm with barns, the apple tree, etc. would involve more space and time than is allowed for such extra-curricular "investigating."

We decided to take Mr. Southwick first who hides in a far corner of the building over there near the Sixth Avenue "L". Much to our surprise, we learned that he has nineteen hobbies (stamps, guns, autographs, pets, curios; ask him what are the others) and then as a twentieth hobby he encourages others to cultivate an interest in anything from shells to beetles. He has started many children collecting various things, some having museums in their own homes and getting their friends in on their new interest. A couple of Mr. Southwick's proteges have made their hobbies their life work, one now being with the Park Service and another at Cornell. Another protege, a little closer to home, is Dr. Childs who first helped Bunny (his name in the Army) Southwick make things for a miniature group of his apartment; afterwards Dr. Childs branched out for himself and is always making very small figurines as an outside interest.

Mr. Chubb, hidden in another corner way over in Preparation, has many hobbies, but on being questioned told how he helped young people. He belongs to the Big Brother Movement, the purpose of which is to reduce the "criminality" of the population. Thus the members try to be friends of under privileged boys who are most likely looking up to Al Capone or Dillinger as heroes. Since Mr. Chubb does not follow the sports, he does not take his boys to football games or hockey matches, but boys who do not seem to fit in their homes because they are interested in insects, minerals or some other

such aspect of nature not understood by the parents are shipped up to Chubb at the Museum. Ask Bennie at the Mail Desk. Whenever he sees two or three disreputable boys, he quickly decides that "they are looking for Mr. Chubb." All tools are put away on their arrival, but every so often some article disappears with their departure. However, the important factor is that these boys leave with a new interest, a new pride. They soon bring back their gang to show them what their friend at the Museum pointed out.

A great many people do not wish to "collect" but would rather do something with their hands. For instance, Mr. Falvey, and certainly many others, likes "tinkering" around the house and in this way he has fixed many screens, loose bolts, etc. during his thirty years of married life.

Mr. Smyth is one of our amateur photographers. He is evidently an expert in taking outdoor pictures. He was written up in 'The Sun' the other evening after he had received a request from a magazine for the use of an excellent fire engine picture.

And so-o-o-o- it goes; now what is your hobby? Even if you won't tell us, figure out for yourself, and if you haven't one, get one. Have you heard of the man who collected samples of earth from all over the world and has now made a business of it? Or the man who collected all the World War posters—for wheatless days, meatless days and even the original one that started the war? The latter poster was cut into thirty odd pieces to get it out of the country and then eventually pasted together again. Maybe these don't interest you; you may prefer to gather unfinished jokes or pointless jokes (one laugh from a listener and the joke is out of the collection). Or you may be crazy about gliding, collecting postcards, match books, clippings, going places in trailers, or skiing. If we have left out your pet hobby or those of your friends, forgive us, for there are probably as many hobbies in the A.M.N.H. as there are people. After all a hobby is just something we can get all excited about and thus become more interesting to ourselves and to our friends.

Now's the time for all good men to give ideas on the hobby question. If you won't send in what your "mania" is, tell on somebody else. Would you like

A Success Story (?)

Again and again he bucked the line hard. Heavy, bitter tears of rage and frustration trickled down his cheeks. He bit his lip with determination. Just two scanty yards separated him from the goal. This time he was going to get through or die in the attempt. Someone next to him moved and he realized he was in the game for the final play. He stiff-armed, dodged, reversed and drove his 175lbs. through the opposing wall of manflesh. He was through at last. He could hardly believe it. He stood, panting, gasping for air and slowly a smile of victory crept over his flushed face. He settled back on his heels and with an air of supreme achievement and contentment he watched the electric train go whizzing around the track in Macy's window.

Sonnet to an Editor

A call, a call for the Royal Guards
The pikeman and the bows.
I'd give one half my kingdom
To know what Irene knows.
I am the president,
But no one gives a hoot,
They told the plot to everyone
But me—and I dispute.
This rank and awful perfidy
This insult to my fame,
I'd give a chocolate soda
Who will reveal the name?
I'll call a sitdown strike,
I'll rant and rave and shout,
I'll call my loyal cohorts
We'll rout the beggars out.
We'll put 'em all to torture,
We'll twist off all their toes
Until we wring the secrets forth
The ones that Irene knows.
J.R.S.

to know who collects the same thing you do? And would you be actively interested in a Museum hobby show? (You probably know that the Annual Art exhibit will not take place this year). Please send in answers to any or all of these questions; also all suggestions or questions are welcome. This applies to all you philatelists, photographers, handymen, hikers, sportsmen, knitters, writers, travellers, bicycle riders, or WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY? ? ? Send all suggestions, ideas or other hobby information to "The Hobby Editor", *The Grapevine*.

Adventures of a Museum Curator

By a Veteran Curator
(HERBERT P. WHITLOCK)

The public in general does not know anything about the functions of a curator. The word itself often makes one inclined to rush to the dictionary shelf, and I have even had the unique experience of meeting up with the simple soul who said "So you are a curator. What do you cure?"

I can assure you, however, that the activities of a museum curator are distinctly NOT all covered by a dictionary definition, even if one were to refer to the very newest and finest one that only came out a month or so ago. An unkind critic once said that a museum curator should combine the acquisitiveness of a rag-picker with the moral outlook of a second story man; but this I think is rather stretching the truth.

In the course of a fairly long career as the curator in charge of several mineral collections, it has been my lot to happen upon a number of odd circumstances.

A number of years ago I had charge of a mineral collection in which the displayed specimens were ranged on white painted steps under inclined glass lids, a very admirable arrangement, since everything could be seen with the minimum of back strain. One day I noticed a spot on the white step among the quartz specimens where the paint had been charred exactly as though one had left a lighted cigarette to burn itself out while lying on the painted shelf. But I knew that no cigarette of mine had marred the virgin whiteness of this shelf, and how could the casual cigarette-smoking student who sometimes wandered into the mineral collection burn a hole through a plate of glass. It seemed to be just one of the unsolvable mysteries. Finally I thought of good old sol and the three-inch rock crystal ball, and the enigma was solved. The rock crystal ball was of just the right size as it rested on the shelf to focus the rays of the early morning sun on the burnt spot. The combination might even have started a fire, and then we would indeed have had a headline thriller such as "Crystal gazer's ball fires famous collection."

Another experience that I encountered happened later in connection with the same type of museum exhibition case. A colleague came to me with a harrowing tale about heaps of graphite flakes which he was exhibiting in a line of glass, saucer-like dishes. The heaps of graphite would not stay in the dishes, but insisted on getting out in some mysterious way, at least some of the graphite did, and spreading in dirty little crescents in front of the

glass saucers exactly where it would be most easily noticed. Here was a real mystery, no draught of air, such as would be caused by the opening and closing of the case lid, could possibly spread the stuff so evenly and in just such a pattern. The thing worried us for days, and there seemed to be absolutely no way in which it could happen. But there was. One morning I looked at the graphite case just after the floorman had cleaned the glass for the day, and, believe it or not, the graphite had been pulled right out of its saucer by the electric charge communicated to the glass lid by the wet chamois leather rag wielded by the brawny arm of the janitor and was sticking to the under side of the glass. Of course it did not "stay put" on the glass, for, as soon as the electric charge dissipated, it collapsed onto the shelf, but not on the place it started from. Since the glass was set at an angle, gravity laid it down in exactly that neat crescent that had puzzled us in front of the original heap.

Every mineralogist has one or more meteorite stories like the two-hundred pound mass of granite, which falling from the skies upon a two masted schooner, passed through the deck but was provisionally arrested by some unknown cosmic force, from also going through the bottom of the ill fated "hooker" and ultimately stopping only at the bed of the sea.

One of my most satisfactory experiences in connection with an alleged meteorite began when a rural veterinary arrived in my office with a roundish object, in size somewhere between a golf ball and an apple. His story was circumstantial but unconvincing. He was standing just inside his barn door when he heard a distinct rap upon the roof, and stepping out found the messenger from the stars lying on the ground at his feet. What what else could it be but a meteorite? I suggested that the outside of the thing looked organic and that I had heard of such things as calculi formed in the insides of animals. I did not tell him that I suspected his cow as a meteorite producer, but I had that thought. After some debate we decided that the matter should be settled by cutting the object in question in two, and before turning it over to our machinist, I drew a line around it with a red pencil for him to follow with his saw. I was lucky, for when the two halves were returned to me, it was found that the band saw had exactly divided the wire nail in the middle of the supposed



In the Planetarium

December THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

What was the Star of Bethlehem? The subject has been discussed by many students of the sky. Throughout December we can observe comets, novae, fireballs, and the striking combination of planets that some believe attracted the attention of the Magi, the astronomers of that day. The wheels of time will be rolled backward to see the sky as it was in Palestine on the first Christmas.

January STARS OF A WINTER NIGHT

Ancient constellations are not only fascinating to know but they are an indispensable guide to an understanding of what happens in the sky. If you know the stars, you can find the planets, follow the moon along the zodiac, discover double stars and clusters and nebulae. Get acquainted with them in the Hayden Planetarium.

Gifts

The members of the Museum all receive an attractive circular explaining the many advantages of Christmas Gift Memberships. . . No crowds, no packages, no mailing, etc. Then, too, it does make an appropriate gift. . . one that will last through the year. We pass this suggestion along to the employees. Why not give a Membership to a friend or relative this year? It's bound to make a hit and will assist in the work of the Museum at the same time.

Things We Can't Imagine

Harry Hawkins dressed in overalls.
Hugh McCallian hanging around the locker room talking after 5 p. m.
The locker room with over-stuffed leather lounge chairs and ping-pong tables.
The Mail Desk having a sale of stamps.
S. J. Murphy without his usual handshake.
The library staff without its afternoon ceremonial tea.
Dr. Chubb working on an automobile
Jean Wiedemer walking sedately down the hall, instead of whizzing by like two hurricanes.

meteorite. As I subsequently pointed out to my friend, the veterinary, if the thing was not a stomach calculus, but a meteorite, why then the gates of Heaven must be put together with wire nails.

(With thanks to "Rocks and Minerals", who were the original source for this material).

The Museum's Town Crier

Hear Ye! . . . Hear Ye! . . . Citizens of New York . . . The season of gaiety and good cheer offers entertainment and interesting events for all according to taste and fancy

Throughout the month of December, 41 countries are participating in the exhibition called "Dance International" on the Mezzanine floor of Rockefeller Center. Movies, edited by Lowell Thomas and Lawrence Stallings, depicting dances in all parts of the world, as well as an exhibition of selected paintings, sculpture, photographs, prints and books dealing with the dance. The films are continuous from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily, and from 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. on Sundays. The exhibits are open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., daily, and from 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. on Sundays. Admission to the exhibits is 25c to 4 p. m.; 40c from 4 p. m. to 10 p. m. and 25c all day, Saturdays.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art will display a large group of objects describing the "Christmas Story in Art", which includes paintings, sculpture, prints and drawings, stained glass, tapestries and enamels. This collection is on exhibition in Galley E. 15. throughout the Christmas season.

Beginning Christmas night, Toscanini will conduct the NBC 80-piece Symphony Orchestra concerts in Radio City's largest studio. The broadcast will be over the WEAF coast-to-coast network on ten successive Saturday nights from 9 to 10:30 p. m. The same concerts will be conducted on December 4, 11 and 18 by Rodzinski.

Louise N. Grace will exhibit her murals of Arizona in the Roof Galleries of La Maison Francaise, Rockefeller Center, during Christmas week.

The Brick Presbyterian Church will present special music through the Christmas Week.

The following is a calendar of events from December 15th to December 31st, arranged according to date:

- Dec. 15 Shan-Kar Hindu Ballet (eve) Town Hall.
Winter Sports Frolic Radio Program (Station WNEW, 8:15 p. m.)
- Dec. 16—Philharmonic Orchestra, (eve) Carnegie Hall.
Hockey (Americans vs. Rangers), Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 17—Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club Concert (eve) Town Hall.
Boxing matches, Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 18—Ortambert Quartette from Paris (eve) Town Hall.
Auction of French 18th Century Furniture, Paintings and Ironwork, American Art Association, in the Anderson Galleries.
College Basketball (eve) Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 19 Stradivari Commemoration Concert (eve) Carnegie Hall.
Mary Gale Hafford (eve) Town Hall.
Hockey (Rangers vs. Canadians), Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 20—Ice Follies (through Dec. 24.) Madison Square Garden.
Jan Smeterlin, Town Hall.

- Dec. 21—Oratorio Society of New York, "The Messiah", Carnegie Hall.
Isador Gorn, Town Hall.

- Dec. 22 The People's Chorus of New York, Carnegie Hall.

- Dec. 23 Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall.

- Dec. 24 Carols at Grand Central Terminal and at Municipal Trees; Midnight Christmas Eve Service at Little Church Around the Corner and other churches.
Philharmonic (afternoon), Carnegie Hall.

- Dec. 25—Children's Concert and Play, Carnegie Hall.
Hockey (American vs. Boston) Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 26—Free Gallery Talk, 2 p. m. "The Christmas Festival", Metropolitan Museum.
Hockey (Rangers vs. Chicago) Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 27 Exhibition of Paintings and Watercolors of Rural Mass. by Charles Aiken (through January 8).
Maurice Eisenberg (cellist), Town Hall.
College Basketball, Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 28 "Aida" with Cigne, Wettergren, Tibbett and Martinelli (Children's Aid Society Benefit) Metropolitan Opera.

- Hockey (American vs. Toronto), Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 29 Mikhail Sheyne (pianist), Town Hall.

- "Walkure" (Near East College Assn.) Metropolitan Opera.

- College Basketball, Madison Square Garden.

- Dec. 30 Philharmonic (eve), Carnegie Hall.

- America's Town Meeting of the Air, Town Hall.

- Dec. 31—New Year's Eve entertainment at all hotels.

- Watch Service, Brick Presbyterian Church.

- Hockey (Rangers vs. Boston), Madison Square Garden.

During the winter, outdoor skating may be enjoyed at Rockefeller Plaza regardless of weather. Hours are: 10:30—1 p. m.; 2—4:30 p. m.; 5:30—7:30 p. m. and 8:30—11 p. m. Admission to skating pond is 99c.

Those who enjoy winter sports far from the traffic roars of the Big City will be glad to know that New York Central snow trains will start December 26th. In one of the most extensive programs for winter sports ever undertaken, the line will inaugurate its fleet of snow trains with an all-Pullman de luxe trip to the Laurentian mountains in Canada on December 26th. Snow trains will start New Year's Eve for Gore Mountain at North Creek in the Adirondacks, and Phoenicia in the Catskills. Regular Lake George and Ticonderoga trains leave New York at 11:50 on Friday night. The Vermont section of the Snowland Special will operate to Manchester on the week ends of January 7th and 31st and February 11th. The Lake Placid snow train serving Lake Placid, Saranac Lake, Tupper Lake, Lake Clear and Raybrook will run every week-end from January 7th to March 4th, leaving New York at 8:15 P. M. Fridays, returning to New York on Monday morning at 7:30 A. M.

Now all we need is a little snow from the Weather Man!

NON-SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

Recently we were non-plussed at the many figures the W.P.A. workers were talking about. At first we thought they were trying to memorize the telephone book, but later we found out they were just trying to figure out what work had been done for the week. With the new report sheets to be filled out, those in the membership department were up a tree. Thousands, someone said, when he filled out his slip. Good luck, and don't go nuts over your report!

Shortly after the last election Bernie Moore was heard proudly telling the one about the staunch Republican who, on election day complained that Tammany had lined up the police force for Mahony, Taylor and Schneider. This particular G.O.P. enthusiast was relieved when his friend explained that the M.T.S. on some of the cops stood for Midtown Traffic Squad.

We extend a welcome to the new employees in the Custodian's Department. We also hope that they will soon become active members of the E.B.A. Not that we wish to do any hinting!

John McCormack has resigned from membership in the Bachelors' Club. Why so serious Johnny? We wish Mrs. McCormack and you the best of luck!

Anyone interested in Handball ought to visit the courts on the south side of the Hall of Ocean Life. Perhaps some interesting tournaments could be arranged.

And speaking of indoor sports, we heard something the other day about the way they were playing Badminton in the basement of the Hayden Planetarium. So far this reporter has not been able to watch any matches, but we understand that Mr. Faunce could give us quite a little information on the subject.

Some people follow the tradition of "In the spring, a young man's fancy . . ." Wouldn't you just know Ware Lynch was too impatient to await the coming of bees, butterflies and little green leaves. This proves (as if any proof were needed!) that gentlemen prefer blondes. Do we rate an introduction at the Christmas Dance?

What ho for a Happy Thanksgiving! We went sheepishly to the first aid room the day after the harvest feast, seeking relief from "indigestion" and were greatly surprised to find that practically everyone else was gathering there in a similar plight. Must have been some Turkey!



Museum Program for Christmas Week

Christmas week usually means out-of-town friends and your little nieces and nephews visiting you. If any of our fellow museum workers have a problem on their hands of what to do with visitors of this type, we wish to call to their attention that there will be "something doing" most every day in their own museum, and present herewith the schedule:

Special Motion Picture Programs
—Auditorium

Monday, December 27th 3:00 p.m.
—"Simba, the African Lion"

Tuesday, December 28th—3:00 p.m.
—"The Silent Enemy"

Thursday, December 30th—3:00 p.m.
—"Trailmates"

Wednesday, December 29th—2:30 p.m.—the usual Wednesday afternoon concert

And of course, there is the Star of Bethlehem program at the Planetarium every day.



Answers to the Museum X-Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1. Clark
5. Stork
9. Reither
11. Yr.
13. Tried
14. Pic
15. Poe
17. Aue
18. Sol
19. Tome
21. Gala
22. Kerr
23. Raue
24. Sere
26. Yore
28. Try
29. Abi
31. Air
32. Ay
33. Aging
35. St.
36. Brunner
38. Thyne
39. Small

VERTICAL

1. Crypt
2. Ar
3. Ret
4. Kura
5. Shea
6. Ted
7. Or
8. Kosla
10. Tine
12. Rookery
14. Pokris
16. Emery
18. Samoa
20. Ere
21. Gay
24. Start
25. Chin
27. Ertel
29. Ague
30. Inre
33. Arm
34. Gem
36. By
37. Ra

E. B. A. Membership

If there are any employees among us who have not received an invitation to join the E.B.A. and wish to know more about its purposes and benefits, we suggest that they get in touch with William Wright who will be glad to enlighten them. There are a lot of new faces seen lately and we feel all have not been informed of the existence of this organization.

Since the Grapevine last appeared the E.B.A. has added some new names to its membership rolls. We welcome the following:

Andrews, Francis T.
Bird, Roland T.
Cassero, Reginald R.
Coca, Joseph
Cosoreil, Edward
Farrell, James
Gurau, Jacob
Hackett, John J.
Hawkins, William
Enright, John A.
Lambert, Thomas
Morton, Eugene F.
McLaughlin, John E.
Riordan, Timothy
O'Hara, William
O'Halloran, Patrick
Sharkey, Wilbur
Shields, Frederick

Answers to Wise Y-Y-Ys

1-In early times when people were bled for minor ills, barbers practiced bleeding. The red striping on the poles symbolized the blood; the white, bandages.

2-A term of ridicule from the definition of curing a ham, i.e. "to smoke out", also connected with early theatrical audiences, who desired to drive the bad actor "ham", an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning "home".

3 Named after John Montague, 14th Earl of Sandwich, England, who required that food be served to him in this manner at the gaming table to enable him to play without stopping.

4 After Annie Oakley (1860-1926) noted marksman and shooting machine of the American stage. She would perforate a playing card flung in the air a half dozen times before it fluttered to the ground. Passes, meal tickets, etc. bearing punch holes were nicknamed after her punctured targets.

5 To demonstrate that lightning and electricity were identical. The lightning traveled down the kite string and sparks flew from the metal key. This experiment led to the devising of the lightning rod to protect life and property.

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PRICELESS

WE GIVE YOU—*St. Valentine*

St. Valentine's Day! We bet there isn't a person reading this article who didn't peek quickly into the mailbox to see what that well beloved patron saint had deposited there. Of course, we realize that dignified adults are shy about doing research work on this subject, so we did it for you and present the results.

St. Valentine's Day is now lightly thought of as a day devoted to the "tenderest emotion" with red paper hearts and sentimental verses. At one time it ranked with Christmas and the New Year in importance.

The customs of the festival of February 14th originated way back in the third century. Just how no one knows precisely. And though it is generally agreed that the festival is named for St. Valentine, the "lovers' Saint," one can find writers who even doubted the existence of such a person as St. Valentine.

There appears ample proof, however, that he was a Christian Bishop in the third century after the death of Christ and that he suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Claudius on February 14th, 271.

Lillian Eichler, in her book "Customs of Mankind" offers this not definitely authenticated story: Married men were loath to leave their families to go to war. This annoyed Emperor Claudius and so, in the interests of good soldiery, he issued a decree forbidding marriage.

This saddened the good priest Valentine. He invited young lovers to come to him and secretly married them. When the Emperor heard of this he dragged Valentine off to prison. There Valentine died, a martyr to love.

The Church made a saint of Valentine and allotted the day of his death, February 14th, to him. The Roman youths and maidens for whom he gave his life set apart the day in which to do him honour. And so St. Valentine's Day came to be known as "the day for all true lovers."

There is an old tradition, still prevalent in some rural sections, that "birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day." Chaucer said it this way: "For this was on Seynt Valentines day, when every brid cometh ther to chese his make."

In the Middle Ages there was the following custom recorded by Bourne: "It is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar to draw lots which they term Valentines on the evening before St. Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex are, with an equal number of the other, put into some vessel and after that every one draws a name which, for the present, is called his Valentine." At first this custom was confined solely to the peasantry

but later it was taken up by the upper classes and became very popular.

Gradually the exchange of sentimental verses copied on scented paper decorated with love tokens became popular as St. Valentine's Day approached. Books of verses appeared which were laboriously copied out by hand and presented to "My Valentine." These valentines were highly treasured by the recipients.

The following is a sample from an early nineteenth century volume "The Gentle men's Polite Valentine Writer:" (to be sent with a drawing of a church)

—(Continued on page 3)



THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Activities

By this time pleasant memories of Christmas have usually vanished, crowded out of the picture by the rather unpleasant realities of bills that still have to be paid. However, one fine memory we hold is that of the grand time we all had on the evening of December 18th. You remember!—the Christmas Dance. What an evening that was! We thrilled at the scientific exploits of a Frenchman named Louis Pasteur; we laughed at the not so-scientific exploits out at Peacock Point (those goofy clowns) and we swayed to the music of a good orchestra, and we listened to the dulcet tones of our able Glee Club. We dodged Santa in his Museumobile, we nearly won the great big turkey and we then drowned our sorrows. We gazed at the soft lights and fancy drapes, took a last look at the Christmas tree and went home. We thought, as we are sure that most everyone thought, that we had a swell time.

Lest we forget—there were those, and a good many too, who worked hard to make this dance possible. We think that they deserve a unanimous vote of thanks, so on behalf of the officers of the E.B.A. and the Dance Committee, we wish to thank them all.

Since the last issue of the Grapevine, the following have been added to our list of members:

Byrnes, Peter E.	Lenaeus, Charles A.
Corcoran, George	Monte, Andrew
Doyle, William J., Jr.	Murray, Robert E.
Feldman, Robert R.	Pintner, Lambert
Ford, Mary	Potenza, Albert
Gallagher, William P.	Power, Michael C.
Hogan, Joseph	Ryan, John J.
Horan, Phillip R.	Scott, John E.
Hughes, Thomas	Severn, George E.
Keegan, Joseph	Sullivan, Thomas F.
Killalea, John I.	Tappen, Harry J.



(A Place in the Sun for Modest Museumers)

The next candidate to take the sun cure which we so freely and generously offer is Madam Helen Ziska. It is not that she really needs the cure, for her general disposition is quite sunny enough without it, but it is rather ourselves who may well profit by knowing something about her and her pleasant ways.

It may surprise many of us to learn that Madam Ziska was born in New York, since her German accent, which she acquired later through spending a large part of her early life in Vienna and Munich, would naturally lead one to suppose that she was of German or Austrian birth. She is, however, French on her mother's side, while her father, Joseph Beck, a famous baritone connected with the Metropolitan Opera, was Austrian. From her father she inherited a very decided talent for acting and singing, and though her scientific art work comes first, she still keeps up with the other two pursuits, as anyone who has attended any of her jolly parties can well affirm. She is especially resourceful in getting up vaudeville skits for parlor entertainment, but she wisely keeps her serious side and her humorous side in two separate mental compartments and never allows the one to overflow into the other. As an example of the former, we might mention her excellent illustrations of Dr. Gregory's "Our Face from Fish to Man", and of the latter, her Halloween party role as "The Witch of Valley Stream", or perhaps her hobby as a trainer of snails and scorpions, which she stoutly insists are just as susceptible to human influences as dogs and cats.

All in all, we feel that Madam Ziska is a museumier well worth knowing and that in spite of her efforts to keep her light and serious veins distinct, she is much more of a jewel than a dual personality.

Newly Elected Officers For 1938

President: BERNARD MOORE

Vice-President: STEPHEN KLASSEN

Treasurer: FRED SMYTH

Secretary: MARGUERITE NEWGARDEN

Board of Directors

IRENE F. CYPHER WALTER F. MEISTER
WAYNE M. FAUNCE JOHN R. SAUNDERS
WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

NON-SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

Several Museum employees responded to the suggestion that membership in the Museum makes a good Christmas gift. More memberships might be taken out by employees and in view of this we take the liberty of suggesting that such gifts serve well for birthdays, too.

For the many employees who are still wondering why they did not receive their December issue of *Natural History*, we hasten to explain that the Christmas gift membership demand was so great that the supply of this particular issue was exhausted. In the face of such a successful membership drive, we feel certain that our fellow employees will not feel too deeply the loss of this one issue.

Since the daily inspection of the attendants, we note with pride the fine appearance of the uniforms, etc. This great Museum can now pride itself on the appearance of this force, which really comes in contact with and leaves an impression on the vast army of visitors who come to our halls. Another innovation worthy of note is the visit each month of the attendants to the Planetarium show. Having seen the presentation, they are in a better position to advise visitors who question them about the planetarium.

When someone always greets you with a smile, you miss that smile when it is absent for some time. Mrs. Anne Schaeffer, in the Publicity Department has been ill since Christmas time, and is now in the Post Graduate Hospital. We understand that she is progressing nicely, and we look forward to hearing her cheery greeting again very soon.

Incidentally, did you know that Mrs. Grace Ramsey is now *Doctor* Grace F. Ramsey? We send her a bushel basket of congratulations and best wishes. When we get an item like that to announce, we sure do like to sit up and shout it from the housetops.

Word came just before Christmas of the marriage of Miss A. Katharine Berger, former Associate Editor of *Natural History*, to Mr. Felix Melwin, an acquaintance of her post-Museum days. They are at present living in Florida.



SPORTS

by

Charles J. Kerr



Greetings and best wishes for the still recent New Year from your Sports Department.

With the many sports activities that may be sponsored in the Museum we felt that news of this kind should be featured in a column exclusively by itself. May we request the cooperation of any or all members who feel that they would like to contribute articles of a sporting nature. If the members will address their news to this Department, we will endeavor to present them with due recognition to the contributor and sport mentioned.

We urge the members to participate in any of the sports programs mentioned in this column and hope that some may take the initiative and form new teams to challenge those already being formed.

With such a large group as we are here at the Museum, we are sadly lacking in team representation in sports of all natures. This lack of individual interest on the part of the majority of us is not easily understandable. It is not as though sports were taboo, for all of the "Biggies" of the Museum, beginning with our President right on down the Executive Staff to Harry Hawkins, Jr. are all sportsmen in their own right.

How about it? Ladies and Gentlemen. Will you by your participation in various forms of sport furnish us with copy for our column? Who knows but we may have a few "Babe" Ruths or "Dizzy" Deans, etc., right here in our midst.

SPORT FLASHES:—

A bowling team is now in the process of formation in the Custodian's department, and they plan to begin practice next week. Judging from the number of bowlers who are planning to come out for the team, that Department should have a representative group. The mem-

bers of the team are Bernard Moore, John McCormack Jr., Frank Bacon, Francis Kerrigan, Andrew Monte, Ray Cassaro, Harry Tappen, Walter Carroll, Al Potenza, and George Severn. Anyone wishing to join the gang is invited to get in touch with B. Moore or G. Severn.

Always a harbinger of Spring—the boys in the same department are planning to organize a soft ball team and expect to enter a team in a city wide tournament conducted under the auspices of one of the New York newspapers each summer. More about this later. Meanwhile anyone desirous of trying out for the team should contact W. Carroll or F. Kerrigan.

And speaking of sports don't let us forget that tennis has proven to be one of the major pastimes of the Museum.

Better look over that racquet of yours and see if it needs restringing, for the time is not far off when you'll have a chance to limber up those muscles that have been lying dormant all winter.

We would like to have a few participants from each department so that we may have a series of inter-departmental Championship matches. We also plan to have a tournament of singles and doubles sometime in June for the Museum Championship for the year 1938.

So get in touch with the writer of this column and let him know your reaction on this plan. This includes the ladies as well as the men.

Don't forget, the next issue of the Grapevine will be out in April, and we hope at that time to have a list of schedules, etc. So be sure to mail your ideas, suggestions or articles in time to make that issue. Send them to the writer of this column.

We thank you.

St. Valentine—Continued

My love, in yonder vale there peeps
The village church's tow'ring spires;
There let us haste, and pledge our
vows,

Since love this day our heart in-
spires.

I've here the ring—oh! then let's
haste

And taste the joys of wedded life;

I trust, the happy day's arrived

On which I call thee, dearest, wife.

With the advent of manufactured valentines, men purchased their valentine favours instead of writing them by hand. Gradually the valentine lost much of its dignity and much of its true significance, until now the custom of sending valentines is rarely observed.

This may appear to some too sad a note on which to end an article on the customs of St. Valentine's Day. The holiday, though often too sentimental, was always one of gaiety and fun. There is one consolation, however, and that is its loss of significance has put an end to much bad poetry. These few lines of Shakespeare's come like a breath of fresh air after an hour devoted to "The Gentlemen's Polite Valentine Writer:"

"Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window

To be your Valentine."

THE FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

At the monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Federal Credit Union, Miss Margaret Fish was unanimously chosen Treasurer, to succeed Miss Ethel Newman, who will retire on April 15th, 1938.

Know Your Museum

DEPARTMENT OF ORNITHOLOGY



(To follow our policy of having you know what the various departments are like, we give you the second in our Know Your Museum articles, we give you the Department of Birds [Ornithology, to be scientific].

There is an awful lot more to the Bird Department than you'd think before going into the subject. For one thing there are now twenty-four people in a department that not so many (only about fifty) years ago was only a gleam in a certain Mr. Chapman's eye. In 1869 when the Museum was founded with a staff of four people, there was no Bird Department but the mammals and birds were grouped together in charge of the "Superintendent." Gradually a Department of Mammals and Birds evolved, as Darwin might say, headed by J. A. Allen, a little man who was a great scholar in both fields. Known for his accuracy in the laboratory as well as on collecting trips, he is said to have been one of the best shots in America in his early days, and later with chewing tobacco. The regular, soft "pop!" of the latter as it hit the exact center of the receptacle caused much bewilderment to workers near him until they found out where it came from.

A young man named Frank M. Chapman gave up his job in a bank and in 1888 came to assist Dr. Allen. Ever since, bird work in the Museum has expanded like a golden flower under his touch. Expeditions have gone out to the four corners of the globe, world-famous collections such as the Rothschild in England have been acquired, exhibits have multiplied like rabbits and become more beautiful each year like Snow White. The Department of Birds became an entity in 1920 and in the last few years moved from the parental roof in the North Wing to its own quarters in the new Whitney Wing; an able staff has come to the Museum and thousands of pages flow from their erudite pens.

They have sort of split the birds of the world up among them, Dr. Chapman going in for South America, which Mr. Zimmer has been carrying forward of late. North America has been pretty well worked over and there is not so much

new work to be done there, but information on it would come in the range of these two. James Chapin, whose first contact with the Museum in 1907 was as a young student on an expedition to the Belgian Congo, has kept up his work in this field and perhaps his greatest contribution to our knowledge to date is his studies on "Birds of the Belgian Congo." He also has Asia and Eurasia and Europe on his hands, though no work is being done in the Museum on European birds at the present time.

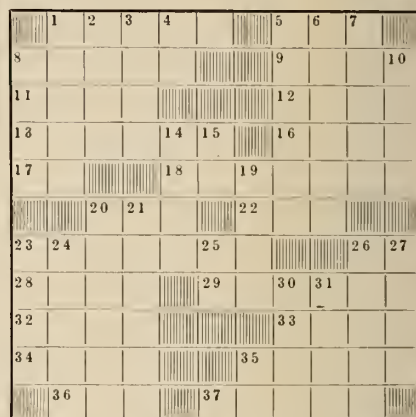
Dr. Murphy has taken oceanic birds for his province, and if you have been a landlubber like us it may surprise you to know that there are other birds besides gulls and Mother Carey's Chickens on and over the waters. (If this does not surprise you, you can sit back and feel superior for the next few minutes, after which you'll have to run like hell to catch up.) There are noddies, penguins, terns, shearwaters, albatrosses, cormorants—Dr. Murphy in his "Oceanic Birds of South America" describes rivers of cormorants streaming overhead for hours darkening the sky, like the plague of locusts in the movie of "The Good Earth." The cormorants of Peru are the messiest and the most valuable birds in the world. They make nests of guano and never sweep out the front parlor. Then the Peruvian Government shovels up the guano and sells it to the world at one hundred per cent profit, minus the cost of the shovel.

A gannet is also a sea bird. It is helpful when reading the Irish poets to know that "while gannets fish" does not refer to a fisherman.

Mr. Zimmer came here from the Field Museum in Chicago after he was already established in the scientific world. He had been also in government service in the Philippines on economic zoology—plant insect pests and their enemies such as birds, and in this way came to make a study of Philippine birds. Besides his research work here he handles much of the administrative routine of the department and is a connecting link between the other specialists.

(Continued on page 5)

Museum X-Word Puzzle



BY WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

ACROSS

1. 144
5. Peer Gynt's Mother
8. Test
9. Unit of weight (pl.)
11. Misplace
12. Rise and fall of the ocean
13. Avoids
16. In a line
17. Biblical pronoun
18. R.C.A.
20. Eastern Standard Time (abbr.)
22. Employ
23. To see the difference
26. Note of scale
28. Particle
29. Call for a Repitition
32. Prepare for publication
33. Den
34. Story
35. Editor of Osborn Memoirs
36. Doctor of Laws
37. A portico

DOWN

1. Orchard
2. Flower
3. Above
4. Compass point
5. Oils of 2 down
6. Social evening with music and refreshments
7. Bestow
8. Romp
10. Stitches
14. Assistant Curator, Mammals
15. South Norwalk (abbr.)
19. A Museum nurse
20. Chairman of Endowment Fund
21. Went on rollers (var.)
23. Legislative body
24. Iodine and alcohol (comb.)
25. Regarding
26. A trustee
27. Eagle's nest (var.)
30. Historic siren (colloq.)
31. Paddles
35. Jumbled type.

Puzzles submitted for use in this column must be 11 boxes wide by 11 boxes long. Full credit will be given to the author.

To date we have used puzzles submitted by William H. Wright, Membership Dept. and Edward A. Burns, Printshop.



What's Your Hobby?

Hobbies, hobbies and more hobbies! It looks now as if the Museum possessed within its walls more hobbies than you can "shake a stick at". In fact, we have just begun to scratch the surface and have enough potential material at our disposal to continue this column far into the dim vistas of the future.

But, before we start telling you about a few more of them, let us pause for a second to consider just what a hobby is. The dictionary says it is derived from the Middle English word "hober" which means "to move about". Later it came to be associated particularly with horses because they move about, and finally with wooden horses that move on rockers—hence the expression "riding your hobby". To-day any favorite occupation persistently pursued with delight could be called a hobby. Thus even vices, so long as they are pursued with delight, could be considered as hobbies, or a coal miner with a desire for cleanliness could make a hobby out of washing his hands. No wonder our field is a large one.

We learned that the Hobby Guild of America was designed to expand the cultural horizon of hobbyists. The Guild serves as a central organization to coordinate information on modern hobbydom. Any hobbyist can join this society, without charge or obligation. You simply write to The Hobby Guild of America, 11 West 42nd Street, N.Y.C., indicating your preferred "leisure-time" interests and activities. You are then enrolled into membership and you receive literature about your particular hobby. There is also at your disposal certain services which all hobbyists will appreciate. The Guild acts as a "hobby exchange" where those who wish to ride their hobbies with "friends along to keep one company" may find a common meeting ground with like-minded enthusiasts. A list of books on any subject can be obtained from them, and if you wish the Guild will hunt up the book for you, they will sell it to you, or even exchange it for some book that you may have that others have inquired about.

Let us now get back to personalities, which in a paper like the Grapevine, we should never abandon for long. To begin with there is Lee Jacques, who builds and runs miniature railroad trains when he is

not painting birds. Often of an evening at home, the entire floor space of his apartment is covered with a complex ramification of railroad tracks, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Jacques, who in failing to side track him, must side track the trains instead.

Chris Olsen, as a pursuer of hobbies, is probably Bunny Southwick's closest rival in the Museum. Besides collecting stamps and old books and painting undersea pictures, he is well recognized among entomologists as an authority on leaf hoppers, tiny green insects commonly found flying about lamps in the summer months. He has identified several new species of the genus, Cicadella, and published a large number of scientific papers on the group.

Hobbyism has also invaded the Natural History staff. There is, for instance, Don Barton, who draws whimsical "Thurber" sketches, which are said to be good, and Dr. Weyer who makes maps and workable radios. Fred Hahn designs small country houses, while Mary Ford collects important items from newspapers.

For the benefit of the uninitiated hobbyists, we conclude this installment by announcing that Dave Elman's "Hobby Lobby" radio programs take place every Wednesday evening at 7:15 and 10:30 p. m., over Station WABC, Columbia Network. We would also like to add that we are considering the possibilities of a Museum Hobby Show, to be held in the Museum next Fall, and we would like to know what you think about it. So please write us or let us hear from you.

OUR PLANETARIUM

Arrangements were made for the attendants to see the demonstration at the Planetarium, in order that they might be able to answer inquiries. That they will be well equipped to do so is shown by the following poem, which one of them composed:

To the Hayden Planetarium
The visitors all love to go,
To see the beautiful stars and planets
In the evening twilight glow.
And if you're sad and lonely,
And in spirits very low,
Visit the Hayden Planetarium
And see the all star show. J. S.

Know Your Museum—Cont.

Dr. Mayr is responsible for New Guinea and the Pacific Islands, and has the Birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of all, all to himself. Mrs. Naumburg is working on the birds of Eastern Brazil. Mr. Brand is a pioneer in recording the songs of wild birds on phonograph records. Mr. P. B. Philipp, for many years an enthusiastic collector of bird eggs, joined the staff this past fall, bringing with him his splendid collection. It contains many rarities which we laymen would probably not understand, and includes eggs laid by nearly every North American species.

Charles O'Brien has the charge and care of all the collections. Every first-class European Museum has a man who devotes his time solely to this. It is akin to the job of an engineer—to keep the engines running, whereas in America we tend to run almost exclusively to captains of the ship.

Tommy Gilliard is on Mt. Auyantepui, Venezuela making up a collection. Dr. Rand is at present after birds in New Guinea with the Archbold expedition, Dr. Chapman is in Barro Colorado for the winter. Outside of that the department is all quietly at home.

The eyes of so many boys and girls turn toward the Museum as their ideal of a career that it is interesting to know how some of the younger members of the department came here. Mr. O'Brien, like many a boy interested in birds, used to come to the Bird Department for information about them. When he was just out of high school Dr. Chapman offered him the job of assistant in the department, and so he has been here ever since 1924, and is now on the staff.

Tommy Gilliard has always been interested in natural history and his great ambition was to work in the Museum. He has always done his own field work, collecting, observing, etc., and took the trouble to master thoroughly the literature on the Great Auk. This led to his rich find of auk bones on Funk Island where the experts said it couldn't be done. Hugh Birkhead and Charles Schell both started in the Museum as volunteer workers and were eventually taken on, on salary. Mr. Schell took the pre-medical course in Yale, not the science course as you might suspect, and the next year went to the South Pacific on his own hook, working part of his way, just to travel.

(Continued on page 6)

In the Planetarium

February THE CHANGING CALENDAR:

Throughout February in the Hayden Planetarium you will have a chance to study one of man's most ingenious devices, namely the means by which he keeps track of the swift flight of time. He has reckoned the days by the rising of the sun, the months by the passage of the moon, and the year by the return of the seasons. To follow the calendar around throughout the year and down through the centuries is a most exciting adventure. Savages and savants, catastrophes and Caesars, revolutions and religions have all left their mark upon the calendar. Men have slaved, sacrificed and died to find the answer to the question: "What day is it?"



PISCES

Numerous special exhibits will illustrate the development of the calendar and almanac from early times to the present. Visitors will see a Siberian calendar pole, notched to mark the days; a large collection of ancient and modern calendars and almanacs, including the very oldest calendar in existence; and a series of religious objects connected with the Jewish ceremonies around the year.



ARIES

March—FROM POLE TO POLE:

From Peary's Pole to Byrd's Little America—all in seven minutes—that's the story of a magic ride over the earth's surface that can be taken in the Hayden Planetarium during March. From New York the spectator will journey to the North Pole and watch the strange night in which the stars circle ceaselessly and never rise or sink. From the pole we travel swiftly southward, cross the equator until, out of the white Antarctic, rise the stars which hang over little America. On the way we see the lovely Southern Cross and other stars that never light the night in our latitudes.

Know Your Museum—Cont.

He started here in December, 1935 putting collections of sea birds together under the direction of Dr. Murphy.

Dr. Chapman had stressed the importance of the relation of birds to man so we asked Mr. Zimmer what aspects of the department's work the public is most interested in.

"What is the most common question asked?"

"What is a four-letter word meaning a bird of the Andes?" he replied. That made him laugh. The Bird Department always answers the cross-word puzzler if the latter will own up to his purpose, quite contrary to the policy of some other departments who turn the fan down immediately they worm that confession out of him.

Next in frequency to the above question, people want to identify a bird they've seen which can be done surprisingly often depending on how carefully they observe. Too often, however, it's "somewhere between the size of a sparrow and a robin with brown stripes," and then you just control yourself and try hard to be polite. This also applies when they ask "Can a bird fly with one wing?" The answer is no, no, a thousand times no!

"What birds are most frequently asked about, or of most interest?" we wanted to know.

"No particular birds," was Mr. Zimmer's answer, "the inquiries cover such a wide range."

People are constantly asking what bird has the largest wing-spread. This is the Wandering Albatross with a wing spread of eleven feet, four inches. Then how old do birds live to be? The Mute Swan has been said to live to one hundred years, and the goose and some cockatoos to reach seventy and eighty. Mr. Zimmer is extremely wary, however, and says these figures need confirmation.

New Appointments

We note the appointment of some new scientific staff members and take this opportunity to welcome them to the Museum family. They are:

Wylls R. Betts, Jr.,—Field Associate, Department of Living Invertebrates.

Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell, Research Associate of Fossil Insects and Dr. Alfred E. Emerson, Research Associate in Termites, both to the Department of Entomology.

Dr. Charles R. Russell, Curator of the Department of Education. (Dr. Russell is a brand new member of the Museum family, and we hope he likes us.)

Dr. Fisher's title has been changed to Curator-in-Chief of the Department of Astronomy and the Hayden Planetarium, and Prof. Barton is now Executive Curator of the Hayden Planetarium.

English as She is Spoke

Should any of our fellow workers ever go to England, here is a list of expressions to help them along, so that they will not feel totally at a loss in a strange country:

What We Say

trolley ear rails
candy store
apartment
two weeks
room vacant
cracker
biscuit
sandwich spread
sweet butter
whole-wheat bread
elevator
elevated railway
subway train
boardwalk
storage battery

What Our English Cousins Say

tram lines
sweet shop
flat
fortnight
apartment to let
biscuit
scone
potted meat
fresh butter
brown bread
lift
overhead train
tube, or underground
promenade
accumulator

The Museum's Town Crier

For those who are beginning to think about seeds, bulbs, fertilizer, transplanting and "what shall I do with the garden this year?" the series of special lectures on outdoor gardening at the New York Botanical Garden may be of special interest. Such subjects as lawn construction and maintenance, year-around care of roses, culture of hardy aquatics, preparation of rock gardens and other practical gardening problems will be discussed. The lectures are available throughout February and March.

The annual Wagner cycle has started the Metropolitan and the Hippodrome popular-priced opera will extend into March.

Indoor polo every Saturday, 8:30 P.M. Squadron A Armory, 94th Street and Madison Avenue. Admission 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

The New York Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center, is continuing into February, a series of motion pictures, daily schedule of talks, and demonstrations on the processes and functions of the human body; 10 A.M.—10 P.M. daily. Admission 25c

The Whitney Museum of American Art has opened an exhibition entitled "A Century of American Landscape Painting, 1800-1900," which offers a survey of landscape painting from its beginning to the end of the 19th century. Excellent examples from the four periods will continue on view through February 25th.

PEDAC, 10th floor of the RCA Building, is displaying items of interest to the ladies—antiques, lampshades, wedgewood, metal furniture, fireplaces of brass and glass, picture rugs and many other novelties. Exhibition free on week-days.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art special exhibits such as, Accessions of Prints, Italian Renaissance Prints and Illustrated Books Exhibition will be on view throughout February.

The following is a calendar of events from February 15th to February 28th, arranged according to date:

Feb. 15th—Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall.

Hockey (Americans vs. Canadians), Madison Square Garden.

David Holland, Town Hall.

Feb. 16th—John Charles Thomas, Carnegie Hall.

College Basketball (N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, and St. John's vs. Manhattan,) Madison Square Garden.

Harold Bauer, Albert Spalding and Gaspar Cassado, Town Hall.

Feb. 17th—Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall.
Town Meeting of the Air with Florence Easton, Mme. Rosanoff, Samuel Dushkin, Beveridge Webster and Schola Cantorum, Town Hall.

Hockey (Rangers vs. Boston), Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 18th—Guila Bustabo, Carnegie Hall.
Lake Placid Club's 2nd Annual Invitation Ski Tournament for Women, Lake Placid.

National Sportsmen's Show (through Feb. 26), Grand Central Palace.

Boxing, Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 19th—National Orchestral Association (aft.) Carnegie Hall.
(Sat.)

Figure Skating Carnival (through Feb. 20), Lake Placid.

N.Y.A.C. Track Meet, Madison Square Garden.

Alex Brailowsky (aft.) . . .
Mailamm, Chamber Music, Town Hall.

Feb. 20th—Philharmonic (aft.), Carnegie Hall;

North American Bob-sled Champions (Through Feb. 22), Lake Placid.

Hockey (Americans vs. Toronto), Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 21st—Gorodnitzki, Carnegie Hall.

17th Annual Washington's Birthday Ski Tournament for Men, (through Feb. 23rd), Lake Placid.

Feb. 21st—*Continued*

Exhibition of Recent Water Colors of Herbert B. Tschudy (through March 5th), Fifteen Gallery.

Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions (through Feb. 22nd), Hippodrome.

Nathaniel Pfeffer, "New Explosives in the Far East," Town Hall.

Feb. 22nd George Copeland, Carnegie Hall;

Heinz and Robert Scholz (duo-pianists -eve.) Town Hall.

Hockey (Rangers vs. Canadians), Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 23rd—Joseph Szigeti, Carnegie Hall.
Kathryn Meisele (eve.) Town Hall.

Boxing, Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 24th—Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall.
"Siegfried", Metropolitan Opera House.

America's Town Meeting of the Air, Town Hall.

Hockey (Rangers vs. Chicago), Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 25th—Max Rosen (eve.) Carnegie Hall.

Military Ball, Hotel Roosevelt.
College Basketball (St. Francis vs. Brooklyn and N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame,) Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 26th—Toscha Seidel (aft.) and Philharmonic Orchestra (eve.), Carnegie Hall.
(Sat.)

Alex. Brailowsky (aft.) and Gladys Avery (eve.), Town Hall.

National A.A.U. Track Meet, Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 27th—Philharmonic (aft.), Carnegie Hall.

New Friends of Music, Pasquier Trio, Arthur and Karl Schnable, Town Hall.

Hockey (Americans vs. Montreal), Madison Square Garden.

Feb. 28th National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall.

Ania Dorfmann (eve.) Town Hall.

INTERESTING FACTS (George Washington's Birthday)

February 22nd may be universally celebrated as the birthday of George Washington, but February 11th is really his birthday, and any Doubting Thomas will find proof of that in a 1790 almanac now on exhibition in the Hayden Planetarium.

This old almanac records the date of General Washington's birth, as it is carried in the Washington family records, as February 11th, with the annotation "O.S." This means "Old Style" and represents the calendar used prior to 1752, when England changed from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. Under the former, the New Year started on March 25th instead of on January 1st. According to old records George Washington always celebrated his birthday on February 11th.

One of the interesting features of the 1790 almanac, which is one of the famous editions published in Worcester, Mass. by Isaiah Thomas, is the motto that runs down the page. It reads: "Peace, industry and economy, make a nation rich; but war, idleness, and luxury are a curse to a people. Let us unite in supporting the laws, and the laws will support us. Copy not after the vices of Europe; remember we are Americans."

"George Washington was actually born on February 11th, 1731 and not on February 22nd, 1732, as generally believed", explained Prof. William H. Barton, Jr., Executive Curator of the Hayden Planetarium. "The reason for this goes back to 1582 when Pope Gregory issued an edict that the day following the 4th of October should be called the 15th. This change was necessary to keep the Vernal Equinox falling on March 21st where it had been established in 325 A.D. by the Nicene Council. It had been slowly creeping around the Calendar and had moved up to the 11th. Several countries, including England, did not make the change immediately.

"In 1751 England decided to get in step and by an act of Parliament decreed that September 2nd, 1752 should be followed by September 14th instead of 3rd. At the same time, they changed New Year's Day from March 25th to January 1st. By changing New Year's Day, February, once at the end of the year, moved up to the early part of the year. That is, February, 1731 really became 1732 by our present reckoning."



1—WHY is a journey after a wedding called a honey-moon?

2—WHY were the letters S.O.S. selected as a distress signal by radio?

3—WHY is a quarter called two bits?

4—WHY does coffee grow stale?

5—WHY is the United States known as "Uncle Sam"?

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Museums Now and Then

The other day we were reading with interest an old volume "The General Contents of the British Museum, with remarks" (Serving as a Directory) published in 1761, and it gives us great pleasure to call to your attention the following:

"Nothing can conduce more to preserve the Learning which this latter Age abounds with, than having Repositories in every Nation to contain its Antiquities, such as the Museum of Great Britain; But, in order more effectually to prevent our falling back again into a State of Ignorance and Barbarism, it were to be wished that the Plan of it were to be enlarged, that the buildings were more extensive, and that a Fund were established, sufficient to answer the Purpose of encouraging ingenious Men in every useful Art, in every Science; and I know of nothing that can be done that will tend more to the Honour of our Country, when it shall please God to give us the Blessing of Peace, than to have such a large Fund appropriated for the Encouragement of Ingenuity and Learning." (Which makes us think that even in those days Museums had their problems.)

Answers to the Museum X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS		DOWN	
1. Gross	22. Use	1. Grove	19. Dunn
5. Ace	23. Discern	2. Rose	20. Estill
8. Prove	26. Fa	3. Over	21. Seated
9. Tons	28. Iota	4. Se	23. Diet
11. Lose	29. Encore	5. Attars	24. Iodal
12. Tide	32. Edit	6. Soirce	25. Re
13. Averts	33. Lair	7. Endow	26. Frick
16. Arow	34. Tale	8. Play	27. Aery
17. Ye	35. Percy	10. Sews	30. Cleo
18. Andrews	36. Lld.	14. Tate	31. Oars
20. Est	37. Kiosk	15. Sn	35. Pi

Answers to Wise Y Y Ys

1—From an ancient Teutonic custom of celebrating a month or moon by drinking a liquor made of honey. From this custom comes the expression "to speed the honey moon".

2—The letters have no verbal significance. The signal—three dots, three dashes, three dots—was adopted by the Radio Telegraphic Convention in 1912 because they are easily sent and least easily mistaken.

3—The term "bit" as applied to small silver coins originated in the West Indies during the 17th Century in connection with Spanish money. From there it spread to New Orleans and the Southern States. When Spanish dollars were withdrawn from circulation in this country "bit" survived only in connection with the quarter or two bits and the half dollar or four bits.

4—Because of the action of oxygen (air) on the aromatic fatty substance in the coffee beans, which is responsible for its delicate flavor.

5—A nickname which probably originated during the War of 1812. B. Anderson, a contractor for the United States commissary had his store house in Troy, N.Y. Samuel Wilson, who superintended the examination of provisions there, was known to workers as "Uncle Sam". As each case of provisions was marked, it bore the letters EA-US. A wag among the longshoremen being asked what the letters stood for said: "Ebenezer Anderson and Uncle Sam". The joke spread throughout the country and soon became the personification of the United States.

We Saw it in the Movies

Stroll along Broadway some day, and take your choice of title combinations. Here are some interesting combinations the inquiring reporter saw side by side not so long ago:

It Pays to Advertise
Stand Up and Cheer
Shall We Dance

The Crime of the Century
The Magnificent Brute
Behind the Headlines

THE GRAPEVINE

*Published by The Employees' Benefit Association
of The American Museum of Natural History*

VOL. II, No. 2

APRIL, 1938

PRICELESS

APRIL 30th

Who among us is a natural born comic?

What handsome young attendant has a really swell baritone voice?

What attractive young lady has a devastating charm when not seen behind a desk?

Where will you have more fun than anywhere else on Saturday Evening, April 30th?

THE ANSWER: By Witnessing

"MUSIC AT THE CROSSROADS"

A one-act farce, the entire cast being members of the E.B.A., under the direction of Mrs. Ella B. Ransom. The curtain rises at nine o'clock sharp, in the Auditorium.

At ten o'clock dancing begins in Education Hall. We have procured a good dance orchestra. . . . Buy your tickets now so that we may know how large a quantity of refreshments to order. . . . Phone William Wright, extension 393, for table reservations.

This Annual Spring Entertainment and Dance commemorates the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Employees' Benefit Association. We are all proud of its long existence and fine record. Do not wait until you go on the expedition into the "Great Beyond" to receive any benefits.

This is *YOUR* dance and twelve of *YOUR* friends have been rehearsing for weeks for *YOUR* pleasure. . . . We'll be seeing you.

THE COMMITTEE.

P.S. You can obtain your tickets from a representative in your department or from Jim McKeon. Price Fifty Cents Per Person.

JUST ARRIVED

So many things happen around this place that nobody hears about, that we don't want certain very important events to go unannounced. We are thinking of starting a "Fathers Club" and electing to membership Johnny McCormack, Lambert Pintner and Bill Baker—you've guessed it the first time. Each of the aforementioned gentlemen is now the proud father of a brand new son! Johnny and Lambert are working (of course they can be forgiven if they take a minute or two now and then to expound on the latest theories of bringing up children) and the glow of their smiles warms everyone who comes near. Mr. Baker of course is equally, or should we say doubly proud,

for it is his second experience. We extend our congratulations to the proud fathers.

SHADES OF HAMLET

Renée Strisoff and Jean Wiedemer gave performances in an evening of amateur theatricals at the Roerich Museum Theatre on March 8th, and if you ask us, they have what it takes. Renée looked very glamorous as a well-known actress who takes a sick woman out of her dreary surroundings on the wings of make-believe, and Jean did a Lorelei Lee—the snappy blonde. There were a number of Museum fans in the audience, but all you who missed this revelation will have a chance to see Miss Wiedemer again in the Museum show on April 30th.

SPECIAL SPORTS ITEM

(The demon office boy Harry Hawkins was astounded to hear the below reports of his idol Charley.)

Who is Charles J. Kerr, Sports Editor of the Grapevine? Oh, yes. We remember Charley, all around athlete, Soft Ball Batting King of the Museum.

He also had ambitions to be a major league player without Minor League experience. We remember seeing Charley at the Polo Grounds wearing a Cincinnati uniform. The ambitious boy had a batting average of .025.

CHARLEY, CHARLEY.

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Activities

On April 12th, 1938, a Special Meeting of the E.B.A. was called by the President, Mr. Bernard Moore, to vote upon the proposed amendments to the association Constitution and By-Laws. A complete set of the new constitution and by-laws has been sent to each member, so we need not reprint them here, for we know that by this time you are all familiar with them (you should be if you're not). One of the new provisions increases the number of directors from five to nine, with three new directors to be elected each year. In order that this provision might be carried out the following sets of directors were elected: Miss Irene F. Cypher, Mr. Wayne M. Faunce and Mr. John R. Saunders for three years. Mr. Walter F. Meister, Mr. Patrick Wallace and Mr. William Wright for two years. Mr. Charles Lang, Mr. George Tauber and Mr. Sherman P. Voorhees for one year.

All the remaining additions and amendments were voted upon and adopted. This means that a new edition of the famous little book of rules will be printed in the near future—so be on the watch for it.

SHS!!! SHS!!!

Dame Rumor has it that the General Rules and Regulations are being revised at last! Don't get too excited about it, but we suspect an element of truth in the rumor (considering the source of our information). It will appear sooner or later, so just wait quietly.



One of our most modest Museumers is Dr. George Henshaw Childs. He deserves a front seat in the sun, and there is no doubt that quite a few do not know the hidden treasure in Dr. Childs' mind and able sculptor's hands.

Dr. Childs was born in Minneapolis where he attended public and high schools. After graduation he visited Fishkill and joined the University of Minnesota, where he received his Doctor of Philosophy degree. Cornell University claims him a graduate also with several degrees. During the World War Dr. Childs joined the Medical Corps. By his gentle and kind character, it is not surprising that he served his country by experimental work and studies in the medical staff laboratories. His "killing" went as far as cats—an ardent student of medical research to save life!

Nevertheless, he developed a great liking for those creatures—and one of the finest members of their race is "Titus" now a member of the Childs' household.

Everyone who did not read the articles in the Herald-Tribune on the Readers Digest, missed some very interesting stories, which dealt with Dr. Childs' adorable models of Lilliputian animals, trees and complete landscapes. Dr. Childs' work at the Museum is well known and nobody equals him in accuracy and delicate details of his minute models.

Dr. Childs reached the most astonishing climax of perfection in his miniature work in the figure of a dancing girl. The graceful pose, the perfect anatomy of this little masterpiece which is not higher than an inch, reminds one of the "Fairy of the Rose" of Grimm's Fairytales. Poetry in form is perhaps the best description.

Dr. Childs is an ardent lover of outdoors, and as artist and scientist is, of course, always on the lookout for something new to discover. It may be whispered that in the mists of the Catskill Mountains where the memory of Rip Van Winkle looms at every corner, and where the Childses including Titus, spend their summer months—in one of the hidden lakes—Dr. Childs "almost discovered a seaserpent!"

If you don't believe it—just ask him!

Museum X-Word Puzzle



BY WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

ACROSS

1. President's Secretary
6. Girl's Name
7. Topper
9. Scoriated Lava
11. First Woman
13. Seep Through
16. Church Cup
18. Affirmative
20. Neither
21. A Preparator
23. Fish Eggs
25. Conjunction
26. Experts
29. Sun God
31. An overflow of water
32. —Lang Syne
35. Ball
37. Worm
39. Prefix (New)
40. Guest Relations Chairman
42. Pronoun
44. Half Em
45. Part of Circle
47. Eon
49. Window-Cleaning Paul

DOWN

1. Note of Scale
2. Hail!
3. Marine Defense
4. Bone
5. Low, as a cow
8. 2000 lbs.
9. That Old Extinct Bird
10. Eucharistic Wine Vessel
12. Most Weird
14. Collection of Live Animals
15. Sin
17. Collection of Facts
19. Distress Call
22. Mistake
24. Greek Letter
27. Small mound
28. Center of Solar System
29. Steal
30. Exist
33. Sheltered Side
34. Natural History Tennis Ace
36. Towels!
38. She is (Cont'r.)
41. Initials of a Bookkeeper in the Planetarium
43. Monk
46. Charles Kerr
48. Abe Kaplan

Puzzles submitted for use in this column must be 11 boxes wide by 11 boxes long. Full credit will be given to the author.

Sports

by

CHAS. KERR



PLAY B-A-L-L!

For the past week it seems everywhere one turned, this old familiar cry echoed announcing to sport lovers that the long awaited outdoor season had at last arrived.

This brings to mind that beginning this week with the arrival of daylight saving time our tennis "Bugs" will start emerging from their winters hibernation. Many of us had many pleasant twilight matches last season.

I think it fitting at this time to issue an invitation on behalf of our Tennis Association welcoming new employees and also reminding those of you who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to play last season. Come out to the court and meet the gang. You will find someone nearly everyday during lunch hours and often directly after work. I understand several "Bugs" actually arrive hours before work mornings to settle their matches.

We plan a tournament later on in the season, meanwhile challenge matches are in order. We expect to have a list of members posted soon and are sure you will find a match among them. Better be careful we have a pretty good lot of players.

We'd especially like to have more players in the womens' division in order to stage a separate series of games for the girls in the tournament.

Congratulations are in order to the victorious members of the girls "True or False" team on their splendid showing over station WOR last Monday night when they defeated a team of National Guardsmen. The members were Capt. L. Clausen, D. Edwards, E. Emery, M. Newgarden, E. Stetzer and last but by no means least "The Winnah and Champion" Jean Wiedemer who brought down the grand prize of \$25.00, all other members of the group received \$5.00 each. Nice going girls, and say Jean have you a five spot to spare until payday.

Walter Carroll reports a lack of material for the soft ball team. How about it fellows?

Bernard Moore, Prexy, has suggested forming a baseball team. Anyone interested kindly communicate with him.

Men

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, sometimes two wives, but never more than one idea, or one dollar at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some of them are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, men may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three different varieties—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Widowers are remnants with possibilities.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity, especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet thing like a woman should enjoy caressing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned tobacco and bay rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you in the beginning, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear colors and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out, and if you wear a little brown toque and tailor-mades, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and dashing hat.

If you join him in his gaieties and approve of his smoking, he swears that you are heading him to the devil, and if you don't approve of his smoking and urge him to give it up, he vows you are driving him to the dogs also. If you are a clinging vine type he doubts whether you have a brain, and if you are a modern, advanced and independent type, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are silly he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous and if not he hesitates to marry a wall-flower.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

SPORTS ITEM

The Print Shop has closed it's handball season with a 3 to 0 score over the Custodian Department. "Better luck next year, boys!"



HOBBIES

The Grapevine is actively interested in sponsoring hobbies among the museum employees, and for some time now has been giving you a clue to the many hobbies represented. Recently this letter came in to the Hobby Editor:

"Dear:

I have just been looking again at the December issue of the Grapevine, and remember that I have hitherto forgotten to answer the queries regarding hobbies. If not too late for the next issue, may I contribute my quota by saying:

1. I think a Museum Hobby Show would be (or should be) quite thrilling.

2. My own chief hobby is, I think, photography, especially of trees and reflections, and I have a few rather nice enlargements. Collecting photographs of cats (wild or otherwise) is a special line."

In order that we may see how many would be willing to participate in a Hobby Show, we would like you to fill out and send in to The Hobby Editor, the coupon which you will find at the end of this article. Probably the show would be held sometime next Fall, but if we are to do anything about it, we should at least know what we may expect in the way of entries, and the number. It would be terrible not to have room enough for everyone's pet contribution. So take your pen or pencil in hand, tear off the coupon, and LET US HEAR WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!!!

MUSEUM HOBBY SHOW

I would be interested in the Museum Hobby Show.

Nature of Hobby to be Exhibited

NAME . . .

The New Discipline

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, things were different on the fifth floor of the Museum. Our random observations extend from Dr. Zimmer's office near the corner of 81st Street and Central Park West around Manhattan Square by way of 77th Street, to Dr. Miner's office at the corner of Columbus Avenue and 79th Street; but we shall confine our present remarks to the centrally located Bookkeeping Department and the Library.

Bookkeeping, as some of us know, is often tedious work, and exasperating, too, when accounts won't balance. When in despair this way, the dollar chasers used on occasion to go to the washroom to smoke a cigarette while searching their minds for the erroneous figures. Then one day something—well, anyway, the boys now, it seems, have a secluded smoking room all their own. But, with the Depression holding on, the Budget, and the fact that dollars are round and tend to wear more and more slippery, uninterrupted quiet was deemed necessary. Mr. James Clark was—presumably—consulted, and the result is that the entire staff is now enclosed, like a labeled habitat group, and can be viewed—and interviewed—by hall pedestrians only through a small window.

The Library transformation is even more radical. Time was when the girls, if not visible in the catalogue room or in the room opposite, were in the hallway, either going or coming. Occasionally they used to parade the length of the halls, singly or in pairs, perhaps to exercise, perhaps to clear their lungs of bookdust, perhaps to explore. Possibly they were merely looking for strange birds, mammals, or even anthropological curiosities. Who can say? But exploring, as we all know, has ever its dangers. At any rate it proved disastrous in this case. Two of the librarians suddenly disappeared and now that the offices are temporarily, let us hope—all but empty of uninstalled "curiosities," so are the hallways. Whatever the explanation, we now have most of the staff permanently "installed" from nine to five in the Librarian's inner sanctuary; and, sad to relate, this "habitat group" has no window at all to the hallway.

Time was, the historians tell us, when the ladies in question served informal tea every afternoon. Now, it seems, they emerge only once a week—Saturdays towards twilight, it is said—for such refreshment. On such occasions, rain or shine, Curators, young and not so young, are known to appear as if by magic from different parts of the building and old acquaintanceships are renewed over the cups.

Progress is a fine thing, we all say; but, as usual, it has its drawbacks.

STORK VISITS THE SOUTHWICKS

We take great pleasure in announcing that the Southwickian Menage has been blessed recently by the arrival of two bouncing babies. These heirs, though perfectly normal in all respects, are only three inches long (crown-rump measurement) and are in complete possession of well developed tails.

Gentle reader, you've guessed the answer. No, these are not human babies. They are intact marmosets and marmosets have been known to breed in captivity only at very rare intervals, thus showing that their natural parents, Mamie and Fifi are exceptions to the rule. Mr. and Mrs. Southwick feel that they have every reason to be proud of what they have got, for they not only have a mama and a papa marmoset, a thing that very few can boast of, but babies besides, a phenomenon which should turn the most reputable zoos green with envy.

The Southwicks have converted the whole of their dinette into a sort of marmoset happy hunting ground besides providing a snug little house for marmoset privacy. What is more, the babies have aroused such widespread interest, that Mrs. Southwick has to spend most of her time turning the curious multitude from her doors.

We delight in picturing to ourselves, the domestic scene of the Southwicks watching in rapt contemplation the antics of papa and the twins and ever and anon turning to one another and exclaiming, "Ain't nature grand!"

Answers to the Museum X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS	DOWN
1. Ransom	1. Re
6. Eva	2. Ace
7. Sot	3. Navy
9. Aa	4. Os
11. Eye	5. Moo
13. Ooze	6. Ton
16. Uma	8. Auk
18. Yes	10. Ama
20. Nor	12. Eriest
21. Kane	14. Zoo
23. Roe	15. Err
25. Or	17. Ana
26. Artists	19. S.O.S.
29. Ra	22. Err
31. Rec	24. Eta
32. Auld	27. Tee
35. Orb	28. Sun
37. Ess	29. Rob
39. Neo	30. Arc
40. Berg	33. Lee
42. The	34. Don
44. En	36. Bray
45. Arc	38. She's
47. Era	41. G.R.A.
49. Yakusik	43. Eri
	46. C.K.
	48. A.K.

ANTHROPOLOGY MOVES

The other day sixteen W.P.A. painters appeared on the fifth floor. Then five carpenters walked down the hall. Two telephone men descended from regions unknown. Professors Nalty and Littlefield, of the illustrious department of anthropology next appeared upon the scene. Came sounds of hammers, saws, whiskbrooms, mops, moving vans, crashes, bangs, squeaks, groans, strains of operatic whistling and singing, buzzing and bustling. Someone said a couple of electricians also started wires humming. Strange looking men bobbed up, carrying bulky boxes down the hall, and then carried them back again. Even stranger looking men picked the same boxes up and carried them across the hall. THE REASON? Why, the dawn of the Reign of Cleanliness! (To put it plainly, Messrs. Vaillant, Hay and Shapiro have moved into bright, clean new offices, down at the end of the Fifth floor. Visitors are welcome to come and inspect and comment.)

MORE ABOUT OUR DANCE

The thirtieth anniversary of the founding of The Employees' Benefit Association will be celebrated by an entertainment and dance at the Museum on Saturday evening April 30th.

The committee has received a few complaints from those who would like to bring another couple with them. Please be assured that this is encouraged and a limited number of your friends are most welcome. The committee is striving however to have as near a 100 percent "employee attendance" as possible which has been defeated in the past through the public sale of tickets that resulted in the objectionable influx of too many outsiders whom no museum employee knew or sponsored. This practice has possibly kept away a considerable number of our fellow employees that would like to attend. April 30th is to be a real "Museum Night"—come and help us make it one.

THE GRAPEVINE

*Published by The Employees' Benefit Association
of The American Museum of Natural History*

VOL. II, No. 2 **B**

JUNE, 1938

PRICELESS

HEAR YE!! HEAR YE!!

For the Cause Of ?

Museum employees may wonder who those people were lurking in the halls in "uneasy groups of three" with their various faces buried in large sheets of paper mumbling to themselves and casting quick glances at exhibits.

A prominent New York newspaper (a four letter word beginning with P and ending with T) didn't know the trouble they were causing one John Saunders who reported two hundred calls a week from members, when they started a picture puzzle contest thirty percent of which dealt with animals. Eight thousand, five hundred "first prize" eligibles took a running start equipped with puzzles and pencils and descended on the Museum. It speaks well for the publicity department as well as the intelligence of the Museum members but it had extension 255 pretty busy. Take it away Saunders!

TREES

(Inspired by the cover on the May 1938 issue of the magazine, "Natural History")

There is a strength in trees
Mankind does not possess—
A deep, cool quietude,
An ancient peacefulness.

Though branches stir and pattern
The deftly quilted ground
With swift traceries
Of thin, melodic sound.

So soft and yet so eloquent!
And, overhead, the whirl of wings
Undoes the inward strength
Of hidden, shy and silent things!

Anna R. Maskel

Baseball, swimming, tennis, races, soda pop, beer and sandwiches—gentle autumn breezes—soft green grass—gay laughter and hours of dancing on a Hudson River Day Liner to and from Indian Point.

Does this picture appeal to you? Would you and your family enjoy such a day with your fellow employees? If so—we suggest that you read carefully the following.

The E.B.A. Officers feel that many of our fellow Museumites would welcome the opportunity of jointly bidding farewell to the summer season at a picnic and boat ride. All employees and their families (youngsters included) are welcome. A program of games, races, etc., with prizes is being planned and box lunches will be furnished if desired.

For your information the following steps have been taken:

THE DAY

Saturday, September 10th

THE PLACE

Indian Point on the Hudson

THE PRICE

Adults \$1.50, Children \$1.00

THE LIMIT

A group of 700

THE THEME

A good time for all.

Now Friends, let's hear YOUR suggestions on this event in order that YOUR ideas may be incorporated in the general set-up. We want EVERYONE'S opinion so that it will be EVERYONE'S Party. A card on which you may indicate your reactions and opinions will be sent to you shortly. Be sure to fill it out and let us have it back.

Times Change

Dear Editor:

Your roving correspondent spotted something that is worthy of your consideration. A Museum wag with a peculiar sense of humor had inscribed on one of the cases sent in for the Childs Frick collection these words, "Hen's teeth—good condition."

The Museum is definitely slipping as your still roving reporter noticed that the curiosity of the children these days carries them to elevators and not dinosaurs. A large crowd of children stood awed in front of the elevator man asking pertinent questions regarding the speed, stamina and habitat of this peculiar creature, (the elevator I mean) and seemed to see in it something worthwhile, perhaps more antiquated and a much better exhibit than anything else we have to offer. They actually had to be herded back to more Indians and such and thus it tends to show that kids these days are still full of wonderment at "These new fangled inventions."

NEW REDUCED RATE TICKET TO THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM

The Guest Relation Bureau of the Hayden Planetarium have printed an exchange ticket, which will enable Museum employees, as well as their families and friends, to take advantage of the Group Rate reduction now offered to members of Educational, Social and other Associations.

The bearer of this group rate ticket will be entitled to a reduction of fifteen cents on the purchase of tickets in the reserved seat section, and a reduction of five cents in the General Admission section.

Tickets can be obtained from Mr. E. A. Berg or Mr. Bernard Moore.

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Activities

All members of the E.B.A. will be glad to hear that our finances are in very good condition. It was unnecessary to levy assessments at the time of the deaths of Harry F. Beers and Earnest A. Lurch because sufficient funds were on hand to cover these amounts.

These payments were made possible because of our large membership (520), and the success of our various entertainments and dances.

The following new members have been added to our membership roster:

Robert R. Coles
Edith R. Derby
Thomas E. Hogan
Richard F. Kunder
Gertrude V. Lurch
Harold E. Vokes

ASSOCIATED HOSPITAL SERVICE

If there are any Museum employees who wish to join the Associated Hospital Service, it will be necessary for them to do so on or before June 23rd, 1938. After that date it will only be possible to join this service in January and July of each year. Anyone interested may apply to Dorothy Bronson for membership cards and information.

THE FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

Due to the fact that Credit Committee members are not at the Museum on Saturdays now, to pass on loan applications, no Credit Union loans will be granted on that day.



Non-Scientific Discoveries

They say that June is the month of brides—we also add bridegrooms. Our whole column should really be headed "Matrimonial News", for Cupid has certainly been busy around here. Witness the following:

Esther Morton of the Library staff left on May 14th, and she will also be married in June, to Mr. Dan. C. Anderson, a writer of feature articles.



Patrick Wallace, Assistant to the Custodian was married on May 28th to a charming Brooklyn girl. At present they are honeymooning in Bermuda.

Thane Bierwert, one of our famous photographers was married on May 28th, in Maplewood, New Jersey.

Frank Rinald, that pride and joy of our E.B.A. show "Music at the Crossroads" decided to join the ranks of the benedicts, and he too has left to be married to Miss Helen Hunt, formerly of the Department of Mammology. Before he left a group of his confreres gave him a "tea" and presented him with a radio. Now we expect to hear that Frank has been tuning in on heavenly music instead of bearing up under the dulcet tones of the village songsters.

Miss Althea Warren of the Museum bookshop is also joining the ranks of the June brides, for on Saturday, June 11th, she gave her charming smile and promised to love, honor and obey.

On Thursday, May 20th, Dr. William K. Gregory was married to Miss Angela DuBois, in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn. The Gregory's sailed on their honeymoon trip to Africa, on Saturday, June 4th.

Congratulations of another sort are in order to Maurice Behan of the Heating and Lighting Department. He recently

received his license from the City of New York as a 3rd Grade engineer. Nice work Marty—and good luck.

Michael Broderick, the serious looking attendant formerly stationed in Roosevelt Memorial passed the examination for the bar. He has resigned from the Museum and is now connected with the legal department of an insurance firm. Congratulations, Michael, and we hope your ambitions will carry you to the Supreme Court.

Do you know that we have a ventriloquist team here in the Museum? Someday when little Jake Stephens and Frank Tini of the construction department are around your corner of the building, get them to talk for you. We would even be willing to pay admission to hear them.

His many friends will be interested in hearing that Mr. Robert Snedigar is expected home sometime late this month. At present he is sitting in the Tower Hotel (the best to be found in British Guiana for they wear evening clothes every night) waiting for the next ship. A certain gentleman in the Department of Education is in possession of a picture that should be worth money someday. It shows Mr. Snedigar in full possession of one of the most beautiful, curly beards it has ever been our good fortune to gaze upon. If Bob ever appears in the Museum with that beard, you can expect a small stampede among the ladies—it looks so distinguished!

If our congenial printer, Mr. Burns, seemed a little chesty during the Childrens Science Fair, there was a big reason for it—his son, Edward Jr., representing P.S. 147, Queens, took First Prize, and also Honorable Mention for Completeness in the Physics Class. Congratulations! It looks as if we have another Scientist in the making.

No wonder Henry Pinter of the Department of Education has been wearing an unusually triumphant smile these past few days. Did you know that Henry is a first rank player of water polo? He is—and to prove it he won a perfectly beautiful medal just recently in the Indoor Junior Nationals, as a member of the 65th Street Y.M.C.A. Team when they played at the New York Athletic Club.



A little bird told us that Lambert Pinter was playing handball these days to keep in form. Form for what? The Golden Gloves, or our next Broadway production?



SPORTS

by

Charles J. Kerr



The month of June finds the Museum with a decided sports complex with handball, softball games and tennis all furnishing relaxation during the noon hour recess periods to a goodly portion of the employees. This is a very good thing, for exercise makes for healthy bodies and sound minds, all of which results in an increased efficiency at our daily tasks. I hope the boss agrees with me and tabs me as an athletic type—rating a hand when finally the Museums' deficits are cleared up probably A.R.

Softball

To get back to sport news; On May 16th a Museum team recruited hastily of the following members, Bacon, D. Barton, Caggana, Carroll, Duffy, Kerr, Lange, Lewis, Moore, McCormack, Potenza and Schmitt accepted a challenge to play a softball team the "Nomads" who are currently playing in the N.Y. Mirror League. I am happy to report that the Museum "All Stars" trimmed them very handily taking the first game 13 to 2 in a rout and also a second game which was more closely contested by a score of 5 to 3. It really was a revelation without any practice or preparation our gang clicked together and played as though they had been playing together for months. To single out an individual would be unfair to all. The team was sensational. . . .

Baseball

Which again brings to mind, Why doesn't the Museum have a baseball team? There certainly are enough players and good ones too. Walter Carroll tried to get the ball rolling several times but met with only indifferent replies. It should not be difficult to card a few twilight games after hours. How about it fellers?

Archery

Charley Federer and Bob Cox would like to hear from anyone interested in archery. If enough are interested a target will be bought and a range planned for members.

Badminton

I learned only recently that the Museum has a Badminton Court. As to who plays I understand Messrs. Adamson, Carney, Faunce, Federer and Patterson are active players.

Tennis

This game has caught on so that it has been necessary to stagger the noon hour from 12 to 1 and schedule matches a week in advance. All of the players names were put in a hat and teams selected for the first round. Matches to be best two sets out of three, the pairings and scores are tabulated below:

Tennis Results To Date

Decker & Orth	1	6	9	
Lewis & W. Wright	6	1	7	completed
Edwards & Schmitt	5	11	6	"
D. Barton & McCormack	7	9	3	
Caggana & McDermott	1	2	7	"
Naylor & Burns	6	6	9	
Sallmon & Bacon	9	3	6	"
L. Wright & Duffy	7	6	3	

The last game was a tough one

This was a series of battles

We're off our game.
Nice going boys.

Whew! That was close.
Out of breath.

After all teams have played three complete sets the boys will swing their partners. The biggest surprise of the matches has been the fine game shown by the girls members and we think that if the girls should be paired in the next series they would make things pretty hot for some of the boys. Anyway it would be interesting to see. And by the way have you noticed the increased gallery since the girls have been playing regularly. People seldom seen ordinarily.

The games all were played in very orderly style and we are sure everyone had a good workout. All players seeming to play better after they had loosened up especially the girls who are sort of out-numbered on the courts.

While we are on the subject we should like to request the onlookers to refrain from commenting while a game is in play. And no Bronx cheers either. Those of you who are guilty will please stop with a warning. If any think they can do better they may challenge any of our players and give the rest of us a chance to get even. Remember no heckling, **Please**.

Notice

Any of the members wishing to purchase Sporting goods may take advantage of a 25% discount at A.G. Spalding & Bro. 105 Nassau Street, N.Y.C. by mentioning the Museum Sports Department.

OUR ANDREW

And the Big Brown Bear went woof!—

Newcomers to the Museum might, in their ignorance ask who was the owner of that low gruff vocal apparatus and view with alarm the possibility of an encounter. But we who knew Andrew J. Mutchler knew that all his gruffness of voice did not keep away the throngs who came streaming into his office—some to ask advice (entomological and otherwise), others just for the warmth and understanding they were sure to receive.

As a slight gesture of their great regard for him, the New York Entomological Society tendered a testimonial dinner in his honor on May 17th, at the Hotel Franconia. No less than eighty guests arrived to sing his praises.

The New York Entomological Society is going to miss his presence, so at their meetings that they voted him a Life Membership.

On his completion of forty-three years of devoted and successful service in the American Museum of Natural History we all wish him many years of happiness and continued good health.

He will still be one of us, however, for on June 9th, the Museum Board of Trustees voted him a Life Membership.

The Tragedy of Being a Man

By EMIL A. BERG

(This is by way of refutation to some remarks printed in the April "Grapevine" — which the author says must have been written by a woman.

We are giving him space to present the Man's Viewpoint.)

He is born with but one friend, and after a lifetime of trying to make more, doesn't have that many when he dies.

The first thing he learns, is that mother's kin is far superior to father's. In his boyhood days, if his complexion and clothes and pleasures suit his mother, he is missing the fun that is rightfully his.

He finds as much joy in drowning kittens as his sisters find in hunting violets, and is called heartless and soulless, when he indulges in it; when he goes away on a visit, the kitten has its first chance to grow up.

If he is given a red wagon all his own, his mother and sisters find fault with it every time they see it, because of the scratches on it. If he catches a fish and triumphantly takes it home for his mother to admire, she sees his soiled clothes before she sees the fish, and any attempt to love her when she is dressed up, and he is proud of her, is met by a scream about his dirty hands.

All his amusements lose their fascination if he has anyone's permission to indulge in them, and no one can convince him that the time will ever come when he will think more of a girl, than of a dog.

From the time he plays marbles on the sidewalk, until he is old and toothless he has to account to some woman as to why he did not come home earlier.

When he is a grown man, and thoughtlessly tells a girl he enjoys being with her, he wakes up to find himself engaged, and in a brief period he hears the wedding march the women think so sweet, and it rings in his ears like a warwhoop.

If he doesn't hold the baby he is a brute, and if he holds it, and it cries, his wife looks at him with suspicion, as if he had purposely pinched it.

His children are dissatisfied with him, because he does not keep a candy store, and when he comes home at night to forget the worries of the day, he hears so many new worries, that he is glad to get back to his work at the office next morning.

He discovers early in his married life, that he says the wrong thing at the wrong time, and after his daughters have been in school a few years he also discovers that he says it the wrong way.

To be an ideal husband he must go home on purpose to kiss his wife, the meals are

only an incident, and if he is as polite in carving and serving the turkey as his wife demands he starves to death.

Most of his troubles are caused by an imagination too active, or a liver that is not active enough, and all his life from his boyhood days up, he has to tie a mighty big rag around a mighty little sore, in order to get any sympathy at all.

All he gets out of Christmas is the bills to pay; all the glorious Easter tide means to him is that he has his old suit cleaned and pressed, and after the children are grown, and the wife does not have to stay home evenings to put them to bed, he is left alone so much, that he feels as friendly to anyone who is kind to him, as if he were a lost pup.

If he tells his wife of an increase in salary, she doesn't at once congratulate him; she gets that far-away look in her eyes, as if trying to remember where she saw that cute little hat, and if he tells her that they must economize, she immediately reminds him, that lately he is smoking more cigars than is really good for him.

All the broken furniture in the house is put in a room called his "Den" and he has so little room in any of the closets for his clothes, that Blue Beard becomes his ideal of a really great man. He at least had closets in which he had room to hang things.

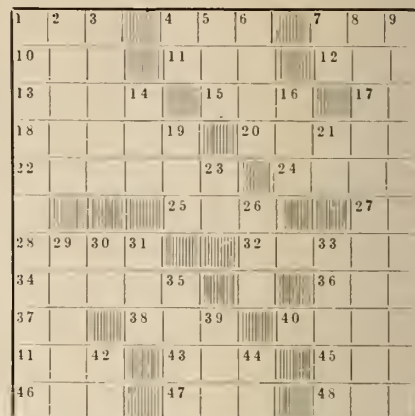
If he does something noteworthy and the world applauds, his wife's relatives look wise, but say nothing. They know who gave him his inspiration.

Every time he pulls his money out of his pocket he misses a dollar, and in the same way as he grows older, every time he counts his friends he finds he is one short, and he never knows how he lost either of them.

If in a loving, but bewildering spirit, he enters a lingerie store to buy his wife a present, all the appreciation he gets when he proudly presents her with his purchase, is her desire to know, what on earth possessed him to "Buy a thing like that."

He suffers and fights and his reward is that the figure of peace is represented by a woman; he never satisfies his wife because he lacks the appreciation of what

Museum X-Word Puzzle



By WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

ACROSS

1. A game fish
4. Yam (Malay var.)
7. Edge
10. Secretary to President (Initials)
11. Remit
12. Pronoun
13. Tailless amphibian
15. Roman bronze
17. Note of scale
18. To pen or write
20. Noted
22. Close relative
24. Year (L)
25. Beam
27. Assistant Curator of Anthropology (Initials)
28. Sylvia of Education
32. Much read of in Natural History
34. The horny scale or plate on the upper surface of the end of the fingers and toes of man, apes and other animals, [Pl.]
36. Mistake
37. Steamship (Abbr.)
38. A son of Jacob
40. Therefore
41. Goddess of Healing
43. Recent
45. Swedish measure
46. New South Wales (Abbr.)
47. Scotch River
48. Skill

DOWN

1. An artist
2. Rare animal (Var.)
3. Large dogs
4. Above
5. Bleat of a sheep
6. Espies
7. High School (Abbr.)
8. Planetary attendant
9. Dr. Gregory's secretary
14. Emmet
16. Mineral spring
19. Deer (Obs. var.)
21. Within
23. Sun God
26. Sweet potato
29. Combining form—condition
30. Chinese measure
31. Degree
33. Earth
35. Ground stone
39. Born
42. "Bob" Wright's initials
44. Pronoun

Puzzles submitted for use in this column must be 11 boxes wide by 11 boxes long. Full credit will be given to the author.

Continued on page 6



MUSIC AT THE MUSEUM

Time:

April 30th, 1938

Place:

The American Museum of Natural History

Event:

The celebration of the 30th Anniversary of the Employees Benefit Association

At 9:30 P.M. the lights in the main auditorium went up on the playlet, "Music at the Crossroads." This one act play was picked out as it gave the glee club as well as our more able thespians an opportunity to "give forth." Such old timers at the game as Frank Rinald, Jean Wiedemer and Fred Christman stepped right in and gave excellent performances. In fact, it was an ideal cast. The scenery, thanks to Mary Schuman, who also saves string and paper bags, gave the right background. Other than Irene Cypher's testing the quality of the cake by dipping an elbow in it and a few unforeseen accidents to Frank Rinald who took a neat tumble no accidents occurred.

The observer may well wonder how such a well run off play could have been executed in such a short time and hats and plumes are off to Mrs. Ella B. Ransom who gave her time and experience to whip a very willing cast into shape.

The action of the play took place in a country store, owned by Silas Pettingill (Frank Rinald) assisted by his wife (Irene Cypher) and daughter (Betty Ertel). The latter was our heroine. Silas has had his troubles with such creditors as Mr. Hobbs (Fred Christman) and Mr. Dunham (Ware Lynch) until our hero,

the gay and charming Lionel Le Grand, a fugitive from the theatre, (Lambert Pintner) comes in and with music and a grand manner entices the rich Mrs. Carr (Jean Wiedemer) to buy out the store, the shed and most of the surrounding country. "How perfectly charming" says Mrs. Carr as she gets stuck with a chair from vertebrate palaeontology. Some furniture took an awful beating and some mighty harsh words were spoken but all ended well and Silas celebrated by doing the best "buck and wing" seen this side of the Hudson. There must have been at least one Broadway scout in the audience, making note of lines with an appeal. In one of his more ecstatic moments, our hero exclaimed: "Where do I come from Baby dear? Out of the everywhere, into here!"

The current Broadway hit "I Married An Angel" is using these very same words, and audiences are applauding just as we did. Which proves that we must have been good, if we could show Broadway a thing or two.

After the play, James McGrath and orchestra in Education Hall foxtrotted into "Your an Education," and four hundred people began to have a good time. The tables were full and the floor busy. The music and food good and a casual observer would have said, "I never thought you could have so much fun in a Museum." Those who stayed late have many a story to tell and our advice is to get it from them. The staff of the Grapevine did their share of yelling and we had a good time.

A Message from the President of the E. B. A.

The E.B.A. has passed another milestone with our 1938 Annual Spring Dinner. This was part of our Thirtieth Year Anniversary program and was a success and a credit to our Association.

In behalf of the Board of Directors of the E.B.A. and myself I wish to thank all you who attended and I feel certain you enjoyed your visit. I also wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who worked on Committees, especially the Chairman, Mr. Charles J. O'Connor, Mrs. Ella B. Ransom and the cast of her play who gave us a grand performance to credit and to everyone of you, a vote of thanks for making this affair a real social success.

You can readily see from the financial report printed on p. 6 that we just about broke even. The E.B.A. is not run on a monetary basis. We strive to satisfy our members by sponsoring a real Employees' affair for our immediate families and friends, and we feel our Spring affair was an example of just that. We hope to carry on in the same manner, but we need the support of our entire membership.

Let's all make a resolution to attend the next E.B.A. affair. This is *Your Association*. Come out and support it. You will be well repaid for your loyalty to the E.B.A.

Thank you!

BERNARD T. MOORE
President

entertainment Committee of the E.B.A.

Receipts and Disbursements

April 25th—May 24th, 1938

Receipts

Cash (Sale of Tickets) \$224.50

Disbursements

Orchestra \$110.00

Services and other

Expenses 110.74

Transferred to E.B.A. 3.76 224.50

JUST QUESTIONS

If anyone would like to know why members of the teaching staff of the Department of Education look tired at times, perhaps the following will explain it. They represent some of the questions sent in by children, and for which they expect a complete series of answers when they come to the Museum.

(Questions sent in before attending a talk on "Daniel Boone")

How did Daniel Boone escaped from the Indians?

Did he escape on the grapevine?

Was the blockhouse really made of Blocks?

How does a pioneer blockhouse?

Did Boone had anyone to play with and what did boone had to play when he was little about 4 or 5?

I would like to know who it is that when the Indian were here said that wood would not sink? But its funny that boats sink. Since they say wood would not sink whow is it that the somarine (submarine) sink?

How did trees grow when knowbody plant them?

(Continued from page 4)

he calls art. There is no one to see, that he has worked so hard and endured so much, that the artistic temperament in him has been smashed flat as if a rock crusher had rolled over it.

He never gets any credit. If, as a boy, he is good to his mother, everyone says: He ought to be. She is his mother."

If he is kind to his wife, they say: "He ought to be. Isn't she his wife?"

And if he is good to his children every one shouts: "Why shouldn't he be? Isn't he their father?"

If he on his deathbed should talk of seeing the pearly gates, there would be suspicion that he didn't see them; that he talked that way to fool his wife to the last.

MEMORIES OUT OF THE PAST

In the dim past, believe it or not, we remember something like this that happened about twenty-five years ago: During the lunch hour, on the old baseball diamond back of the North Wing, Dr. Chapman stopped a hot grounder and threw out speedy Andy Johnstone at first; Fred Kessler raced back for a one hand catch in center field; Dr. Anthony threw the fadeaway; Charley Lang made a one hand catch at third;—and the Art Museum was once defeated 32 to 2 in Central Park (they tell us Joe Connolly knocked out four home runs).

What's the matter with the present day sport fans? They got us all excited in the last issue, but when we tried to find out what they were doing, they seemed to have faded into the dim regions of subterranean caverns. Maybe its just Spring Fever—but we'll be kind and give them another chance.

AN OPEN INVITATION

Jack Orth and Elwood Logan will again spend the summer months directing the affairs of the Kanawauke Regional Museum in Interstate Park (near Bear Mountain). We understand they are only a stone's throw from the lake and the water is fine. Their cooking cannot always be relied upon, but you can always bring your own lunch and they will help you eat it. Don't come in groups larger than fifty at one time.

The Fish Department was grieved to learn of the death on April 24, of Mr. Serge S. Chetyrkin, their W.P.A. preparator. He had been suffering from heart trouble for a long time, but the Department did not know he had gone to the hospital when suddenly the news of his death came. Mr. Chetyrkin attended the Imperial Archaeological Institute of Moscow. His positive genius for collecting made him a member of expeditions to many far lands—Mongolia, Turkestan, Siberia, and many others. He fought in the Russian Army during the war and was decorated with the very high honor of the Cross of St. George for distinguished military service. During the Revolution he came to America and took out citizenship papers here. William Beebe took him on the *Arcturus* cruise as preparator and collector extraordinary, and in some mysterious way he always managed to bring back a bag full of specimens when other members of the party turned up empty-handed after a day's hunt. In his three years at the Museum he has prepared an excellent series of skeletons for use in the Fish Department and in the Columbia courses given by Dr. Gregory.

He is survived by his sister living in Harbin, Manchoukuo.

"WHAT A LIFE"

To us suffering sons and daughters of "Depressionitis" life seems to be a constant battle of trying to make ends meet. But at rare intervals the toil of struggle is forgotten and our sense of humor is given a refreshing workout.

Such a stop-gag presents itself by the opportunity afforded through the co-operation of the E.B.A. to procure tickets for the current Broadway comedy hit "WHAT A LIFE" at a special cut-rate price.

Your reviewer has seen the play and heartily endorses it as a grand evenings' entertainment and a joyful tonic.

The story portrays the trials, tribulations and loves of a high-school student. His nickname should be "double-trouble". The scrapes and fibs he tells would make Peck's bad boy a rank amateur. Among other things someone steals the band and our hero is slated for a trip "up the river" but then everything rights itself.

It is a play that your children of the "teen" age would rave over. It is quite a bargain to procure a \$3.30 ticket for \$1.30. Balcony seats can be had for as low as \$.75. Send your reservations NOW to the Social Committee of the E.B.A.

Remember the reservations are for the performance of

THURSDAY EVENING
JUNE 23rd.

Biltmore Theatre
47th St. West of Broadway

Curtain rises at 8:45 p.m.

Answers to the Museum X-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Cod
4. Ube
7. Hem
10. H.C.A.
11. Pay
12. She
13. Rana
15. Aes
17. La
18. Ipend
20. Spied
22. Sister
24. Anno
25. Ray
27. B.W.
28. Eill
32. Aztec
34. Nails
36. Err
37. S.S.
38. Dan
40. Ergo
41. Eir
43. New
45. Ref
46. N.S.W.
47. Dee
48. Art

DOWN

1. Christensen
2. Ocapi
3. Danes
4. Up
5. Baa
6. Eyes
7. H.S.
8. Ehlenberger
9. Meadowcroft
14. Ant
16. Spa
19. Der
21. In
23. Ra
26. Yam
29. Iasis
30. Li
31. LLD.
33. Terra
35. Sand
39. Nee
42. R.W.
44. We

THE GRAPEVINE

*Published by The Employees' Benefit Association
of The American Museum of Natural History*

VOL. II, No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1938

PRICE 10c

THE HODGE-PODGE PARTY



American Museum, Nov. 19th. On this night the Employees Benefit Association will hold its Fall Dance and Entertainment, for Museum Employees and their Family. It will be a Hodge-Podge Party which means you wear anything you want from evening clothes to costumes. Floor Show at 10:30 P. M. Those who feel the urge and have the ingenuity to make up and wear costumes will find it to their advantage as there will be 6 prizes given, 3 for women and 3 for men. Prizes are for "The most beautiful", "The funniest" and "The most original" costumes. Here is your chance to dig out that old curtain or those childrens clothes and make yourself a costume. A good orchestra has been engaged and there will be entertainment as well as the judging of the costumes. See Mr. Connors (ext. 209), or your department representative who will supply you with tickets. Appropriate 50 cents and join in the fun. We'll all be there The date, November 19th It's a Saturday The place, The American Museum of Natural History. For further information speak to Mr. O'Connor—Extension 320.

CREDIT UNION NEWS

Many members of the American Museum of Natural History Employees Federal Credit Union apparently do not realize that they can invest smaller amounts than five dollars, (the price of one share), at a time, in their shares accounts. It is true that in order to borrow money from the Credit Union, one must own at least one share, and pay a membership fee of twenty-five cents. However, it is not necessary to wait until one has another five dollars to spare before adding to the amount in his shares account. When a member is also a borrower, it is seldom possible for him to keep his interest paid up, make a payment on his loan, and buy even one more five-dollar share. But it is possible occasionally, if not every pay day, to pay 25 cents, 50 cents, or a dollar into shares. One member

who opened a shares account with ten dollars, when the Credit Union was first organized at the Museum, has had several loans. Each time she made a payment on the loan, she also paid one or two dollars into her shares account, and in this way has accumulated \$75.00.

It is a mistake to regard the A.M.N.H. Employees Federal Credit Union solely as an organization from which to borrow money. It is for every member to invest in as well as to borrow from. It was established to encourage thrift among its members, as well as to loan money for emergencies. Only if it performs both functions can it survive and become the real co-operative measure it was intended to be.

JOHN R. SAUNDERS, *Pres.*,
Federal Credit Union
American Museum of Natural History

FROM AN OUTSIDER'S VIEWPOINT

Museum employees are an adaptable group. You don't consider unusual to see the American Legion toot its way through the halls of the Museum, to slide through a long line of teachers from Oskaloosa bound for the Education Hall, or to wait while P.S. 65 collects its trays and cleans up. It is on the cafeteria the next day that you see the Seven foot Texans with ten gallies, the bearded gentlemen with far away looks, the farmer and his wife, and the travelling salesman. They form a varied scene in the Museum halls. They say that half the fun of life is the changing scene, and while the world passes on display before you, there are others who must join the Navy to see the world! We should join the Museum.

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Activities

We are glad to report the following additions to the ranks of membership in the organization:

Charles W. Bender
Arthur Heineman
Otto M. Lambert
Charles Russell
Harry L. Shapiro

The time is once more rolling around to think of elections for officers and trustees of the E.B.A. As you know elections take place at the annual meeting in January. However, we do have a nominating committee, whose duty it is to go into this matter carefully and present a slate for your consideration and vote. If you have any suggestions for them, now is the time to begin sending them in. The committee members are listed here for your benefit, and you may communicate with any one of them:

William Wright
James A. McKeon
Irene F. Cypher

NEWS ITEM

If any of you tennis enthusiasts are interested in keeping your equipment in good shape over the winter, we know a Museumite who wants to sell her racket-press. You can get her name by calling us up.

HOW TO KEEP FROM GROWING OLD.

1. Always drive fast out of alleys. You might hit a policeman. There's no telling.
2. Always race with locomotives to crossings. Engineers like it. It breaks the monotony of their jobs.
3. Always pass the car ahead on curves and on turns. Don't use your horn because it might unnerve the other fellow and cause him to turn out too far.
4. Demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights.
5. Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can even turn clear around.
6. Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather. Dry cleaners will erect a monument to your memory.
7. Never sound your horn on the road. Save it until late at night for a doorbell. Few homes have guns.
8. Always try to pass cars on hills when it is possible. It shows your bus has more power, and you can turn somewhere surely if you meet another car, at the top.
9. Take the shortest route around blind left hand turns. The other fellow can take care of himself if you can.
10. Never look around when you back up. There never is anything behind your car.
11. A few shots of booze will enable you to make your car do real stunts. For permanent results quaff often and deeply of the flowing bowl before taking the wheel.
12. Drive as fast as you can on wet pavements. There is always something to stop you if you lose control,—often a heavy truck or a plate glass window.
13. Never yield the road to the car behind. The driver may be a bootlegger being pursued.

14. New drivers should be shown how to drive fast in traffic. It gives them the experience every motorist should have.

15. Always speed! It looks as though you are a man of pep even though an amateur driver.

16. Never stop, look or listen at railroad crossings. It consumes valuable time and besides, nobody believes in signs.

17. In wet weather always drive in trolley tracks. It's smoother going.

YE GLEE CLUB

The Museum Glee Club is planning a fall and winter schedule of activity. This fall it is planned to have members study music reading and theory. Under the leadership of Joseph Coca, the Club was very active last year and took part in the winter dance and spring play. New members are being sought. It is open to any of the men in the various departments. The plans this fall offer a fine chance to get voice training and enjoy the Club's program. Those who are interested are asked to get in touch with Mr. Coca or Steve Klassen. Both are anxious to recruit a club of at least twenty-five male voices. If you are interested and do not know either Joe or Steve, ask someone how to reach them.

HELP WANTED

To those fellow workers who may be interested in getting better living quarters, we offer the following information, which appeared in a recent metropolitan newspaper (complete information will be supplied to those requesting it)

....th St.,....West. ATTRACTIVE ROOMS. Bath with twin beds, radio for three or more persons, Reduced rental. Weekly rates. Supt.

(No wonder they say the housing situation is acute!)

A Voice Heard 'Round The World



Marshal Montgomery, the greatest ventriloquist of all time, will be the headliner for the E.B.A. show on November 19th. Mr. Montgomery was a headliner long before the present vogue for ventriloquism came into being. He has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe, as well as many of the Presidents of the United States. "Teddy" Roosevelt really gave him his start when Montgomery gave a command performance which so pleased the President that Montgomery's fame became nationwide overnight. As a member of the secret service during the war, as an aide to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, as a prizefighter sponsored by Jim Corbett, as a world traveller appearing before royalty, and as the most famous of all ventriloquists in vaudeville days Montgomery has lived and experienced more in his lifetime than do any 10 other people. His

long run at the old Hammerstein Theatre after a world tour climaxed his career. "The theatre gets in the blood", they say, and Montgomery came out of retirement a few years back to find the vaudeville stage gone and radio sponsoring the Bergens of today. Through the medium of night clubs and hotels, Montgomery again attracted the attention of the press and public. Now the movies and radio are after him, and with his knowledge of what the public wants and a full bag of tricks up his sleeve Marshal Montgomery can no longer hide his light under a bushel. So don't fail to be there, with Marshal Montgomery the E.B.A. show can't fail to be a success. We also have been given to understand that our esteemed Dr. C. Howard Curran is going to present a Broadcast that night, right from the hall. (Come and find out what it's all about).

PAGING THE SURF CASTERS

Did any of you "Deep Sea Fishermen" ever see the news item to the effect that Avery H. Kimmel, a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, caught a 43-inch muscallonge in the St. Lawrence River near Morristown? Well it was right

there in print and we understand he has pictures to prove it. Why don't you get him to tell you about it someday.

FLASH

Raoul Nadeau, of Radio Fame will also render selections at our E.B.A. Dance on Nov. 19th.

THE GENTLE ART OF DANCING

Whether you're interested in dancing as a form of exercise or as a key to popularity—here is an opportunity to enjoy it at a bargain.

Though the Coordinating Council of the E.B.A. the Bassoe's Dance Studio of 66 Fifth Avenue is offering a special group rate for the course. With 20 people in the group the price is, per person, \$5.00 for 10 one-hour lessons, which is only half the regular rate. If there are less than 20 in the group a discount of 25% is given.

Mr. and Mrs. Bassoe will be remembered as the attractive couple who gave several exhibition ballroom dances at one of the first social functions of the E.B.A.

Anyone interested in taking advantage of this proposition should see Dorothy Edwards, Junior Natural History office.

INSIGHT

(After walking through the Deep Sea exhibit in our Hall of Ocean Life)
Somewhere the sea is calm,
Below the stirrings of the outer air
And underneath the pull of tides,
Below the weight within the creature's drag,
Below the range of naked, human sight—
Yet even in this tranquil deep
That rises from the ocean floor,
Life glides in sudden flashes
Along steep runways of bleaching death.

Anna R. Massey

NATURAL HISTORY (?)

It is interesting to note that there seems to be a future promise of a new habitat group or special exhibit for the Museum, according to the following footnote in the June "Natural History":—"Major William Robertson's Select Committee on the Conservation of Wild Life in the House of Representatives".

Tennis Results

Close to 75 Museumites watched with anxious joy the Tennis Championship finals played recently between Dominick Caggana and Dudley Vess in the west court and Mary Sallmon and Al. Greenwood in the east, having climbed to the top after three weeks of eliminations which the full match was required. Caggana and Vess were victorious, the final score being 6-4; 5-7; 8-6. Notable among the upsets were McDermott & W. Wright defeating L. Wright and Moore, 6-0; 7-5.

Those starting were:

Dudley Vess, Nick Caggana, Donald Barton, William H. Wright, Henry Ruof, Edward Burns, Lyda Wright, Bernard Moore, John McDermott, Frank Kerrigan, Frank Bacon, John McCormack, Arthur Naylor, George Decker, John Schmitt, Bailey Lewis, John Orth, Philip Duffy, Henry Voelmy, John Hackett, Charles Rose and Charles Federer, Jr. Al. Potenza, Dorothy L. Edwards, Mary Sallmon, Al. Greenwood.

This was the first time that such a tournament was ever attempted on the Museum Court and, with the exception of a few oversights at the start, waxed into a fairly accurate elimination series. Anyone who might have been interested enough to follow the progress of the Tennis players from the beginning, could thoroughly appreciate the improvements shown by our own enthusiasts.

This innovation on the part of the Administration is deeply appreciated by those who play and, in many instances by those who find recreation from the sidelines. 'Earlars' Murphy of the Storeroom was, by far the most perfect personification of 'Shadow' for, like that funny little fellow in the comic strip, he could get in anybody's hair without causing the least anger. Others who could be observed on the sidelines were, the old standbys Bob

Stitzel, Steve Murphy, Ben Falvey, Tony Cartossa, Bill Baker, George Schroth, and Pat Wallace. Dorothy Naylor, quietly rooting for Arthur and not saying a word; 'Boots' Wright, or Dorothy Edwards, between their scheduled matches, bringing lunches to Helen Willman, Betty Cotter. Others of the fair sex munching sandwiches and drinking milk or pop from containers or bottles. We suggest Miss Gillam erect a hot dog and lemonade stand next year.

Much credit for conducting this tournament goes to the following: for active, and doing a good lot of the details was Mr. Philip Duffy whose coolness and anxious desire for a fair elimination contest was made for much of the interest. To Al. Greenwood, Bill Wright and Ed. Burns, we are indebted for the proper layout and the drawing of byes etc.

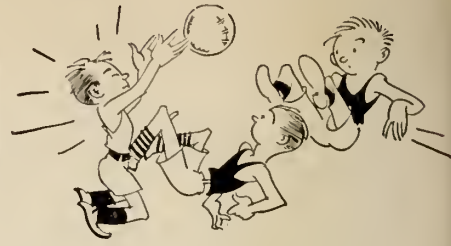
Those of us who are inclined to like athletics rejoice in the use of the courts and sincerely hope that, through the E.B.A. these activities will develop into steady recreation. We hope many more will join in these sports and see for themselves the fun which can be had.

NON-SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

Dr. Grace F. Ramsey, associate curator of the Department of Education is the author of a new book entitled "Educational Work of Museums in the United States," just published by H. W. Wilson and Co.

William H. Barton, executive curator of the Hayden Planetarium is co-author of a book "Starcraft" just published by McGraw-Hill.

Dr. William K. Gregory and Dr. Milo Hellman, who were in South Africa this summer making a study of casts and molds of *Australopithecus africanus*, received degrees of doctor of science from the University of Witwatersrand at Johannesburg for their contributions to anthropology and dental science.



Sports

Basketball:—

The boys would like to get a game going during the noon hour. Anyone who would like to play should get in touch with John Schmitt.

Football:—

Nov. 3. Coach Frank (Slip) Bacon reports that altho he is bringing the team along slowly pointing for later games on the schedule the "Turtles" defeated the Potenza coached "Polecats" at the Planetarium parking field by a score of 12 to 0 last Thursday. Look! Who's that down again? not Coach Bacon, Oh well, can't bench a coach.

Miscellaneous:—

We are not going to mention names but two of the Attendants stationed at the Presidents' Office are being considered for the "Kibitzer's Club". The boys claim this pair are the greatest second guessers in the Museum at handball, football, tennis and baseball. Altho they will never risk actual participation they know all the answers.

MERRIE ENGLAND

Going on vacations is one of our long, established customs. But not everyone can boast of having spent her vacation being right on the spot where history is being made as can our co-worker, Jean Wiedemer. Midst all the conferences and making of treaties during the European crisis in September, our undaunted Jean blitherfully visited the historic points of London and the Shakespearean country. She had two extra unexpected days to spend in London because of the cancellation of her ship's sailing. No, she firmly maintains she never once (Oh! Well, maybe just a wee bit,) was lost in a fog.



THE GRAPEVINE

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PRICELESS

Withheld From the Press

Dr. George Goodwin, a little hesitant about assuming the role of hero, tells of the young 10 year old Russian refugee crippled in both legs and one arm, whom he volunteered to take with him from Rome to Paris. This amazingly intelligent girl speaks Italian, French and English as well as her native Russian. Her blonde head shaven due to a high fever and her legs in braces, it was impossible for her to reach the Paris hospital unless someone were to take her. Dr. Goodwin took her via bus to the Imperial Airways Airport and then to Marseilles where the weather forced them down. After a short delay, the Nice Express took Dr. Goodwin and his ward to Paris, and the hospital for infantile paralysis. Dr. Goodwin seems to have a knack of helping refugees, for his experiences on the ship which brought him home are worth listening to. Orchids to you, George, for your continual help to those less fortunate.

* * *

When Howland Meyer flew down to Boonton, N. J., with Ware Lynch aboard, Don Carter was at the airport to meet them. Don has often expressed a wish to see his hometown from the air and Howland Meyer with the aid of a Stinson afforded him the opportunity. He says now it was, "a darn sight better than anything he ever saw," but his trip 400 miles up the Zambesi River in Northern Rhodesia would suit many a taste for beauty. Starting a little below the Victoria Falls the expedition "barged" up the river, 17 natives paddled, rowed, or

poled this mammal collecting expedition on their way. 4,950 mammals were collected although the Caffrarian Museum of King Williamstown will get half of the specimens. While in Barotseland they visited the Paramount Chief, Yeba 2nd. He told Don all about his trip to London to see the Coronation. The natives do a little telling too and relayed by him. Carter can tell you why Hippopotamii have no hair on their hide. A native legend states that one time hippo's had the most beautiful coat of any animal in the world. Then one day there was a big forest fire and all the animals but Jerry Hippo went into the river, but Jerry was too proud of his coat to get it wet. After a while it got so hot it singed the hair off this beautiful coat and Jerry had to jump into the river. Now he is so ashamed of himself that he just stays there. Don Carter says this isn't scientifically correct but the natives like it. Don didn't miss the E.B.A. Dance much this year, he says, because the natives showed him a new "towel dance" which sounds pretty exciting. How about a demonstration at the next E.B.A. dance, Don?

* * *

Richard Archbold, Research Associate in Mammalogy, and leader of the New Guinea Expedition sent a story to the newspapers to the effect that the expedition had obtained kangaroos that climbed trees and rats three feet long. Now ordinarily such a report would arouse interest and bring acclaim to Mr. Archbold.

(Continued on page 2)

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. ACTIVITIES

The Annual Meeting of the Employees' Benefit Association was held on Tuesday, January 10th, and the following slate of officers elected for the coming year:

President—Bernard Moore
Vice-President—Stephen J. Klassen
Treasurer—Fred H. Smyth
Secretary—Lucy W. Clausen
Directors; Edward A. Burns
George Tauber
George C. Vaillant

DIRECTORS

The Board of Directors now consists, therefore, of the following members:

Walter F. Meister, *Chairman*
Edward A. Burns George Tauber
Irene F. Cypher George C. Vaillant
Wayne M. Faunce Patrick Wallace
John R. Saunders William H. Wright

The following employees of the Museum have also been elected to membership in the E.B.A.:

Annette Bacon Robert Marston
Rudolf Freunee Madeline Scanlon
Carlton E. McKinley

PAGING OLYMPUS

We have always had the highest regard for Dr. Nelson. In fact he stands pretty near the top on our list, and he went a few steps higher the other day by proving that he had a sense of humor—for he showed us the following excerpt from a letter he had: "Dear Dr. N....., [personal remarks omitted] I have always looked up to anthropologists and archaeologists. In fact I must admit, rather sheepishly perhaps, that I almost believe them half-gods, half-men." (This is printed with some misgivings, for our anthropologists might read it and get ideas!)

Withheld From the Press (Cont.)

Down in Tennessee, however, an editorial with flaming headlines cried, "Heaven Forbid, No!" and went on to say that if a pair of these three foot rats should escape and breed in the United States a fate worse than death would await us all. No word was said about tree-climbing kangaroos or what would happen if they, too, should breed here. We can assure the Tennessee paper that no such calamity will happen. Lest the Museum bring down another Orson Wells panic.

Dr. G. H. H. Tate gives us this news that never reached the papers: It seems there were two kinds of men that went on the Phelps-Venezuela Expedition. The ultra-exclusive-dress-for-dinner-"shavers" and the lower type of man, the "non-shaver." The shaver, obviously the man who shaves every day including his head as well as his face in the process, keeps cool, clean and collected. Also he is the man who is a "traditional-shaver" or one who does not feel right otherwise. Then the "non-shaver" is the man who, obviously, doesn't touch a hair. The expedition was in the field for 4 months. Theory of not shaving embraces the old idea that it keeps you warm, free from insects, and is much easier. Jim Dillon, who we hear straddled the fence and shaved just now and then, says that his existence was much the happier one. Tom Gilliard was a non-shaver. Mr. Wm. H. Phelps was a non-shaver and Wm. F. Coultas was a shaver. Anyone that would like to get a first hand impression of a 4 months job of *NOT* shaving will find various photographs on file in the Museum. Suggestions as to the advantages or disadvantages of shaving while in the field will be gratefully received by the editor.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—The Membership Department reports to us that at one time they had two hand trucks, Nos. 35-A and 35-B. Said trucks have not been seen in that department for some time, and they would greatly appreciate any assistance anyone might be able to give towards locating them. If you have information which might prove helpful in this matter, just call the Membership Dept. and they will send someone to follow up the clue.

Sports Page

The activities in the line of sports are varied here in this institution. For example, we have ice skating (when the boys aren't playing hockey); then we have those demons of the dart over in the power house; then, too, if you can call it a sport, every lunch hour finds several enthusiastic checker games in progress. The chess fans are busy in the men's room since Max Wagner started seeking an opponent. There hasn't been much news from the badminton court in the Planetarium but we presume they are still 'batting it out'.

This being the first issue of the year resolutions are still in order:

Be it hereby resolved that we the people (sports?) duly appreciate the action taken by the Trustees and Administrative Staff (Good Sports) by their restoration of our salary contributions for 1938.

Also a vote of thanks for permission to provide a skating rink for our pleasure and recreation, with a palm going to Mr. Faunce for his wholehearted support of the project and to Messrs. Johnson, Kinzer, Ramshaw, the various members of the 'Custodians' and Mechanics' Depts., and to lastly but by no means least to Tom Gilliard who nominated himself as a sort of rink caretaker, and a good one too, often coming back after hours to flood our pond.

At this time, it's difficult to produce any definite scores from any of the many sports activities. However, casual observance here and there reveal some startling revelations. Now, take for instance Irene Cypher scrambling around on the ice trying to act nonchallant just before a 'Board Meeting'. Then, too, our eyes were opened when Ernest Dieke, of the Planetarium Staff began his figure skating. He is available for instructions any time there is ice in the yard. 'Phone him if you're interested. Miss Wilmann cuts a sweet figure on the ice,

notice her? Many other ice enthusiasts are to be seen availing themselves of this new found sport. We could mention a score or more at this point but feel that some attention should be given to the hockey teams. Although they have not taken definite sides as yet, it does seem that a true rivalry between some of the players is taking form. We cite:—

The first hockey game of the season was between Gilliard's Bears and Kerr's All-Stars in which Captain Gilliard, taking the puck from center, succeeded in sinking the



Why so serious Jack?

first goal in the first minute and a half of play, jumping between Orth and Lang. This advantage lasted for a short time, however, as Captain Kerr quickly seized an opportunity and, after a little rough going, tied the score with a very pretty shot. We must say that Bacon was exceptionally good at times especially when he had the support of his team. All in all there were some fine flashes of hockey on the part of both teams and it looks as if the boys may lead to a few outside games. The final on that particular game was a tie 4-4. We are looking to seeing George Decker in the line up for the next game as we see he can play a nice game of hockey. What do you say George?

Over Power house way, George Tauber seems to be having a difficult time passing Andy's scores. While visiting them recently we noticed that Mr. Todd has a very keen

(Continued on page 7)

Queer Queries

Many members of our scientific staff receive the strangest letters!—ranging from odd questions to offers to sell ancient Norwegian washboards, water from the Johnstown flood and Rip Van Winkle horseshoes to the Museum. The following excerpts come from Dr. Brown's and Dr. Andrew's "Believe It Or Not" files.

One gentleman ungallantly asks:

"Please write and let me know if there are any women and thunder storms at the South frigid zone or South pole."

Definitely, no! We like him too well ourselves.

"I am a student at New Utrecht High School and as reptiles is a part of my studies I would appreciate it very much if you will send me the "Curator of Fossil Reptiles."

Whaddayecallums?

"Please answer the following questions. I know that a male brontosaur is called a rooster, but what is a female called? And the young? Are they Chicks? And a herd of brontosaurs? Are they a flock? A bevy?"

We've always known that Dr. Brown could reconstruct the prehistoric past—but to have created it too!

To Dr. Brown, **Creator** of Fossil Reptiles American Museum of Natural History."

Should we enlist the services of the Insect Department to "exterminate" the ghosts?

"Gentlemen: At the above house there are spirits roaming around. What can you do about it?"

Step right up ladies and gentlemen and see the living pin cushion! Or what to do with a unusual husband—

"... My Husband—a good, fine man—had an awful sickness and when he came out of it, he had no sense of feeling. You can stick pins, needles or any sharp object in him and he just laughs. He is a lot of help to me around the grocery store and I hate to lose him, but this is my idea. Put him in a sort of cage in one of your rooms and let

(Continued on page 8)

The Social Whirl

Should you see Mr. William Wolfe backing around corners—don't get excited—gumshoe William found one typewriter, lost ten years—no cap, no pipe, no magnifying glass.

Walter Meister, the bone-crusher, has tickets for all the wrestling bouts. He goes to everyone of them. He knows all the holds. . . . look out, ladies!

Robert Siebert closed his ledger one noon-day only to discover that his lunch had disappeared. Believe it or not, the sandwich turned up in the safe, between the pages of the ledger where he had left it ? ? ? ?

There's a party every day in the Administration file room. If you like cake and candies, breeze in some time.

Anyone losing a cap, hat or vest, etc., see No. 1-G-man, Paul Richard. . . the Fabric King. . . mounting threads on slides for the microscope fits him for looking for lost treasures. Brush the long hairs off your shoulders, gents.

Sir Edward Wilde has just added a new teacup and saucer to his collection of old China and antique furniture. Sir Edward says cut glass is coming back.

Girls, take a look at Miss Edith Marks' new hat. Snappy and cute, we all say.

Dr. Geo. Valliant is still king of put-and-take. Has a million of 'em all from Mexico.

Adolphe Menjou may be the best dressed guy in the movies but we have him stopped. Ed Meyenberg has all the latest secrets on fashions. Look him over when next you see him. Also ask him the trick about his 30 gallons of hard cider that turned into vinegar. Invite him to your kitchen, ladies. . . Ed's bowl and spoon all in one.

Did you all see Fred Smyth doing the Lambeth Walk at Bushell's party? On Fred's next trip over the pond, he's going to look for a new figure dance.

Joseph Schoeffler has more merchandise in his desk than you can find in the 5 and 10c store. Ask him for a thimble and he'll find a monkey wrench.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

Hiawatha ought to drop in on Bob Coles some day to learn the "art of the bow and arrow." Walking into his office the other day on a prosaic matter of business we were greatly surprised at seeing Bob posed at the window with drawn bow taking aim at Dr. Valliant and Paul Richard of Anthropology. Evidently a scientific institution does have its lighter moments.

The Younger Generation

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Federer announce the arrival of a son, Charles A., the 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bogert are also justifiably proud parents since January 26th when their daughter Dareth was born.

We are glad to see that Helen Voter is once again able to get around—even though it still is a painful and slow process hobbling along on one foot.

Granted, this is an institution where ingenuity is given its just due but where oh, where did Frank Bacon ever get the idea for his latest pastime—playing "screwy" jokes on his co-workers.

The medal for non-chalance is unanimously awarded to Dr. Grace F. Ramsey. Upon receiving a check for \$100.00 as first prize in a photographic contest she made light of it saying that several of her pictures *happened* to be entered and one of them apparently met with the approval of the judges. The prize was given upon the basis of composition, shading, depth of focus, and detail. Taken with a Contax 1, F. 3.5 lens the scene is a view between two cornices of two Mayan nunneries.

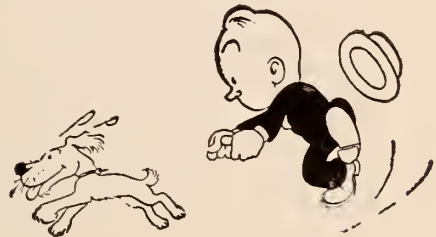
But as so often happens, Dr. Ramsey lost no time in using the check, plus turn-in value, plus \$\$\$\$\$ in order to become the proud owner of a new Contax 2, F. 2 lens capable of shots at 1/1250 second.

Using our nose for news we unearthed this bit of information which we wager you didn't know—that Harry Hawkins was at one time

a full-fledged jockey. Ask him to show you his cap, suit and whip sometime.

We understand that Steve Murphy's office boy is very cute, but bashful. Steve will be glad to introduce him to everyone, if they will just call at the office any day.

One of our spies noticed an interesting article in the American Woman's Association News Bulletin. He cannot recall the exact wording of said article, but assures us it went somewhat as follows: "Dramatic Group Presents New Play—. . . Members will find the play a wonderful diversion, worth the price of admission just to see our own Frank Rinald give a marcelle, manicure and finger wave, all in the course of the evening!" (What now little man? Don't you think you had better start explaining—our own Frank.)



Everytime a stray dog sees Ben Connolly coming down the street it runs away. Reason—Ben is an addict of the frankfurter, and may be seen every day at lunch time at Joe's Hot Dog Stand on 77th Street. We suggest calling him Frankfurter Franklin.

Dick Howland found \$150 in the Planetarium, and received the munificent reward of \$1.00. That's what we call high finance.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Administration, due to a general curtailment of expenditures, has discontinued the free distribution of Natural History Magazine to Employees. However, Employees may subscribe at the reduced rate of \$2.40 per year.

Subscriptions will be accepted at the Membership Department.

Hobbies Meet

Though public interest in hobbies merely as hobbies seems to be declining, real hobbies continue to play their time honored part in human lives quite unabated and unaffected by publicity. As true expressions of individuality, they should be sharply distinguished from fads and, while fads are born only to die, a true, honest to goodness hobby is killed off by nothing short of the extreme poverty, illness or death of its devotee.

Fortunately, we who conduct this column of the Grapevine are not qualified to pass judgement on the relative merits of the particular museum hobbies we unearth. Our aim is only to help the museum personnel toward a more complete understanding of itself and it's up to the reader to decide whether this is for better or for worse.

Getting down to cases at last, the first name that greets us is Edward A. Burns, 'the print shop boss'. That he is an excellent printer has been common knowledge for low these many years, but how many of us have a mental picture of Burns as a builder of miniature ships? This, however, has been his chief passtime for a long while, and we have learned on good authority that he is a 'hum dinger' at the job. What's more, he is also an amateur horticulturist as well as a collector of books and first day covers.

Dr. Willard G. Van Name needs no introduction to us as a well known invertebrate zoologist and ardent conservationist. But believe it or not, he's a very able figure skater as well, though he modestly admits that he falls somewhat short of the Sonya Henie class.

James P. Wilson, famed for his landscapes and back grounds in Akley Hall and elsewhere, has two hobbies which color his daily thoughts as much if not more so than his painting. These are amateur astronomy and photography, in both of which pursuits he has attained professional skill. He also

is doing his best to raise punning to a fine art, both by punning himself and encouraging others to do likewise. But, as the writer of this column has learned from sad experience, they've gotta be good to come up to his standard.

Last but not least, let it be said that Charles H. Coles, our brilliant chief photographer, is also an amateur astronomer of conspicuous ability. In addition to this, he has recently become an enthusiastic frequenter of exotic wining and dining establishments. It is his proud boast that he will never rest until he has visited every foreign restaurant in Greater New York.

If you have or know of any museum hobbies, please inform the GrapeVine.

INTRODUCING —

Dr. Richard E. Blackwelder, Assistant Curator of Coleoptera of the department of entomology. Dr. Blackwelder comes to us from California, Leland Stanford University. En route he has spent a year doing research in the National Museum, three years as holder of the Walter Rathbone Bacon Travelling Scholarship with two of these years spent in the West Indies studying the Staphylinidae (a family of beetles resembling earwigs and which are found chiefly upon decaying vegetation and animal materials.)

Since everyone is hobby-conscious these days we asked the conventional question of Dr. Blackwelder who replied without a moments hesitation, "well, entomology is my hobby as well as my work." Upon more intensive questioning, however, he admitted to a moderate interest in collecting pennies, street car tokens and marine shells.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Nothing Comes From Doing Nothing"

Sports Page (Cont.)

eye. When he points that dart at 'S' it hits. Among the sharp shooters, we can include Neil MacCallum, Herman Neuman and Oscar Shine (who should shine better than he?).

Oh, yes, what happened to our Pistol Club? At one time we thought this could be anticipated as a really representative club for competition purposes. They seem to be competing for the prize as most inactive! What happened to them? If you still exist, send some scores to the Editor for the next issue.

Now to mention that invigorating sport, checkers. It seems that for the last several months Fred Weir has been looking for an easy partner. Everybody seems to have him buffaloed. It appeared that Fred met just that person when Ben Falvey walked into the room one gloomy lunch hour, but alas, Fred is still looking. Vic Badaracco is one of those who delight in playing Ben. Ben is in many senses of the word a 'sport'.

Well, if you have read this article and think it's fair, thanks. However, if you read it and think it's terrible, then find some good material yourself and send it in. Believe us, when we say this is the toughest place to get copy. By the way, there's another edition coming out in a month. Let's have some sport activities. For instance, we hear that John Corcoran is quite a basketball player, or is it football? Maybe we can have a basketball team. The Coordinating Committee has been working for it. Why not cooperate with them if you want it? Guess that's all for now. See you next issue.

NOTICE

Any of the members wishing to purchase Sporting Goods may take advantage of a 25% discount at A. G. Spalding & Bro. 105 Nassau Street, N.Y.C. by mentioning the Museum Sports Department.

A FUNNY FISH STORY

(From Funny River, Alaska)

Fred Mason (Preparation Dept.) loves fishing. He had been told that fishing would be great in those Alaskan waters. But no matter what bait Fred used, he would always return to camp "sans fish". He said that the river was full of large salmon—he could see them by the hundreds, yet, they would not bite. This would drive him wild. So, one night due to sheer desperation, Fred donned his boots, and provided with a pen-knife went wading. After a few moments of struggling, he returned to camp very much elated over the large catch. He told everyone they would cook it immediately and have fish for a change. But upon close examination Fred discovered that his catch was not fit to be consumed. The salmon was spawning and ready to die.

(Now we ask you is that sportsmanship?)

Fred (the same Fred of the fish story) was continually ribbing Mr. Rockwell for firing three shots to kill a cow moose, to make sure of the kill. But here's a secret folks—it took our Fred five shots to kill his caribou. This accounts for all the shooting these last few nights in our Rifle Range.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

The Grapevine is published once a month for the employees of the American Museum of Natural History. Its aim is to foster the mutual interests of all employees, to bring to their attention items of museum interest, and to promote a feeling of friendliness and cooperation.

The columns of this paper are open to receive items of employee news, cartoons, suggestions for improvement, stories or articles or any information that might prove helpful, beneficial or just plain interesting to us all. The Editorial Staff will welcome contributions, and they may be addressed to The Grapevine, or left in Room 209 of the School Service Building or at the Mail Desk on the 5th Floor. It is your paper and we ask your assistance.

CREDIT UNION NEWS

In 1938, seventy-seven new members were received into the American Museum of Natural History Employees' Federal Credit Union, making a total of 279. In the three years since its organization, members have paid into shares accounts, the sum of \$23,163.55, and have received loans amounting to \$111,307.30.

The directors are particularly gratified that so many employees are using the Credit Union as a means of saving money, and not simply as a source of borrowing. A constantly increasing number of members are regularly paying .25 cents, .50 cents, \$1.00, or more, into shares, when they make payments on their loans. Another good practice is for a member who has been paying regularly on a loan, when his loan is paid up, to pay the same amount into savings that he has been paying on his loan. This seems like an easy plan for getting the saving habit started.

John Saunders, President.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING HAM

Walter Joyce the Museum plumber, sometime ago, (a Friday mind you) was expecting a large ham to be sent to him at the Museum. He never received it, but instead received the bill for the ham a few days later. In the interim, the ham was in Dick Joyce's locker. He could not understand why anyone should want to give him a ham. Dick Joyce has been getting into Walter Joyce's hair anyway. Let alone the ham. For instance:—A basket of assorted liquor was raffed off for New Years'. At the drawing, the name of Joyce was called as the winning ticket. Well, Walter Joyce, very much excited stepped up and said "Well, I told you so". You fellows won't get a drop". But, much to his disappointment the stub he held and the winning ticket did not jibe. Sure enough Dick Joyce held the winning stub!

(Gosh, doesn't that get a guy sore).

ADIOS, FRANK

On January 10, 1939 Mr. Bushell was given a fare-well party by some of his co-workers. After 38 years of service in the employ of the Museum F.X. has decided to rest on his laurels and enjoy the fruits of retirement. As a result of the mental machinations and deftness with pen and brush of several artists, Mr. Bushell was given a handsome brochure profusely illustrated (graphically and poetically) containing the signatures of his many friends.

It was a wonderful party and a good time was had by all.

A WHALE OF A STORY

One day a museum attendant was approached by a woman visitor, who said, "I should like to tell you what a wonderful Museum this is. However, there is one thing that I should like to know, as I intend to explain all about this visit to my nephew back home in the West."

Our attendant gallantly offered his services in the quest for information. The lady pointed up to the sulphur bottom whale and said, "I know it is made out of rubber, but for heaven's sake, how do you blow it up?"

Queer Queries (Cont.)

the visitors stick pins in him at twenty-five cents each. This will be, I know, a big money-maker for you Museum people and for me, as I would, of course, expect a certain percentage. I know the public will flock to see this human pin cushion. Let me hear from you quick, as I know you will never regret it. . . . P. S. He has a fine appetite and will eat anything."

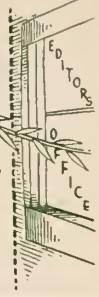
Now don't tell us that the cry of "The Shadow" rang through those primeval forests!

"Dear Sir:—We desire photographic prints of drawings or art restorations of thunder lizards and swamp-dwellers of Mesozoic Time; of the carnivorous dinosaurs of Paleocene time such as Tyrannosaurus Rex; of the *horrid* Coryphodons whose fossil remains are found"



THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



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MARCH, 1939

PRICELESS

Heigh-Ho! Come To The Fair!

Grover Whalen may have his World's Fair, but the members of the Employees' Benefit Association are going to a Fair of their own, with a lot less worry and just as much fun, a Spring Fair on April 15th from 9 p. m. to 2 a. m.! We don't expect 50 million visitors from Europe, Asia, the south sea isles and other points north, south, east and west, but we do want a record crowd made up of our Museum people and friends.

Several members of the administrative and scientific staffs are organizing groups of friends for dinner parties before coming to the dance and we believe this is such an excellent idea to get in the mood for a gala evening that we pass the suggestion along to you and your friends.

Frank Murphy will be glad to supply you with table reservations (he can be reached on extension 207) and Emil Berg is at your immediate service with the ticket supply, —

you'll have lots of fun at 50c per person.

Neil McCallum is working hard and long as the head of his committee to find a nimble orchestra and good professional entertainment for you.

Miss Margaret Fish and Miss Preston will see that the hungry ones among you are well-fed. Mrs. Ethel Timonier and Otto Eckolm intend to surround us with breezy decorations and atmosphere of springtime (without daffedils) and Ed Burns will supply his usual artistic programs. Posters and messages of great importance will soon appear at the instigation of Dr. Harold Vokes. Miss Dorothy Edwards has her steady and experi-

enced hands on all widespread activities as head of the coordinating Dance Committee. All of the committee members are working hard **FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT** — show your appreciation and interest in the Museum's social activities by attending the **SPRING FAIR!**



JUMP A LITTLE HIGHER GIRLS! Dorothy Naylor, Helen Wilmann, Betty Ertel, and Mary Ford are reaching high, wide and handsome for the first tickets to the Spring Fair Dance which Ed Berg (Chairman of the ticket committee) is holding above their heads.

THE GRAPEVINE

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A 1939 FAIRY TALE COME TRUE

Contrary to general opinion that fairy tales are confined solely to books we wish to cite proof against this erroneous belief. Once upon a time (to keep in character with the story) the Bookshop was so situated in one of the main thoroughfares of the Museum, that the casual passerby felt impelled to stop, look and inevitably buy. Then it was moved to another location, which, while still very inviting was somewhat off the beaten path.

Then it came to pass one day, several weeks ago, that two modest and soft-spoken ladies visited the shop. During the course of conversation with Mrs. Mack and Miss Warren they ventured to express their opinion—namely they felt the shop should be in a more conspicuous place. To this Mrs. Mack readily agreed but cited as the obstacle the fact that a goodly sum was unfortunately necessary to finance the proposed decorating and moving of the establishment. After browsing about a bit more, they inquired about the sum involved and then quietly took their leave.

Then followed a period during which letters fairly winged their way between here and Great Barrington where they were snowed in. Upon their return to the city they invited Mrs. Mack to dinner with the purpose of presenting her with a certified check for the amount needed to re-establish the Bookshop in its original corner.

And so, let there be no doubt in your mind that the days of fairy tales are still in existence.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Well Done Is Better Than Well Said"

Social Whirls

Hobby collectors, look up Miss Sally Pyle, just returned from Havana and Nassau. She is stuck with a lot of Cuban money; will exchange. Sally met Brenda Frazier and some swell gentlemen. Boo-hoo!

Hans Adamson is the daddy of radio broadcasting. We suggest he carry a pocket set so we can hear him at all times.

What goes around a button hole? Lucy Clausen picks up nuts of all kinds and makes buttons. Look out, Bellevue! Lucy may visit you soon. Button, button, who has???

We have a long-distance walker in one Mrs. Ella Ransom, just returned after spending three days at Atlantic City, where she walked and walked and walked. Where Ella was going we cannot find out. The Salvation Army should get a lot of worn-out dogs.

Don't call Doc Curran "Charlie". If you do he will put on his war paint and mow you down (Canadian Army, World War, fly chaser; enough references). He prefers "Howard."

"Please put me to work where my hair grows back," cries Harry Farrar, Foreman mason.

Notice the Foreman Painter's working clothes. George W. Coughlin, the Foreman Painter—antiques is his hobby—girls, take a look at his hat. Get the idea?

Jake (Gravy) Shrope misses all the gravy shots at pool. Jake blames it on his two-trip sea voyage going to and coming from Staten Island every day. He says it makes him dizzy.

Ask Herman Mueller why he was made a member of the Put-and-Take Club. Herman will answer "choanocytes". Look it up folks.

Ann Schafer is collecting lamps. We understand she is walking around the house all night with a new sun lamp. Says it's a cold, but Ann likes biscuits.

E. B. A. MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Very shortly you will receive via the mail cards which are being issued to all members of the E.B.A. Printing and distribution of these cards was decided upon at a recent meeting of the Directors of the E.B.A. It is felt that they will supply a much needed means of identification for the members of this organization. Steps are also being taken to provide another use for them and complete information on this, we hope, will be ready for you in the April issue of the Grapevine.

St. Patrick and the Irish

RICHARD HOLLAND

Almost two thousand years have passed since the Redeemer of mankind ascended to his heavenly home from the Mount of Olives; and on that occasion He addressed the following words to his disciples: "Go ye forth and teach all nations." Nearly five hundred years after, the Master addressed the same words to a lowly shepherd boy on the dreary but beautiful hillsides of Ireland. That lowly shepherd was none other than the saintly Patrick, the future redeemer of the Irish race.

Patrick is honored in every land under the sun on March 17th as the apostle of Ireland. It is an undying name, ploughed into the history of three continents. Looking back across the centuries, we see the youthful Patrick herding his sheep, for he was a captive and a slave. Patrick was not an Irishman; he was brought to Ireland by the Pirate King Niall from the coast of France. He later escaped to his native land and from there journeyed to Rome resolved to bring Christianity back to the Irish whom he learned to love with a deep devotion. On his arrival in the Eternal City after due preparation he laid the matter before the supreme Pontiff, Pope Celestine, from whom he received in the year 432 A. D. his commission to evangelize Ireland.

Again we find him in Ireland, this time, instead of the shepherds crook, he carries the Crozier of a Bishop. He thought and worked in heroic mould and his achievements were on a giant scale. He transformed that island from an abode of paganism to a land of Saints and Scholars. Ireland, in the years that followed, won for itself the proud title of the "University of Europe." Tapers of learning were lighted throughout the land and students from all parts of the known world journeyed to this isolated western isle. The Irish Monks were keen students of the classics. When their wanderlust took them across the seas they founded schools throughout the continent of Europe. They kept the sacred flame of learning in a blaze, the reflection of which can still be seen in the institutions of learning in Europe to this day.

But lo, in the distance hovered the dark clouds of persecution which were soon to overtake this happy people; long and much they suffered as a result of their devotion to the teachings of St. Patrick which prepared them for the long and tedious journey they were destined to pursue. With the freedom of religious worship banned at home, the Irish nobility with their inherent marshal spirit crossed the seas and distinguished themselves in the armies of

Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, making the Irish name illustrious on all its battlefields. "For on far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

And now a new hope dawns in the great land of the west, the smoldering fire that was lighted by Patrick blazed anew and the Irish exile knelt and prayed without molestation. But this new peace, and freedom was soon to be threatened, but patriots arose and denounced the decrees of the tyrant; prominent amongst them were the Irish exiles and their sons, seventeen of whom signed the Declaration of Independence. They shared Washington's sufferings at Valley Forge and cheered his victory at Yorktown. High on the roll of fame are such names as: Brig. Gen. Richard Montgomery, the first to fall in battle; Commodore John Barry, father of the American Navy; Gen. (Mad) Anthony Wayne; Gen. Moylan, Major Sullivan, who fought and won the first battle of the Revolution, Generals Stuart, Knox, Thompson, Irvine, Hand, Stark, Butler, Molly Pitcher the heroine of Monmouth and Count Dillon who commanded the French at Yorktown were all Irish.

Again in 1861 the green flag of St. Patrick is seen flying alongside the Stars and Stripes over the legions of Meagher and Coreoran. An English observer at the battle of Fredericksburg writes thus: "Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. The bodies, which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence of what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields."

Very truly Colonel Donovan called Father Duffy the real Colonel of the 69th Regiment and he might have added "A true disciple of St. Patrick." Who can read of Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne, without thinking of the fighting priest and such others as Donovan, McCoy, Meany, Anderson and Moynahan. Theirs was the faith and courage preached by Patrick on the hill of Tara fifteen hundred years ago, and it was the faith of Washington as he knelt at Valley Forge. Let it continue to be ours, that "The Star Spangled Banner in triumph may wave o're the land of the free and to home of the brave."

Withheld From the Press

One piece of news that surely will not appear in press releases on the new Panda Group in Asiatic Hall is one about the many trials and tribulations of Joe Guerry. Before the last "Okay" is given and the glass fitted on a new exhibit, many things occur. Joe has been working on the Panda Group for some time and there is a general feeling that he may be left in the case for general effect when it is sealed up. Last week Joe was way up in the mountains in the left hand corner of the group putting a finishing touch on an unruly bamboo stalk and completely hidden from view when two venturesome visitors got behind the screens and gazed at the group.

"It's lousy!" said one. "I could do better with my watercolor set and my eyes blindfolded." The other one looking more carefully and sensing danger said, "I think it looks unusually lifelike and what's more I could *suear* I just saw something move!" That's all Joe heard for by then his bare face was hanging out and the two had hurriedly left for less active exhibits. There's a little bit of the whimsy about Guerry. "I was riding North to paint the background for the muskeg swamp" starts Fred Mason. From then on the dignity of our Museum artist was lost for Fred had trouble with a bull Moose. It seems the "guide" was not a guide but a "hoss-wrangler" and didn't have a gun. And it seems that when they saw that old Moose staring them in the face Fred tossed his .45 to the "guide" and started to take pictures. "The old fellow came towards us tho', circling around and making funny grunting noises but I just kept taking pictures," said Fred. "As he came nearer we both realized that something was wrong and the guide yelled out, 'Let's get out of here, he thinks you're a she.' I didn't think I looked much like a cow Moose, but if the bull thought I did that was enough for me, and we turned around and raced away with that Moose hot on my trail. The guide couldn't shoot him because I was between him and the Moose. But when the Moose got up to windward of me he must have smelled turpentine and oil paints for he stopped short and beat it off just as fast as he'd come!"

Fred says the reason why it took him five shots to kill his Moose was because the guides have a ruling all their own. You fire one shot across his bow to stop him, one across his stern to keep him there and the rest to kill him. Also Fred says that the Grapevine got the fish story wrong. The salmon he shot may have been spawning but it was a "dog-salmon" and bit him first.

Last Fall, Gardell Christensen, Perry Wilson and George Petersen were out in the Grand Canyon Camp on the Yellowstone River to collect some

❖ grizzly bear for the North American Hall. "Chris" tells us that they had to wait three days to shoot grizzlies although they saw them every day. For the tourist the bears are allowed in the Camp to eat from the refuse pile while the tourist season was still on. Now if the Museum representatives had shot a bear that was placidly eating before an awed group of tourists it would have brought disgrace indeed upon our heads. Imagine some person in later years standing before the grizzly group turning to a companion and saying, "I saw them shoot that bear while eating from a garbage pile!" The first bear they saw was the night that Chris and George had found excitement at the General Store and on their way home noticed people running down the street with a grizzly in hot pursuit. They hurried back to their cabin to tell Perry Wilson about it, for Perry had never been West before, and after awakening him they peeked out of the cabin door which they had closed in a hurry, for the bear was five feet away and looking in their direction. All this may lead you to believe that our friends had an unlucky trip but a beautiful group of four grizzlies are being mounted now thanks to Chris, Peter and George. And in all they had a much more comfortable time of it than did Chris on his Alaskan goat-hunting expedition unpublished incidents of which will be in the Grapevine in the next issue.

SWING

We realize that swing is the popular rhythm of this age but the Grapevine would like to call to the attention of all its readers that there is a time and a place for everything, and swing does not belong to revolving doors. If you were to stand at the subway entrance to the Museum of a morning and watch the people coming through the turnstiles and the revolving doors, one fact would soon become apparent. The majority seem to be interested in getting through said doors as fast as possible, and they never stop to look back to see how long it is before the person immediately after them has to wait before he dares to venture through. Just a gentle push will cause these doors to turn, and if they are given a really hard turn the next person going through is quite likely to get his ankle or elbow caught, and a nasty bruise results. Courtesy and thoughtfulness are still appreciated in this world, and we ask you to join our campaign for slower motion for revolving doors. Think it over, and we are sure you will agree with us.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

We are not mentioning any names - but would the initials H.O. mean anything when connected with the following story? It seems that due to the wear and tear on the cement in front of the basement elevator landing, orders were given to have it re-cemented. Just as one of the masons was putting the finishing touches to this masterpiece some one playfully inserted a penny in the still-soft cement. You've no idea how much fun could be had by observing how many unsuspecting people bent down to try to pick up this lowly coin. And did they feel silly when they realized it was firmly anchored.

But lo! the other morning it disappeared and while we're not actually mentioning any names do you suppose H.O. really did pry it loose?

If you want to meet Foxy Grandpop, go to the Mail Desk and ask for Mr. John McGraw.

For the *information of Mike Beeth* "Dingh at to" in Gaelic means "I understand"

This is printed as a gentle reminder, and is for the ears and eyes of Dr. Andrews alone. We have been asked to remind him that March 17th is St. Patrick's Day, and it would be best for him to leave his car at home. It will save time and trouble.

We have often wondered why Messers. Somerville, Phillburn and Joyce were rummaging around the large waste cans at the incinerator every morning, and now we have the answer - stamp collecting!! (Page the hobby hounds.)

Recently at one of the usual three o'clock gatherings of the attendants down at the cafeteria, where everything is discussed from photography to the Einstein theory, the subject under discussion happened to be the well known E.B.A. and during a heated argument over E.B.A. activities the Spring Dance was mentioned. One of the attendants turned to Bernie Moore and in all sincerity asked him, "Did you ever attend one of our E.B.A. dances?" For a minute Bernie looked at him, and then in a very dignified manner replied, "Young man, if it means anything to you, I am the president of the E.B.A.!"

Mrs. Edward Ross, the former Ethel Olsen of the Department of Entomology, is now the proud mother of Beverly. Congratulations may also be sent to Grandpa Olsen who has been going around with a smile which is completely ineradicable.

Our writer who so generously contributed the article about the Patron Saint of Ireland informs us that his name is H-O-I-L-A-N-D and not Howland,

as appeared in the last issue of the Grapevine, and furthermore, the dollar reward he received for returning the \$150.00 he found was NOT a U.S. dollar at all, but a Canadian dollar and he received only 98c at the present rate of exchange. Sorry about the typographical error, Dick, but we can't do anything about the 98c-dollar.

We are not mentioning any names, but we wish to offer as the latest of "Famous Last Words" the following: "I wouldn't be so particular only this is for the Director".

By the way, if you read your New Yorker, be sure to look in the issue for March 4th. In the "Profile" section of that issue is a very nice write up about our Dr. Frank Chapman. Write-ups like this only confirm our opinion, which we have always had, that he is a pretty fine man.

Notice: E. Thomas Gilliard is the proud author of his first American Museum *Novitates*, No. 1016, on "*A New Race of Gellaria excelsa from Venezuela.*"

BUY SELL OR EXCHANGE COLUMN

It has been suggested to us that many Museumites have articles of sundry and varied nature that they would like to sell or exchange for something else. Too late we ourselves have heard of an offer that we would have been glad to act on, if only we had known about it. Therefore we have determined to do something about it. If any Museum employee wishes to let his fellow workers know of articles that he has, or knows of, which are available we shall be glad to publish it in this column. The Grapevine goes to press on the third of each month, and all notices which are to be inserted should reach the editor not later than that date. Simply send your information to The Editor, Grapevine, and we will take care of the rest.

As the first offerings for our column, we present:

An ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR, in good condition. Any reasonable exchange will be considered, although the owner greatly desires to acquire a clarinet for it if possible. Owner is in need of the space so even if clarinet is not available, he is willing to come to an agreement. W.M.F. The Grapevine.

A TRIPOD, with case, in excellent condition. All offers considered. L.W.C. The Grapevine.

WANTED. To Buy, a car in good condition, sedan or coupe, not earlier than 1934 model. L.C. The Grapevine.

Hobbies Meet

This is just another one of those occasions when we have to call upon that most obliging Bard of Avon to help us out. We are concerned at present with the question of whether the things that Shakespeare has said about greatness can not also be applied to hobbies. Are we born with hobbies? Here is a problem which we painfully admit will have to be reserved for a future number of the Grapevine.

Do we acquire hobbies? An overwhelming "yea" drives this question completely out of discussion. Do we have hobbies thrust upon us? Believe it or not we do—and here is an example.

Mr. Hermann Muller of world wide repute as a professional glass blower, has allowed his kindly and helpful disposition to so far get the better of him that he has become an involuntary hobbyist. His hobby is repairing damaged and broken glassware and, while it is far from our intention to burden Mueller with extra work, it must be admitted that he can mend anything from a leaky whisky bottle to a glorified radiolarian. When you inadvertently drop a precious vase on the floor, don't curse your luck. Just give a sigh of relief and say to yourself, "Muller will fix it for me".

Among many new interests now fermenting in the Museum, is a wide-spread disposition on the part of hobbyists to organize hobby clubs. Of these, the one that has received the greatest impetus so far is an amateur camera club which is more concerned with promoting photography as an inspiring social pastime than as a stepping stone toward a future career. Preliminary steps toward founding a well-organized amateur club for both still and motion picture enthusiasts are now underway and in the following column Mr. Louis Monaco will tell you of the plans for the club.

We have discovered several devotees of the ancient "game of kings"—chess, to you—namely, Max Wagner, Michael Powers, Louis Monaco and Jean Wiedemer. They are anxious to round up all Kindred Museum souls who enjoy this age-old game of wit and tenacity.

Another organization, still in the germ stage, is a stamp club. Since there are so many stamp collectors in the Museum, such a club might be said to exist already in theory if not in fact. It only remains to band them together and this is what Edward Burns and Bunny Southwick would very much like to do.

Getting away from clubs and back once more to personalities, let us conclude this column with a sidelight on the artistic life of Lucy Clausen, which we felt should not be kept from public knowledge any longer. Be it known, then, that Lucy's concerns are not entirely wrapped up in

✧ insects. She has become a skillful silversmith and has thus proved her metal outside of entomological fields.

AMERICAN MUSEUM EMPLOYEES' CAMERA CLUB

At last steps for forming an amateur camera club, composed of Museum employees with professional photographers excepted, have been taken and the preliminary phases of organizing are out of the way. The club is still in the formative stage, however, so all employees who are camera or motion picture enthusiasts and who wish to learn the whys and wherefors of photography are invited to join.

The credit for forming this club, it would seem, does not belong to any one individual or group of individuals, because for years many employees have discussed and advocated an amateur camera club. But in the past several weeks upward of thirty employees took part in discussions on this subject, at one time or another, disclosing the fact that interest in employees wanting to learn more about photography was exceptionally keen and that something should be done about it. So a few of the more rabid camera bugs took the initiative, wrote up and adopted a constitution, elected officers and the necessary committees were appointed. A formal notice was not practicable until all this necessary preliminary work was out of the way, so if you happen to be one of the advocates of a camera club and did not know anything about what was going on, don't feel slighted. We just didn't want to go off half-cocked.

There will be an exhibit in the 3rd Floor Corridor of the School Service Building, beginning March 21st, for about two weeks. This represents the unpremeditated offerings of some of the Club Members. If you think you can offer better prints, you certainly should be a member of the Club, so come along and join!

The Officers: Walter F. Meister, President
Wayne M. Faunce, Vice President
George L. Schroth, Treasurer
Louis Monaco, Secretary

The Executive Committee:
Jean Wiedemer
Irene F. Cypher
John R. Saunders
Stephen L. Klassen
John Orth

Sports Page

BOWLING:

Following the meeting, reported elsewhere in this issue, twelve of the boys journeyed up to Thompson's Alleys and proceeded to show their ability (and inability) to down the evasive 'pins'. The Print Shop, represented by two teams, made an impressive showing, beating the office workers in a challenge game. The challenge came after Bernard Moore scored that 208! The boys thought they had something there but, alas, 'twas to no avail. The Bowling team is now fairly well organized and, with the election of officers etc., the selection of definite teams, and a little more practice, should present a team good enough for outside games by next season. Those of you who do not bowl such a good game should not be timid about showing out to the games. Many of those on the present teams, as the scores will show, are far from expert and most of them have a lot to learn before they will be expert. Now, fellows, if you really want some good, clean fun with regular fellows, get in touch with Mr. Berg and arrange for a place in the line-up.

We are still waiting to hear from the girls. How about it Girls? A little bowling is great for that girlish figure. Mrs. Bronson is trying to get a team together. Please call her and let's see you go after the men. (Confidentially, the boys are easy to take over)

The following are the bowling scores from our first meeting.

OPEN GAME MATCH

Team No. 1					
	H. Ruof	J. Cook	J. McCormack	E. Berg	Totals
1st Game	122	118	171	134	545
2nd "	127	115	160	136	538
3rd "	178	101	127	168	574
					1657

Team No. 2					
	A. Haddon	B. Lewis	J. Schmitt	F. Carney	Totals
1st Game	132	129	148	154	563
2nd "	169	111	152	142	574
3rd "	157	121	148	138	564
					1701

Team No. 1					
	D. Caggana	B. Lewis	J. Schmitt	Totals	
1st Game	92	107	131	330	
2nd "	156	138	160	454	
3rd "	86	134	201	421	
4th "	150	114	159	423	
5th "	117	108	180	405	
					2033

Team No. 2					
	P. Duffy	F. Carney	A. Haddon	Totals	
1st Game	111	156	125	392	
2nd "	106	127	127	360	
3rd "	112	134	134	380	
4th "	135	138	136	409	
5th "	121	176	148	445	
					1986

❖ ICE SKATING:

This sport, evidently, has gone the way of all sports. It's season seems to be definitely closed, Old Man Winter, weakening from age, no longer has the strength to freeze the ice. We suspect the rink will soon give way to —

TENNIS:

This sport, which seemed, prior to the formation of the bowling club, to be the biggest attraction for the athletic minded, will blossom anew in a few weeks. We hope you all have your raquets ready. If not, don't forget to tune them up. Last year the growth of the sport doubled the demand for the court and we believe that this coming season will bring even greater demands.

DARTS:

The boys in the power house are going great guns with their new Dart Board. It seems a couple of the fellows, we won't mention any names, got their eyes on the high numbers and made their 26 in two tries. Sooooo, they changed the board and raised the score to 28. Now a couple of them seem to have found the secret of that, too. Mr. Todd, a little off this past week or so, seems to be blowing up. George Tauber, either disgusted or having a touch of inferiority complex, has temporarily dropped out. You should try to get a dart board for practice. It really is an exciting game, when played in earnest.

BILLIARDS:

Nothing has been said so far about the games that go on in the machine shop pool tournament. (Or hasn't it reached the tournament stage yet?) We are not able to present any scores or information relative to the merits of the many players for this issue. However, we hope to be able to announce some real news of this world famous sport for April.

BADMINTON:

As soon as the court in the Planetarium has been cleared, Badminton will once more come in its own in the Museum. Lack of space for storing some collections made it necessary to cover up the court but we are assured that it will not be long before this barrier to the shuttle cock fans will be removed.

CHECKERS:

Last issue a short item relative to this game was included in the sport columns. There seems, however, to be a little doubt as to whether this is a sport or a hobby. Perhaps some of you folks can help us decide. It has been decided, though, to gather together the chess fans for a short discussion on the game.

BASEBALL:

A lot of chatter can be heard these days relative to the local American and National League teams. It seems there is considerable discussion on the part of Benjamin (Grandpop McGraw) Connolly and Ben Falvey in behalf of the National League gentlemen from the Polo Grounds. Anthony Cartossa, vainly rooting for the N.L. floorboards from Brooklyn, still says they can win a pennant. Even if they do, such an ardent Yankee Rooter as Steve Murphy is quite confident that his boys can repeat this year. All this leads us to the thought of forming our own team for the sake of a good time now and then. It shouldn't be hard to get talent in this great institution with so many young fellows throughout the buildings. Surely there should be no obstacles in the way of getting a diamond. We suggest, before the season opens, those who care to play baseball get together and talk things over. Many recall in yesteryear when such men as Dr. Anthony, Jake Shrope, John Schmitt, Joe Connolly, Charles Lang, Fred Kessler, and Andy Johnstone were pretty good at representing the Museum on the field. Perhaps the April issue of the Grapevine will see the seeding of a good team for this season.

We seem to have covered most of the activities in this line, but, since this column is prepared on such little definite news, there may have been some overlooked. Please excuse the error. Remember, we have another issue coming out on April 15th. The Editor is always glad to receive any news relative to scores, teams, club formations or plans etc. Drop her a line whenever you think of some item of interest. She'll take care of it and see that it's published. This latter item applies to any department of the Grapevine. Jokes, interesting personalities that crop up from time to time, extraordinary news items of any subject, some E.B.A. problem or topic for discussion, any of these can make good copy. That's what we have a paper for, so let's all be sports and cooperate with the staff in putting out a magazine to be proud of — one that every employee will look forward to.

CREDIT UNION NEWS

Four new members were received in February, all of whom intend to build up substantial shares accounts. The total membership now is 289. The sum of \$1,519.80 was paid into shares during the month, a large proportion of which was made up of small savings; i.e., sums ranging from .25 cents to \$15.00 put aside on pay day. This practice is exactly in line with true Credit Union policy. The Directors hope the practice, begun by a few, will become the *habit* of many.

KNOW YOUR CITY

Every New Yorker should know his or her own city: how will he be able to take Aunt Susan and Uncle Ned around when they come to see the Fair, if he doesn't know where to start? We have the answer to the problem all solved for you. Mr. Berg has informed us that he has about 500 sets of tickets available which entitle the holder to reduced rates to a Radio City N.B.C. Tour, a Television Tour at N.B.C. Studios, a tour of the Observation Roofs at Rockefeller Center and a guided Tour through Rockefeller Center, and a visit to the Hall of Motion at the Museum of Science and Industry. Anyone who is interested in securing these tickets may get in touch with Mr. Emil Berg for further details and for tickets.

ODDS AND ENDS

From Dick Cooke

Dick sits where he can see all that goes on in the Planetarium during the show and in this position he notices everything. Little wonder the other day that he saw a man walking around and around apparently lost. The fifth time around the man stopped in front of his desk looked at him hopelessly and said, "How the H... do you get out of this catacomb?"

Peggy Work goes him one better for she was asked by a very alarmed woman for "the fastest way out of this place."

Won't those Planetarium guides look nice when that last signature is put on the requisition and the new uniforms are ready. The coats will be dark blue double-breasted and the trousers will be pearl grey, silver stripes and silver buttons for highlights. Women visitors beware!

Mrs. Fuller who is near the meteorite called "Woman", due no doubt to it's shape, was indignantly asked the other day, "How in the world do you determine it's sex?"

The whole Planetarium was in a furor the other day because a woman called up and wanted to know how many moons travelled around the Earth. When Miss Lockwood told her, "One" she refused to believe it for she had seen three!

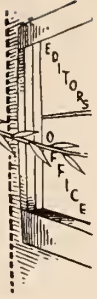
NOTICE

Any of the members wishing to purchase Sporting Goods may take advantage of a 25% discount at A. G. Spalding & Bro. 105 Nassau Street, N.Y.C. by mentioning the Museum Sports Department.



THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



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APRIL, 1939

PRICELESS

More about Our Spring Fair Dance

Before your eyes, ladies and gentlemen, is a photograph of the beautiful Lafayette phono-radio combination that someone is going to win next Saturday night at the Spring Fair Dance!

What am I bid! What am I bid! Step right up and get your tickets for the dance and that little stub on the end entitles you to a chance on this marvelous 5-tube AC-DC superheterodyne radio and phonograph!

According to Emil A. Berg ticket sales are increasing by leaps and bounds. A few tickets have been returned from fellow-employees who are unable to attend, by virtue of the fact that they are away on expeditions and other Museum business. One note that came back with the tickets stated that "I hate to miss this grand get-together, but the imminence of Fatherhood forbids my attending." Well, being a father

is quite a strain, but anyway, we hope to see Mother and Dad *and* the off-spring at some future dance.

Many members of our "Museum family" are buying extra tickets to increase their chances of winning the Door-Prize. That in itself is worth the price of admission, and of course it is not necessary to be present at the actual drawing. As long as you see to it that your stub is deposited with the ticket committee before the drawing, your chances are as good as anyone's.

The entertainment, which will start at 10 o'clock *sharp*, begins with The Continental Review, colorful, attractive and full of pep—Don Tranger, Novelty Instrumentalists, featured by "Believe It or Not Ripley"—The Skating Carters, whirlwind family on roller skates. And last but not least, Joe Keden's WOR orchestra will keep your feet tapping all evening.

*Lafayette
Phono-Radio*



*Door Prize
At The Dance*

Archaeological Discoveries

The grapevine recently printed a brief excerpt from a Museum correspondent's letter stating that he had "always looked up to Anthropologists and Archaeologists as half gods, half men" etc. That, of course, simply means that he never saw us, covered with dust and sweat, wielding the pick and shovel, and in general behaving all too humanly.

Through the years, however, there have been brought to our attention a long list of much more interesting discoveries, believe them or not. With malice towards none and with charity for all, allow me to mention just a few:

There was, some time ago, the clergyman in New Brunswick who had found a whole buried city with paved streets, inlaid with mosaic designs, carved wiring etc.

There was also the gentleman in St. Louis (a Yale graduate) who knew of a whole system of underground passages (catacombs as it were) lined with splendid buildings—in short, a great underground city.

There was the lady in Arkansas who, endowed with second sight, offered to tell us the exact place where we could find Noah's Ark, still preserved. She asked only \$10,000 for her services.

Two or three years ago there was a Frenchman, formerly a resident of Pittsburgh but then a maimed ex-soldier in France—who for \$15,000 and expenses would come over to show some very ancient human foot prints somewhere in the Alleghany Mountains.

More recently there was the gentleman in Portland, Oregon, who for years had collected boulders of a certain foot-like shape from gravel deposits, both ancient and modern—boulders which he maintained were shoeclasts.

Last year we were bombarded with letters and photos from two different sources telling of the

THE GRAPEVINE

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discovery in New Hampshire and Massachusetts of several great stone structures erected, it was alleged, about the year 875 A. D. by certain Irish monks who were supposed to have been driven out of Iceland by the then arriving Norse settlers.

Yes and just the other day there was a column-length article in the New York papers quoting the Scotsman who has just found some primitive stone implements in Central Park which he declared were some 80,000 years old.

I might go on, but the above may suffice to show what a Curator of Archaeology is constantly up against, and how some of the Museum's time, paper and stamps are spent. Some of the cases, not here mentioned, are even little short of tragic. But all have to be dealt with courteously because, for one thing, there is always the possibility that the finder really has something—if not actual specimens, perhaps something more important to give away. For instance the archaeologist is always ready to accept a handout of cash. And that leads directly up to the last item.

There is now a letter resting on my desk which has to do with the ever grand-and-glorious subject of treasure hunting. It is written in fine style by a hale and hearty Los Angeles man who has been a prospector all his life and who is now eighty years old. He claims to have devised a delicate apparatus by means of which gold and other buried treasures can be located. The general idea is not new but this contrivance is unique. All you have to do is to unfold a map of the world on the table, go over it carefully with two pointers, attached by wires to the instrument, and when you hear a click, there's your treasure! You have only to journey to the spot and dig it out. If anyone is really interested the old gentlemen will cheerfully supply additional information.

ANNUAL MEMBERS' DAY

Not to be outdone by Grover Whalen, the Museum is planning its annual Members' Visiting Day April 28th. With many out-of-townners coming in for the opening of the World's Fair on the 30th, we can anticipate an even greater attendance than last year. It is an opportunity for many members who might not journey to New York for one day to see the Museum, to visit this institution. Elaborate plans are being made to afford them a pleasant afternoon.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

Joe Connelly has a remarkable memory. He recognized himself as he looked twenty years ago in uniform (308 Field Artillery, Co. 3, Div. 78 to be explicit). As a due and just reward for this mental feat he has been offered a ten dollar bonus, which, of course, he promptly refused to accept (???).

Dr. Harry Shapiro has recently been seen with an attractive cloth bag in which he carries his books. The question at issue is whether he is proud of the bag or ashamed of the books.

The saying has always been "tell it to the Marines". We have it on very good authority that on a beautiful moonlight night, on a steamer chugging along in the China Sea, Don Carter not only told it to the Marines, but took it from them. "Ahem"—four aces, Don.

We suggest that you visit the Cafeteria some afternoon and listen to some of the members of the Camera Club. Probably by September they will be having an exhibit in Education Hall, just to give other people something to live up to.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Wallace are now a "three-some". The blessed event arrived at 10:30 A. M. on Sunday, March 28th. Mother and daughter Catherine are doing very well,—also Pat. His many friends in the Museum send their congratulations and best wishes.

Have you seen the Editor-in-Chief of the Grapevine in that eyeblinding shirtwaist made according to the best gypsy traditions? Oh boy, it's a knock-out.

Should you in your wanderings through Central Park chance upon a person busily engaged examining refuse cans or looking on or under seats, don't say to yourself "Poor soul". Why? Because it might be Adrian Ward in search of empty Planter's peanut bags. These he exchanges for stamps and it is his proud boast that by this means he will eventually amass the best stamp collection in the Museum. Isn't this a "nutty" way of collecting stamps?

'Tis said that Jimmy McKeon not only owns but also plays a cornet. Let us hope that the pitch of the instrument will not be out the window.

Bob Stitzel is giving noon time automobile driving lessons to some of the Museum gals. See Bob in person for appointments. We cannot tell just how long you will have to wait—you know these Don Juans!!

A very impressive lecture was given recently in the auditorium for the benefit of school children. The subject was "Foods Around the World". Slides showed different parts of the world and the foods cultivated there. After a time one little boy whispered to the boy next to him, "Bet'cha all those countries get their cats where we get ours! "Where's that?", asked the other little boy. "Down the block from our house, in the A & P".

The paint shop seems to run to things decorative these days. Al Bell is very much interested in things oriental. George Coughlin has a year one washing machine, which he says he is going to lend to the World's Fair.

The other day a woman called up "Don't call me Charlie" Howard Curran and wanted to sell him an Egyptian scarab. "I'm sorry" said the bugologist, "but the market is pretty low on scarabs, and besides we don't buy them". "I'm sorry too", said the Lady, "I bought it in Cairo and it is supposed to be unlucky—I've had terrible luck ever since I bought it—won't you take it"! "No", said Howard, "send it to the Metropolitan, we've had a tough time too. Don't wish anything like that off on us. Goodbye". (Is that a nice way to treat people or is it?)

Patty O'Grady got five dollars, with the able assistance of John Larson, the other day. Ask him about it some day. Such information can always be used.

They tell us that the other day a loud squeek was heard, and when the noise was traced to its sources what do you think it was—Chubby Contessa's shoes doing a dance!

Sherman Voorhees, our advertising tycoon, spent a few uncomfortable days in the New York Hospital last week. Early reports were to the effect that he was in for an appendectomy which later proved a false rumor. Now that he is back with us again it seems his only contribution is to the new Photographic Club in the form of a beautiful picture of a liver.

Herman Sievers tells us that his annual visits from the religious woman have been renewed again this year. She feels that his snakes should be kept within the fold and donates fresh filets of fish for their use during Lent—and we are serious.

Members of the Camera Club are by no means infallible. Take Jean Wiedemer for instance—we understand she received the disappointment of her photographic life recently when *not even one* teeny little picture out of a whole role of film turned out.

THOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Out in Tuscaloosa a devoted husband the other day, smoked up the last cigar of a box of fifty, which his loving wife gave him for Christmas. Then he kissed her goodbye, and was hauled away in an ambulance to a sanitarium, where he is now passing his last days in a critical condition.

Which merely goes to show, to what length a husband, who loves his wife will go to please her. It also shows the deleterious effects which ropes have on the system of mere male, who has been accustomed to smoking cigars.

Many a man would have distributed these "cigars" among his enemies, where they would have done the most harm. But not so with this model husband from Tuscaloosa. Day after day, he sat smoking himself to death, suffering untold agonies, to prove that he loved the dear little woman, who bought him his Christmas present, with his own money. Yea, he sat there enveloped in a great fog, which smelled to high heaven like skunk cabbage and burning leather, and with watering eyes and a choking voice assured his little helpmate: "Mary, my beloved, these cigars have the fragrance of roses and violets." Proving, that a man can be not only a cheerful liar, but a cheerful lover as well.

P.S. The dear little woman is now knitting a tie for his next Christmas.

SPEEDING THE GUESTS' DEPARTURE

Some sensitive guests go home after the host stretches gently. Others need a yawn or two. Winding a wrist watch or setting the thermometer sends most of them away. A pointed remark about getting down to the office early disposes of all but the most determined. Occasionally you are obliged to go upstairs and go to bed while your wife makes the best of the adieus; and thus you not only gain some sleep but some prestige as an eccentric—try it the next time you need this type of counsel.

BUY, SELL OR EXCHANGE COLUMN

Advertisements for this column will be inserted free of charge—send all copy to the Editor.

TYPEWRITER—Portable Underwood Typewriter and case. In excellent condition. Standard keyboard, elite type. Offers considered. P.T.R., *The Grapevine*.

COINS—Party will sell, exchange or buy. E.A.N., *The Grapevine*.

WANTED—To buy, a car in good condition, sedan or coupe, not earlier than 1934 model. L.C., *The Grapevine*.

EASTMAN KODAK 16mm. PROJECTION MACHINE—Folding screen, and also an Eastman Kodak 16mm. camera. Offers considered. A.S., *The Grapevine*.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Please don't be alarmed one of these days if you suddenly hear dulcet tones floating through Akeley Hall—the exhibits have not actually come to life. No, this is what it's all about—

A new departure in the interpretation of the dramatic and strikingly life-like habitat groups in its various halls, will be inaugurated on Monday, April 10th when the Museum starts the first of a series of experiments in music, under the direction of Dr. Charles Russell, Curator of its Department of Education. So far, through its exhibits, the Museum has appealed mainly to the eye, but now, with the acquisition of recordings of various types of native and background music, as well as animal and bird calls, the Museum will be able to appeal to the ear as well.

The first of this series of experiments with music will be staged throughout Easter Week in Akeley African Hall. The program includes music and dances of the Congo as well as the sounds that accompany life in the jungle. The music schedule for African Hall will be divided into three daily 15-minute periods starting at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

An interesting experiment in interpretive background music will be presented in the Dinosaur Halls during the week of April 16th. For the first time in history, the Thunder Lizard and other creatures of the Nightmare Era will appear against a musical setting in keeping with their times. Other exhibits which will be set to music during April and May include the Mexican Hall, Indian Halls, and the Hall of the Birds of the World.

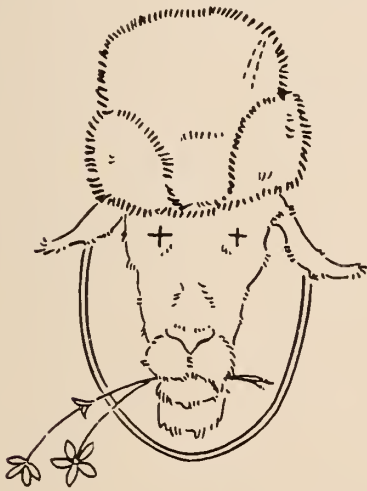
JUST QUESTIONS

We sometimes bow our heads in deepest humility when we realize what the school-teachers have to put up with. John Saunders had a slight taste recently of the wit and brilliance of the streamlined, 1939 schoolchild. In a class on Rocks and Minerals he pointed out with some care, the fact that the precious metals are not found in any great abundance around New York City. Whereupon, one bright little optimist in the class suddenly raised his hand in protest. Drawing himself up to his full height of four and one-half feet, the would-be Fred Allen dryly remarked, "Izzat so? Well, Gold is where you find it, every cloud has a silver lining, and Tippy, Tippy 'Tin'." We are told that John went around with a peculiar glazed look in his eyes for the rest of the day. Incidentally, the best way to get a rise out of Mr. Saunders these days is to ask him what he thinks of talking dogs.

Withheld From the Press

"We Are In Alaska Now"

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Benjamin Clark, Miss Abbey T. Kessel, Mr. John Lyman and Mr. Gardell Dano Christensen (Chris to us) and Mr. Joseph M. Guerry (Joe to us) went to Alaska for the Museum in 1937 to collect specimens of Rocky Mt. Goat (*Oreamnos americanus* to us) for the new North American Hall. Mr. Clark wrote what he calls a doggrell diary during the trip; beautified it on his return by naming it "We Are In Alaska Now" and published it privately for the members of the expedition and friends. He has given The Grapevine his permission to print parts of it for the enjoyment of the Employees of the Museum. We are sure that this will be a welcome addition to "Withheld from the Press" for these amusing sidelights to a Museum expedition are rarely made public.



AS WE SAILED FROM KETCHIKAN

From Seattle town we made our start
At nine they told us we should depart
But we never started till four P. M.
Because of the worthless Longshoreman.
Forty pieces of baggage and rods and guns
Filled up to the ceilings our small staterooms.
We found ourselves in the oldest boat
That in annals of seafare been known to float
But Alaska's wonders soon were seen
While Beebee fell for a tall Marine.
All day and night it rained, and how,
But we sang—"We are in Alaska now!"
For our hearts were high, as the deck we paced,
For we dreamed not then what we had to face!
Two days we sailed in fog and rain
And at eve to Ketchikan we came.

❖

We found our Captain, and found our boat,
So snugly moored to an oil dock float,
We found her tidy and snug and trim,
And we slept midst the odors of Ketchikan.

But we pulled out in a rosy dawn
And from that day forth our fight was on.
Our Captain, he was a mariner bold;
He feared not ice, and he feared not cold.
He started at four, by the "Westward" clocks
And he taught his boat to climb the rocks;
For we found a friend and we found a man
When we picked up our Captain at Ketchikan.
Our chef was Jack, and our cabin boy Ed,
Who found grandpa Crochety over his bed.
At meals we played our childhood games,
Of numbers, and letters, and cities' names,
As we sailed from Ketchikan.

Our chef was a wizard at this art,
His goodies were bad for wind and heart,
For his hotcakes daily Beebee fell,
Though she knew with her slimness they would
play hell,
As we sailed from Ketchikan.

Oh Dale, our mate, helped Granny's swimming,
A dark adonis, God's gift to women,
He left girls sad in Ketchikan.

With our portholes open, we faced the storm,
But Granny and Beebee just wouldn't be warned,
Till a playful comber one day jumped in,
'Twas the only time Beebee went for a swim,
All the way from Ketchikan.

Each of our staterooms in fights took sides
And we called them after the Indian Tribes;
Gran and Beebee were "Hoostole Myes",
After their most frequent cries,
Chris and Joe were the Tasso-Snoro Tribe,
As Chris' night and day habits were thus de-
scribed,
Grandpa and Johnny were Untidoes,
For the floor was the place where they kept their
clothes!
The clothes that we bought in Ketchikan.

Dr. Clark had said to our Tasso Chris,
"There's a little matter and it is this,
Please gather small mammals wherever you are
Aye enough so the hides fill a big freight car
Such as marmots and squirrels and rats and mice
The Museum stops when you get to lice".
There are no mice in Ketchikan.

Withheld From the Press, Cont.

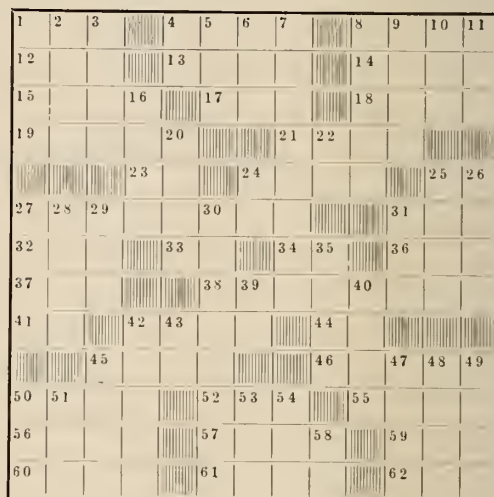
THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM ECLIPSE

We all remember when the Hayden Planetarium Eclipse Expedition went down to Peru in 1937, but a few of the items did not hit the papers. Of course Charlie Coles, Museum ace photographer, took some beautiful pictures and the movies were shown in the "better" movie houses. Dr. Barton, who left a week in advance of the main party reported a rough trip and some trouble with a vase full of flowers sent no doubt by some ardent admirer. Dorothy Bennett doesn't speak fluent Spanish, you know, and before she left she didn't even speak that. Supplied with "Spanish-Self Taught" she was to be seen learning catchy phrases for her speech to be given (in Spanish) to the scientists of the Academy of Science of Cuzco. The lecture on "The Nature and Causes of Eclipses," by Dorothy Bennett was given in $\frac{1}{3}$ Spanish $\frac{1}{3}$ French and $\frac{1}{3}$ English. They say she wowed 'em! And if it was as good a lecture as those she gives in 100% English at the Hayden Planetarium we are sure she did. One sentence in Spanish that she still mumbles to herself is, "The river flows over the rocks turbulently". Dorothy Bennett, Te Ata, and Charlie Coles took a little trip to Arequipa by plane. There are two trains a week from Lima and two trains a week from Arequipa but they don't connect so they chartered a plane to go the 600 miles for about \$50.00. If the pilot hadn't been an amateur photographer Charlie would have missed many a fine picture for there is a little law down there about taking pictures from a plane. The planes never go up at night due to the natural fear of the Peruvians of a possible crack-up, something which we Americans are becoming accustomed to, and also due to the mountains that reach up 20,000 feet. Speaking of heights, Charlie tells of a trip they took in a train that went up 15,000 feet in 8 hours. This sort of a climb brings on "mountain sickness" so the conductor goes around with a cushion like container of oxygen and sticks the tube in the passengers mouth. "Mountain sickness" makes your lips and nails go blue and your face gets drawn and, although you may not be up very high, comparatively speaking, the air is peculiarly thin there. Up on the 14,000 ft. station the doctor supplied them with yellow and white pills for headaches and to make them sleep. We are happy to say that no accidents happened and the members of the expedition may be seen around the Planetarium and the Museum any day no worse for the expedition and supplied with many a story to tell you.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it."

Museum Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Stop
4. Astronomical Term
8. Renumerates
12. Yale
13. Ensnare
14. Melee
15. Solid
17. Standing Room only
18. Roman Date
19. 12 to 20
21. Astronomer
23. Perform
24. Mammalogist
25. Time (Abbr.)
27. Acted as Chairman
31. Article
32. Yes
33. Chinese Measure
34. Exists
36. Roman Bronze
37. Permit
38. Substance used for preventive inoculation
41. Masculine nickname
42. Work
44. Bone
45. Fine gravel
46. Frank Bacon
50. First Man
52. Shade Tree
55. Alone
56. Pastime
57. Trim
59. Row
60. Espies
61. Extinct Bird
62. A Grain

DOWN

1. Superlative
2. Wings
3. Abundant
4. Nearby
5. Railroads (Abbr.)
6. Part of Head
7. Separate
8. Bookkeeping Joe
9. Assistant
10. Hew (Eng. Dial.)
11. Streets (Abbr.)
16. Terminates
20. The Good Earth
22. That Thing
24. Note of Scale (Var.)
25. Biblical Pronoun
26. Military repast
57. Member of Endowment Staff
28. Coarse Grass
29. Devour
30. Payment
31. Light Brown
35. Flat Bottomed Boat
39. Short for Albert
40. Goddess
42. Subdues
43. Upon
45. Identical
47. Inhabitant of Mauritania
48. Desport
49. Past
50. Era
51. Period of Time
53. Lion
54. Irrate
58. Toward

In the above puzzle is to be found a message by following these instructions:

58D-48D-15A-34A-31A-1D-56A
22D-8A-31A-1D-30D

Hobbies Meet

Can hobby clubs be organized in the Museum? The recent successful foundation of the Museum Employees' Camera Club shows every indication that this question can be answered in the affirmative, and it is to be hoped that the success of this venture will act, especially now that spring is at hand, as a growth stimulus to other potential hobby organizations, such as the chess and stamp clubs.

Though still in its infancy, the Camera Club now has a membership of thirty-five and, if they keep up the good work they have so ably started, we may well expect to see a continuous and progressive growth.

But the most favorable portent of all for the future of the Camera Club is to be found in the character of its recent exhibition in the Educational Building, where was shown a variety of treatment, technique and subject matter worthy of an exhibit three or four times its size. In counting the number of photographs presented we found that it came to exactly twenty-three, but though twenty-three is considered almost as unlucky as thirteen, the photographs themselves were good enough to drive the jinx out of the most ominous of numbers.

Since, as art critics we are but rank outsiders, we have left the delicate task of passing judgement on the specific merits and demerits of the exhibition to others bolder and more competent, and will conclude this column with a program of the entrants.

TITLE

By

"Disappointed"	—W. T. Baker, Jr.
"Baby and Dog"	—Charles A. Lenaues
"Baby with Toys"	—Frank A. Beach
"Daughters"	—Joseph M. Guerry
"Just Two Years Old"	—Philip Duffy
"Volendam, Holland"	—Ware Lynch
"Seagram, V. O."	—Sally Pyle
"Leopard Group Leopard"	—Louis Monaco
"White-Tailed Deer"	—John C. Orth
"Prickly Poppy"	—John E. Hill
"Grotto Geyser"	—G. H. Meyer
"Freda Mohr (Orchids)"	—Edward Logan
"The Capital"	—Edward A. Burns
"Central Park"	—Emil A. Berg
"Larg's Glen"	—D. F. L. Bradley
"Reflections"	—Irene Cypher
"Cloisters"	—Frederick H. Pough
"Jose and Jesus"	—John Saunders
"Shadows"	—William H. Wright
"Arlington Memorial"	—Lucy Claussen
"French Canadian"	—H. Lange
"Billiken"	—George Schroth
"Lake Side"	—S. Klassen
"Afternoon in Oxford"	—Jean Wiedemer

CAMERA CLUB MEETING

The next meeting of the Museum Employees' Camera Club will be held at 5:00 P.M. on Friday, April 21st, in Room 129 Roosevelt Building. An interesting program has been planned.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

This Museum is a great place, but certain items are lacking. We have for example, two *cooks* but no broth. We have a fine *beach* but no shore. Then there are two *birds* but no bush. We have *wood*, *coles*, a *stove*, but no fire. We have a *fisher*, and a *fish*, but we have no bait. We have a *pile*, a *hill* and a *berg*, but not a mountain in the whole gold-darned place. We have a big, bad *wolf*, but no little pigs, unless you want to count *bacon*. We have the *raven*, and even *Poe*, but not a single quoth. Though the *ransom* be high, we have the *price*, but we haven't any cash. We have the *tailor*, the *draper*, but we lack the cloth. *Watson* is quick but there isn't any needle. We have the *hay*, but we lack the loft. The *potter* but no pots. A *root* but no tree; a *ford* but no packard; the *hull* and *shell*, but no kernel. We have a *pinto* but no saddle, and a *roof* but no walls. Whatever we lack, we can still be grateful, we do have a *gay friend*.

A LONG(?) LIFE AND A MERRY ONE

(One of our eminent curators sent the following in to us. All you have to do, dear Reader, is apply it where you will. We give it to you for your use whenever you need it.)

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines or beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat, in milk and water soaks
And then at twelve short years it croaks.
The modest sober bone dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry
They sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of us—the mighty few—
Stay pickled 'til we're ninety-two.

Non-Scientific Discoveries, cont.

Edith Kendall, who holds the fort when Mr. Voorhees is away, reported a falling off at good Elmira stories and that if Mr. Voorhees was supposed to be sick she would like to know because he seems to be one of those fellows who won't stop working and answers letters if there is a breath left in his body.

The picture that Elwood Logan entered in the exhibit held by the Museum Employees' Camera Club proved his right to be called a photographer. But then, guess what we found out! A friend of his (so he said) asked him as a special favor to take pictures of a fashion show out on Staten Island—and you should see the pictures El snapped of the lovely ladies in even lovelier costumes! This business of amateur photography has its advantages after all.

Ed Wrisenberg is about to celebrate one of the most important events in his career—his 25th Wedding Anniversary. This all star event takes place on April 11th, and we understand that Ed is really doing something in the way of a celebration. We extend our congratulations, and hope we are able to write up his 50th anniversary.

Dots and Dashes from down Machine Shop Way. . Cyclone Turner, notwithstanding his size, seems to have outdone himself this time. If anyone would like to see what apparently is a product of Omar the Tent Maker, we invite them to view the new overalls Cyclone sprung on us the other day. Those things are so big, Barney got in one leg and had plenty of room for running.

Speaking of the many pool players down this end of the building, Jake Shrope says that, as a pool Player, Al the painter is a good surf easter. He also wants to know why Larry always closes his eyes each time he shoots. It seems to assist a lot. How about it Al?

We were sorry to learn that Adolph DeLuca has been seriously ill for the past two weeks. We are glad to know that by the time this issue is published he will have returned fully recovered.

Carlton Nenning, one of the W.P.A. force in the Membership Department became the proud father of a healthy daughter a few days after publication of our March issue. Congratulations, Carl.

NOTICE

Any of the members wishing to purchase Sporting Goods may take advantage of a 25% discount at A. G. Spalding & Bro. 105 Nassau Street, N.Y.C. by mentioning the Museum Sports Department.

CREDIT UNION NEWS

We advise all members of the Federal Credit Union to note the adoption of a schedule of Credit Union Office Hours. Persons with business at the Credit Union Office will find Miss Fish available on Mondays through Fridays, inclusive, from 9:00 to 10:00 a. m. and from 4:00 to 5:00 p. m. The office will be open all day on pay days. Please note that the office will not be open on Saturdays. Persons making applications for loans in the morning will be able to get their checks the same afternoon; those making applications at the afternoon hours, will get their checks the next morning. The rush of Credit Union business has made it necessary to adopt this schedule. We ask all members to cooperate.

Solution to Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Bar	24. Tate	44. Os
4. Ares	25. Tm.	45. Sand
8. Pays	27. Presided	46. Wimpy
12. Eli	31. The	50. Adam
13. Trap	32. Yea	52. Elm
14. Riot	33. Li	55. Solo
15. Safe	34. Is	56. Game
17. S. R. O.	36. Aes	57. Nent
18. Ides	37. Let	59. Oar
19. Teens	38. Vaccines	60. Eyes
21. Rice	41. Ed	61. Dodo
23. Do	42. Toil	62. Rye

DOWN

1. Best	20. Soil	40. Isis
2. Alae	22. It	42. Tames
3. Rife	24. Te	43. On
4. At	25. Thee	45. Same
5. R. R. S.	26. Mess	47. Moor
6. Ear	27. Pyle	48. Play
7. Sporadie	28. Reed	49. Yore
8. Price	29. Eat	50. Age
9. Aide	30. Dividend	51. Day
10. Yoe	31. Tan	53. Leo
11. Sts.	35. Scow	54. Mad
16. Ends	39. Al	58. To

Message:

To play safe is the best game.
It pays the best dividend.

MAN WHO WORKS MIRACLES

Everyone who has seen Bruce Brunner's pictures must admit that he is right here as a colorist, but the wonder of wonders is how he keeps his wavy hair so permanently blonde. Of course Brunner has an explanation which he thinks should satisfy the lay mind, but like Einstein explaining relativity to someone he knows cannot grasp it, the explanation seems a bit nebulous and vague. He attributes the phenomenon entirely to Hawaiian exposure, and especially to that mysterious "Wiki Waki" influence which has lured so many people to the Polynesian Isles and kept them there. True enough Brunner has been exposed to Hawaii for at least seventeen years, but we nevertheless feel compelled to surmise that the root of the mystery lies in the root of the hairs rather than the "hair of the hatmosphere."



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. II, No. 7

MAY, 1939

PRICELESS

The Memory Lingers On

Gone but not forgotten is the Spring Fair Dance of the E.B.A. And, lest we forget, here is a final word of appreciation to the A1, Blue Ribbon Committee that made its great success possible.

Those ultra, ultra decorations which so skillfully combined a feeling of Spring with the World Fair's motifs and colors, revealed the creative artistry of Ethel Timonier and Otto Eckholm. Not only did they originate the plans for decoration, but worked untiringly to carry them out. Ann Schafer, Kay Moglin, and Edith Marks helped sew together miles of blue, orange, and white crepe fringe as Mrs. "Tim" supervised, at the same time manufacturing with her own hands dozens of giant "Oriental poppies." Steve Klassen and William Somerville scaled dizzy heights to hang trimmings around Education Hall, while James Philburn, Walter Carroll, and George Schneider gave Mr. Eckholm assistance in creating the trylon, perisphere, and large vases. Mr. Eckholm's son, Wesley, designed the airplane which "flew" around the trylon throughout the evening.

For the snappy floor show and orchestra thanks are due Neil MacCallum who was a hard working talent scout, attending many affairs in order to pick out the most enjoyable acts that could be found.

Harold Vokes proved himself a clever publicity director, and worked up a lot of enthusiasm for the dance with the help of his committee of beautiful blondes: Sally Pyle, Jean Wiedemer and "Boots" Wright. Of course there was Tom Voter, too, to take care of the poster work.

Margaret Fish, with Blanche Preston, arranged for the services of the Acme Catering Company, thereby taking care of the food and drink problem with great efficiency.

Emil Berg handled the huge job of ticket distribution and selling with a thoroughness and competence that could not be surpassed. The financial success of the affair can largely be attributed to his check-up on every ticket that was printed.

Frank Murphy, new to the job of being in charge of table reservations and seating problems, handled it like a veteran. Harry Hawkins, Richard Kunder, Henry Voelmy, and Joseph Roche were on hand to guide guests to their proper places.

Ed Burns, as usual, turned out a beautiful program for which Fred Mason drew an original cover design. Mary Ford and Phil Duffy were the "helping hands" in putting the material together.

These, with those unsung heroes—the ticket sellers, were the people responsible for the social and financial success of your E.B.A. dance. So let's give them a big vote of thanks!

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

April 6 to May 1, 1939

	Receipts	
April 6-21 Cash	\$367.50	
Donations	2.20	
		\$369.70
	Disbursements	
Radio	\$20.50	
Decorations	20.00	
Entertainment	175.00	
Linen	9.66	
Rental-Lighting	9.00	
Refreshments, Musicians-workers	6.10	
Piano tuning	4.00	
Services	41.31	
		\$285.57
Cash balance, May 1, 1939		\$84.13

In connection with the profits remaining from the E.B.A. dance, it was moved and carried by the Board of Directors that the sum of \$84.13 be transferred to the General Fund of the E.B.A. It was also moved and carried that the sum of \$15.87 be transferred from the reserve entertainment fund to the General Fund of the E.B.A. This in effect means the transfer of \$100.00 toward reducing assessments for death benefits.

The Story of the Month

The great museum mystery, bubbling over with human interest and intrigue.

"THE DISAPPEARING POOCH."

or

"WHO BURGLED THE BEAGLE?"

By S. S. VAN IODINE.

Early one recent bright spring morning a young carefree but cute pup evidently in search of higher learning, nonchalantly drifted into the museum. Now we cannot honestly describe this dog as a blue blood nor will we say he was of "Cafe Society," nor could we have called him a "Glamour Boy", but he was gentle, possessing a rather soulful look in his eye that won the heart of his captor, our assistant supervisor (Custodian Dept) James (Bring-em back alive) Harris who incidentally captured him single handed.

Mr. Harris being a true lover of dumb animals would have liked the idea of making said pooch a member of his family. Mrs. Harris did not care to share his affections with the dog—different arrangements had to be made. Our assistant supervisor arranged for the lovable animal's adoption by a prominent Swedish family in Brooklyn.

Until such time as the dog could be transferred to Brooklyn, Mr. Harris tried to make the pup as comfortable as possible at the rear of the supervisor's office by preparing a temporary bed, setting up a bowl of drinking water, purchasing a half pound of choice, chopped steak and then further arranged to have one of the special officers take the animal for the necessary walk.

Our animal lover thoroughly convinced everything possible had been done to make the pooch happy went about his regular duties, only to return a short time later to find the lovable animal and his steak dinner had completely disappeared.



Who disappeared with the pooch?

Who stole the chopped steak?

Who burgled the "BEAGLE"?

The following clues have been received with the hope of bringing an early solution.

Witnesses state the special officer returned from the walk alone.

Other witnesses state a certain curly haired Brooklynite on the evening in question was seen to leave the building with a large black grip that "barked".

In the meantime Mr. James Harris is completely mystified not to say disgusted with animal and human nature, to say nothing of the members of the

THE GRAPEVINE

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prominent Brooklyn Swedish family who are completely heartbroken.

The case has been placed in the capable hands of the Chief of Police, Robert Gilmore who promised immediate arrest and conviction.

MEMBERS' VISITING DAY STATISTICS

April 28, 1939

Anticipated attendance as shown by acceptances 1,759.

Estimated attendance on Members' Day 1,216.

Number of members and guests actually registered 913.

Fun on Member's Day

Preparatory to Members' Day, Dr. Chapin was pointing out to a group of volunteer guides the salient features of the Whitney Wing. Coming in due course to the art gallery he spoke at great length of bird paintings by Smith. When it was gently called to his attention that they were all signed "Wolf" he could but stammer "Wolf, Wolf—of course, *not* Smith."

P.S. And then somewhere in the crowd a voice piped up to say "If he calls Wolf a third time, we'll all run."

No Members' Day is complete without a few boys in a group who have (in anticipation of the Great Day) spent weeks reading up on Museum exhibits just to catch the narrator at the first faint suggestion of a slip.

Then, too, there was the woman who was all agog. She had heard so much about the new sound venture in our exhibition halls and could hardly wait to see the "Talking Dinosaurs."

Social Whirl

Chris E. Olsen turned iron worker, but gave it up in despair. Tried sitting on a box 2x1 dressing the pearl-diving group with wax dressing. We suggest a Morris chair.

Blessed Event.—Maurice Wallace, our popular elevator operator, is going around with his chest expanded. Why? He is the proud papa of a baby boy.

Rex P. Johnson is all tanned up from the collar down. Answer—Sun baths on the roof of the west side Y.M.C.A. He says that the summer heat is too slow in coming.

Ashton Littlefield is having a lot of trouble with his pansies at Frog's Neck. Can somebody help?

Dr. Margaret Mead has returned from New Guinea with 50,000 photographs. Expect a rush of candid camera hobby collectors to look the collection over.

A young student wrote to Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews that he dug up his great grandmother's grave who was dead 200 years and found a bunch of rocks. He wants to know does the human body turn into rock forms.

Fred Smyth and Ed. Meyenberg hot-footed it out to the Fair to look over the City building exhibits. After walking ten miles they both returned home with feet covered with blisters. Next time boys wear skates.

Charles Kerr has an assortment of rubber boots, seed catalogues, mismatched rubbers, trick cards, etc., that he prizes very highly. Anyone with mismatched rubbers can exchange.

Joe Roche is pretty sweet on an Italian girl. Has no use for red meats. Seems Joe has gone spaghetti mad.

The Key King:—Dr. Willard G. Van Name had a long hunt under bookcases and desks for a lost key and it was not "The Key to Heaven".

Edward Wilde has added two horseshoes found in Central Park to his antique collection.

This time we proffer congratulations to the eminent president of the E.B.A. For he too is now a proud father. Barney's daughter was born on April 30th—the day the World's Fair opened, so it was a record breaking event day all around. Our congratulations to Barney and to Ethel.

Don Barton of our Natural History staff is also on the schedule to receive congratulations, for he is now the father of a son. If this keeps up, we shall have to be running a "Junior" Column, just for the members of our Museum "family".

Twenty Years a 'Shrinkin'

In spite of the depression many people, including some at the museum, are still baffled by the problem of how to reduce. Twenty years ago Bunny Southwick was confronted by just such a problem, but at that time his rotundity was such that he couldn't bend down far enough to see it. Nevertheless it was finally held up to him so he could face it, and since then—what a change! In 1919 Bunny weighed 257 pounds. By 1930, it had gone down to 208. Today he is but a shadow of his former self, tipping the scales at a mere 172 pounds.

What is the secret behind all this shrinkage? Bunny is inclined to attribute it to a change in his dietary habits and a careful comparison between his 1919 menus will convince the most skeptical reader that Bunny's got something there.

1919 MENU	1939 MENU
<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Breakfast</i>
12 meat balls	2 pieces of toast
6 slices of bacon	2 poached eggs
2 cups of coffee	1 cup of coffee
<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Lunch</i>
1 steak	2 pieces of toast with cream cheese
1 double order of French fried potatoes	1 pear
2 vegetables	1 cup of cold coffee
1 small apple pie	
2 cups of coffee	
<i>Dinner</i>	<i>Dinner</i>
1 five pound chicken cleaned to the bone	1 lamb chop
1 dressing	beans, apple sauce
1 double order of French fried potatoes	1 cup of cold coffee
1 can of corn, tomatoes	
1 pint of ice cream	
3 cups of coffee	
<i>Midnight</i>	<i>Midnight</i>
1 quart of milk	6 saltine crackers
1 box of saltines	1 glass of cold coffee
1 box of Camembert cheese	

Speaking of reducing, diets, etc., it seems that Emil Berg, in the hope of losing some excess avoirdupois, asked Bill Wright to stay last Thursday night and play a little tennis. The purpose, of course, was for Ed to work up a good sweat. That was all well and good, but we have it from reliable sources that both these young men ended up in a spaghetti house on 42nd St. for a session which included three heaping plates of the elusive strings with, of all things, meat balls. Not bad for reducing.—not bad.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"If you can't be a winner--then make the fellow ahead break a record."

Non-Scientific Discoveries

We understand Steve Knapp has a new car with everything on it but the kitchen sink. Many of the boys are quite happy over this fact for it is much better than the subways.

Paddy Cartosa, better known as little Tony, the Giant roofer, says he saw something nice in Mr. Todd's Office last week. He is very angry when he wasn't asked to lead the Grand March with Edith on the night of April 15, 1939. Things could be made more cheerful for us handy men in the E. B. A. Ask Tini.

John Healy says he knows it is a long way to Boston, but when you get there it is worth all the suffering. There you will be greeted with open arms. It brings back the joy to your heart that I thought was long forgotten. (More Beans John.)

Paul Schroth is very busy trying to make connections with some trucking concern to bring his spare bed from Astoria to his new headquarters in the Museum. Paul doesn't like the 8th Ave. Subway where one train pushes the other. Paul says he doesn't like the Hospitals, only the Nurses. I don't blame you, Paul.

Bob Murray, of the Custodian's department has been in Mount Sinai hospital for several weeks as the result of a severe abdominal operation. It became necessary for Bob to have blood transfusions, and Charles Grannis, Tommy Ford and Al Potenza willingly came forward and gave transfusions to Bob. We salute them as gallant gentlemen—the kind you are proud to have as fellow workers. We are also glad to report that Bob is on the road to recovery now, and we sure will be glad to welcome him back, we hope in the near future.



Just as we went to press we heard of another candidate for our Museum family. Charles O'Brien has also joined the rank of "Father", yes—he has a brand new son. Congratulations.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

- Ben Connolly on a bike.
- Charles Kerr on a dance floor.
- Jack Scott in a prize ring.
- Chris Hundertpfund in a bathing suit.
- Little Tony as a water boy for the Dodgers.
- Eddie Wilde as a master of ceremonies.

Withheld from the Press

Unheralded Expedition to Return Soon

Little known expedition sponsored by the "Cafeteria Society" left during the late eclipse under sealed orders. From members who went on the expedition it was learned that they intended to bring back some specimens for the Hall of Jurassic



Paleontology which will be opened in 1970. On the trip went such gastronomical explorers as actor Rinald well known raconteur, Casanova Bacon, organizing tycoon Schroth, and big operator Gayer. Purpose was to bring back a Fuzzy Foo, a Side Hill Winder (Thus named for its one wing causing it to fly in circles) and a Ghastly Goon (which flies backwards instead of forwards not thinking of where it is going but of where it has been).

Not much word has been heard from the Expedition but we hope that Louis Monaco is getting that much needed rest. Mr. Nichols of the Accounting Department tells us that he is in constant touch with Klassen for an 18 cent telephone bill to Floral Park. The American Embassy reports from Algiers that some members of the party were seen entering the Casbah last fall. No word has been heard of them since. Scoop Meyer equipped with camera and flash bulbs has sent back to Charlie Coles 18,000 feet of what he calls "interesting shots". Coles reports they must have been taken in a coal pit at night. These films will *not* be exhibited under the sponsorship of the Camera Club.

Late Flash! (Before the Grapevine went to press word was received from the leader of the expedition, Sherman Voorhees, who took his car in case of emergencies.)

"Island of Bali, April 25th, 1939. We thought you might like to know that the boys are all safe. Have sold double spread to "Islander Bar" tell Hahn to hold space. We decided the expedition needed a little rejuvenation so here we are. Have collected interesting specimens here on island. Gerry doing well on hills and valleys of Bali. Met Clarence and Stanley through Rinald. Stanley recovering from recent wound.

Have some good stories for magazine tell Ed. Tell Irene she has exclusive on all photos taken of men in Bali by Meyer. Tell Lynch to tell Nichols that Steve will pay that bill when he gets back. Can't he wait till pay day? What is a Fuzzy Foo?

Hobbies Meet

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club of the Museum has certainly gotten off to a flying start. Groups of amateurs may be seen huddled around some new gadget or prints that a proud member displays and words such as "panchromatic", "Supersensitive" and "emulsions" through the halls.



The fully equipped dark-room includes an enlarger and contact printer. Financed by the charter members, this dark-room has been much in use. You will find it on the basement floor of Roosevelt Memorial Building where a few weeks ago Bill Baker, Steve Klassen and Dick Joyce worked nights to prepare it for the Club. They have done an excellent job and the members are proud of it.

This month's exhibit was on nature subjects and running in competition with the exhibit of the Pictorial Photographers of America is our own Museum exhibit on the basement floor of Roosevelt. I think the employees of the Museum will agree that it is a mighty fine showing.

Committees have been formed under the able tutelage of the president, Walter Meister, and things are popping. There is talk of a Club magazine, and promotion outside of the Museum is under way. The following have helped by displaying their ably taken photographs in the May exhibit:

TITLE	BY
"Antelope"	—Bill Baker
"Tuamotu—Archipelago"	—George Sehroth
"Rez"	—Irene F. Cypher
"Forsythia"	—Ed Burns
"Buff"	—Leverett Bradley
"Any Old Port"	—Frank Beach
"Tabby"	—Philip J. Duffy
"Passion Flower"	—R. Edward Logan
"Oscar"	—L. W. Clausen
"Winter Morning"	—M. L. Zaeuto
"Ocelot"	—E. T. Gilliard
"Grasshopper"	—John C. Orth



There are 41 members and Louis Monaco is the man to see about joining. Dues are low (\$3.00 a year) and all members may use the darkroom and enjoy the companionship of an enthusiastic group of museum photographers. All who own a camera or use one are invited to join. Here is a chance for those of you who wish to learn a little more about photography to associate with your friends in learning the game, attending meetings, hearing lectures by authorities, developing and printing your own pictures and enjoying field trips with this young and active Camera Club.

Now that we have mentioned the Camera Club, let us add that this organization is planning the publication of a monthly paper and is also arranging another exhibition which promises to be at least as successful as the first. Due consideration of the latter, we hope, will be forthcoming in the next issue of the Grapevine.

SPECIAL NOTICE

From the Museum Camera Club

In order that we may have for you a very well-known speaker and photographer at our next meeting of the Camera Club, we are calling the regular monthly meeting for Friday, May 26th, at 5 o'clock, in Room 129.

Mr. Eugene Hutchinson, on the staff of Underwood and Underwood, is noted throughout the United States as an eminent artist in the field of commercial illustration as well as in portrait photography. Photographic magazine articles often carry examples of his work to illustrate methods in picture-making. He is an amusing as well as a canny speaker in addressing both advanced photographers and beginners such as we have in our Club.

We are extremely fortunate in having Mr. Hutchinson speak to us on "INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHY", which will be of great help to us in taking photographs for our June-July exhibition. This, by the way, will be an exhibition for awards. So be sure to put this date on your calendar to pick up some important pointers.

You are welcome to bring guests with you to this meeting. Let's make it a record turnout.

INDIVIDUAL HOBBIES

Museum hobbies both individual and organized are still being pursued with an undiminished intensity. In fact so well have hobbyists established their claims to recognition that they have now been granted a three dimensional museum space to serve as a club room. To be more specific, Room 129,

(Cont. on Page 8)

Sports News

STICKBALL

On Tuesday April 25th before the largest gallery of the season, Walter Carroll's "Old Timers" Stickball team defeated the "Newcomers" led by



Capt. "Wimpy" Bacon in a challenge match. Scoring early when Tappen doubled scoring two runs the "Newcomers" were away in front. However their period of gloating was short lived as the "Old Timers" soon forged to the front to lead 5 to 2 in the sixth inning. Behind Cook's careful pitching they made this lead stand up for the balance of the game, allowing but one more run to the N.C.'s Final score "Old Timers" 5 "Newcomers" 3.

Prominent for the O.T.'s were Tumillo who starred for years previously with the old Print shop team. Tony lacked the old power but still retains plenty of "class" and Cook formerly a mediocre player has developed into a good all around player. Walter Carroll unable to park his drives over the Ocean Life Bldg. had a bad day at bat. However he came up with several scintillating catches to steady his team at critical moments. For the N.C.'s Patterson played up to his usual form and with M. Duffy shared fielding honors for the losers. Healy too showed improvement having gotten over his habit of stepping on his own feet. Ford and Schneider both played a steady game. "Wimpy" pitched well enough until the O.T.'s power began to assert itself. The lineups:

"Old Timers"		"Newcomers"	
W. Carroll	3rd	T. Ford	3rd
J. McCormack	1st	A. Patterson	1st
A. Tumillo	If.	M. Duffy	rf.
G. Schneider	rf.	H. Tappen	If.
J. Healy	C.	J. McLaughlin	C.
R. Cook	P.	F. Bacon	P.

Umpire in Chief, C. Hunderpfund

Stick-ball Flies:—With the recent good weather the gallery at the noon hour games has shown a steady increase the "Hecklers" are again in full song. (Razzing noises). We have had good reports on "Strike-out Cartossa sometimes called Van Lingle by his mates. " . . . " McLoughlin who made his first hit of the season the other day and became so excited he tried to make second on it sliding on his stomach "ala Frisch". The boys called Ford

✧ "Terrible Turk the King of Swing" the inference being three strikes and out, No hit, no runs but what errors. John "Moose" Hoffman still thrills with his towering drives soaring far over the roof tops. We nominate him for the home run title. One of our readers has advised us that the reason for Umpire Hunderpfund being tardy on some of his decisions is due to the fact that Chris is muscle bound.

BADMINTON

Flash—For those interested in badminton, the court in the Planetarium basement is now available.

GOLF

Walter Joyce informs us that there is a golf club here in the Museum and adds that several matches have been played in the past altho he didn't mention who's the Champ. Those participating were R. Johnson, W. Joyce, L. Kinzer and T. Voter. I know Ed Meyenberg also plays because we played once, and yours truly was so awful Ed has not invited me to play since. Anyone interested in this ancient game should get in touch with Walter Joyce.

TENNIS

There is not much to report about this item except that the players are having some trouble with a sit-down situation on the part of the stick-ballers. The



boys with the bats so far have retained the courtyard by sheer numbers not to mention those murderous looking sticks they wield. However with the advent of good weather we look for a swarm of "tennis Bugs" which in the past outnumbered the ball players.

Readers please note:

You probably noticed the absence of a sports column in the preceeding issue. This was caused by lack of interest on the part of our readers, aside from the same few who time after time take an interest in their paper and submit reports or notes on sports activities. After all this is your publication and we depend upon you to furnish news items.

We do not have any sports reporters. So we hereby appoint you, the readers "Sport News Hounds". Any little briefs submitted will be gratefully appreciated and duly published. Thank you.

EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOC.



DISCOUNTS ON PURCHASES

(By this time you have all probably received the following letter, and the Grapevine merely wishes to call to your attention again this very worth while accomplishment on the part of a committee of your Board of Directors.)

"Some time ago the Board of Directors decided that it would be to the advantage of the members of the Employees' Benefit Association if a canvass could be made of local retailers concerning the question of discounts.

We are happy to report that such a canvass was made and that we have received many favorable replies.

For your convenience we are enclosing a confidential list of the firms which offer discounts to members of the Employees' Benefit Association. This list is by no means final and complete. When more business houses express their willingness to offer discount service, you will be notified.

All you have to do is show your Employees' Benefit Association card to the salesman, at any of the listed firms, to receive discount."

(A list of firms granting discounts was attached to the letter. From time to time as further names are added to this list, the Grapevine will print these additions.)

A SAD TALE

This is the sad tale of two Pork Chops—two missing Pork Chops. Little Rose DiBlasio, of the Planetarium Box Office fame, the other day bought from the butcher man, two pork chops, raw, intending to cook them for her supper. However, the poor little pork chops were frozen stiff, so Rose put them out on the window sill to thaw out, in order that they might cook easier. Well, that would still be alright, except that Rose picked the wrong window-sill. She put them out on the one in the Planetarium ticket office and lo and behold—when Rose got hungry—somebody had swiped the pork chops. Well, this might sound funny to you, but ask Rose how it feels to have your heart set on pork chops, and then have to eat crackers instead.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

One of the attendants in the cafeteria came in the other noon and said, "There's a man out here whom no one can understand. Can we bring him in here and see if you can find out what he wants?"

When he came in, he told us that he was a Czechoslovakian and had been a brew-master in one of the large breweries in France. He had taken a three months vacation and had gone to France and was in Paris when Hitler took over Czechoslovakia.

He had been very anti-German and did not dare go back for fear of being sent to a concentration camp so he came to New York from Cherbourg. He had a three months visé from Czechoslovakia and the immigration authorities sent him to Ellis Island where he spent five days while they investigated. Then they asked him to post a \$500 bond, and this was his first day in the city.

As he had heard a lot about the Museum of Natural History, he came right up and was looking for a paid guide to take him around for as he said, "In all the cities I have been you can always hire someone to explain and guide you.

He had been through most of the Museums in Europe but acknowledged that there was none as beautiful and interesting as our Museum.

To him it was wonderful and that it was all free seemed to astound him.

His parting words were, "This experience and what I have seen in your building I shall never forget and no one can take from me.

NUMBER PLEASE

Recently the telephone rang and a voice asked Mr. Sievers, "Can you speak foreign languages?"

Of course, we asked what language—and the reply was, "We don't know, we can't understand him."

So we said send him down and soon a gentleman walked in and asked "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" and we found out that he was a doctor on board one of the German boats and that it was his first trip to New York and he did want to see the Museum but had found no one who could explain to him the best way to see everything in the shortest possible time. We gave him a start and after four hours he came back and thanked us and asked us could we tell him how to get to the Bronx Zoo so that he could also see that place. How is that for service?

WOMAN HATER SUCCUMBS

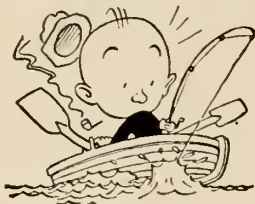
For many years Jack Orth has maintained a kingly position among the ranks of the confirmed bachelors, but even the strongest fall eventually. Yes—you guessed it! Jack was married on May 20th, and we scoop all papers in announcing it. You can present your congratulations in person.

Hobbies Meet. Cont.

Roosevelt Memorial, has been reserved as a general hobby meeting place with the proviso that hobby activities will depend on any meetings which may have been assigned to this room. Further news about this very important matter will be supplied at a not too distant date. The individual hobbyists, however socially inclined they may be, will simply have to remind themselves of Lord Dundreary's famous remark—"Birds of a feather flock together, It would be a damn fool of a bird that would go and flock all by himself".

There are still many nooks and crannies of our individual hobby store room as yet unexplored, and here are a few scraps of information which our persistent efforts have brought to light.

John Germann, whose ready wit and tongue could easily qualify him as publicity victim No. 1., has somehow managed to escape so far. But 'them days is gone forever', for we now take pleasure in introducing him to you as an ardent landscape artist, a skillful constructor of miniature sailing craft, a courageous yachtsman who dares to tackle the



sea in boats he has made himself and, last but not least, an honest fisherman who never mentions the size of the one that got away.

Frank Rinald must certainly believe that all the world's a stage. Otherwise, how could he possibly combine mammalogy with amateur theatricals? Yet this is precisely what he does, and it is said that his happiest moments are when he is telling other people how to act.

Finally, Dr. Roy W. Miner, while vocationally much concerned about the remote genealogy of invertebrates, is avocationally interested in tracing his own family genealogy. Could this help to explain why he is always so genial?

SATURDAY CLOSING

We are not trying to prove how many of our employees read the "General Regulations", but from the number of inquiries received, we hesitate to try and guess. Which is why we call your attention to Section 12, page 5, which reads as follows: "Through the months of June, July, August and September department offices will be closed all day Saturdays and employees not required on duty to keep the exhibition halls open to the public may be granted the privileges of the full Saturday holiday."

JUST AN INCIDENT

They walked into Mr. Sievers' office, four of them. Dirty, torn specimens with hands in their pockets. Four gentlemen from Harlem—age nine to twelve.

"This Mist' Siev's office? 're ya Mist' Siev's? Got somethin' fo' ya."

"What is it boys?," asks Mr. Sievers.

A brown hand slips behind its owner's coat and pulls out a woodcock.

"Found 'im on the street. Don' ya use 'im?"

The woodcock is accepted. It had a broken neck, by the way, but we would not accuse the boys of it!

"Well guys," says Mr. Sievers in the friendliest tone "Thanks a lot, and if you find anything else, just bring it over."

The "guys" don't move. One seems to be suspended from the window, so that he is hanging above Mr. Sievers' neck. There's a black and brown huddle perched on the desk. Another one's nose is dangerously near the telephone.

"My maw gave me a dime an' I payed his carfare."

"Yea, an' me maw gave me a nickel."

"An me maw says ah gotta git home for dinner."

"Yea, and that's twenty cents carfare."

The fourth sums the three "hints" into a direct statement. They look dangerous. Hands stuck deep in the pockets. Caps down the foreheads and teeth stuck out—to bite. They got him—

"Here guys, her's your carfare, and divide it among yourselves."

They give him a (?) look and start to go out.

"Say boys, who's boss, I'd like his name so that we know who the bird is from"

"Take mah name Mistuh, Cleveland....."

"Mah name Mistuh, Freddy"

Stanley, Freddy, Douglas, Cleveland, Jones, Smith.

"Now which is which?"

They leave solemnly, these four gentlemen—Stanley Jones, Douglas Mathews, Freddy Williams and Cleveland Smith, who pokes the dead bird with a finger—"Sho' kin use 'im Mistuh"

E. B. A. BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Board is the governing body of the E.B.A., and at a meeting held on May 11th, it was decided that in order to keep all our members in touch with affairs of the E.B.A., we would, from time to time, give you news of what goes on in a directors meeting. At the aforementioned meeting on May 11th, the Board received and accepted the report on the dance which was held on April 15th, 1939. This report is printed elsewhere in this issue.

The following new members were also voted upon for membership in the E.B.A.:

Miss Edith Kendall Mr. Raymond H. De Lucia
Any points you think should be taken up for the good of the association—tell your Board members about it.



THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



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PRICELESS

SNAPSHOTS

Ed Berg is to be congratulated on his fine editorial job on MUSECAM. We welcome the new publication. We are told that he would appreciate any Camera Club members' contributions and that the editorial staff is still incomplete. We can appreciate the amount of work that goes into such a publication and hope that those employees who really have their heart in the Camera Club will give him all the cooperation possible.

There are some 40 members in the Club now and while some of them are far from "active", the pictures that have been hung so far show good work can be done and those who own a camera should not feel that they cannot compete due to the stiff competition. There are experts ready to help on all problems, committees are doing their best to see that lectures are held, the darkroom is being used and new members are more than welcome. The Exhibition Committee would like to see more pictures submitted. They want all the members to feel that it does not mean that they should wait for that "good" picture before they submit one.

THE GENTLE ART OF SQUELCHING

On Saturday, June 3rd a few of the hardier camera fiends met at Fulton and Church Street at 9:30 A.M. to record some of the phases of life in lower Manhattan. New Yorkers on their way to work eyed our impromptu poses

with amused regard, cataloguing us as hicks in the Big City.

The high light of the trip came, however, as we were standing pensively in front of the Aquarium. A man, pompous, self-

satisfied and with a monstrous ear-phone projecting from his one ear (without doubt one of the "nuts" of the vicinity) came up to us, laid a hand patronizingly upon the shoulder of Louis Monaco and thereupon launched upon what promised to be a long harangue upon the historical background of the Battery. As a proud New Yorker he bemoaned the fact that New Yorkers knew so little about such a famous site as the Aquarium.

Louis, realizing that this could go on indefinitely unless someone put a stop to it, asked in a very surprised manner, "Do you mean to tell us that New Yorkers don't know that the Aquarium was once a fort and that Jenny Lind sang there?" (He acknowledged to us later that this was all he remembered and he had forgotten that until the man reminded him.)

Our self-elected informant and "was-going-to-be" guide indignantly replied, "Why, no they don't!" But before he could go any further Louis remarked, "Well, well, we certainly are surprised! You see, we are official historians from Washington looking things over around here and we know everything there is to know about any of the historical points hereabouts."—Whereupon the startled man immediately betook himself away, with never a backward glance—impressed speechless (by what we knew to be the tall-story telling ability of our fleet-brained Secretary).



WINNING ENTRY

Whenever the monthly exhibit of the American Museum Employees' Camera Club is one for which there is an award, the Grapevine will print the winning picture. That shown above is the winning entry for the month of May. The subject for that month was "Portraiture", and the picture was submitted by Dr. Frank A. Beach, Assistant Curator of Experimental Biology.



Non-Scientific Discoveries

By the time this issue comes out, Miss Dorothy Bennett will have reached the State of Minnesota, to assume her post with the University of Minnesota Press as Sales Promotion Manager. We are sorry to see her go, and we wish her lots of success. It is a new undertaking for Dorothy, but not in new settings, for she returns to her home town of Minneapolis.

Summer always brings its supply of fish stories—some good and some not so good. This is a good one. Mr. Burganan, of our painting and decorating staff went fishing, and brought home a grand catch of porgies. What did he do but bring them in with him, and his brother decorators were all invited to a tasty and delicious lunch. Why can't more fish stories have a nice ending like that?

It is also our sad duty to report another departure from our ranks. Mr. Ware Lynch, of the Natural History advertising staff, has left to assume the position of Advertising and Publicity Manager for the Hotel Pierre. We have always wanted to make faces at the regal and austere doorman over there. Now we think we'll do it, and then call on Ware to protect us from the consequences.

There is a magnificent new poster in all the museum elevators, advertising the new bookshop. Mr. Charles Bogert is pictured deeply engrossed in one of the many fascinating books for sale there. A fellow museumite seeing said poster for first time remarked, "My, doesn't he look like Lowell Thomas!"

Dr. Grace Ramsey will depart in July for Alaska and points along the West coast. That is our idea of a trip, and we wager she will return with some grand "shots" for the camera club exhibits.

We are more than glad to report that Bob Murray and Pete Canavan are improving and will soon be back at work again. Hattie Hawes has returned after a serious operation, and so has Bill Somerville. It is good to welcome folks back again to health.

The recent tension over the European situation had its effect even here in the Museum, and some of our fellow workers are very thankful that the strain is easing up a bit over there, for perhaps the strain here too, will ease slightly. Daily discussions on the European situation and the solution of the various problems involved were the cause of heated discussions between Messers, Sullivan, Feldman and Marra in the attendants locker room. If a peaceful settlement has been reached in Europe, perhaps it will be possible once more to snatch a quiet cat-nap in said locker room.

We wonder how much it cost Jim Turner to get his name in the headlines of a certain local newspaper!

Among the ways in which fellow Museumers are going to spend their vacations is that of Mr. Charles (Chuck) Bogert, who is leaving in August for several European centers. He has been awarded a special grant from Carnegie Institution, in order to do research on African snakes.

Hugh McCallion, of the Custodian's Department, departed on a visit to the emerald shores of his native land. The department is hoping that he may be able to do something about the dispute between the North and South over the boundary line.



Just as we were going to press we were told a very important bit of news. Charles Coles, of Museum photography fame, was married on July 1st, and is now in England on his honeymoon.

INTERIOR DECORATORS BEWARE

If there is anyone who is contemplating painting his domicile, and is in need of expert assistance, we suggest that they call in the services of one Mr. George Schroth. We understand that he wields a mean paintbrush and does a thorough job. In fact he spent a week of his vacation with Walter Meister, at the Meister summer domain, and they tell us that the house simply glistens with the most thorough coat of paint ever put on a mansion. In addition he took a set of pictures so you see he is an all round technician. Why not engage his services.

THE GRAPEVINE

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OUR VACATION

Just like all our other hard working friends, the Grapevine too likes a vacation now and then. The next issue will not appear until September, when we all return nice and brown from the summer sun. It is hard at times for the Grapevine staff to get in touch with everyone to learn the interesting bits of news, so if you are doing something exciting over the summer, or visiting one of the far corners of the globe—let us know about it in September so that we can tell the others. Also if you come across items of interest around the Museum, send them along, the editorial staff will be glad to print them. So goodbye for the summer, and pleasant vacations!

IDEAL FOR A MUSEUM WORKER is what Dorothy Bennett says of the apartment she would like to sublet because she is leaving the city. It has a living room 22' 4" x 11' 8", a bedroom 16' 9" x 11' 8", dinette 7' 10" x 9' 4", kitchen 8' 6" x 7' 6", 3 large closets, foyer, GARDEN, and attractive tile bath. It's a real bargain to sublet or to lease. The building is modern and well cared for, 320 East 83rd St. Walk across the park or ride the crosstown bus.

VIEWPOINT

Mamma ant was strolling along the street with her two children. The two baby ants frolicked along the edge of the curbstone, playing tag.

Suddenly, one of the baby ants lost its balance and fell off the curbstone into the gutter. The brother ant started to cry, and tugged unhappily at its mother.

"Mamma, mamma," it cried tearfully, "come quick! Junior just fell over a cliff!"...



natural history hobbies. Of these, the majority relate to fishing and gardening, though many deal with other subjects, such as bee keeping, tropical fish breeding and private bird sanctuaries. A few of the most outstanding works in question are; 'Atlantic Game Fishing' by S. Kip Farrington Jr., 'Sea Fishing' by Percival Lea Birch, 'Tropical Fishes as Pets' by C. W. Coats, 'The Rock Garden' by Louise Beebe Wilder, Garden Guide (one of the De la Marge Garden Book Series) and 'Bees in the Garden and Honey in the Larder' by Mary Louise Coleman. Time and space do not permit us to give this topic the attention it deserves, but we strongly urge every hobbyist who has a natural history hobby to avail himself of the opportunities offered by the Museum Book Shop. We are sure that he or she will be more than likely to find just what will meet the requirement.

We now resume our quest for individual museum hobbyists from the point where we left off last month, and the first victim of this our latest drag net is Margaret Hanby, Secretary of the Department of Lower Invertebrates. To offset the death-like quiescence of lower invertebrate associations as well as the monotonous hum of the typewriter, she has taken to singing. By this we do not mean mammy songs or crooning but real classical music of a high order, and those in the "know" claim she does it most enchantingly.

Victim No. 2. is Ernest Neilson of the Anthropology Department who not only collects ivories, jades, swords, coins and pictures, but also has a shop in Westfield N. J. where he sells them. Through his close association with archaeological artifacts, he has developed a very critical eye for antiques and woe to the person who tries to give him any wooden nickels!

Our third and fourth catches are two fine specimens from the museum library. One is Betty Ertel who is an inveterate ice skater during the winter and the other, Hazel Gay who holds the library record as a World's Fair attender. She has been

* there five times but will have to go fifteen times more if she wishes to equal Bruce Brunner's score.

At the bottom of the net we find Hazel de Berard, Dr. Frick's secretary, who has so many hobbies that memory fails her and she is obliged to resort to an itemized list. Chief of these, however, is seeing and climbing mountains as well as making hooked rugs depicting mountain scenes. She has also drawn a very beautiful and picturesque map of the Hut System of the Appalachian Mountain Club of which she is a devoted member. Besides this, she is a rhythmic dancer, an embroiderer and a gardener who is very anxious to see a garden club organized at the museum.

BERMUDA, THE BLISSFUL

We are not trying to tell you where to go on your vacation—but the other day, when we were particularly under the influence of that "wanderlust" feeling, Miss Levett Bradley came into our office and started to extol the virtues of Bermuda. She was so enthusiastic, that we thought all of you who might be seeking a place to go for your vacation might like to know her reactions, and we herewith present them, just as she wrote them down for us:

"The above name (Bermuda) speaks for itself when I say that my planned visit was for ten days, and I only eventually tore myself away after three and a half weeks.

It certainly is the most ideal spot for a vacation that I ever stayed in, bar none. The day I arrived, Friday, May 19, I immediately went in for all the sports available on the spot; the "spot" being Harrington House, on Harrington Sound, into which we went swimming. Also we rowed on the same blue-green waters. Later we played tennis on the grass court of the garden and then cycled back into St. George's to see the boat "Acadia" start off on its further voyage to Havana. Not having been on a bicycle since I left England nearly ten years ago, some slight stiffness was to be expected, but none manifested itself—owing, I suppose, to my being such an *old* cyclist!

Harrington House being opposite the Quarry, we had the pleasure of hearing the occasional blasting go Bang, and of seeing some of the convicts conveyed to and from their work in one of the two or three trucks which are extant on the island—not even the Governor being allowed a car. This exemption was a great boon after New York. The air is full of the fragrance

* of flowering trees and pines everywhere, and it was quite thrilling to be able to pick bananas oneself, even though they were still green, and to allow them to ripen in the sun. The different fruits grown there are numerous. The small garden of a friend at Hamilton contained almost everything in the way of fruit trees—oranges, wild cherries, paw-paws, bananas, tomatoes, grapes, etc.

For cycling most of the roads are distinctly bad, and include many accident traps for the reckless and unwary. However, one can get occasional long stretches of good surface, and always there are wonderful views of colored water and tree-covered hills. The following verses give a fair, though brief description of the particular locality of my stay in that delightful spot of "English country" in the midst of the Atlantic:

An Appreciation

by D. F. Levett Bradley

Where the waves of the Atlantic
Wash Bermuda's fragrant shore
You may find a peaceful haven
Where you need not ask for more.

There between two waters standing
Is an ideal place of rest
Having all the sports you're wanting
And where food is of the best.

All the house is light and cheerful
Guests, I've met, a jolly crowd—
What to say of hosts and hostess
Could not be expressed aloud!

Gardens fair and green surrounding
U.S.A. now spreads its fame;—
Where you dock you'll hear on landing
"Harrington House" the well-known name.

[May be sung to the tune of "Clementine"]

In Bermuda:—

You do not run to catch the mail
There are no mails to catch
Except the males (or females) met
Beneath the same roof-thatch!

D.F.L.B.

PAGE OSCAR WILDE

Arthur Ohlman, a former member of the Preparation Department, on a recent return visit to the museum voiced this epigrammatic utterance: "The members of this institution are like the inhabitants of Shangri La. They never grow older but simply expand."

Social Whirl



Ed. Lyons Pills—Line up boys, pills for every ailment, stiff joints, fallen arches, flat feet, etc., make a date with Lyons, his pills are pills and how brother?

"Who knows their sections," cries Steve Murphy to every man he meets. Some of the boys have bought a compass.

Jake Schrope took the boys to see the Fair, but no Fair did they see. All the girl shows were the main attraction. In the party were Chas. Groff, Herman Otto and Fred Christman. Blueglasses were worn on the way home.

Ask Herman Otto about his fishing trip with three museum friends at Long Island. Twelve hours in the sun,—the catch three small flounders—no ruler needed.



Harry Farrar has his fishing license thanks to Wilson Todd's letter of reference. With maps and fishing rod Harry is going up New York State to cast his luck.

The new collectors hobby: Pails and mops. Chas. Nevins can find them no matter where they hide.

The ex-100 mile king is thinking of soft peddling the old two-wheeler again. Two bronze medals were won by our Ben Connolly.

Chris. Hunderpfund, back in 1922, modeled for bathing suits. Must have a hidden figure, girls.

At the mail desk still licking his stamps Henry Voelmy licks and licks. Henry should not lick George Washington, the Father of our country.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Dick Kunder on a kiddie car

Harry Hawkins riding a winner in the Kentucky Derby

Charles Kerr making out a will in favor of H.H.

Bill Sherman cashing a check with a smile

Jim McKeon without the crying towel

A TRIP TO THE FAIR

(Or "Flushing Meadows Can Take it")

Little "Junior" left Dorothy Edwards and its fond parent, Natural History, and wandered over to the Fair the other week, and his adventures were surprising indeed.



Little Junior was getting bored with "our small animal friends" and wanted bigger and better things. And the Fair seemed the logical place to go.

And what do you think was the first thing Junior saw when he had paid his admission fee and gone inside? John Saunders!. There was John sitting in the middle of a great big wonderful New York City building completely surrounded by dioramas of museum exhibits and a big chameleon blinking at him! Just when little Junior was about to go up to him and say "Hello", a man pushed through and timidly asked John how you knew what you had, even if you did dig it up out of rocks. Little Junior discreetly left! When he came back a little later he spied his old friend Irene Cypher and rushed up to meet her, but not soon enough to save her. She had been explaining at length to a group of five people what the dinosaur exhibit was all about. In fact she had been talking for an unearthly long time, or so it seemed to Junior, when suddenly the group smiled sweetly at her and began to gesticulate in the deaf and dumb sign language. Junior disappeared, for he really hated to be an onlooker at a lady's distress. Still undaunted he returned the next day, and there was his pal Elwood Logan. "Elwood" cried Junior . . . but he never finished, for two bearded Frenchmen stepped up to Elwood and started to ask him in French if it were possible to buy those things in the cases. "Nicht sprechen Sie French" answered Elwood . . . and the fight was on! With that little Junior made a dash for the door and he is now peacefully residing in his own little domicile, back in the nice peaceful Museum, far from those maddening inquiries.

For those of you who would like to see what Little Junior saw, the Museum has a large exhibit in the New York City Building, which is right next to the perisphere. Seven dioramas, a large model of a chameleon and a background of winking stars constitute the exhibit. The dioramas

show the Seminole Indians, birds of the Pacific coral islands, a group of dinosaurs and their eggs, Mt. Vesuvius, pearl divers, and polarized light. Fifteen or so members of the Department of Education are on duty there one at a time, answering questions and giving information about the Museum and the Planetarium.

On the 15th of June the "Time and Space" Building also opened. Sponsored by the Museum, this exhibit will take you on a rocket trip to the moon, and give you your share of thrills. The Longines-Wittnauer Company, maker of watches, put some \$75,000 into this exhibit, and Tom Voter won the competition for the design of the front of the building, competing against many of the well-known designers.

So you see the Museum is offering quite a lot to the sightseers who come to the Fair. Whenever you are out that way, stop in and see the exhibits for yourself.

MUSICAL NOTES

The other day a guide from one of the bus companys of this city had a party in the building showing them the wonders of the Museum. In the course of time they came to the hall where the musical program of the day was being offered. The bus man stepped over to the Museum staff member and asked the name of the composition then being played, and he was told that it was the "Siamese" suite. Whereupon said bus man went back to his group, looked around importantly, and then announced in a loud voice, "Now folks, the number you hear is known as 'The Simonized Suit'!!!!"



LOCAL COLOR

The folks in Education were really quite excited lately—the School Service Elevator was painted, the floor, sides, top, even the telephone and hand rails were given a high polish. And then what happened? Henry Hunderpfund reappeared from the less decorative main elevators to take up his duties in the new, glorified lift! Just when we thought he had deserted us. It just goes to show that some men will sell their birthright for a coat of paint.

Dishing the Dirt

about

The World's Fair

or

DAILY REPORT

by

ERNEST G. DUFFY



Ernest Digging the Dirt

Dear Diary:

The other day (one of those 48 hour days) Mr. Adamson asked me if I could dig up about three pounds of soil over at the World's Fair. It seemed like an unusual request but it has never been my policy to dodge dirty jobs so I promised to try. The idea was that the dirt was to be used in balloons we were releasing from the Time and Space Building and the balloons were going to fly over the Fair. You've heard that song, Moon over Miami. This was World's Fair dirt over the moon and if the balloon broke, it was going to be east side, west side and all around the town.

First I called the head gardener. He seemed like a logical person to call. This was my first mistake. He referred me to the operations department. I told him I didn't want an operation—that I needed the stuff they used in gardens.—I finally called the operations department.

Apparently they don't wash the patients before they operate and the thumb was pointed in the direction of the Supervisor of Pleasant Relations with Exhibitors at the World's Fair or something. In spite of continued disconnections and due to an extremely agile dialing digit, it was possible to maintain a FAIRLY intelligent conversation with an under under assistant secretary. After a 15 minute broadcast from the Hayden Planetarium featuring This Wonderful World brought to you through the courtesy of the Museum of Natural History in connection with their 10 year development program, etc., Miss Blank,

or rather Miss Blankety Blank said, "Oh—you want three pounds of dirt." Success seemed imminent. I learned then and there to never count your chickens in front of your wife. When she told me to call the Head Gardener, I related my previous experiences with this uprooter of all evil. Miss Blank promised to call me back and I promised not to call her anything. About this time I started talking to myself. This is something that all good Guest Relations employees do. I said, "Oh, Duffy dear, I Perisphere you'll never get the soil! Then I was reminded of that old slogan—If at first you don't succeed, Trylon, Trylon again. About this time, the phone rang and the glad tidings were received. Miss Blank had delivered the onions. The dirt would be waiting for me. The instructions she gave telling when to go and how to get it would have put Rube Goldberg to shame. My itinerary included a side trip to Saturn and Jupiter with a 3 day stopover at Horses Head Nebula, but success and three pounds of dirt were to crown my persistent efforts. After finally finding the head gardener and meeting his various assistants and their wives and families—after kissing a few dozen squalling infants and passing out about three boxes of crooners crooners (they're the cigars that lull you to sleep)—after accepting 3 lbs. of sand, fertilizer and gravel in consecutive order, I finally emerged triumphant with not one not two but three pounds of grand glorious golden World's Fair soil.

One day Miss Warren and Mrs. Mack got out one of those wishing lamps, rubbed it good and hard, and made a mighty wish. A kind genii answered their wishes in the form of a check and now we have a new Book Shop.

On the first floor of the main building, near the elevators, is now a new, modern and "browsy" book shop. Work was speeded to get the shop in readiness for the expected Fair visitors and with the help of the Museum Paint, Electrical, and Carpenter Shops it opened officially on June the fifth. Shelves are of blonde walnut and hold about twice the number of books. Better display and indirect lighting with doors wide open near the elevators attract the customer. We wish you luck and advise the employees to drop in some time and spend some time for there are books to meet any taste and two very nice people to help you pick them.

DANCING FEET

For the benefit of those of our fellow workers who may be interested in the gentle art of dancing we are happy to print the following information. A representative of the Arthur Murray Dance Studios stopped into our offices the other day to tell us that they were organizing groups for dance instruction and would be glad to give our people the opportunity of taking advantage of these special offers. We give you their rates:

For a group of five to ten persons—
\$10 for ten lessons (During the summer months, twelve lessons are given in this course)

For a group of twelve or more, \$7.50 for the above course.

You may have these lessons in the studios, in your own home, or in any place of your choosing. (The instructors bring an electric phonograph and records with them)

If you wish to have the lessons in your own home, the charge is twenty-five dollars for the evening, no matter how many persons are in the group.

The studios are air conditioned—an extra inducement for the summer.

If you are interested you can get in touch with Miss Schofield, or with Mr. Tannhauser, at the Arthur Murray Dance Studios, 7 East 43rd Street and 10 East 44th Street, New York City.

Why not take advantage of this offer—think of the next E.B.A. dance, and what a sensation you can be, executing all the latest steps with the greatest of ease. We call it a most opportune happening.

"FAIR" SUMMER

Summer brings with it, Saturdays off and the last issue of Natural History till Fall, the opening of Whitney Bird Hall and a new Book Shop location, World's Fair tours behind the scenes, more Planetarium shows, tennis games and that lazy feeling when the sun shines, and the last issue of the Grapevine till Fall. Vacation time is here and we have seen the calendar and picked our time. We have welcomed a new Museum publication called *Museum* and seen a camera club grow. We have watched while Althea Warren and Peg Mack scurry around with books in their arms running to the new Book Shop. We have compared notes on the World's Fair and bidden departing employees of the Educational Department a fond farewell on their trip to Flushing Meadows. Signs by Tom Voter and staff have sprung up and pamphlets have been distributed on the Planetarium shows. Walter Meister and Dick Cook are ready with blue ink for the receipts to come in and music is heard in some of the Halls. But what we want to know is WHERE are all those World's Fair visitors?

JUST A MEMORY

There is an organization, closely affiliated with this august institution, which is known as the "Staff Wives", and which meets at varied and sundry times for purely social purposes. Recently, one of these meetings was held at the Trailside Museum home of Mr. William Carr at Bear Mountain. Many of our staff members departed in their Rolls, V-8's, and just plain flivvers, for said destination. Among them was one Mr. S. P. Voorhees, who blithely rolled along, and in the course of events also rolled past a stop sign (Inadvertently, of course and unintentionally). Ensued a ticket for aforementioned offense. The culprit was the victim of an unfortunate lapse of memory, and completely forgot about said ticket, until after court had adjourned on the day on which he was to appear. The court, being rather mean about these things, proceeded to issue a warrant, the culprit proceeded to do some tall explaining and paid a fine, and is only quite recently breathing normally when the word "jail" is mentioned. Which all goes to show what an important thing a good memory is.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"I hate to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

—Gilpin

Calling : : ENdicott 2-8500

Have you ever taken time off to consider through what highways and byways that question from Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public arrives on your telephone extension?

In an effort to get a good idea of the communication system of the Museum, a visit was made to our telephone switchboard. There, midst green, red and white lights popping on and off, cords being pulled and pushed, sit the two "Voices with Smiles," Miss Margaret McGoldrick and Miss Johanna Scharf. Between them they keep an ever watchful eye on the two-position switchboard.

The board has fourteen trunk lines—which means that fourteen outside calls can be handled at one time. To give you an idea how seldom these fourteen main stems are idle, statistics compiled during the winter check-up show that 4000 calls are cleared through them in an ordinary working day. This number, of course, does not include calls made on the inter-office system.

Ten years ago there were about 100 extensions. Now there are 450. Usually Monday is the busiest day. Since, however, offices are closed on Saturdays (the operators, nevertheless, are on duty every Saturday as well as holidays) Friday will run a close second as far as telephone traffic goes. Come summer, winter, spring or fall, the calls per day are nearly even the year around.

Both Miss McGoldrick and Miss Scharf act to great extent as an information bureau and clearing house. Each call that comes in has to reach a suitable destination. When the dear Public calls and wants to speak to the Curator it is up to them to find out just what they want and try to keep them peaceful until they are connected with the right department.

After many years of having peculiar questions thrown at them they are equal to any request and meet any situation without batting and eyelash. One day an excited woman called to ask that the Curator be sent to her house immediately in order to capture a large, weird animal in her apartment. Then by adroit questioning it was found to be nothing more ferocious than a praying mantis.

When calling an outside number and the operator asks who's calling, hold back that

temper. The reason for asking is two-fold. In the first place anybody in the exhibition halls has access to phones and often try to chisel free calls. Secondly, the number of your extension does not show up on the board and considering that there are 500 employees in the Museum you can realize that the operators have no way of knowing where the call is coming from.

Both Miss McGoldrick and Miss Scharf know the voices but not the faces of Museumites. They can easily recognize, without a moment's hesitation two-thirds of the voices of the regular staff. It has happened time and again that they recognize a voice in the elevator and so connect the voice and the personality behind it for the first time.

It might also interest you to know that, even with a twenty-five per cent discount allowed because of its affiliation with the City, the Museum's monthly telephone bill is usually between eight and nine hundred dollars. So you see what a mammoth undertaking it is to keep this complicated and essential part of our business life running smoothly. The next time you take your receiver from the hook, think of the "voice with a smile" and put a smile in your voice too.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Mr. Saunders was recently asked to give a talk to the boys of the Madison Square Boys' Club. It seems that they are erecting a new club house with money given them by the Hayden Youth Foundation, and they wanted to know something about the rock formation over which the new club house is to be built. John went over for a view of the excavation. His guide was a serious young East sider, quite enthused over the new building. When asked how he liked the idea of having a brand new building, he answered in good New Yorkese—"Chee, it's swell—and think of the Hayden Planetarium giv'n us four hundred grand to put it up wid!!"

SHADES OF BYGONE AGES

Quite recently a weary father, from points outside New York, in the course of a long tour of seeing the city's sights, brought his young son to see the Museum. Wearily they dragged their heavy feet into the Jurassic Hall. Sonny's questions came quick and fast, and at last in desperation the father came over to one of the guards and asked, "Please, mister, is it Bronx Park or Central Park you have those animals in?"



THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



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OCTOBER, 1939

PRICELESS

MAY WE PRESENT

(The Grapevine is of the opinion that there are many among us who, unnoticed and in their own quiet ways, have served the Museum well for over a quarter of a century. We therefore intend to present them to you, in the order of length of service, and to tell you a little about their work, their life, and their "Museum story". We begin with our first in point of length of service, our own Dr. Chapman, and we give you his impressions in his very own words.)

Dear Grapevine:—

Replying to your request for 300 words on the 51 years of my Museum life, I append a carefully culled selection which within these verbal limitations will best present a picture of my past half century. Looking backward, I see a desolate-looking field bounded by Central Park, the Everet Apartment House, vacant lots and goat inhabited cliffs. Near its southern border stood an ungainly brick building connected with 77th Street by a wooden causeway and with the world by a path which crossed the field diagonally to the 81st Street "L" Station. This building contained a Haida Ward canoe, a camel-riding Arab being attacked by lions, some geological specimens and the superb collection of mounted birds which still adorns the second floor. On the fifth floor there was a room occupied by Curator J. A. Allen and 300 bird's skins. The two combined constituted the Department of Birds. There were other rooms and four other curators but I cannot spare them any of my 300 words.



I arrived just in time to see the beginnings of the transformation which, starting with the front facade and a carriage entrance used by men and horses, has found its present resting place in the Planetarium and the Whitney Wing.

With an even more marvellous development the 300 birds have grown to nearly 800,000, and Dr. Allen's family has increased, if not proportionally, at least in a manner creditable to so distinguished a sire, dividing, by the way, into a department of mammals (Consult Curator Anthony).

Beyond museum walls I recall a series of camps and cruises from Canada to Chile, from sea-level to snow-line. Under the wand of a one-room taxidermy shop, which itself has grown to the Department of Aids, Preparation and Installation, the resulting collections have become Habitat Groups to which, having exhausted my space, I refer the inquiring reader.

Cordially your colleague,

Frank M. Chapman

Ye Fair



No one was more keely disappointed than we, the Arrangements Committee, when the heavens opened up on September 27th and dropped buckets of water on OUR DAY! With wails and a gnashing of teeth we realized that all our hard work and plans for a good holiday together had come to nothing through a cruel and perverse fate. The only way we could console ourselves was by thinking of Bobby Burns' old panacea "The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley; and leave us naught but grief and pain for promised joy."

However, it was certainly encouraging to learn that almost all of you went to the Fair in spite of the rain and from many reports enjoyed it very much. At least we had a chance to see the General Motors exhibit without waiting in line for hours! And the writer couldn't help hoping in a glum sort of way, while looking out over the bright, sunny "World of Tomorrow", that science would have worked out some method of controlling rainfall by 1960.

Lowell Thomas and his "Nine Old Men" are still counting on a game with Dr. Anthony and his "Headhunters" team, if not this fall, next spring when the Fair re-opens and the weather is more trustworthy. The softball game was a good idea with possibilities for plenty of rousing fun and we hope you will keep it in mind for future use.

DID YOU SAY FOOD?

Dozens of camera fans in the building, and not a one around when Henry Hundertpfund started to blow bubbles!! Knowing Henry's weakness for food, a few wags decided to have some fun. They sliced some yellow soap thin, placed it between two slices of whole wheat bread, added lettuce and a little mustard and placed it on the bench in the basement of School Service. After eyeing the lonely sandwich about five minutes, Henry grabbed it and retired to the seclusion of the elevator to devour his find. Three-quarters through he realized it didn't taste right, so down he came for a drink of water. My, he does blow a mean mouthful of froth!

Vapid Vacationals

BARREL OF FUN

Yes! It really did happen, and in the good old traditional way. Bunny Southwick's bathing suit was stolen by a malicious wave in Marnorinac Bay, and he, Bunny, had to return home in a barrel. If you don't believe us, ask Dr. Harold Freund.

INVERSION IN THE CATSKILLS

The Kingston electric power had been shut off, and Herman Mueller slipped into his pyjamas, enshrouded by darkness. The morrow's sun brought a startling revelation. Mueller had mistaken the sleeves of the upper part for the pants of the lower! Here's to the return of the good old fashioned night gown.

IN TRANSIT

George Childs witnessed one salesman baiting another in a Burlington parlor car. "Hye, Joe", said the first salesman. "So, Frank", replied the other, "I suppose you think you're one of the 'ehimney rock' boys." The first salesman having then departed, the second turned to Dr. Childs with a wink and said, "I suppose you heard me mention 'chimney rock boys'. Well, I don't know a thing about 'em, and don't even know if there are any. But I think I'm wise in making that guy think I know something he don't know!"

OFF THE RECORD

Said Southwick, "My adipose tissue, has lost weight as a humorous issue. I have grown so thin, That I really begin, Oh, adipose tissue, to miss you."

THE GRAPEVINE

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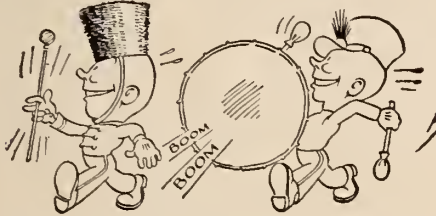
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Social Whirl

On Tuesday evening, October 3rd, 1939, the Custodian's Department sponsored a dinner to five men upon the occasion of their retirement. The men were John F. Clark, William Buckley, James Coyle, James McGrath, Frank Wippert.



The Custodian's Department was not alone, however, in paying tribute to these veterans. The Power and Electric, Mechanics, Masons, and Carpenters Shops as well as the Business Office and Preparation were well represented among the 180 gathered at the dinner.

Many anticipated long speeches, but under the guidance of Bernard Moore that after dinner spectre was curtailed. The committee on arrangements, consisting of Otto Eckholm, Ed Hawkins, Pat Wallace, Tim Sullivan, Barney Moore, Steve Murphy, Joe Schoeffler, Jim McKeon, and James Sheeran are to be congratulated upon the success of the party. Since it was a stag the following men volunteered as waiters: R. Cook, W. Somerville, W. Carroll, A. Monte, T. Sullivan, J. Philburn, S. Klassen and J. McCormack.

Things not to be overlooked were: Harry Farrar doing a "Helen Morgan" on the piano to the tune of anything that came to mind; Bill O'Hara beating out a mean drummer-boy act on one of the trays; Mike Gayer and Jim Harris doing an Irish jig or sumpin'; heart-rending rendition by Arthur Naylor, Ben Connolly, Bill Wright and Ed Malley of "Smile A While" . . . but they were out in the hall, not having the courage to face the guests; Jimmie Philburn, the fashion plate, with an apron on and his hair mussed.

Barney Moore acted as toastmaster. His English was poifeet.

Ed Hawkins did an excellent job of handling the entertainment. Hollywood please take notes.

Charles Kerr, after drinking three beers had difficulty in finding a marked exit.

Tony Gerrity the "Fire Eater" stuffed his mouth full of flaming papers apparently without any ill effects. Jim Harris however, who only handed him the lit papers, got his fingers burned.

Ed Wilde left for home at the usual time, 5:00 P. M., because he forgot his baseball mask.

Without the least bit of ceremony Jake Shreve was ducked (head and all) in the sawdust bin. P.S. No tombstone needed.

When John Clark first came to the Custodian's Department he was the only Republican. One against two hundred.

Ash Littlefield and Joe Orr gave an exhibition of all the pansy dances danced in the 1860's. The imitation Joe did of ex-Chief Engineer Harry Langham was accurately humorous. The voice and gestures could not have been more characteristic than if Harry were there himself.

When Dick Joyce recited "Jake the Plumber" twenty-four men fell flat.

Buckley came in only two and a half hours late—he forgot where the Museum was and had to be directed by a policeman.

Highlights of the evening's entertainment included the trio made up of Pat Whalen, piano, Finton Breen, accordion, and Ben Marshall, banjo. Frank Hennessey sang "We've gone A Long Way Together".



Nice Going Frank

The Biscuit shooters played their first game of the season at the dinner. Harry Farrar lost the game.

For the first time in years Joe Schoeffler stayed out late—he didn't get home until 9:30 P. M.

Otto the "bun-picker-upper" said his throat was sore and the yelling had to go on without benefit of his flute-like bellow.

May we extend our sincere best wishes for many happy hours at the radios each guest of honor received.



Non-Scientific Discoveries

Our photographer, Charles Coles, has been regaling us with stories of left-hand driving in a British Austin, which he hired during his recent honeymoon-vacation trip in the "tight little isle". Asking for gasoline was of no help until he remembered to ask for petrol. And confidentially, he never took a picture during his entire trip. His only purchase was films from a well-known concern with an office in Liverpool.

Floorman Feldman, of Akeley Hall vicinity, is one of the "Guided Tours" best boosters.



Another Whopper:—On September 2, 1939, the Freeport Tuna Derby announced that Ed Wrissenberg was the winner in the Tuna Tournament conducted by them. Ed walked off with the \$10.00 prize for the largest tuna caught—85 pounds.

Ask Joe Nullet if getting stuck in one of the Roosevelt Memorial elevators is any fun. Especially if it is on one of those hot, blistery August days, and if there is no way of getting out.

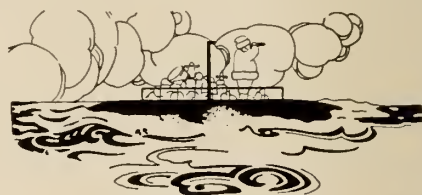


Entomology sadly announces the departure of another of its staff. Mr. Frank Watson who has for twenty-five years been the Lepidopterist (butterflies and moths to you), has decided to resign and settle down to enjoy life.

Anent Fire Prevention Week:—Oscar the electrician was testing the fire alarm bells one afternoon. He kept ringing one of them, and after a while a party came out of one of the offices and asked, "Are you ringing for ice water?"

The men would all like to know why "Baldy" Al the Painter is so glum these days. It has been rumored that it is because a certain party of Swedish extraction said to him at the Fair (in the presence of his wife), "This iss your wife, Al? I don't dank she haf red hair last time I see you togeder." !!

The Department of Geology has gone far afield for its vacations this year. Dr. Harold Vokes and Mr. Charles Bogert of the Department of Herpetology are now in Sonora, Mexico. Dr. Vokes is collecting invertebrate fossils, and Mr. Bogert is studying there under a Carnegie grant instead of going to Germany as had originally been planned. Mr. Bert Zellner went to Portland, Oregon, Hollywood and then to Texas, whence he returned home by way of boat.



In fact, speaking of vacations, the whole Museum spread to the far corners of the world this year, as witnessed by the following summary:

Dr. Frank Beach spent his vacation in Colorado.

Charles Coles combined honeymoon and vacation in England.

Jeanette Lucas managed to get back by the skin of her teeth after hostilities broke out in Europe. (P.S. Does this prove America's appeal is in the ascendancy over England?).

Farida Wiley and Elwood Logan went with a party of friends to Gaspé (the Camera Club ought to present some good offerings at its next exhibit.)

Dr. Grace F. Ramsey covered Alaska, the West Coast of the United States and a fair section of Western Canada (Some mere good Camera Club material).

Mrs. Margaret Mack proved very unpatriotic by going to the San Francisco Fair (or maybe she just wanted to be able to convince people how much better the New York one was.)

Mrs. Ella Ransom went to the West Indies—and to prove it she can show some of the loveliest color movies we have yet to see.

Fred Smyth really went places—down to Rio de Janeiro. He really went down on a special secret mission to see if there is any truth in what we hear about South American pulchritude.

On Oct. 21, Robert Adlington and Rose Di Blasio of the Planetarium box office staff were married, thus adding an element of romance to that habitat of the starry regions.



Tom and Helen Voler are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a brand new son. Junior Natural History please copy—we think we ought to do something about forming a junior scientific staff pretty soon.

Narrow Escape

A certain scientist on a trip to Africa was busily skinning birds he had collected during the day. Evening fell. Dog-tired, he slept the sleep of the just.

Arising early on the morrow, he was ready for another heavy day, but he had not yet had his indispensable coffee, and put a pot on to simmer. Reaching into one of the jars on the improvised shelf above him, he took down a spoonful of what seemed to be sugar. However, the spoon seemed abnormally heavy. On closer inspection he found that the substance was not sugar, but arsenic!!

PET NEWS



INVISIBLE MAN

Tess Higgins had a snowser, or snowseress, to be more specific. Though very fond of the pet, circumstances forced Tess to dispose of her, and with this idea in mind, she approached one of the best known employees of the Museum whose initials are B. S.

B. S. immediately and gallantly came to her rescue and found a mother for the dog in the person of Lillian Utermehle. But, acceptable as the dog was to Lillian, the latter was unable adequately to care for her in her apartment. So, as the next best thing, she prevailed upon her negro superintendent to keep the pooch in his bedroom.

It was then that, to the surprise of all, the snowseress revealed herself as an aristocrat of the deep south, and started drawing the color line very sharply indeed. But the superintendent finally solved the problem by keeping the lights turned off so that nothing but the whites of his eyes could be seen.

All of which would seem to prove that the friendliness of the dog is directly proportional to the obscurity of the superintendent, and one might almost say that herein we have proof that invisibility lends just as much enchantment as distance.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

Camera



News

Now that the summer is over the American Museum Employees Camera Club will renew its monthly exhibitions for awards. Prints will be displayed in the third floor corridor of the School Service Building during the first two weeks in November. The subjects to be submitted are Interiors, Children, Night, Flowers, and Landscapes. Camera Club members are requested to send prints to Mr. John Orth by October 31st.

Mr. Herman Hesse of the Pictorial Photographers of America spoke before the members of the American Museum Employees Camera Club on October 20th. He talked on how to judge prints for exhibition and points to consider in judging good prints. After giving the major points he clarified each point by referrals to illustrations and Salon prints and his talk was extremely enlightening and interesting.



PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT TICKETS

Inexpensive tickets for Philharmonic-Symphony Society concerts are now available to Museum employees through a Group Ticket Plan. A reduction of about 50% will be given to group orders for a minimum of six tickets for concerts on Thursday evenings, Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons.

For further information consult the Bulletin Board on the south wall of the Fifth Floor Corridor, near the Bursar's office.

Excerpt From "Ichtherps"

[At the second Meeting of the American Society of Ichthyologists, and Herpetologists, held in Chicago, September 15th, 1939, there appeared a little booklet entitled "Ichtherps, A Cold-blooded Journal of Vertebrates, Published by the American Society of Fish Prevaricators and Reptile Fabricators". The Grapevine extends greetings to a sister publication, and reprints with special permission some excerpts from this journalistic gem, scientifically speaking. The editors of Ichtherps have made the following mention in a foreword: "All situations and characters portrayed are purely fictional and any similarity to actual persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.]



On Regeneration of Lizards by Tails

It is curious indeed that in the innumerable regeneration experiments that have been conducted on lizards the shed tail is invariably discarded and the lizard retained for study. It occurred to me that the reverse experiment—throwing the lizard away and keeping the tail—might have interesting possibilities. Accordingly I secured a lizard and grasping it firmly by the tail, made a noiselike a herpetological collector. This caused the terrified lizard to scoot away, leaving its writhing tail in my hand. The tail was placed in a sand box and fed with daily injections of glucose. As I had anticipated, by the end of the third day growth had appeared at the broken surface, which soon became identifiable as the snout of a lizard. Growth was rapid, and at the end of six weeks a perfect lizard, complete with limbs, had been regenerated from the tail. This simple experiment is so obvious that I cannot understand why it has never been tried before. A more detailed study is being conducted and the results will appear in a future publication.—Hezekiah Jigglesides.

A Note on the Remarkable "Sundown Effect" in Snakes

As is well known, the extreme vitality of snakes prevents serpents from dying before sundown, no matter how badly injured. Important information bearing on this remarkable correlation with the diurnal rhythm has recently been supplied by Mr. E. C. J. Falck, who was able to save the life of a valuable specimen through his knowledge of this characteristic. Mr. Falck's interest in practical zoo management is widely known.

A large rattlesnake in his charge was badly poisoned when it struck a visiting politician. Efforts to save it by transfusions of blood from its cage



mates gave some promise of a cure, but the fatal sundown hour was too near at hand, and its life was despaired of. Mr. Falck fortunately entertained some doubts as to the genuinely inherent nature of the relation of the death of the snake to the setting of the sun, and hoping against hope, set up a battery of daylight lamps in the snake's cage. Thus the snake was unable to distinguish the approach of night; time was available for another transfusion, this time from the cold-blooded Mr. Falck; and the snake was saved.

It appears from Mr. Falck's experiment with daylight lamps that the dying of snakes at sundown is an environmentally induced effect, and not due to any anti-nocturnal rhythm in the organism of the snake.

K.P. ven S., (Homewood, Ill., and points South)

A SABER LAW ?

In Pennsylvania the test for sobriety is to make the defendant say "Suzy sat in soup". But then, even a sober person would hesitate to make such a statement (we think the lawmakers who passed the above must have been slightly daffy themselves?)

STRANGE -- BUT TRUE

It is strange but:

There is no pork in pig iron
no butter in a buttercup
no cream in cold cream
no milk in milk of magnesia
no pockets in Dutchmen's britches.

FOR SALE

1934 Ford. Convertible Coupe. Good condition. Any reasonable offer considered.
Junius Bird



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. II, No. 10

DECEMBER, 1939

PRICELESS

The Christmas Dance

Plans for the Christmas Dance on Saturday, December 9th have moved along swiftly since the first notices were sent to you.

Neil MacCallum has signed up three excellent entertainment acts which we know you will all enjoy. Don Ricardo the famous boy juggler will amaze you with his skill at tossing what-nots around. Six lovelies, known as the Don Grant Dancers, representing the finest type of musical comedy revue, will perform in four attractive routines, the Rhumba, Toe, East Indian and Tap rhythm. Grant and Rosalie, specialty and comedy dancers, who have appeared in well known clubs, will give us their satiric interpretations of ballroom dancing. Last, but not least, Joe Keden and his popular radio orchestra will make the music for our own feet to dance to.

The entertainment will start promptly at

* 10:30 and last for an hour and a half. Be sure to come in time to see the entertainment and the drawing of the door prize tickets. Don't forget, two lucky people will each receive a \$10.00 gift certificate from James McCreery & Co.

Dorothy Edwards is general chairman of the Christmas Dance committee and she will appreciate any suggestions you may have for making this night an even better one than any we've had before.

Fred Mason and Ethel Timonier are in charge of the decorations (you will remember that the decorations were so attractive last year that they were taken home as souvenirs!) Margaret Fish will handle the refreshment end;

Edward Burns will supply the usual colorful programs; Dr. Curran is anxious to sell you tickets for all your friends and relations and Frank Murphy to make your table reservations. Help us to make this the best affair the E.B.A. has ever had.



MAY WE PRESENT

(The Grapevine is of the opinion that there are many among us who, unnoticed and in their own quiet ways, have served the Museum well for over a quarter of a century. We therefore intend to present them to you, in the order of length of service, and to tell you a little about their work, their life, and their "Museum story". We begin with our second in point of length of service, our own Dr. Walter Granger and we give you his impressions in his very own words.)



Dear Grapevine:

Last month Frank Chapman described Manhattan Square pretty much as it was when I first saw it on October 1st, 1890. I am not sure that I remember the wooden causeway at 77th Street, but do I remember that diagonal path from the then main entrance at the northeast corner of the Bickmore wing to the 81st Street "L" station? That board walk was lighted by eleven kerosene lamps on posts. I was on the staff of Mr. Wallace, the Superintendent, and while I was loaned to the taxidermy shop for most of my time it was necessary for me to do something for the Superintendent and that something was to clean, trim and re-fill those lamps twice a week after open nights at the Museum—a nasty job during a bitterly cold winter and at the salary of \$20 a month. To help meet my board bill I was allowed to put on my best suit in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons and stand about in the exhibition halls and try to answer all the fool questions asked by the visitors. In the taxidermy shop my task, aside from keeping the place clean,

was to skin and preserve the birds, mammals and reptiles which died in the Central Park Zoo and elsewhere and I have never since then been squeamish about odors!

All this time I had visions of future field work. My chance came in 1894 when I was sent to the West to collect mammals and used the fossil collectors camps as a base. Two years later, on the advice of Dr. Chapman, I changed from the Dept. of Birds and Mammals to that of Vertebrate Paleontology, principally because of the opportunities it offered for field work in which I was getting more and more interested. During these 45 years I have been absent from the field but very few seasons.

As with Dr. Chapman I too have watched the growth and development of a museum department from its infancy to a dominant position in the scientific world of today and it is a matter of much personal satisfaction not only to have watched this growth but to have contributed the better part of a lifetime to it.

Cordially yours,

Walter Granger

ACTIVITIES OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EMPLOYEES' CAMERA CLUB

The winner of the November print exhibition was Joseph Guerry with "Glacier Fields", who will receive the prize for submitting the best print. Second place was taken by Emil Berg with "Perisphère Silhouette", and third place went to George Schroth with "All American".

The last regular meeting of the camera club was held in room 319 of School Service at 5:00 P. M., on Nov. 28th. Fifteen minute talks were given by three of the members: Dr. Eric Hill, Mr. Ellwood Logan and Mr. Chris Olsen.

The December meeting will be held on the 18th of the month at 5 P.M. and Mr. H. A. Smith of Agfa will give a 45 minute talk on "Fundamental Principles of Processing Films". This will be an illustrated lecture.

Prints for the December exhibition must be turned over to Mr. John Orth by the 30th of November. The winner will receive a prize to be awarded by the Camera Club.

Non-Scientific Discoveries

Dr. Brown's esteemed secretary has a new name these days. The boys of the camera club nicknamed him "Two Point Lew". Ask him about it.

Coming upon a hilarious group in the men's room of the custodian's department this reporter fought his way to the center of the group and found, of all people, Tom Ford acting like he had a bad case of the jitters. After some inquiry yours truly found Tom had been to the Hawaiian Room the night before and was giving a demonstration. "Oloha Tom"!!!

"Eureka"! Dick Joyce is going off on a new tangent in photography; he went out and purchased a book on portraiture by "Mortensen" and is going to follow his system to the letter. These days Dick is very busy with reflectors, lights, background screens, and above all a special two hour developer. "Boy! it better be good Dick!!!!"

Otto Eckolm came to work the other morning very much perturbed. It seems Otto was very much late and when asked how come, he explained he had fallen asleep in the subway and landed in Jamacia, L. I. He seemed very much upset because the boys would not believe him. (Better get a better one next time Otto)

A few of the hardier devotees of tennis may still be seen out on the court even during these chilly days. Ask Henry Rouf about his "A La Henry Shots"

We understand there is a great amount of rivalry between Ben Falvey of the Custodian Dept. and Al Haddon of the print shop. Their particular feud is checkers and the field of honor is the print shop every noon hour. So far we have not been able to find out who the victor is for it seems to be an endless affair. We are rooting for Ben however.

Has anybody noticed George Schroth's gorgeous new suspenders? We wonder if he is finally getting around to last year's Xmas presents.

A troupe of midgets appearing at the World's Fair visited the Museum the other day and upon reaching the fourth floor asked our Eddie Lacey who reaches the stupendous height of five foot two, the correct way to the gem room. Eddie's only comment, after they had left was "Boy, did I feel big."

A certain young woman who is an exponent of low angle camera shots was taking such a shot at Shadow Lake, N. J. last summer, and it was just our doggone luck not to have film in our camera at the time. Gosh you looked funny Lucy!!!!

If anyone would care to have any information on the present crisis in Europe call Phil Duffy of the Print Shop. He's an authority on the subject we hear. Ask Nick, John, Bill or Eddie. They will verify this statement.

Suggested themes for Dr. Russell's Atmospheric music:

Bird Hall —If I had the wings of a swallow
Wood Hall—In the shade of the old apple tree
Fish Hall —Three Iddy Fishes in the Iddy Bitty Pool
Geology —Never throw stones at your mother
Planetarium—Some where over the Rainbow
Dinosaur Hall—Lazy Bones

One of the visitors waited an hour or more for the Museum to open for the Flower Show, and finally arrived at the line forming in the Foyer to overhear the attendant say "This way to the flower show". "Flower Show" said the visitor—"I thought they were giving out Calendars!"

George of the G. O. is holding on desperately to his Batchelor Club membership despite all the boys trying to make him their brother in-law.

Frank Murphy was not only lucky winning the turkey on the Thanksgiving Raffle but did not even have to carry it home. It was brought to his desk by a good natured soul; another good natured soul offered him a ride home; and to cap the climax Frank said "Do you mind carrying it into the house". Oh! Frank!

To continue talking turkey, Miss Summerson won the second turkey in this famous raffle (we are told that her sister won a mince pie, thereby completing the Summerson family dinner). After the turkeys had been purchased, a twenty cents surplus remained, and it was given to Joe Hazucha for a consolation prize. We have been informed that he is saving it towards another new suit.

Ed Malley of Custodian Dept. is checking keys in buildings for the past few months. He lost his house and auto keys. Don't let it get you, Ed.

The last day of the show saw a record crowd to view the flower show and the surprising thing was the efficient handling of the crowds by the Custodian Dept. Out of 30,000 people there was just one complaint. The attendant who handled this particular person, tried very hard to get him to go on the line, but no good. Finally the attendant in despair said, I am sorry sir, but if you do not go on this line you will not be able to see the flower show, and the man's answer was "Who the h— wants to see flowers, I want to hear music."

An attendant who had an important station at the flower show was in a discussion on his blow time. In the middle of the conversation one fellow turned to the attendant who held the important post and asked, "what do you think of this show?" "Well, I can say this much for it, when I die, I am going to leave "Please omit all flowers."

Non-Scientific Discoveries—(Continued)

Darn clever these Swedes. What prominent member of a famous Brooklyn Swedish family made an unexpected visit to the Worlds' Fair to find it closed for the winter, of course. He had to fall asleep in the train (on his way to work) pass the 81st St. station and be an hour late reporting for work, to do it but it still was—a very clever stunt.

Mr. Saunders and Miss Cypher have parted office company. Anyone wishing to know what offices should look like ought to pay a visit to the second floor of school service and see what they have done with their model offices respectively. If anyone hears of a rug floating around unattached or a really good looking lamp, they might send it to the "office warming".

Watch the expression on the face of Sergeant Tom Pat. Kiernan when the colorful Rainbow spans the Planetarium Sky. We wonder if it brings back memories of the fighting 69th. "New York's own" and the "Rainbow Division" of which it was a part.

SERMONS IN BONES

Said Dr. Brown to a boney beast

"Your ribs do show you need a feast"

The beast replied in injured tones

"You should know why you see my bones

If I had come upon the ark

I'd have been stuffed by Dr. Clark

But since I earlier saw the light

The only one can put me right

At this late day is Charles R. Knight"

by Charlie Coles

HITCH YOUR WAGON

Said Wilson to Coles the aerial

"Though at lunch we've proved not so ethereal

Since we both have an eye

On affairs in the sky

"May we not at least claim we're sidereal?"

Replied Coles "You are too optimistic

Which is strange in one who's so artistic

Since we both like to eat

I affirm and repeat

We must be materialistic."

by George H. Childs

THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA EYE

The Camera Eye is a more or less poetic description for a large group of men, perhaps too large, who claim to see all and know all. Not a small percentage of that class are directly or indirectly connected with the Police Department, but there are many others who are not and the Museum can claim a few of them. Among the most outstanding of the latter is Bruce Brunner, whose mind, if carefully examined by a phrenologist, would be found to consist of two maps—one of Honolulu and the other

of the Worlds' Fair. He can even tell you without the slightest hesitation, the pattern of the wall paper in the bedroom he last occupied near Waikiki beach, and is no less hesitant about the exact status of Flushing in the World of Tomorrow.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Three round Tony Cartossa will fight anyone his weight at any time. His last fistic go was with a member of the Irish clan. He knocked him out in two rounds.

John Healy is packing up boxes and taking trains to Boston. He is now getting ready a big Christmas box. He expects to take a trip to Boston to see his girl—can only stay one hour. Ain't love grand!

Henry Tappin, known as "Harry" expects to be one of the shining lights of the New York City police force very soon.

What has happened to the Museum "Diggers"? The last big banquet was held down in the Village, attended by three hundred or more. The last one was held at the Pepper Pot. Why not another?

Steve Murphy has one of the finest flower gardens on his estate to be found on Long Island. People stop and get out of their cars to come in and ask about the flowers. He is known as the Long Island authority on botany.

Alan McLean paid us a visit. The men were all glad to see handsome Al.

We nominate for the girl with the most pleasing telephone voice Alma Germann. What an asset to charm!

The pony boys, James McLaughlin and Tom Hogan are trying to pull down their weight to become jockeys. All summer you can see them any day in Central Park on the merry-go-round. They can pick a sure winner by less than a nose.

Tess Higgins was looking at the owl. A woman passing by claimed the owl was not alive. After waiting for half an hour, he winked one eye. Even then the woman claimed it was done by Electricity. Then he winked the other one and moved his head. By this time the woman was convinced it was alive. Leaving the exhibit she left by the Roosevelt Memorial and noticed a beautiful chow dog without an apparent owner. At this point a man who had been an interested spectator at the above argument came out and offered to drive Tess anywhere she was going. This was very nice until she discovered he was the driver of an A.S.P.C.A. car! Completely miffed, Tess snatched the stray chow and rather than let him take it, marched over to the police station and turned it in to await claim by an owner.

W. H. S.



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. II, No. 11

FEBRUARY, 1940

PRICELESS

Annual Meeting of the E. B. A.

The thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Employees Benefit Association of the A.M.N.H. was held on January 9th, 1940 in Room 201 of the School Service Building. President Barnard Moore presided and 232 members were present.

The Treasurer's report on finances, the Vice-President's report on membership and the Entertainment Committee report were read and placed on file. Election of officers then took place, and the following were elected officers of the association for the year 1940:

President—Charles O'Connor

Vice-President—John Hackett

Recording Secretary—James Williamson

Financial Sec.-Treasurer—Fred H. Smyth

Class of 1943 Directors—Walter Meister, Edwin Meyenberg, William Wright.

(Remaining directors of E.B.A. are—Class of 1941—Irene F. Cypher, Wayne M. Faunce, John R. Saunders; Class of 1942—Edward A. Burns, George Tauber, George Vaillant).

At this meeting a motion was made to amend the constitution of the association, Article 9, to include Section 5, to create a Grievance Committee as one of the standing committees. This was referred to the Board of Directors for consideration and recommendation. At this meeting it was also suggested that a semi-annual meeting be held, in order to discuss Association affairs, and that the Board of Directors instruct future Entertainment Committees to plan well in advance for any possible entertainments, so that they might be well publicized. The meeting adjourned at 1:50 P.M.

The first regular meeting of the Board of Directors was held on January 19th, 1940. At this meeting Walter F. Meister was elected to serve as Chairman of the Board for the year 1940. The following employees were approved as members of the association:

Betty Cotter

George B. Decker

Teresa DiBlasio

Alma Germann

Joseph Hazucha

Charles Kerr

John E. McGuire

Anthony Meyenberg

G. H. Meyer

Dorothy Naylor

Joseph Price

Sally Van S. Pyle

John S. Ramshaw

William Richardson

Robert Schneider

Morris Silverman

Isabella Sonntag

Michael Sullivan

John Vicat

John Vilevac

The Board of Directors decided to meet regularly each month, on a date to be set at the convenience of the members, during the third week of every month. The committees chosen by the President of the E.B.A., Charles O'Connor, were approved as follows:

Auditing Committee: Bernard Moore, *Chairman*, George L. Schroth, Helen Willman

Membership Committee: John Hackett, *Chairman*, Richard H. Cooke, Charles Russell, Henry Voelmy, Arthur Naylor

Nominating Committee: Edward A. Burns, *Chairman*, George C. Vaillant, Georgine Mastin, Wilson Todd, Thomas Voter

Coordinating Committee on Social Activities: Charles O'Brien, *Chairman*, Neil McCallum, John McCormack

The Board of Directors then discussed the matter of amending the constitution to include a grievance committee, referred to it by the Annual Meeting. A committee consisting of Messrs. Saunders, Wright and Hackett and Miss Cypher were appointed to consider the matter further and report in writing its findings to the next meeting of the Board.

Other matters pertaining to the conduct of the affairs of the association were discussed, and will be reported on at a later date when definite action on them has been taken.

THE GRAPEVINE

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PRACTICAL EDUCATION

We have wondered lately why Office 208 of the School Service Building was the mecca for so many people. And then when we ventured to cross the threshold we found out why. John Saunders is about to put into practice some of the latest and best educational theories—for John you see is now the proud and doting father of one young Miss Nancy Saunders. He has already started a pictorial record (which aforementioned mademoiselle will probably try to relegate to the family attic some day); he can demonstrate the making of the square fold, taking not more than an hour to achieve success; he can balance a bottle in one hand and test the degree of warmth of a kettle of milk with the other, while at the same time delivering a lecture on the dire results of thumb sucking. With it all he manages to get a lot of work done, and we are sure that he and Mrs. Saunders, who was formerly a member of the Dept. of Education Staff herself, will be able to show some of the theorists of today what can really be accomplished when you bring up a baby according to good old Museum methods.

THE MUSEUM YOUNGER GENERATION

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Duffy on the safe arrival of a bouncing baby boy on January 17th, 1940. From the last report we understand that the father is doing very well.

We also add to our growing list of young Museum-ites Carol Elizabeth Whittington, born on November 13th, 1939. Her mother is Mrs. Wentworth (Violet S.) Whittington, formerly of Membership and Anthropology.

The Social Whirl

Since Mayor LaGuardia opened the LaGuardia Flying Field, Dr. S. Harmsted Chubb got to thinking that on account of this being so close (we mean the Museum) the window panes in the hall (which hall is his?) should be painted black in case of an air raid. And he keeps humming "I'm the Shadow" —Sherlock Holmes.

John Campbell, attendant in the Bird Hall, has Joe Miller's Jokebook beat a mile—he's getting his material together for a book and he's asking all the artists to do the illustrations.

Lost—one pair of teeth in a sandwich! Winifred Cullen the waitress was in charge of a recent hunt conducted in the restaurant. After diving into cans of all sorts for over two hours, the molars were still unlocated. P.S. Look in the Dinosaur Hall.

George Schroth is still a bachelor—and this is Leap Year.

What well-known editor of a well-known Museum publication thought she passed a lead dime at the 9th Avenue change booth? She stopped dead in her tracks when the man yelled "Hey this dime is no good!" (It turned out to be Canadian).

Robert Siebert, known as the Big Shot, is wishing Santy Claus had remembered to bring him a loud speaker in order to call our orders.

Timothy O'Sullivan is 100% that Tammany won in the last election. Tim is going to start stumping all over the neighborhood for the next Mayor. He's the only one who knows but won't tell.

George Schroth forgot to get married.

Helen Rhubenak is known as the singing nightingale. Her next concert will be at Carnegie Hall. Ask the lady for some tickets.

Jimmy Williamson got a fireman's outfit for Christmas (a toy one). He is still waiting for his appointment to the Fire Department.

Harold E. Vokes just returned from Mexico. He knows the secret about the Mexican Jumping Bean. Chuck Bogert was with him so he probably is in on the secret too.

George Schroth never got married.

Walter Meister, we understand, on good reliable information is a star cook. Oscar of the Waldorf may be king pin, but Walter is the rolling pin.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Mistakes have their value. The man who never makes a mistake never makes a discovery."

Non-Scientific Discoveries

VERSIFICATION

A helper over in the Mason's Department, namely one Whitey Payne, was assisting the marbleman in the erection of two marble columns to hold the busts of William C. and Harry Payne Whitney, on the second floor of the Whitney Building. Speculation arose as to how long the columns would occupy their respective places. Someone remarked that in all probability the marble man and his helper would long since have passed over to the pale realms of shade. This inspired Payne to write an impromptu verse, which was sealed within the column. Then came the closing of the second column—and it was suggested that a second verse be left for the edification of posterity, and that those workers, as yet possible unborn, might read Whitey Payne's philosophical lines—which read as follows:—

We wrote a note, 'neath Harry's bust,
We could not slight his "Pater".

We've joined both Bill and Harry since,
We'll be seeing you boys later.

P.S. D. n clever, these mason helpers.

ATTENTION MARKSMEN ! !

The Naturalists Rifle and Revolver Club, Inc., was organized on March 26, 1935 and offers an opportunity to our Dead-Eye Dicks and Annie Oakleys to show their skill on the rifle range of the Museum.

If you are interested in becoming a member of this select group please contact the President, G. F. Mason for information. A meeting will be held in the near future, at which time applications for membership will be acted upon.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

(When the Grapevine receives comments on articles printed in its column, we always like to share them with all readers—they clarify so many situations.)

Dear Editor:

When reading the Nonscientific Discoveries in this month's Grapevine, I happened to notice a comment on the playing of checkers by Mr. Ben Falvey and myself.

Let me say, there is no *rivalry* between us, no one pays any attention to us, and there is no *feud*, as it is too one-sided (ask Ben). There is no field of honor, because Ben's coat sleeves are the *darndest* sleeves for moving checkers in his favor.

If your roving reporter has not found out who the victor is by now, then let me say the score usually is:

Ben—1

Al —From then on,

Very truly yours,
Al. Haddon.

SPEAKING OF TAXES

In view of the fact that taxes are a subject of interest to the major portion of the adult population of the country at present, The Grapevine prints the following—it seemed to express so well the sentiments of everyone we came in contact with. It is a copy of a letter actually received from a business man.

Gentlemen:

I wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you my check in response to your request. My present financial condition is due to the effect of the federal laws, state laws, county laws, corporation laws, by-laws, brother-in-laws and out-laws that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through these various laws I have been held down, held up, sat on, walked on, flattened, squeezed and broke until I do not know what I am, where I am or why I am.

These laws compel me to pay a merchant tax, capital tax, excise tax, corporation tax, real estate tax, property tax, auto tax, school tax, syntax, liquor tax and carpet tax, and when I am dead they will look for an inheritance tax.

In addition to these laws I am requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can invent and organize—to the society of St. John the Baptist, the Woman's Relief, Navy League, the Children's Home, the Policemen's Benefit, the Dorcas Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Gold Digger's Home, also to every hospital and charitable institution in town, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the White Cross, the Flaming Cross and the Double Cross.

The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, inspected and disrespected, examined reexamined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known and unknown deed, desire or hope of the human race and because I refuse to donate to all and then go out and beg, borrow or steal money to fire away, I am ousted, cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am just about ruined.

The only reason I am clinging to life at all is to see what is coming next.

STRIKE

The Bursar's Rollibowlers wishes to announce that they will accept any open competition within the Museum. Arrangements can be made by calling Mr. Arthur Naylor, pin boy, Extension 437.

FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

The Annual Meeting of the A.M.N.H. Employees Federal Credit Union was held Tuesday, January 16th, 1940 at 12:30 P.M. in Room 201 of the School Service Building. There were about fifty members present. According to the Treasurer's report at least 55% of the regular Museum employees belong to the Federal Credit Union, whose share holdings amount to \$24,679.67. During the year 430 loans were made. A 6% dividend was declared for the fourth consecutive year. There was general discussion about reducing the interest rate $\frac{1}{4}\%$ during the ensuing year, with the possibility of future reduction of the dividend paid up share holders but it was strongly recommended that the Board of Directors be urged to take such action.

At the annual meeting the reelection of directors Coughlin, Hill and Bronson took place. Credit Committee members elected were Mr. Frank Rinald, and Mr. Charles Kerr for two years. Supervisory Committee members elected for one year were Mr. Charles Groff, Mr. Jacob Shrope and Mr. Herman Sievers.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors held on January 22nd, the interest rate on loans was lowered $\frac{1}{4}\%$, making the interest charge $\frac{3}{4}\%$ of one percent per month on unpaid balances. The Board of Directors was increased from five to seven members. Election of officers took place, with George Coughlin, President, Dorothy Bronson, Vice-President, Margaret Fish, Treasurer-Secretary, Benjamin Connolly, Assistant Treasurer. The Supervisory Committee consists of Mr. Charles Groff, Chairman, Herman Sievers, Jacob Shrope. The Credit Committee has three members, Mr. Stephen Murphy Chairman, Frank Rinald and Charles Kerr. They will meet twice a week as a body to pass upon loans, on Tuesday and Friday. Everyone making a loan will sign a wage assignment form. This will be held in the office of the Treasurer, but in case of failure to pay after reasonable allowances are made, it will be forwarded to the the Bursar's office. New Hours for making loan applications are to be from 10 to 11 a. m. and 3 to 4 p. m., but loans will only be granted twice a week. The Directors of the Credit Union are Mr. George Coughlin, Mrs. Grace F. Ramsey, Mrs. Dorothy Bronson, Dr. J. Eric Hill, Miss Margaret Fish, Mr. Jacob Shrope, Dr. Nels C. Nelson.

NATURAL HISTORY

Museum employees who so desire, are empowered to solicit subscriptions to Natural History Magazine among their friends and thereby be enriched with a 20 percent commission for each \$3.00 subscription required. This does not apply to memberships.

Subscriptions thus acquired are to be directed to the Membership Secretary.

CAMERA CLUB NEWS

The Annual Meeting of the Museum Employees Camera Club was held on Tuesday, January 23rd at 12:45 P.M. It was the first annual meeting of the club, and the annual report showed that in the course of its first year the camera club has evidenced considerable activity and proven of great benefit to those museumites interested in photography.

The camera club was organized on February 24th, 1939, and since that time eleven meetings of the club have been held, at many of which interesting lectures on various phases of photography, were given both by club members and by guest lecturers. The club also sponsors a monthly magazine "Museum", which any camera club might be proud to acknowledge. It is under the editorship of Miss Lucy Clausen. The club dark room and its facilities for developing, enlarging and printing were constantly in use during the year and it has indeed proved itself one of the most valued privileges of camera club membership—especially to those who live in typical apartments where a well equipped dark room is something to dream about.

The officers elected for the year 1940 were:

President—Walter F. Meister

Vice-President—Wayne M. Faunce

Secretary—Irene F. Cypher

Treasurer—George L. Schroth

Executive Committee:

William J. Baker, Jr. Louis Monaco

Richard J. Joyce John C. Orth

Stephen Klassen

ARE YOU A NATURER?

Watch the March "Grapevine" for startling revelations on how to be a naturer.

HEAR YE ! !

Can you read Music?

Can you play a musical instrument sufficiently enough to make a noise?

Splendid! You are eligible for a barrel of fun.

A Museum Orchestra is being formed and you are urged to join. Please confer with Charlie O'Brien, Chairman of the E.B.A. Co-ordinating Committee and you will be advised of the first rehearsal date.

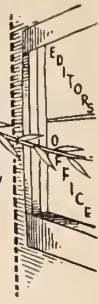
CONCERNING BOB WRIGHT

To the many friends who have been inquiring about Rutherford H. (Bob) Wright's condition, we are happy to report at this time that he is now convalescing at the Presbyterian Medical Center, and like the good soldier that he is, we expect him to come through with flying colors. Bob expresses his thanks to the many fellow employees who have inquired about him and expects to return home sometime in March.



THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. II, No. 12

MARCH, 1940

PRICELESS

ANNUAL SPRING Entertainment and Dance

Have you heard the news? Spring is in the air—and there are whispers and rumors of a gala evening of fun and entertainment! What is it all about? Why the **SPRING DANCE, OF COURSE !!**

THE TIME: Friday Evening, April 26th, 1940.

THE PLACE: Hotel Taft Grill Room
7th Avenue and 50th Street, New York City
Easily accessible to all subways and bus lines.
Parking lot located in the rear of the hotel.

THE MUSIC: Entertainment and dance floor will satisfy the severest critic.

THE PRICE: One dollar per person.

THE EXPECTATION: That the Museum Family attend as near 100% as possible. This social function is for the enjoyment of our employees and to promote good-fellowship. Do not be conspicuous by your absence, for you are denying yourself an unforgettable evening of fun and pleasure.

RESERVATIONS: Call Frank Murphy, Ext. 207.

TICKETS: Call William Wolfe, Ext. 517.

**THE TICKET SALE IS LIMITED
SO PROCURE YOUR TICKETS IN ADVANCE**



THE GRAPEVINE

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ED. WRISSENBERG WILLIAM H. WRIGHT
STEPHEN KLASSEN

IN THE SPRING

A little bird sends word via the Grapevine that Mae Singer of the Planetarium announced her engagement on St. Valentine's day. We offer our congratulations, for Mae is one of the brightest stars in the Hayden Collection.

To continue, Jack Cook and Alma Germann, both of the Museum were married on March 17th. Now that is what we call a date which should be easy to remember when you are trying to recall your anniversary.

And to continue still further this account, we announce that one Mr. Thomas Gilliard is about to abdicate his eminent position as President of the Bachelor's Club. He is being married early in April, and he assures us that from now on his claim to fame will rest on his fame as a model husband.

SO BIG !!

Bob Siebert is learning things these days. One of our spies (reporters to you) saw Bob standing in front of the map of the world outside of Mr. Smythe's office. Bob had the most astonished look on his face. It was the look, half terror, half surprise, the kind of look one sees on a child's face when it first learns the truth about Santa Claus. Our correspondent edged closer and heard Bob whisper to himself, "My, My, will you look at how BIG Russia is." At the moment Bob looked like a sure thing for a nice, fat contribution to Finland.

Wanted—Badly—But Fair

A Cornetist and a Violinist for the E. B. A. Orchestra, consult with Harry Brueckner of the Paint Shop.

The Social Whirl



There will be no loud-speaker in the mechanics department. Herman Otto says NO.

Mother M. Duffy and Max Giraud read the notice in the last Grapevine concerning Helen Rhubenak's forthcoming concert in Carnegie Hall, and sent flowers for the occasion. They went down to hear the concert but forgot to take the towels off their arms. P.S. The flowers originated on a neighborhood door knob. Helen also states that she is a high-class whistler and dancer. Watch this column for advance notices of future performances.

Pat Grady the plasterer has graduated and has entered the class called Terrazzo. It reminds him of the World War—ask him why.

Neil MacCallum calls up the Museum on his days off. He just wants to be sure it's still here.

George Schroth was heard whistling "Hearts and Flowers" as he walked down the hall.

Chris Christman is jumping all around like an electrical monkey since he has been working on the installation of sound equipment. The woodpeckers have also been emitting here-to-fore unheard sounds.

Mike Beeth and Chris Hundertpfund (?) each got one vote in the E.B.A. election. They are going to demand a recount.

Wilbur Sharkey is off biscuits for life. He put his money on Sea Biscuit and is still looking for the horse.

Dan Banks exchanges tips and if you win you pay him. He calls them hunches.

George Schroth says there's a crack in the Liberty Bell. All bells don't have cracks, George.

Charlie Kerr sailed March 8th for Miami, Florida. While there he will call to see old Bill Hegeman and four pensioners.

Mauricio Zacuto was seen photographing his lunch in the restaurant the other day.

A Batchelors Club inaugurated recently, elected as president George Schroth, Vice-President Ed. Wilde. Ed is complaining and plans to write to the Mayor about the heavy trucks passing along 1st Ave. Their rumble knocks all his antique glass ware from the shelves. He wants police protection.

How to Love Nature

(In 1912 one Mr. J. W. Muller published a book entitled "First Aid to Naturers". His observations and advice seemed so pertinent to the needs of many of our fellow Museumites that we have decided to reprint some of it for you from time to time. We thank the publishers, Platt and Peck Co., for permission to do this, and Miss Alma Germann for bringing it to our attention.)

Nature can be loved face to face, but it is much easier to love her at a distance. The best way to do it is by books. This form of Naturing can be prosecuted in a hammock.

The leaves of Nature's book when on a tree are much harder to turn. There also are better pictures in Book-Nature. Almost any artist can draw a better bird or beast than Nature.

For this reason, Book-Naturers know the most about Nature. A great deal of what they know is denied, however, in the next Nature book that comes out.

This is because Nature has not kept pace with the improvements in the author business. Nature still insists on spending months in making some insignificant Nature-article such as a mole-hill, whereas a genuine Nature author can make a mountain of it in a minute.

There also are Naturers who reconstruct extinct Nature monsters. Some of these Naturers reproduce the monsters from a fossil bone and others reproduce them from a modern horn. The former are known as paleontologists and publish their monsters in books. The Naturers who reconstruct Nature monsters from a horn are known as alcoholists.

The best and most reliable Nature-books are those that call the beasts by their Indian names, such as Waddle-Quak-Quak for the duck, Hearum-Holler for the owl, Holy-Stickum for the porcupine and Gurgle-My-My for the pocket flask.

When the Book Naturer has posted himself thoroughly on the altruistic theories of Whoop-Her-Up, the bull frog, or the tender poetic inclination of Hot-By-Gosh, the hornet, he is a graduated Naturer and is entitled to write a Nature Book himself.

The most important part of this book is the frontispiece. It must depict the Naturer in a wide-brimmed hat with his arm around the neck of a horse.

The horse must wear a cowboy saddle, and there must be a lariat coiled around the horn. In private

life this lariat is used to tie the author to the horse, but in the book it is used for lassoing mountain lions.

Book Naturers are so accustomed to lasso mountain lions that sometimes they try to do it to a lion who is not in a book. Almost immediately subsequently to this attempt, they accept a permanent position as a corpse.

The grizzly bear also hampers Naturers by violating the printed rules. In books, grizzly bears collaborate with the author by sitting down in easy range and presenting their vital spots. In Nature they often have an entirely different habit. They bring this habit to the Naturer with such speed that they ruin his literary style completely.

The best branch of Naturing to know in a big game country is a stout tree branch. An expert in this branch can often spend days studying the habits of wild animals. The most noticeable habit of a wild animal that is sitting under a tree is patience.

More reliable books for the Naturer to study are technical books. These do not mislead him so much, because they are entirely made up of Greek and Latin roots that he can skip.

In Nature, however, the roots are not Greek, but wood. If these are skipped carelessly, the Naturer is in danger of losing something of importance, such as his life.

HOW TO SNUGGLE UP TO NATURE

To be a truly observant Naturer, a Naturer must know precisely what it is that causes Nature. This knowledge is concealed by a vested interest known as science.

Viewed in a scientific light, Nature is formed by geography, astronomy and meteorology.

Meteorology is not so called because it measures the weather with a meter. It is the science of predicting the weather, and thus is related to the more practical science of fortune-telling.

It is the most important accomplishment that the Naturer can possess. Its elementary principle is that the weather is never bad enough to justify going to work instead of fishing.

Geography and astronomy are exactly like each other, except that one is a night job and the other is day work.

These two sciences are worked with globes. By turning the globes swiftly, the Naturer produces celestial phenomena.

Astronomy can be worked also by a tube with a window at each end. It can be identified because it exactly resembles a city apartment. This is a telescope.

By pointing the telescope into the air, the procession of the equinoxes and other historical characters can be seen passing in front of the window.

The line of march of this procession is along a well-lit road known as the Milky Way. New York Naturers believe that the Milky Way is an imitation of Broadway, but this is incorrect. The Milky Way is lit by stars and Broadway is lit by beer and whiskey signs.

The Milky Way is full of corpulent, prosperous looking bodies known as planets. Their chief habit is to revolve gravely in their orbits.

The most important planet is the earth. This planet consists of the United States.

The earth can be distinguished from the other planets by the fact that a vast system of phenomenans revolves continually around it at terrific speed. These phenomenans are chauffeurs.

The sun also revolves around the earth, but it does not get as much for it.

The sun is chiefly noticeable in the summer when it consists of an enormous mass of molten fire. It is not known what the sun consists of in the winter.

There is also the moon. The moon is the earth's satellite. It is the only thing belonging to the earth that has not been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

All the other important parts of astronomy and geography are imaginary lines, such as the zodiac and the equator.

The most imaginary of these lines is the temperate zone.

In geography the temperate zone is a thick line of delicious weather which encircles the earth. In Nature the earth is encircled by the Tropical Regions in Summer and the Icicle Regions in Winter.

Winter and Summer are the natural divisions which are supposed to divide the earth into seasons, such as the baseball season, the oyster season and the chilblain season.

The seasons are produced astronomically by the passage of the sun through the zodiac, but in Nature they are produced by a little glass tube scientifically known as a thermometer.

Some Naturers divide the earth into four seasons, the two additional ones being a doughy mass known as Spring and a rusty material called Autumn. Neither of these is of economic importance except for making almanacs.

Almanacs are the best illustrated of all Nature Books. Among other important features they contain authentic portraits of the four seasons and the zodiac.

Almanacs also contain the famous picture of the open-work man with arrows pointing to his organs. Aimanacs believe that these organs make the music of the spheres.

The almanacs control the weather by a branch of science known as reading the signs. These signs consist largely of a goose bone.

There are innumerable weather signs that never fail. These innumerable signs are two in number. They are:

Leadon clouds mean heavy weather.

If there is a hard metallic look in the sky, prepare for chain lightning and thunderbolts.

There is another form of thunderbolt which is launched in Congress. These thunderbolts produce small potatoes.

Thunderbolts are often accompanied by funnel-shaped clouds. The funnels are for convenience in pouring rain.

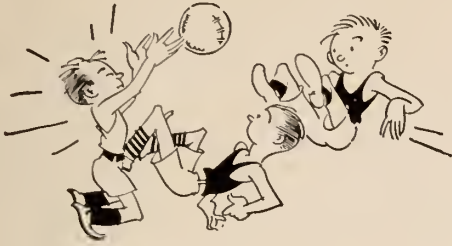
Rain comes both wet and dry. The wet form occurs when it rains buckets and the dry form when it rains pitchforks.

There is a zoological form when it rains cats and dogs. The dogs are skye terriers.

Sometimes rain occurs in a petrified form known as snow. The only value of snow is to enable transportation companies to suspend traffic.

The city Naturer can differentiate snow from soot by saving some in a box. If it is still there in July it is soot.

There also is a very important kind of weather invented by the Weather Bureau distinguished from other weather by the fact that it is entirely different.



Sport News

Well, the Museum finally has a basketball team. Thanks to the efforts of Ed Meyenberg, Joe and Ben Connolly of the managerial staff and the splendid cooperation of the E.B.A. the oft discussed idea is now an actuality and the schedule has been started. Ben Connolly obtained the use of the 69th Regiment court where the squad had several practice sessions. Members of the team are Jim Williamson, Wilmer Donerly, Walter Carroll, George Decker, Bernie Moore, Frank Bacon, Alex Patterson, Art Naylor, Howland Meyers and Jack Corcoran.

J. Connolly, *Coach*

B. Connolly, *Field Manager*

E. Meyenberg, *Manager*

The season began on February 16 with an easy victory over the Hilton A.A. 30-11.

On Monday, February 19th, the Museum quintette again emerged victorious, this time defeating Apperson & Cox, 22-6.

March 4th the boys travelled to 168th St. and played "Co. D" Regimental Champs of the 102nd Engineers. The game resulted in the Museum's first defeat to the tune of 40-36. It was a fast, exciting game with the outcome in doubt up to the final whistle. The superior condition and larger squad of the soldiers proved the deciding factor as our boys tired in the last period after leading for three quarters.

The game proved so interesting that a return game was arranged by Lieutenant Fred Darningkiller, of the 102nd Engineers, who also is a member of the Mammal Department, set for Friday April 5th. It will be a gala occasion as refreshments and dancing will be held in Co. "D" headquarters after the game. The Regiment is on 168th St. opposite the Medical Center and is only a half block from the Broadway and Eight Avenue subways.

FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

Sixteen new members have been added to the Federal Credit Union since January first, bringing the total membership to 323. The most favorable indication, however, is the steady effort now being made to save regularly. Members have found it a good plan to put at least twenty-five cents into savings every pay day, even when paying off loans. Not only does it give a member a feeling of self-respect to have a healthy growing Shares Account, but there is another advantage that does not occur to one until some emergency makes it necessary to take out a loan. The idea of asking a fellow-worker to act as co-maker is so distasteful to many individuals that they will use this means of securing the loan only as a last resort. With a substantial Share Account as collateral, no member need suffer this embarrassment. Also, in considering loan applications the Credit Committee is influenced in its decision by the manner in which a member conducts his affairs. An applicant whose Shares Account indicates that he is thrifty, will receive more consideration than one who has used the Credit Union only as a means of borrowing, but has made no effort to save.

The major reason for reducing the interest rate on Credit Union loans was to encourage members to save, and that so many have responded is highly gratifying to the Directors. In fact it has been found necessary to limit the share deposits accepted from any one member to \$50 a month, otherwise there will be too large a surplus of idle funds.

Credit Union By-Laws state that "Delinquents shall be fined at the rate of one cent a week on each two dollars of arrears." The Directors did not exact this fine when the old interest rate was in effect, but beginning April first, fines will be imposed according to regulations.

The officers take this opportunity to thank Credit Union members for their cooperation in adhering to the new office hours of 10 A.M. to 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. to 4 P.M., as well as the new loan schedule, Tuesdays and Fridays.



FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"An ugly dog is better to have around than a grouchy man—because you can shoot the dog".

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of a certain breed of sheep which are fed on wild thyme, and the cheese has a wild time trying to keep from stinking itself to death from infancy. The wild thyme grows on the banks of the Lot, Tarn and other rivers in the Department of Aveyron in France, and after it has first been besheeped and then becheesed it generates a lot of the darndest smells that ever perambulated down the pike.

Thyme is a kind of aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put into solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an ax. It is then brought to the table in little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a round cracker that has to be broken with a maul.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color except in spots, where mortification has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited, but this is not true. Even the intrepid and melpitic microbe flees from it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two-bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the purr of a kitten and the roar of a lion. Some people who claim to be civilized say they like Roquefort cheese, but they only say it because it is imported and expensive. A man who will eat it is an open sepulchre and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never allowed to look into the face of a human being.

[What have all the cheese fans to say to this? Or does the above represent the opinion of all our readers?]

NO RESTAURANT AD

*"You wouldn't believe it", said Winnie
But I'm really so terribly skinny
I only contain
One dimensional plane
And polish my bones when I skinny"*

As a rejoinder to this flip and flighty versification, Winnie maintains that, in spite of her alleged boniness, she has no hard feelings for the poet.

Bunny Southwick stoutly avers that the worst feature of The Social Whirl is going 'round' interviewing people. Could this be how he got that way?

Lucy Clausen is beginning to doubt her ability to outlive Susie, the immortal spider. She is especially perturbed because it has long been her pet idea to write a biographical sketch of Susie.

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

What young lady, exclaimed upon seeing the famous hawk that has been frequenting the Beldere Towers lately, "Oh, I can see him perfectly, why, right now he is PRUNING his feathers." Page the Davies Tree Surgeons somebody, quick!

They say a certain member of the Custodian's Department has a weakness for the new colored unmentionables—and when we say colored we mean colored! If you are interested stop in the locker room some day and ask for "Fancy Pants."

Attention ! ! !

Have You bought your tickets
for the E. B. A. Dance.

Bill Wolfe will be glad to see you.

"ISMS"

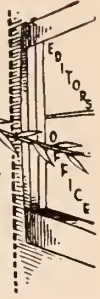
SOCIALISM:	If you have two cows, you give your neighbor one.
NAZISM:	If you have two cows, you give them to the Government, and the Government gives you some milk.
FASCISM:	If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the Government, and the Government then sells you some of the milk.
NEW DEALISM:	If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other and pour the milk down the drain.
COMMUNISM:	If you have two cows, the Government shoots you and keeps the cows.
CAPITALISM:	If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.





THE GRAPEVINE

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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 1

MAY, 1940

PRICELESS

American Museum Day at the N.Y. World's Fair



"See you at the Fair!" Of course you're set for the Museum expedition to the Fair on June 4th! Put on your most comfortable shoes, and join your fellow Museumers for a visit guaranteed to be just the Spring tonic you have been looking for.

The Administration has generously granted the employees a half-holiday, beginning at 12 Noon on that day and we hope that everyone who can will take advantage of this opportunity to have a rip-snortin' good time. In spite of the rain last year we had a good time and, if it is fair and sunny on American Museum Day this year, we'll have a lot more fun. Bring your kinfolk, and see the sights.

As you already know, the arrangements committee has succeeded in getting a Special Day Combination Ticket for 50c and worth \$1.25 to you in admission to the Fair, plus 50c in discount coupons, plus free admission to one of three popular attractions—"Winter Wonderland", "Morris Gest's Midgetown" or the "Perisphere". Let's make this a big day!

CAMERA CLUB, ATTENTION! Your historic camera-party at the Circus proved how successful these special events can be. We hope you will turn out en masse for this field day on June 4th—your fellow employees should certainly appeal to the candid-fiends, and the pictorialists couldn't carry enough film to get all the beautiful artistic shots the Fair itself offers.

THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. DANCE

The 210 persons who attended the Annual Spring Entertainment and Dance of the E.B.A. at the Hotel Taft on Friday evening, April 26th were unanimous in their spontaneous approval that the affair was a grand social success. Any misgivings that it would be a costly venture to them for an evenings, fun were dispelled. The spirit of good fellowship that prevailed added to its success. Altho the attendance was the smallest of any dance held in recent years, it was noted that there were a greater number of the museum family present than has been seen at any party. It is regrettable that there were not more of our fellow members present and it is earnestly hoped that they will participate in the future social events.

FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

The Directors of the Credit Union advise those members who have loans to take advantage of the moderate rate for which they can have their loans insured. The protection afforded his dependents far outweighs the cost of coverage. The schedule is as follows:

\$100.00 loan	50 weeks	60 cents
	25 "	50 "
	12½ "	15 "
\$100.00 loan	12 months	60 cents
	10 "	50 "
	5 "	25 "

A pro-rata charge for any other period or amount can be arranged. The minimum premium is 5 cents. The Treasurer will provide full details upon request.

The Social Whirl

A fellow by the name of Larry Kelly and (?) lost his two weeks salary and wasn't aware of his loss until Ray Cassaro returned it to him. All Larry said was, "Where's the rubber band."

We are told that George Decker plays better basketball for the "Y" than for the Museum (At least we hope so).

A new bell has been discovered in Tibet by U. S. scientists. The bell is said to bring good luck at weddings and a man cannot go wrong if he owns one. (Calling George Schroth).

Adrian Ward is moving again. And all because his wife likes a new house every year.

Around 3 A. M. or 4 A. M. in the morning when everyone else is sleeping, Benny Santhroids Zebra fish hears the fire engines answering their alarms. The minute he hears a bell he begins to chirp. Peculiarly enough, this state of affairs resulted only after the Zebra fish killed his bride of a short six months. As soon as he was bereaved he responded to every ringing bell. Maybe Bachelor Schroth has one right idea—no bells.

After the Game:

Jim Williamson—Tho, he hurt his leg in the game it didn't seem to affect his dancing later on with a gorgeous blonde.

B. Moore and A. Naylor are looking for a good correspondence school for basketball.

Richard Kunder led a Museum cheering contingent when he wasn't watching Henry Voelmy.

Michael Gayer and Maurice Wallace appointed themselves custodians of the barrel and you can be sure no one got away with anything.

Among those in attendance were (the Edwin Meyenbergs' also Wally Meisters' with their very lovely daughter "Dagma"—bachelors please note. Bert Zellner and his frau, Tom Ford, probably scouting for material for the Yankees. Phil and Matt Duffy, and Mrs. Naylor cheering "Art". John McCormack, W. Summerville and a raft of fellows from the Custodian's Dept. Mrs. Emery was there just in case. A grand crowd and a noisy loyal band of supporters.

A bit of intrigue involving H. Voelmy and R. Kunder and a blonde. Henry had the girl and evidently Richard liked her. As soon as the game ended Henry and friend got up from their seats and apparently went home. Dick looked around for a while then headed home. It seems to us Henry outfoxed Dick for a few minutes later we saw him dancing with his hard won friend.

W.H.S.

How to Operate the Garden

(We continue our Series on "First Aid to Naturers")

No Naturer is considered to be a genuine or a number 1 Brother of the Wild unless he is an expert on modern agriculture. The best laborless way to learn this is to make a garden.

Gardens are of three kinds—formal or Italian gardens, informal or American gardens and vegetable gardens.

The American or informal garden is the hardest to make. The first step is to sketch the outlines roughly with an art-instrument known technically as a spade. The easiest way to use it is to attach it to an agricultural labor-saving device known as a Ginny.

The Ginny will not work automatically, but requires close watching and continuous acceleration.

During the course of this preparatory sketching, the Naturer will establish the truth of the geological claim that the earth is only a thin rind. This rind is from one inch to one foot deep. Under it is a compact layer of minerals horticulturally known as bowlders.

If the Naturer has no Ginny attachment, he should bear in mind that these bowlders were placed in position by an all-wise Providence and that any interference with them may disturb the well-known and justly celebrated Balance of Nature. If, however, the Ginny attachment is at hand, the bowlders should be removed and piled in the most prominent part of the garden.

This pile then becomes known as a rockery. The rockery is one of the most beautiful and naturalistic features of every suburban garden. It is more artistic than wild rocks, which are jagged and irregular. A well-made suburban rockery does not look wild, but perfectly tame.

When the outlines are sketched, the Naturer goes over the garden with another instrument known as a hoe, and taps all the clumps of earth continuously till they break into tiny fragments. This is, probably, the most passionately intoxicating part of gardening, and persons who are disposed to form habits easily should be extremely cautious not to let the habit of hoeing get a hold on them.

Hoeing may be continued indefinitely, but the average suburban estate rarely will require more than a fortnight of eleven or fourteen hours a day. The garden then would be ready for the rake.

The rake is a large iron comb on a long pole. The Naturer clings to the end of this pole and combs the garden with a free, full-arm movement. Gradually the soil will become finely pulverized. The gradualness of this beautiful natural process must be seen to be appreciated.

The gardening periodicals, such as "Our Suburban Country Seats" and "Beautiful Bungalows for

Indigent Inhabitants" rarely give space to this dry technical matter. They prefer to hasten feverishly to the half-tone stage of the garden, when it is full of hunks of vegetation, more commonly known as bosky masses of verdure. Naturers who read these articles dispassionately and with the necessary amount of suspicion, often discover an unobtrusive line modestly hidden in the very beginning, which says: "First turn the garden over." This, however, does not convey the proper meaning to them. They hurry into the garden, seize it by one end and try to turn it over by main strength.

This attempt always fails.

When the garden is thoroughly combed, the plants may be inserted. This should be so done that they may be removed again readily by the Naturer's wife. No wife's garden is a true garden unless she can move the plants around on the days when she is not moving the furniture.

Plants are of two kinds—flowers and shrubs. Flowers are injected into the garden in the form of little pills known as seeds. These grow in little paper packages with pictures on them. Some Naturers believe that these pictures show into what the seeds will sprout.

Shrubs come ready made. They are little bundles of sticks held together by a root, and have tags attached with Gracco-Roman names illegibly written on them with a hard leadpencil. The tags are attached by lot. The Naturer should endeavor to stick these bundles into the earth with the root down.

Every plant is provided with a complete outfit of bugs. They are perfectly hardy and require practically no care.

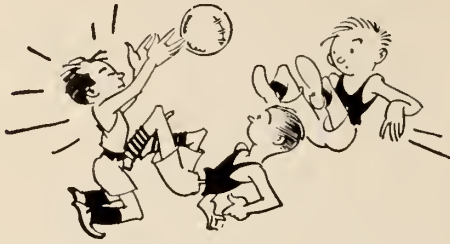
The vegetable garden, like the flower garden, is made out of seeds. It is scientifically estimated that out of one thousand vegetable seeds only one hundred sprout. The paper packages contain the other nine hundred.

The Naturer's most important task in making the vegetable garden is to discourage his wife's desire to dig up the seeds each day to see if they are doing anything.

The vegetable garden must be spaded, hoed, raked, sprinkled, sprayed and powdered each day and should be hand-picked for unnecessary bugs every evening. This is known as intensive gardening, and some Naturers have been known to carry it to such a degree that the neighbors wear cotton in their ears throughout the gardening season.

By June a small patch thus treated will be covered with a profusion of vegetables too incredible for belief, while the informal or flower garden should be one vast glory of roses ranging from American Beauty to shad roses, pinks, hay, black-eyed Susans, red-headed Susans, silos, morning glories,

Continued on page 4



Yeh! Team !!

April 6th: Playing a return engagement in an attempt to wipe out a previous setback the Museum basketball squad was defeated by Company D of the 102nd Regiment Engineers by a count of 56 to 50, in a very interesting game before a large and enthusiastic crowd. However the beating, our gang, deserved a better fate. They went out and lost not to a superior team but to a larger one. The army boys were three deep in every position making their substitutions in whole team lots. They simply wore our boys out with their continuous stream of fresh players. Our squad numbering nine in all were further handicapped thru the 4th quarter by the loss of J. Williamson who pulled a leg muscle in the game.

Coach Connolly started his best quintet of Corcoran, Williamson and Patterson up forward with Decker and Carroll at the guard positions. The game started off at a fast clip with the Museum drawing first blood when "Flash Corcoran" sank one. Play continued at an even level thru this quarter showing a score of 8 to 7 in favor of the Army. A slight edge for the Army in this period. The second quarter was all Museum in spite of Army's shock troops. They started an entire new team as the period started. Led by the two leading scorers of the evening, Corkie and Decker, our boys went in front to lead at half time 14 to 13.

Obviously tiring in the third quarter our boys increased their lead still further with our board of strategy jockeying their reserve strength, Moore, Donerly and Naylor to spell the regulars a bit. Moore and Donerly helped spark the boys a bit with a basket a piece. Naylor came close on several tries. The third quarter ended with the score: We 33, They 29. The boys from home were hitting on all fours.

In this quarter the Army boys came back with their fresh number one line and just about romped thru our tired but game outfit. The period had just started when "Long Jim" Williamson went down with a crash after making a swell set-up near the enemy basket, twisting his leg muscle and was forced to retire from the game. This weakened our gang no end as Jim had been a powerhouse all night. To make it brief the Army came back in the final minutes to win 56 to 50.

SACRED MEMORIES

We have learned that on Tuesday night, April 16th, Ben and Joe Connolly were guests at the second reunion dinner of the Old Timers Professional Basketball Players. Among the more notable present were former Congressman William F. Brunner, Dr. Spaeth and Assemblyman Whitty. They had an excellent chicken dinner with all the requisite trimmings and it would be strange indeed if those chickens failed to call others to mind. But, when they got on the subject of what they did with the basketball, Memory Lane must have been as wide open as Reno and what they couldn't tell about chickens they could tell about 'fouls'. At any rate it is certain that, by the time the party broke up, everyone was fully convinced all over again that theirs was the greatest basketball team that ever was and that basketball today "ain't what it was in them days."

THIS WORK PAYS YOUR COMMUNITY

During the week of May 20 to May 25, the WPA Professional Project here in the Museum will hold an exhibit in the Bird Biology Hall, 1st floor, Whitney Building. The project and its workers have assisted A.M.N.H. in all its departments for over 5 years. Come and see the scope of WPA work here and its actual accomplishments. You and your friends are cordially invited.

How to Operate the Garden—Cont.

snow balls, moth balls and in the background the luxuriant masses of hydrangea and hydrophobia grandiflora.

The formal or Italian garden is much easier to make than the informal garden. The first step is to remove the house. This must be done in order to give scope to the vista. A well-made scope is absolutely essential to the vista in every good Italian garden. Indeed, few gardening periodicals can print a single article without it.

The formal garden must then be laid out so as to have a long perspective. The perspective is easily found with a piece of string. Some formal gardeners lay the garden out with a rake, but any other heavy weapon will do if applied with sufficient force.

While the garden is still laid out, fasten the scope and the vista together permanently and place them in position. Now fasten the perspective firmly to the tail end of the garden.

Your formal garden will then be practically finished with the exception of some trifling work that can be done in odd moments. It will require merely three or four marble terraces and a few hundred Lombardy or skin-tight poplars. If the size of your suburban lot permits, a mountain should be adjusted in the background.



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 2

JULY, 1940

PRICELESS

Red Cross Work

Many women employees of the Museum have expressed the desire to further the work of the American Red Cross through their personal services.

At a recent meeting the directors of the E.B.A. approved the suggestion that a unit be organized under the auspices of the Association and appointed a committee of three (Ella B. Ransom, Grace Fisher Ramsey and Jean Wiedemer) to gather information on the requirements of the American Red Cross and to formulate a plan for the beginning of this work.

The first meeting, on July 3rd, was attended by 40 E.B.A. women and Mrs. Ransom informed the members that the director of the New York Chapter welcomed us as workers in this splendid cause. Mrs. Ransom is Chairman of the Unit; Mrs. Ramsey, Vice-Chairman; Miss Van Vliet in charge of knitting and Miss Wiedemer in charge of machine sewing.

Room 319 Roosevelt Memorial has been assigned for meetings, instruction and distribution of materials. Those in the knitting division will meet every Wednesday evening, beginning at 5 o'clock; those in the sewing division will meet every Thursday evening at the same time. Members will be notified as soon as the first supplies come from Red Cross headquarters.

The committee would appreciate knowing as soon as possible just what kind of work members would like to do—those who want to knit notify Miss Van Vliet (ext. 447) and those who want to sew notify Miss Wiedemer (ext. 444).

The Administration has generously offered the use of a sewing machine to be used in the Unit room by those who do not own machines. IF ANYONE HAS A SEWING MACHINE WHICH IS NOT USED AND THEY ARE WILLING TO LEND IT TO THIS RED CROSS UNIT FOR WORK IN THE MUSEUM, WE WILL SEND A TRUCK TO CALL FOR IT.

Members may obtain work materials from Miss Van Vliet and Miss Wiedemer on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings from 5 to 5:30 o'clock, in Room 319 Roosevelt Memorial.

THE GRAPEVINE

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NOTES AT RANDOM

Walter Carrol's specialty is giving a lecture on the Desert Rose and Star Sapphire—especially if it's a pretty girl.

Sarkis Afarian spent his three weeks vacation up in the Catkills observing the hens and roosters. When asked why, he explained it this way: "Chickens pick up stones and perhaps I'll find some precious stones in their gizzards."

John Enright has just returned from a vacation in his home town in Pennsylvania. While there he spent his time sitting on a soap box in the general store telling them all about the World's Fair. He promised to send them all "Pitcher Post-cards" upon getting back to the Big City.

We have no June brides to present, but we do have a June bridegroom. None other than Joe Huzacha of the bookkeepers' office. Yes, indeed, shy, retiring Joe decided to take the fatal step. He is back from his honeymoon now, and any one wishing to offer congratulations or advice may stop in to see him. Dean Amadon also deserted the ranks of the batchelors. It all proves that chivalry still reigns.

For the past year or so, two young men of the Museum family have been observed with interest by their fellow workers. In fact they have recently been nominated for the title of "Best Dressed Men in the Museum". Of course, by this time you have realized that we are speaking of Messrs. Harry Hawkins and James Williamson. Why even Lucius Beebe, the best dressed man in New York could get pointers from our Beau Brummels.

The Social Whirl

When the mechanics go on parade each division will have a different uniform and carry their respective banners and insignia. Won't the girls call it grand! Electricians Weinacht and MacCallum are competing for first place in the current contest "What the Well Dressed Mechanic will Wear." No fooling, have you seen the delicate white rose each has in his lapel?

Otto still says no loud speakers in the workshops.

Timmy Sullivan (or is it O'Sullivan???) is all upset over the discovery that Ben Connolly buys eggs from a blind farmer for 10 cents a dozen and then sells them for 36 cents a dozen. Tim says Ben needs a lot of prayers.

Jim Trimble bought some German Marks. Now he has the laugh on the boys.

John Gallagher bought pound sterling and he's in tears.

Ask Kinzer about the Turkish rugs he was going to buy?

Clap hands here comes Charlie—I beg your pardon, Mr. Coles to you.

Rudy Weinacht is expert amateur broadcasting bug. He pulls in Africa and all the foreign countries.

George Tauber is collecting French posters in color to decorate his living room.

Ed Wilde, Jim McKeon and Joe Schoeffler usually go out to lunch together. The other day Joe led the trio to a little place with red decorations, silk ribbons on the forks and knives and even frills on the chops. But Ed balked and refused to go in—he demanded a man's restaurant. Says Ed, "Don't forget boys, I'm a man."

George Schroth was introduced to a lady by the name Bessy Bell—no ring.

SAFETY FIRST

At the last monthly Safety Meeting it was suggested by the Members of the Safety Committee that we advertise the work of the Safety Committee through the Grapevine. It was also suggested that we constitute a method of contact between the committee and museum employees to promote safety work and encourage safety suggestions by means of a suggestion box which will be inserted in a later issue of the Grapevine.

Sport News

The last few games the American Museum Soft Ball team has played have been notable for one unfortunate thing. It seems that every team they play has from seventy-five to one hundred 'fans' as their cheering section, but, poor, A.M.N.H. only has about six or seven. (And we don't mean hundred)

Now, these boys have been doing a swell job, entering the Inter-Museum League and beating the League leaders, to say nothing of other teams in their group. They also went out and beat the National City Bank. A team with such promising material should be worthy of more of a cheering section, so they look forward to having a greater attendance at their next game.

Notices of the games, which are played on Mondays and Wednesdays, are posted at various points throughout the Museum, and, since the team has the good wishes of the Administration as well as the E.B.A., it is no more than right that we should get out there and root for them.

Anyone doubting the ability of our team, can refer to the official standing of the Clubs: July 8th.

Clubs	Won	Lost
American Museum.....	4	1
Museum of City of N. Y.....	4	1
(They must have met Brooklyn)		
Metropolitan Museum.....	2	3
(League leaders 'til we came along)		
Brooklyn Museum.....	0	5

Players who have distinguished themselves in our many games include Charlie Kerr, Walter Carroll, Bob Cook, Johnny McCormack, Mathew Duffy, Gil Anthony, Artie Naylor, Wilmer Donely, Ray Gilmoer, Di Lucia, O'Connell, Eddie Doskocil, Henry Ruof, Harry Tappen, Martin Buckley, Sam Redman, Dominick Caggana, Bailey Lewis. From a glance at the names above, it is plain to see that this team has drawn material from all parts of the Museum, Anthropology, Custodian's Department, Print Shop, Preparation and School Service, Bookkeeper's office and Bursar's office being among those represented so far. This is a good sign and bids well for Museum-wide support at the games. The boys have the ability and willingness but they need the moral support.

Further, there is plenty of room for anyone who wishes to join in with the team, inasmuch as vacations will soon begin to take a toll of players, and new blood will be required to fill the ranks. All players desiring tryouts, call John Schmitt, extension 499.

This is just a note to tell everyone in the Museum what the Team has done in the past and to ask that some of their 'rooters' get out to the games more often. Incidentally, our official Score-Keeper is Frank (Goggles) Murphy of the Store room, assisted by Jimmie Escobar of the Cafeteria.

BATCHELOR CLUB

or-How to get the following to forsake Batchelorhood.

Frank Murphy—by confessing to being a Yankee rooter. The acme of patience, he sits through all the double features twice.

Henry Voelmy—is an connoisseur on the corset ads in the magazine section of the Sunday papers. He's also a good tennis player and when he helps his mother at home he never breaks a dish.

Tommy Quinn—A little cagey but bait in the form of a trip to Bermuda might do the trick.

Jim Trimble—knows how to cook corn beef *and*

Joe Roach—there's a rumor he is slipping, so hurry up girls.

Tony Cartossa—the girls have to be in the genius class. He's a die-hard and he's used to all the tricks. But his best girl is the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Paul Richard—the handsome Paul Richard can always be seen with a blond, brunette or red head. But nothing ever happens. Did he miss the bus?

Ed Wilde—one of the qualifications of his prospective bride is that she care for his antique glass and furniture.

Vincent Marra—Ravioli. He's an expert cook.

George Schroth—it can't happen here. His is hopeless case. Even Ben Connolly failed.

Any girl with a bankroll and who likes to listen to poetry, apply to Harry Hawkins.

A REMINDER

Credit Union business hours are from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m and 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. Loans are made only on Tuesday and Friday. Get your loan applications in on Monday or Thursday during the hours noted above. Please do not interrupt regular Museum work by asking for Credit Union service at other than the hours scheduled.

How To Undergo a Vacation

[We continue our series on "How To Be A Naturer"] ▲

The prominent Nature fact about vacations is that they occur in the two shortest weeks of the year.

This is due to pressure brought to bear on Nature by the employing class.

Every year the great thinkers among the wage-earning class invent valuable improvements designed to counteract this by devices for lengthening the two weeks into two weeks and a half. The venomous enmity of financiers prevents these useful ideas from being perfected.

Owing to this fact, the Naturer is forced to rely on the crude and old-fashioned method of spraining his ankle just as he is starting back to work.

This injury, however, is attended with great danger. It often causes an inflamed state that ends in a painful discharge.

There are restful vacations and strenuous vacations. The restful vacations are the easiest to take. They also are the easiest to give up.

A very restful vacation can be had by sitting beside a hard clam for two weeks and doing exactly what it does.

Brain workers can give their brains a still more complete vacation by talking politics.

There also are summer novels. These, however, often result in the vacationist mislaying his brain entirely and thereafter wandering around without noticing that it is lost.

Strenuous Naturers do not rest during vacations. They rest in offices during the remainder of the year.

The most strenuous form of vacation is taken in the form of exploring trips. In theory this trip is for the purpose of exploring the wilderness, but in Nature the Naturer confines his exploration mainly to exploring himself for bruises.

The ideal outfit for an exploring trip is one that is as small as possible. A really small outfit must consist of absolutely nothing except a tent, bedding, clothes, cooking utensils, a fishing rod, a gun, an axe, a side of bacon and a bag of flour.

The great advantage of such an exploring trip is that it makes every bit of the vacation count. By carrying the small outfit as far as possible each day, most Naturers succeed in making each week seem like a year.

The ideal exploring trips are one-day exploring trips. They are done on trolley cars. They take the Naturer to big game resorts where he can shoot the chutes.

Another form of vacation is a walking tour. It is done scientifically by getting lifts from passing drivers.

Some Naturers try to accomplish a walking tour with their feet. This, however, is made difficult by natural obstacles known as roads. The chief topographical feature of roads is that it is always two miles to the next stop.

If the Naturer is determined to walk, he should lay special stress on selecting a road that passes through good scenery. The finest scenery for a walking tour is a continuous line of hotels.

Other tours are railroad tours. They are exactly like walking tours except that they have more cinders.

There also is fishing. It is valuable mostly for its reminiscences.

An ordinarily skillful fishing vacationist can catch enough reminiscences in two weeks to stock him for the ensuing fiscal year.

The best reminiscences are those that are different every time they are told. Having these reminiscences is the favorite Nature sport during working hours. The only rule of the sport is for each Naturer to get his own in first. As soon as a Naturer begins to speak, the other Naturers must respond by exclaiming: "That reminds me."

Anti-vacationists make offensive noises during this Nature sport. All antivacationists, however, surrender their prejudice against vacations after a few years, and go to the country themselves. The part of the country that they go to is technically known as a cemetery.

A species of anti-vacationist is known entomologically as the New-York-City-Vacationist. This species arises in every vacation season and advertises that New York City is a fine summer resort. He'll then retire in discouragement from all lying contests.

The chief object of a vacation is to return to town as brown as a berry. This berry does not grow naturally, but is raised artificially as a flower of speech.

Fake Naturers also come to town in the autumn as a berry. They can be detected by touching them with a wet rag.

Very red-blooded Naturers are not content to return brown. They do not consider a vacation successful unless they return boiled red. They achieve this by sitting in a cooking utensil in the sun. The utensil is known as a rowing shirt.

This form of vacation must be applied externally until the Naturer peels easily.

More thoughtful Naturers take their vacations internally. Instead of returning to work boiled, these Naturers return stewed.



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1940

PRICELESS

Special Notice

Do YOU want a Christmas dance?

Would you prefer to have the dance held within the Museum or at an outside place similar to the Hotel Taft Grill where the last Spring Dance was held?

The Board of Directors of the E.B.A. believe that it would be better to hold one dance and entertainment a year, preferably during the month of December and conduct an annual outing and picnic during the spring.

It is necessary to learn the consensus of opinion of the entire Museum family; therefore will you please fill in the questionnaire enclosed and mail it to Neil MacCallum, Power Plant, to be received not later than one week from today. An addressed envelope for your convenience is enclosed.

Your cooperation in this regard is urgently requested and appreciated.

Neil MacCallum
Chairman Co-ordinating Committee
Employees Benefit Association

THE GRAPEVINE

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Stephen Klassen

NEW E.B.A. MEMBERS

We are glad to announce that the following Museum employees are now members of the E.B.A.

James Carmel
Louise K. Danielson
Reuel Estill
Thomas W. Hull
R. W. Kane
William F. Kirk Jr.
Waddy McFall
Arthur Ohlman
Robert Scherer
Mildred V. Seiz
Dorothea Siegle
Frank Tini
John F. Webber
Paul M. Wright

The Membership Committee is doing splendid work to achieve our goal of 100% membership in the E.B.A., and anyone who is not yet a member had better watch out.

It is with profound sorrow that we publish the recent deaths of three members of our association.

MARIE GARRISON
on September, 16, 1940

CHARLES C. GROFF
on September 18, 1940

FRANCIS J. KIRKLAND
on September 23, 1940

The Social Whirl

Miss Clara McDermott inquired at the mail desk whether a letter would reach the Bronx that afternoon if she would send it air mail. Some grey matter rides high!

The boys in the Museum are calling Miss Fish—Mrs. Pappy Madison. Listen to the Madison Loan Co. broadcasts some day.

Otto Eckholm is editorial writer for a church newspaper in his neighborhood. Now he has to read the Bible from cover to cover.

Dorothy Edwards' game of tennis shows evidence of her "night owling."

Dr. Nels Nelson couldn't make any wine on his summer vacation this year because the grapes weren't ripe enough. He got peeved and resorted to chopping wood all day.

Everything that goes wrong in the Museum comes to the attention of Fred Hahn. In his opinion they should have a man to take care of such matters.

Edward Weyer had a pet skunk at his camp cottage in Canada. One evening Mrs. Weyer saw the skunk smelling her husband's trouser leg. Said she "When a skunk smells a man—that's news."

Rudolph Weinacht is lecturing on temperance.

Ed Meyenberg will have a tough time keeping the girls away from him on the boat to Boston where he is going to the Legion meeting for a week. He has a new suit and a dandy Sam Brown belt and when he's all toggled out looks like a General. But he'll find out he can't collect post cards in Boston.

Adrian Ward is all settled in his new apartment. He is getting a new car in October and wants to get a chauffeur—but not of army age.

Harry Hawkins keeps his mind a blank when passing the mail desk. There's a mind reader there. Practically any other time he may be seen looking into his ever handy mirror to give that final pat to his shiny locks.

Constance Paradise resigned from the department of Invertebrates to get married. They hired John Eden. Now all they need is a little heaven.

The two Museum Romcos, Harry Hawkins and Dick Kunder have the happy faculty of running after the same blonde. But in stepped a third young man and walked off with the prize.

We understand that Walter Joyce is an authority on Smorgashbord. No one ever thought he had Swedish ancestry.

W. S.



RED CROSS WORK

Chairman Ella B. Ransom had the following good report to give concerning the Red Cross work being done by the women of the Museum.

Since our organization in July we have received and distributed over 100 bags of wool to be knitted into sweaters and 15 bundles of material which is being made into women's dresses. This work is being done after working hours in the room assigned to us in the Roosevelt Memorial and at home.

We have already returned over 50 sweaters, nicely made, and the dresses are about finished. Work will then begin on baby clothes.

The new material has now arrived and much of it does not require machine sewing, but may be done by hand. Those who are interested in securing these garments should call Miss Jean Wiedemer, Extension 444 before 5.00 P.M. any afternoon and she will arrange all details with them.

Headquarters for the Museum Red Cross Unit has been changed from Room 319 R.M. to the 4th floor Mezzanine R.M. To reach the new headquarters take the R.M. elevators to the 5th floor and then walk down one flight to the Mezzanine. All sewing and knitting materials are to be secured and returned here.



LET'S GO—BASKETBALLERS!

Anyone wishing a tryout for the Museum basketball team should see Ben Connolly. Practice begins in two weeks. Ben is working on the formation of a Museum League taking in all the boroughs.

THE CROSSROADS OF PETS

Most wild animal collectors must go to considerable expense and efforts to 'bring 'em back alive'; but not so Bunny Southwick whose modest 79th St. apartment is rapidly changing from a menage into a menagerie. Through no apparent effort of his own (at least that's what he says) marmosets, dogs, parrots, canaries and tropical fish have flocked to his abode as to an asylum and anyone who has visited the said abode would be compelled to admit that they are perfectly right in so regarding it. The latest arrivals are a pair of North Carolina toads, Iffy and Glob by name, that earn their keep by eating meal worms and changing color in a very entertaining way. Where it will all end is a matter of conjecture, but Mr. and Mrs. Noah are not kidding themselves that it will end with the toads.



CALLING ALL FISHERMEN!

When it comes to wanting to know about fish—habits, bait, tackle—you've got to be mighty careful where you seek your information. It seems that Dr. Andrews has been coming down to the machine shop to listen to Avery's sage advice on fishing. Now Al, in the paint shop and Herman Otto are jealous because they are the real experts on such matters. And then you're likely to hear Harry Farrar (member of the Izaak Walton League) mutter to himself things about. . . . "the most important consideration is to preserve them—not catch them."

The Green Demon rides in the machine shop! Hi ho Jealousy.

NEWS ITEM

Recently one of the women left a dollar with Fred Weir the elevator operator with instructions to take delivery on a dress she was expecting. Shortly thereafter someone came in with a paper bag and Freddy parted with the dollar in return for said package. His face is still red, for when he examined the package it contained nothing more than a huge mechanics glove.

P.S. Someone else had already paid for and received the bona-fide dress.

Safety Committee

One of the really good internal Museum agencies is the Safety Committee. Little is heard of its work and activities, nevertheless, it functions constantly and continuously in finding and correcting unsafe conditions, both as to fire and accident, in and about the Museum buildings.

The personnel of the Committee is as follows:

R. P. Johnson—*Chairman*
J. M. McDermott—*Secretary*
P. W. Wallace—*Inspector*
J. E. Paradis—*Inspector*
W. L. Todd
L. W. Kinzer
S. J. Murphy

A thorough inspection of unsafe conditions is made by the inspectors every week, and a report thereon made for the use of the Committee at its monthly meetings. A representative of the State Insurance Fund, Mr. J. Allen, attends all meetings of the Committee in an advisory capacity.

The cooperation of all Museum employees with the Committee in promoting safe practices and maintaining safe conditions is appreciated. When you see an accident or fire hazard, please report the condition to one of the Safety Inspectors or to the Secretary of the Committee in the General Superintendent's office.

Have you any Suggestion for preventing Accidents?
Send in your Safety Suggestions

CUT HERE

SAFETY SUGGESTION

Send to the Secretary of Safety Committee

Mr. J. M. McDermott

I would like to make the following Safety Suggestions

Location: _____

Name: _____

Dept: _____

A WORD REGARDING THE E.B.A. SHOPPER'S LIST

A large number of our members have made good use of our Shopper's List, and many favorable comments have been received about the amount of savings made through patronizing the firms we have listed in same.

Sometime in the near future this valuable little booklet will be reprinted and some additions and deletions will be made. Members knowing of any good leads may forward them to the committee who will be glad to contact them.

We are especially desirous of adding to our list the names of firms dealing in wearing apparel of all kinds, smokers articles, toys, perfumes, cosmetics, etc., or any item not already listed.

EDWARD A. BURNS }
JOSEPH SCHOEFFLER } *Committee*
JOHN R. SAUNDERS }

TWO UNUSUAL COURSES

The Museum announces two unusual courses to interested friends, during Fall and Winter of 1940.

I. NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LAYMAN

A Splendid Opportunity to Study Nature In and Near New York

Course Leader: Farida A. Wiley, Staff Assistant, Department of Education

II. THE SOS OF THE AMERICAS

Natural Science is the Key to our Economic Security

Course Leader: Waldo Walker, Former Staff Correspondent on New York City Newspapers

For details get a Leaflet at the Information Desk.

*Do Not Fail to Send in Questionnaire
Regarding the Christmas Dance*

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

*"Keep company with good men, and
good men you'll imitate."*



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 4

NOVEMBER, 1940

PRICELESS

Annual Christmas Dance

AND

Entertainment



DECEMBER 14th

AT THE MUSEUM



Other engagements on this date

PROHIBITED

Call Ext. 393 for Table Reservations.

Tickets Now on Sale.

THE GRAPEVINE

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ED. WRISSENBERG	WILLIAM H. WRIGHT
STEPHEN KLASSEN	

SNIFF!

Dr. Edward Weyer, Editor of Natural History Magazine, spent his vacation at Muskoka Lakes in Canada. He did quite a bit of wild-life study there, but he was particularly interested in two baby skunks who would come out onto his lawn every evening and play with each other just like ordinary kittens. One evening he wanted to see how they would react to their first sight of man, and so he slowly walked out on the lawn. They stopped playing, watched him a minute or two and then, one at a time, crept forward and sniffed of his trouser leg. As Mrs. Weyer says: "When skunk smells man, that's news".

(With thanks to the Herald-Tribune, Nov. 17, 1940)

©

FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

The A.M.N.H. Employees Federal Credit Union is nearly five years old. There are 337 members whose Shares Accounts total \$28,876.36. An Annual Report, giving a full picture of its activities during 1940, will be published in an early issue of the GRAPEVINE.

The Social Whirl

Harry Hawkins' birthday was on the same night as the "dinner" and Sharkey asked his audience to give the little boy a hand. P.S. They responded with a Bronx cheer. Broadway Harry was telling the boys how good an M. C. he is but when he took over the mike all that was heard was a slight squeak.

Love me, love my dog. What dapper young curator's assistant was seen walking a cafeteria cashier's dog recently?

Beauty notes—Jack Scott has given up his collection of Willkie buttons and gone in for daily calisthenics—which he says accounts for his handsome physique.

Football Foney—What certain red-headed gent though highly regarded as supervisor has shown himself a poor football prognosticator?

A talent scout from Radio City has been up looking at Sharkey.

Vic. Badaracco has put his Willkie buttons in camphor for 4 years.

L. Hillyard is going to have the English coat of arms put on his china.

John Fogarty has a big 2 lb. steak for lunch. Been looking at magazine pictures of cows and bulls in dairy magazines.

A baby boy arrived in the home of John Harris.

Sir Ashton Littlefield is collecting "Phillies" bands. Naulty is collecting the same brand. The joke is that Littlefield tops him by about 3000. Soon he's going to paper his bathroom.

Harry Lange of the Bookkeeper's has also joined the ranks of the proud fathers and is now talking about "his daughter."

By the way, if any of you drive up to South Harwich on Cape Cod next summer, drop in on the Andrew Mutchlers. Their "Mariposa Cottage" is a mighty fine place and Andy a mighty fine host.

W. H. S.

FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Kindness is lost upon an ungrateful man."

CHRISTMAS STAR

interpreted in the Hayden Planetarium

With the newly discovered Cunningham Comet, expected to be visible by Christmas, and a phase of a rare triple conjunction of the planets Saturn and Jupiter attracting considerable attention throughout the country, the Christmas of 1940 will be an unusual one, from an astronomical viewpoint at least, according to Professor William H. Barton, Jr., Executive Curator of the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History.

"The unique feature," said Professor Barton, "is that we will have in the night skies that spread across the United States these two possible explanations of the agelong and still unsolved mystery of the Christmas Star, a comet and a close proximity of two bright planets. These astronomical adornments to the season's sky will make more vivid the presentation of the Christmas story in the Hayden Planetarium.

"The Christmas Star may not have been a star at all as we think of a star, but rather something unusual in the sky that attracted a great deal of attention. If you go outdoors tonight just after dark and look toward the southeast, you will see the planets Jupiter and Saturn close together and shining brightly. These two separate objects become definitely associated together in the observer's mind. We have had hundreds of inquiries about them at the Hayden Planetarium, and even in competition with the bright lights of the city they attract the attention of the man in the street.

"This proximity of the two bright planets," continued Professor Barton, "is part of a triple conjunction that last took place 258 years ago, in 1682 and 1683, and before that in the year 7 B.C. The great astronomer Kepler was so impressed by

a conjunction of these two planets, Saturn and Jupiter, in 1604 that he figured back and found that in the year generally accepted as the Nativity, these two planets were not only close together as they are at present, but had been joined by the planet Mars, to form an extraordinary sight in the sky. Perhaps that was the "Star" the Wise Men followed to Bethlehem."

The appearance of a comet in the sky has always stirred the imaginations of men, and, as will be demonstrated in the Hayden Planetarium, the comet of 4 B.C., recorded by the Chinese to have been visible for 70 days, may have been the "Star" of the Wise Men.

"On September 18th," said Professor Barton, "a new comet was discovered by Mr. Leland E. Cunningham of the Harvard College Observatory staff. Although not yet visible to the naked eye, Comet Cunningham has been rapidly growing brighter, and by Christmas should be visible in the western sky after sunset. No one can say for sure how bright it will be, as different formulas give divergent values for the computed brightness, but there should be a noticeable comet of some sort to adorn the Christmas sky."

These and other interpretations of the Christmas Star will be reproduced in the man-made sky of the Hayden Planetarium by means of specially constructed projectors, during the December presentation of "The Wise Men's Star," beginning this afternoon (SUNDAY), December 1st and continuing throughout the month. There will be special Christmas music and carol singing at each performance.



Testimonial Dinner

to JOHN J. KELLY and BEN FALVEY

On Tuesday evening, October 15th the men of the Custodian's department tendered a dinner to Mr. Benjamin Falvey and Mr. John Kelly who were retiring after thirty years of service. The dinner was held in the Museum Cafeteria. Approximately two hundred men attended, including representatives of all the departments, and William Sharkey acted as Toastmaster. An element of sadness permeated the affair, as John Kelly had passed away just two days before, and the Toastmaster began by asking for a minute of silent prayer in his memory.

Rex Johnson presented a gold watch and a scroll to Ben Falvey. A similar gift was at the vacant place of John Kelly and it was later sent to his wife.

The Big Shots at the speakers table were L. Kinzer, C. H. Curran, C. O'Connor, P. Wallace, S. Murphy and Ed Hawkins, Sr.

Otto Eckholm and Ed Hawkins were in charge of arrangements and everyone said the dinner was a knockont.

The Committee in charge consisted of W. Somerville, J. Philburn, W. Sharkey, R. Gilmore, H. Voelmy and V. Badaracco.

During the dinner the Tumillo brothers played the fiddle, Banjo, and the sax and after the dinner came the funny stuff.

William Sharkey, who was a Fred Allen and Jack Benny wrapped up in one, started the entertainment. Dick Joyce's singing called for a lot of encores.

Tom Ford sang Pennies from Heaven and collected 75 cents in pennies which he put in his pocket and then thanked the crowd for their generosity.

Littlefield and Orr danced fancy dances—tue dancing was their specialty, but they had a spill at the end which caused a big laugh.

Ed Tuohy and Mike Lennon danced some Irish jigs. The audience was also delighted to hear Jim Roach play the bagpipes.

We append herewith some of the literary highlights which were offered at the dinner:



TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO
JOHN J. KELLY & BEN FALVEY
BY THE EMPLOYEES OF A. M. C.
AT MUSEUM OCT. 15

A TRIBUTE TO THE BOYS

We extend a welcome to you, John and Ben
 With heavy hearts we cheer
 For you are dear to all us men
 Of many, many a year
 No more we'll see your sunny smiles
 And your winning ways
 May your path of life have many miles
 May you enjoy many happy days
 J. S.

A LETTER

630 W. 135th St.
 N. Y. City
 October 21, 1940

To my Co-Workers:

I wish to express the appreciation not only of myself but of my family to my co-workers for the thoughtfulness shown me upon my retirement.

The gifts which I received will not only add enjoyment to my leisure hours but will keep their kindness and friendship with me always.

I have sincerely enjoyed my association with these men and women and hope for a continuance of that friendship in the future.

Sincerely,

Benjamin F. Falvey



ARE WE CORRECT?

We are indeed fortunate to have amongst our Museumites the following outstanding qualities:

The personality of P. Wallace, S. Knapp
The smile of W. Sharkey, M. Duffy
The pep of Tony Cartossa
The charm of J. Philburn, M. Silverman
The love of R. Joyce, V. Badaracco
The attractiveness of . . . Henry Hundertpfund
The voice of Tom Grady, B. Shanley
The poise of W. Jensen, R. Gilmore
The faithfulness of . . . G. Stoutenberg
The diction of Al Potenza, H. Tappen
The sincerity of C. Edwards, Tim O'Sullivan
The youth of J. Scott, G. Murray
The friendliness of . . . Tom Sullivan, Bob Murray
The cheerfulness of . . . V. Marra, Al Hynes
The generosity of . . . F. Marianna
The loyalty of E. Hawkins, O. Eckholm
The greeting of Ben Connolly
The vivaciousness of . . Ed Malley
The earnestness of . . . O. Lambert, L. Hillyard
The hospitality of . . . S. Murphy, W. Somerville
The kindness of Ben Falvey, P. Keating
The courtesy of H. Voelmy, W. McGrath
The thoughtfulness of . . E. Morton
The laugh of J. Harris

Several members of the museum have retired from their jobs. Those boys were very active—everyone performed his part. After thirty years of service, Bill Buckley remarked, "I knew it wasn't steady the day I took the job."

©

SHEEPSKIN PARADE

Out of a scientific staff including research and field associates of 122, 83 hold a grand total of 91 degrees, honorary and otherwise.

The Ph. D's lead the list with 41

We have 19 Doctors of Science

Nine are Masters of Art

Eight are Bachelors of Art

Two each of the following—M.S., M.D. and C.E.

One apiece of the following—D.D.S., M.L., Ph.B.

L.L.B.

If you estimate that it takes 4 years to procure a Bachelor's degree, five a Master's, and 7 a Doctorate, it means that our illustrious have been in schools of higher learning an aggregate of a mere 545 years.

CAMERA CLUB EXHIBIT

Winners and Honorable Mentions



"A CREST"

Second Prize

William J. Baker, Jr.

"A BIT OF HOLLAND AT THE FAIR"

Honorable Mention

Edward A. Burns

"A SYMBOL OF AMERICA"

Honorable Mention

by Irene F. Cypher

"SANCTUARY"

First Prize

by Lucy W. Clausen

"KNOTTED PINE"

Honorable Mention

by Walter F. Meister

"JOE"

Third Prize

George L. Schroth

"HOLD EVERYTHING"

Honorable Mention

William J. Baker, Jr.



RED CROSS NOTES

It is most unfortunate that today there are so many unfair, unfounded rumors being circulated that the Red Cross funds and supplies have been confiscated by Germany and gotten into the hands of others than those for whom they are intended. It is impossible to find the source of such baseless gossip and to refute such irresponsible stories. When individuals are personally contacted and told the true facts they are easily convinced of the unfairness and injustice of such loose talk. National Chairman Norman H. Davis assured the generous contributors to the War Relief Fund that there was no foundation whatsoever for such reports, that the Red Cross does not intend to engage in any relief program without adequate control over its operations and that the distribution of the American Red Cross relief supplies is under the general supervision and personal direction of trained Red Cross workers assigned to duty in Europe. He also declared that not one cent of Red Cross funds has been seized nor a single item of Red Cross supplies confiscated by any belligerent government. In other words, not one cent or one article has gone to anyone except the war victims for whom intended.

Based on its past record in disasters and war, the American people have faith in their Red Cross, and its magnificent relief work for war victims in the present emergency, justifies a continuation of that faith.

⊙

NEW E. B. A. MEMBERS

Since the Grapevine last went to print the rolls of the E.B.A. membership have added the following employees to their list:

Dominick Caggana
Albion Haddon
Richard Holland

We are sorry to have to report that there have also been two deaths during that same period:

Peter Canavan
John Kelly

A TALE WITH A MORAL OR DON'T BE TOO SHOESY

One of our educators (initials J.R.S.) has been boasting a pair of pedal protectors known to the trade as "scows". The color of these magnificent shoes was a very light pigskin. Our hero was about to teach a class of little boys and girls, some of whom had been in the museum before. Upon entering the classroom, one of the pupils, a mischievous little vixen of some nine years took one look at our fashion plate and began to laugh in that hysterical, nerve racking outburst that only a little female can produce. The embarrassed teacher struggled to regain control of the situation, but nothing could induce the laughter to stop. Finally the teacher frowned a most awesome frown and demanded of the culprit the reason for her glee. The vixen stood up and still laughing pointed to the teachers shoes and cried, "You've still got those funny yellow Dutch shoes". With wounded pride the teacher retorted, "these are not funny shoes, they are not yellow, and they are not Dutch. . . There ensued a gale of scornful laughter and the final numbing remark from the amused one, "I know they're Dutch, they turn up at the front."

Let us now draw the kindly shade of tolerant oblivion on this sad, sad tale.

⊙

OUR BOOKSHOP

Why anyone bothers going to the crowded, noisy stores to do their Christmas shopping is more than we can understand, when they have the Museum Bookshop right at hand, so to speak. The atmosphere in the bookshop is friendly, the service splendid and the stock—well just drop in for yourself and see. We suggest that you examine the following items:

Reproductions of Mexican jewelry (ancient Mexican motifs).
Osa Johnson's stuffed animals
Indian dolls
Christmas cards that are really worth while
Shells and games in an infinite variety
Outstanding recent books

There is something to please any member of the family, or the most critical of relations. Why not save your strength so that you will be able to enjoy the Christmas festivities, and do all your shopping at the Bookshop.



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1941

PRICELESS

BASKETBALL GAME

FOR THE MUSEUM LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

Tuesday, March 4th, 1941, 6 P. M. sharp

to be held at the

Goddard Neighborhood Center

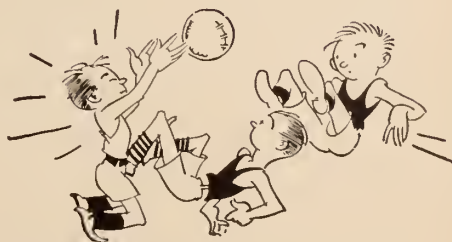
599 First Ave., Cor. 34th Str., N.Y. C.

Tickets can be secured at the Mail Desk, Ext. 442

Proceeds to go for uniforms for Softball Teams for
both Museums

Subscription:

25 CENTS



THE GRAPEVINE

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E. B. A. Active

The Annual Meeting of the E.B.A. was held on January 14th, 1941, with elections of officers for the year the main event of the day. Just in case you want to refresh your memory at any time during the year, here is the complete list of officers:

President: Neil MacCallum
Vice-President: Wilbur Sharkey
Treasurer: Fred H. Smyth
Secretary: James Williamson

Board of Directors:

Class of 1942: Edward Burns, George Tanber,
George Vaillant
Class of 1943: Walter F. Meister, Edwin C.
Meyenberg, William H. Wright
Class of 1944: Otto Eckholm, Dorothy
Edwards, Wayne M. Faunce

The following employees have been added to our membership rolls since the last issue of the Grapevine:

William Burns (Dept. of Education)
Andrew Cordier (Dept. of Heating & Lighting)
Theodore Pedersen (Dept. of Heating & Lighting)
Harvey Treacy (Administration)

Since our last issue, we are sorry to report that the following members have died:

John Gallagher
Frank McCaffrey
G. Kingsley Noble

Annual Report of the A. M. N. H. EMPLOYEES FEDERAL CREDIT UNION, 1940

The Annual Meeting of the A.M.N.H. Employees Federal Credit Union was held on January 21, 1941.

In January, the interest rate on members' Loans was reduced from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per month on unpaid balances to $\frac{3}{4}$ of one per cent. It is estimated that a saving of approximately \$800.00 to borrowers was thus effected.

Fifty-seven members were elected in 1940, making a total membership of 341.

\$10,124.17 were paid into Shares, thus increasing the total Shares from \$24,679.67, at the end of 1939, to \$30,107.32 at the end of 1940.

566 loans, representing the sum of \$48,117.08, were made to members during the year. On December 31, there were 408 outstanding loans to members, amounting to \$26,259.16. In its five years of operation at the Museum, the Credit Union has loaned to members a total of \$216,046.92.

Interest paid by members for loans in 1940 was \$2,131.23.

In addition to member loans, two loans were made to other Credit Unions, one for \$4000.00, the other for \$500.00. Income derived from these loans amounted to \$117.00.

Twenty units of shares at \$100.00 each were bought by this Credit Union in the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of Philadelphia in April. Dividends, paid June 30 and December 31, at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, amounted to \$52.50.

Total income for 1940 was \$2,300.73. Total expenses were \$783.27. Net income, therefore, was \$1,517.46. This was distributed as follows:

20%, or \$303.49, transferred to the Reserve for Bad Loans.

80%, or \$1,213.97, transferred to Undivided Profits.

The Reserve for Bad Loans now is \$1,277.86.

Total Undivided Profits are \$1,816.39.

Three major improvements in methods of operation were effected in 1940. First, regular business hours, for receiving loan applications and interviewing applicants, were adopted by the Credit Union office. Second, the Credit Committee established the practice of meeting as a group, twice a week, to confer upon loan applications and, when necessary, to interview applicants in person. Third, an adequate collection system was instituted.

Progress is indicated by the growing number, and size, of Shares Accounts. Many Museum employees are saving money regularly in Shares who never before had formed the habit of saving money. Several employees were spared the disagreeable and expensive necessity of resorting to "loan sharks".



Camera Club News

The Annual Meeting of the Museum Employees Club was held on Friday, January 17, and the following group of officers elected for the year 1941:

President: Raymond Lewis

Vice-President: Lewis Monaco

Treasurer: George Schroth

Secretary: Irene F. Cypher

Executive Committee:

William Burns Wayne M. Faunce

Lucy W. Clausen Walter F. Meister

John Orth

February Club Exhibit

Jacob Deschin, A.R.P.S., well known photographer and writer and judge on photographic subjects, was guest at a luncheon given by the Executive Committee of the Camera Club. After luncheon judging of the prints submitted for the February Exhibit took place.

MOTHER'S LOVE by Louis Monaco, received the first award. Second award went to PORTRAIT by Raymond C. Lewis. The third award was won by Lucy W. Clausen for her WINTER SETTING. Honorable Mentions were given to Raymond Lewis for MOONLIGHT OVER RIO and to Mauricio Zacuto's WINTER SUN.

The exhibit, in Education Hall was open to the public from February 1st to 7th inclusive. It included a variety of subjects ranging from table top photography to portraits, scenic pictures, and work based on natural history.

LIMERICK LOBBY

"Fow-Tographic"

I

There is a young fellow named Coles,
Whose business is peeping through holes,
But! Though after exposures,
I'm sure his disclosures
Reveal only high moral goals.

II

An eccentric young fellow, McKeon,
With Southwick doth strongly commune,
By snorts and by grunts,
But these aren't affronts,
For Southwick and he are in tune.

III

An erring assistant curator,
Assumes he's a limerick creator,
As a poet he tends
To make rhymes of his friends
But he really should act more sedater.

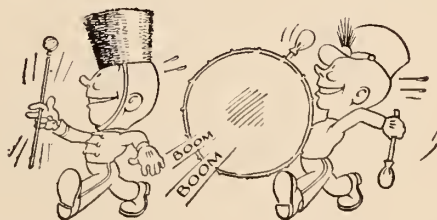
Another Scrap of Paper

Though he has not said so in so many words, it is quite apparent that Ruddy Southwick thinks Bessie Southwick attaches altogether too much importance to money matters. The facts of the case are these.

Bessie Southwick received a Credit Union dividend check and no sooner had she laid said check on her living room table, than Ruddy seized upon it and tore it to bits. (They asked the Museum to stop payment as though Ruddy had not already taken care of this matter!) Bessie's injured feelings have now been assuaged by the receipt of another duplicate check so that it may now be truthfully said she has been double checked both by Ruddy and the Museum. Ruddy, by the way, is not a human member of the Southwickian menage, but, like Bunny and Bessie, he can talk and how!

This being true, what else could Ruddy be but a parrot?

Military Service



Did you know that four of our boys have already left for military training? We are going to try sending them copies of the Grapevine to keep them in touch with the news back home—so watch out, when they return they'll know just what has been going on, and you will not be able to tell them any stories about your escapades. James A. Boyd is at Fort Dix, Robert Lawrence is at Fort Jay, John P. McAvoy is at Fort Hancock, and Waddy McFall has just left, assignment not known definitely as yet. If you want to get in touch with them we'll be glad to let you have their addresses. In the meantime watch this column for further news of assignments, exploits reported, or details of current happenings in the military world.



FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Safety Committee

To further familiarize all employees of the Museum with the work and scope of the Safety Committee, the following are suggestions of various types of hazards and unsafe conditions which when found should be reported to the Safety Committee: Loose stair treads, loose hand rails, protruding nails, etc; broken toilet fixtures, electric wiring in bad condition, broken or very weak ladders, broken glass in windows or exhibition cases, badly sticking windows or drawers, water leaks, gas leaks, slippery floors, loose or missing floor tiles, loose ceiling plaster, heavy materials placed insecurely above one's head and broken handles on tools.

Accident prevention in the Museum is on a twenty four hour a day schedule with no days off and and it is the purpose of the Safety Committee to anticipate and correct any unsafe condition which MIGHT cause injury to employees or the public.

Knowing that five hundred pairs of eyes are far better than seven pairs, we therefore urge you to be alert and report to the Safety Committee on the blank provided below, any condition in and about the Museum buildings which you believe to be unsafe. The Safety Committee will greatly appreciate your active cooperation in this work.

**Have you any Suggestion for preventing Accidents?
Send in your Safety Suggestions**

CUT HERE

SAFETY SUGGESTION

Send to the Secretary of Safety Committee
Mr. J. M. McDermott

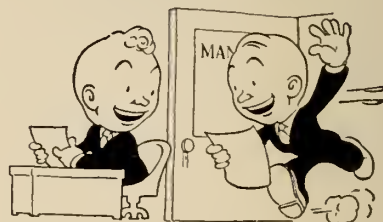
I would like to make the following Safety Suggestions

Location: _____

Name: _____

Dept: _____

Welcome News



We are glad to report that President F. Trubee Davison has completely recovered from his recent illness and will soon be back in the Museum with us. It will certainly be good to see him again, and everyone will be on hand to give him a hearty welcome.

PUZZLERS

At various times during the past weeks it has been possible to see large groups of people going around the halls mumbling to themselves, inquiring of anyone who happened to be in the halls what the names of certain animals were—usually the animals were described as looking like a moose, with no tail, or looking like a fish but climbing like a monkey and barking like a frog. In case there is anyone in the Museum still in the dark as to what it was all about, a certain newspaper offered large prize awards for completion of a set of puzzles—and in order to find the answers to the puzzles most of the city came to the museum. How's that for increasing attendance at a museum!

RED CROSS



Mrs. Ella B. Ransom, in charge of Red Cross activities at the Museum told us the other day that there were still recruits needed for sewing. If any of our museum workers are interested in obtaining garments to be put together and machine sewed, please get in touch with Miss Jean Weidemer, and she will give you all details, instruction sheets, information about putting the garments together, and when and where to get them. Wool is still available from Miss Van Vliet.

The Social Whirl

The other day Sir Ashton T. Littlefield brought in a picture of himself when only four. Everyone looked and then said "Some kid."

There were three kegs of beer for the Christmas party—only two of them were opened. Kinzer has the key.

Who is it that spends all his spare time feeding the pigeons in and around the Museum? He claims to be studying the "Life of the Pigeon".

EXTRA—The fashion plate No. 1 of the Museum was discovered at a dinner of the Museum Diggers the other evening. None other than Fred Smyth was voted the best dressed man.

Ed Wilde is about to move into new quarters. The new location of the stockroom will be on the Central Park West side—not the 8th Avenue side! He claims that the decoration will be perfectly plain. There will be no bows on the wastepaper baskets.

The boys at the Mail Desk presented Henry Voelmy with a brief case when he left recently. We wish Henry good luck in his new job as Mechanical Engineer in the airplane industry.

Mike Gayer is the proud owner of a champion maltese cat. Why is he always taking the cat on visits? Ask Mike—he knows.

For Sale—One keg of beer left over from the Christmas party. Believe it or not!

Pat Maher is working on the third volume of The Life of the Drake. He's already boiled the one he has for two days and still is not able to pierce it with a fork.

Jack Scott moved from 56th Street to South of Albany.

Broadway Harry has been rejected, on account of his right "listener." (They gave him a gun and it was too heavy—he said he would need a valet to carry it.)

Steve Murphy was asked why he preferred to buy a 1940 Dodge rather than a 1941 model. He insists that the 1941 has too many gadgets.

Pat Wallace is now the father of twin girls. Score to date: Wallace, 3; Cantor, 5.

Louis Kinzer sold his baby carriage to the Museum for \$4.00. They say that the stork got stuck in the chimney of his new house and got mad and flew away.

John Ramshaw in The Business Office is strong for England.

Jerry Hyman is now giving fatherly advice to Mike Beeth. Jerry answers to the name of Counselor.

Pat Keating is missed by the fourth floor men—they miss his fish stories.

Fred Weir who used to have his ups and downs in the Roosevelt Memorial elevators was transferred to the Department of Invertebrates for a short span—but his smiling countenance is back with us again. What a life!!!

Adrian Ward "Pop Ward" has been busily engaged looking through a lot of catalogues on baby carriages????!!!

W. H. S.

BASKETBALL

The Museum's Basketball Team are giving a good account of themselves this season against strong opponents. They have won 4 and lost 4, opening the season against the Champion Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Team. They lost a hard-fought game in the last minute of play: 43 to 39. In their second game they won over St. Mary's Ravens: 30 to 21. In the third game they lost out to the Sultan Big Five, a colored team: 32 to 27. In their fourth game, they handed the St. Luke's Chapel Big Five their first defeat of the season: 44 to 38. Ray De Lucia, Walter Carroll, Joe O'Niell, Al Patterson, Jimmy Williamson, George Decker, Artie Naylor, Wilmer Donnerly, Tony Serge, Ben Connolly, Manager and Joe Connolly, Coach compose the team, and they are all looking forward to playing the Metropolitan Museum of Art Team in March to decide who will be the champions of the New York Museums.

The Basketball Team on January 18th lost to Mt. Carmel Seniors of the Bronx: 50 to 38, but on January 22, defeated the St. Mary Ravens: 41 to 32. Joe O'Niell, the new member of the team, scored nine baskets. To date he is the leading scorer of the team, with 53 points in 4 games. Ray De Lucia is second with 52 points in 6 games. The team has not been able to muster their full strength on account of sickness, but Ben is whipping them into shape for the big game with the Art Museum on March 4, 1941, at 6 P.M.

A NEW RECORD *in the Custodian's Department*

A larger number of employees of the Custodian's Department have established a perfect record than ever before. This means that a substantial award has been won in the form of a time-off bonus by 115 members of the department who have not been absent during the last six months.

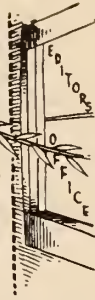
The Administration can well be proud of the employees whose names appear below as bonus winners. Those who have had a perfect attendance record for the entire year or years shown.

1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
3	3	4	3	3	4	3	3	4
8	9	0	8	9	0	8	9	0
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
*		V. Amodio	*		J. Healy	*		T. McNamara
	*	J. Bourdonnay	*	*	F. Hennessy	*		A. O'Connell
	*	F. Bray	*		J. Hickson	*		A. O'Connor (Mrs.)
*	*	T. Brophy	*		M. Higgins			†P. O'Halloran
	†	R. Butler	*		J. Hoffman			†W. O'Hara
	†	H. Carmody	*	*	T. Hogan			†T. O'Sullivan
	*	W. Carroll	*		C. Hundertpfund			†A. Patterson
	*	A. Cartossa	*		H. Hundertpfund			†J. Phelan
*	*	R. Cassaro	*	*	A. Hynes			†J. Phillburn
	†	A. Collins	*	*	†W. Jensen			†L. Pintner
*	*	B. Connolly		*	R. Joyce			†M. Power
	*	R. Cook	*		A. Kaplan	*	*	T. Reardon
	*	E. Creigle	*	*	P. Keating	*		J. Riley
*	*	†F. Dardingkiller	*	*	M. Keegan	*	*	J. Roesner
*	*	M. Davock (Miss)	*		W. Kerr	*	*	J. Ryan
	*	C. Dinklemyer	*		†J. Killelea			†T. Safranek
	*	M. Duffy	*		W. Kirk			†Jno. Scally
*	*	G. Dunn (Mrs.)	*		S. Knapp	*		J. Schmitt
*	*	M. Dunne			†O. Lambert			†G. Schneider
	†	O. Eckholm			†W. Lambert			†J. Scott
*	*	E. Emery (Mrs.)	*	*	E. Lyons	*		G. Severn
	†	J. Enright	*	*	E. Malley			†B. Shanley
	†	W. Everis	*	*	†P. Manning			†W. Sharkey
*	*	J. Farrell	*	*	F. Marianna	*		J. Sheeran
	†	R. Feldman	*	*	V. Marra			†M. Silverman
	*	J. Flood	*	*	†B. Marshall	*	*	G. Stoutenburgh
	*	T. Ford	*	*	F. Molinaro	*	*	M. Sullivan
*	*	Jas. Gallagher	*	*	†A. Monte			†H. Tappen
*	*	Jno. Gallagher	*	*	S. Mooney	*		J. Trimble
	†	M. Gayer	*	*	E. Morton			†A. Tumillo
*	*	†W. Germaine	*	*	S. Murphy	*	*	E. Tuohy
	*	R. Gilmore			†A. Murray	*		G. Van Nest
	*	T. Grady	*		R. Murray	*		J. Vilevac
	*	K. Griggs (Mrs.)	*	*	H. McCallion	*	*	M. Wallace
*	*	J. Guinan (Miss)	*	*	†J. McCormack Sr.	*	*	W. Watkins
	†	J. Hackett	*		M. McGoldrick (Miss)			†F. Weir
*	*	J. Harris	*	*	W. McGrath	*		P. Willhardt
	*	H. Hawes (Mrs.)	*	*	R. McMorran			†T. Zeugin (Miss)
*	*	E. Hawkins	*	*				



THE GRAPEVINE

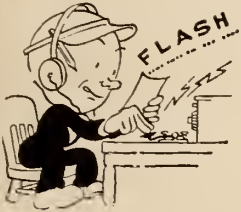
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OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 6

APRIL, 1941

PRICELESS



Inter-Museum

Basketball Game *and* Dance

Everybody is looking forward to attending the second game of the season of the series for the Inter-Museum Basketball Championship. It will be held at the Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43d St. Our boys are out to even up the series, having lost the first game to the Art Museum team.

There will be dancing between and after the game. Lights out at 2 a. m. There are two tiers of boxes all around the hall—each box with seating arrangements for eight. A good view of the game may be had from these boxes. First come, first serve.

The combination Basketball Game and Dance will take the place of our usual spring affair. Tickets 50c. a person. Game starts 9:00 p. m. sharp. Date; Thursday, April 24th, 1941.

Buy Your Ticket Now!

THE GRAPEVINE

EDITORIAL STAFF

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MUSEUM RED CROSS NEWS



Miss Dorothy Van Vliet who has been in charge of the knitting work leaves the Museum on April 1st, and all those who have been working along with her in this activity wish to thank her for her splendid work and the cooperation she has given. Over one hundred and fifty sweaters, socks, and mittens have been turned over to the Red Cross to date, and she has taken care of all the details of this phase of the activity. She will certainly be missed.

Miss Ruth Campbell of the Department of Ornithology will take over the knitting section of the Museum Red Cross work, and those who wish to obtain materials may get in touch with her.

Chairman Ella B. Ransom reports that there is still a need for workers to assist with garments, both hand sewing and machine sewing. Those wishing to participate in this work may get in touch with Miss Jean Weidemer, and she will give them full details.

First Aid and Safety First

The First Aid Station in the Museum is there to serve you in case of accidents, however slight. Many people have the idea that a little cut is not worth bothering about, but President Coolidge's son died from an infection caused by a neglected bruise on the heel.

Infection may be caused by slivers of metal, splinters of wood, pins driven beneath the skin, neglected cuts and bruises, and by attempt to remove particles from the eye by means of soiled handkerchiefs, matches, lead pencils etc.

If you have a cinder or some other painful thing in your eye, never allow some amateur "shop doctor" to fool with it. Go at once to the First Aid Station in the basement of the Roosevelt building.

The Safety Committee has had its attention called to some potential hazards by several men of the Custodian's Department. Keep up the good work.

**Have you any Suggestion for preventing Accidents?
Send in your Safety Suggestions**

CUT HERE

SAFETY SUGGESTION

Send to the Secretary of Safety Committee
Mr. J. M. McDermott

I would like to make the following Safety Suggestions

Location: _____

Name: _____

Dept: _____

Social Whirl

Broadway Harry Hawkins has recently taken to tap-dancing. But his main trouble is that he can't hear the taps on account of his bum ear.

Tim O'Sullivan reviewed the Saint Patrick's Day Parade and complained that the wool from the sheep of the nine green hills of Antrim, Ireland, wouldn't have been enough to keep him warm.

Eddie Lyons is busily engaged rolling new pills for colds. His first patient, Frank Henderson swears that after a few cold pills he's positive he's coming down with whooping cough.

Maurice Wallace likes the new men's room. He says it has more than enough light and floorspace for exercise. No more Central Park for him!

Count William Nalty found a watch in an old trunk of his great great grandmother's. It's rather large and has a key winder but he had it made into a wrist watch that he consults 300 times a day.

Bill Sherman of the General Office is known as a Harvard Bay. He spreads his A's.

Sir Austin Littlefield has lately been walking thru the transverse road at 79th St. from Lexington Ave., because of the strike. He was found looking for a pair of crutches when he finally reached the Museum.

Patty Maher started to mop up one morning in his pajamas having forgotten his overalls. With one accord the boys all shouted, "Good ad for awnings".

If Kinzer is ever top Sargent in the army and Bunny Southwick a buck private under him—boy, what a life.

Jim McKeon received letters from Florida from all the boys taking trips. Are they teasing poor Jim?

George Stoutenberg has the best days in the Museum. He holds the record for being able to stand on his feet longer than any other man on the floor. Maybe it's because he's such an authority on feet powder.

Evidently "Information Please" is unfamiliar with the diet of the Eskimos, and with the diet of the inhabitants of Africa, for Dr. Harry Shapiro won a set of Encyclopedias and twenty-five dollars for a question dealing with just that information. Perhaps food isn't as universal a subject as we have been led to believe—there may still be something to find out in this field.

Mr. Bernard Chapman of the Department of Arts and Preparation will soon be leaving us for the position of a teacher of art in the high schools of his native state.

Bruce Brunner has two dogs, Buttons and Boy. When Bruce leaves in the morning, the dogs are left all alone, and they start singing—one soprano and one alto. The tenants summoned Bruce to court (to stop the singing of the pooches). The judge heard both sides of the story and then said, "I'm a dog owner, and my dog barks and sings. Complaint dismissed." Mr. B. now puts an old dress of his wife's in the dog's basket before leaving the studio mornings, and the dogs no longer practice singing while he is away at work.

W.H.S.

LIMERICK LOBBY

Class Reflections

Mr. Mueller whose first name is Hermann,
Is at sea when one calls him a merman.
And he's also appalled,
Whenever he's called,
A jellyfish or marine worm man.

Can't Wriggle Out of This

Dr. Gudger's now turning his zeal,
To the slippery, slithering eel.
Says he, "Though at grips,
With a subject that slips,
I still feel the eel has appeal."

A Much Traveled Man

Fred Smyth's trips and travel are more,
Than enough to make explorers sore.
You can't stick a pin,
Where he hasn't been,
And he's only held back by the war.



FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

"It is better to understand little than to misunderstand a lot."

Saga of a Modern Crusoe

George E. Peterson, of the Department of Arts, Preparation and Installation has returned from a memorable South Seas saga as thrilling as any movie.

Just previous to leaving the Museum the boys of the department had a get-together in which one predicted that Mr. Peterson would be jailed as a spy, another drew a shipwrecked bedraggled traveler. Strange as it seems both predictions came true!



Leaving the friendly shores of San Diego, he headed for Hawaii. Peterson was due to meet the Fahnestock yacht in the Fiji Islands. At Pago-pago our traveler saw the last Samoan shore, his last view of the stars and stripes until the return.

At Fiji he met the yacht. On the island, however, he was lost for a time, wandering aimlessly until picked up by natives. They turned him over to the local police. As in "The Long Voyage Home" too many lurid spy tales in the newspapers made the local authorities lock him up in the "hoosegow" the aroma of which was far from roseate.

After this little matter was "adjusted" to mutual satisfaction our modern Crusoe had a chance to watch the witch doctors do their "hexing", the tattooed women their dance and the beaux perform.

At Noumea, he plunged smack into the very midst of New Calendonia's miniature "civil war", part of the natives declaring for Petain's government, the rest following the banner of De Gaulle's "free French".

The next port of call was the Solomon Islands. Here, in crossing a stream on the back of a native, (the local taxi service) Peterson was accidentally cut by a knife. The wound ulcerated and had to be cauterized, laying him up for some time.

Passing on to Nauru through belligerent waters was harrowing. Each night, the blackout;—as the ship that carried him was British.

But wait, his troubles had only begun! Arriving in Australia the Fahnestock yacht was dashed upon

the Great Barrier Reef, a total wreck. Precious photographs and equipment was luckily mostly saved and our hero proceeded on his way.

A long dusty journey from Gladstone to Cairns on a local train, a far cry from the de luxe specials that tourists to Australia are accustomed to use along the coastal cities. Other stops were made at New Zealand and New Guinea. Two groups were collected; two others, also collected are still on their way, subject to the fortunes of war, and which by circuitous routes ought to reach here in the near future. However, despite his innumerable vicissitudes Mr. Peterson's smile is as cheery as ever, and he has apparently gained weight and seems none the worse for wear.

Anthony Adverb

Who Knows the Answer?

Ask "Little Jake" how he broke the engagement to the rich girl.

Baby Column

The "Younger Museum Generation" is certainly increasing its ranks. We thought it best to start itemizing the members of this group, and we present the latest additions:

Mr. and Mrs. Erich Schlaikjer (Palaeontology)—a daughter.

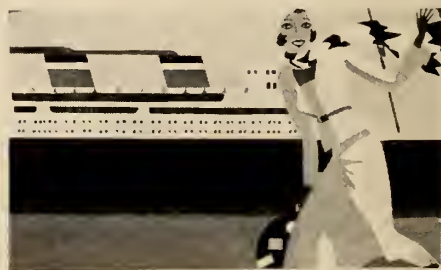
Mr. and Mrs. G. Miles Conrad (Comparative Anatomy)—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Addicott (Education)—a son.

Dr. and Mrs. John Thomson (School Nature League)—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ramshaw (Bookkeepers')—a daughter

Travel News

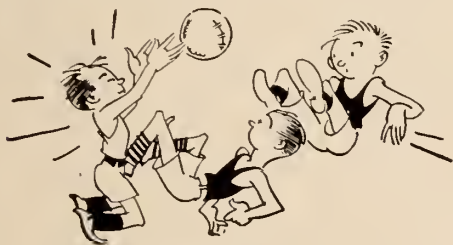


Miss Lucy Clausen sailed recently for New Orleans. The Camera Club members are awaiting her return anxiously, for when the last news bulletin was received she was said to have bought out the entire stock of Camera Way and was still trying to get some extra rolls of film.

"Not So Musty"

Before a most astonishing large Museum contingent of "Rooters" our basketball team the "Headhunters" met the Metropolitan "Mummies" at the Goddard house. What a game this turned out to be! It was easily the most exciting contest the writer has ever been privileged to sit in on—and should have been staged at Madison Square Garden. I am sure that those of you who saw it will agree and to those who were not present—Shame on you. Where is that old Musty spirit?

After our Director Roy Chapman Andrews, who we understand used to be some shucks himself as a polo player, tossed the ball to the Met's Director Mr. Francis Taylor to start things going. The boys got down to cases and played one another to a frazzle, for from the opening whistle right up to the overtime neither was able to relax for a minute so close were things. At no time was there more than four points separating these friendly, hard playing traditional old foes.



The "Mum's" forcing the play from the beginning led by Manager Herb Riordan and Capt. "Farry" Pflum scored first on a pip by Riordan sending them away winging, "Dandy" Decker evened things up a minute later only to have Pflum score, then O'Mara. However, not to be outdone our boys came right back and then it was "Peggy" O'Neill dropping one in. At the bell for the quarter we had them hanging on, the leading 8 to 6. Second quarter—great excitement, scores by Ward and Bulger Mums' our side "Delicious" that's Ray DeLucia and "Chubby" Carroll plus some splendid plugging by our reserves "Flash Patterson", "Smily" Donerly and "Adonis" Artie Naylor. Score at the half—17 to 16 and by gum—we're losing.

The second half started at a blistering pace and the score jockeyed to and fro while tongues started to hang. Pflum, Ward and Riordan were great for Mums and Decker, DeLucia and O'Neill were equally good for scores to make the scoreboard read 25 to 22. We were behind but not beaten by a long shot.—As the fourth and final period started one felt the tenseness in the atmosphere, the fiercely partisan rooting sections went completely mad as our gang waging a brilliant uphill battle drew close then caught up and finally went ahead in the

waning minutes of the game. Directors, Professors, Doctors, Curators and the darn bunch of "Musty" Museumites punched the fellow next to him in the ribs or shouted himself hoarse, as with two minutes remaining Carroll tied things up and DeLucia put us out in front for the first time all evening. It was then a "Merriwell" character named Ward, with seconds remaining made a dazzling play to score thru a broken field and tie things up tighter than a gnat's shoelace and send the boys into overtime with the score 29—29.

Overtime—Really an anti-climax after the thrill soaked hour proceeding it. Mr. Ward however was not to be denied scoring twice more to send our boys down to a very creditable defeat.

Thanks boys—for a pleasant evening. The box score:

"Mummies"	Field Goals	Fouls	Total
Ward LF	5	1	11
O'Mara RF	2	0	4
Bulger C	1	0	2
Pflum LG	3	0	6
Riordan RG	2	2	6
Breeland	2	0	4
Hogan	0	0	0
	15	3	33

"Headhunters"	Field Goals	Fouls	Total
Decker LF	3	3	9
DeLucia RF	3	0	6
Naylor RF	0	0	0
Donerly LF	0	0	0
Williamson C	0	0	0
Patterson C	0	0	0
O'Neill LF	5	0	10
Carroll RG	2	0	4
	13	3	29

At the game: Messrs. Taylor, Kent and Green, Jerry O'Neill, Basketball Mgr., along with a couple of hundred other fellows named Joe and a raft of good looking gals among them Misses Garafalo, Feldman, Kempter, Naramore, Doyle, Clark, Howe and Grier lent colorful and lots of vocal support to the Met. For us: Dr. Andrews escorting his lovely wife, Vice-Director Faunce, Rex Johnson, Mrs. & Mr. Emery who brought their son along to get some pointers. Jay Bird, J. Ramshaw, Lewis, Caggana, baseball coach Schmitt and his assistant Frank Murphy, Wernersbach and Arnaudo with a bunch from Repairs and Heating and Lighting not to forget "Nifty" Hawkins who was obviously impressed with the girls from the Met. The place was so full of Museum people and space so scarce that if you were there and we haven't included you in our who's who register for our many loyal supporters to

Museum Tennis Club



A Museum Tennis Club complete with dues, rules and regulations is in process of formation. All those interested in using the tennis facilities in the courtyard this season may communicate with Charles J. Kerr in the Bursar's Office for information.

In order to defray expenses of purchasing a new net and re-marking the court an initiation fee of one dollar will be charged. At present it is planned to apply any surplus to a general maintenance fund the allocation of which will be decided by vote.

As soon as seems advisable officers will be put up for election and rules and regulations established in open meeting. If you wish to join the club you are urged to apply immediately so that all preliminaries may be expedited in short order and the ground cleared for action.

Our Softball Team

As you all must know we had a "Head-hunter" Softball team last season and finished first in the inter-museum league only to lose out in the play-offs. This year the league is going to be larger and our boys, thanks to our supporters, will be sporting brand new uniforms. Spring practice will start about April 15th. *Anyone wishing to come out for the team please inform Coach Frank Murphy.*

Safety First ! ! !

We are not quite certain as to whether to take this seriously or not. Some weeks ago, the Safety Committee received a coupon filled in as follows (with a suggestion for their consideration and recommendation to the Grapevine Board):

"Have this magazine made of a soft tissue paper, so that people will not scratch themselves using it—thereby preventing any source of infection that may be caused."

(We always hoped that the Grapevine was read and digested—but we never expected it to cause any infection. Which just goes to prove that you never can tell.)

"Not So Musty" (continued)

sign. We almost forgot Mildred Seiz who was squired by guess who? (Answer next issue).

On behalf of both clubs, Herb Riordan, Joe and Ben Connolly coaches we wish to thank all of those who attended for helping to make this game the success it was. Also those who were unable to come, for their subscriptions.

A vote of thanks to the Members of the Department of Education, each of whom subscribed for at least one ducat.

Second guessing:—It may be that our boys were self conscious and a bit surprised before the biggest audience ever to attend a sports event at the Museum.

SPECIAL EXTRA—Both sides were anxious to arrange another game before the end of the season. A Basketball game and dance has been suggested to be held early in April. The date to be announced. We think it will be at the Hotel Diplomat. Plans are being formed now. Ducats will probably be 50 cents. *We Guarantee it will be the biggest 50 cents since the boom days.* Better make plans to be there. Don't say you weren't warned in time.

Charles Connolly Memorial

At a Board of Directors Meeting of the E.B.A. held in 1940 a motion was passed to erect a memorial tablet to the memory of Charles A. Connolly a museum employee who died in action in the last World War. The cost of the tablet was \$32.00, which amount is to be subscribed by his friends who want to share in this tribute to our former co-worker. Anybody wishing to contribute may do so by getting in touch with Ed. Meyenberg in the Bursar's Office.

IN MEMORY OF
SGT. CHARLES A. CONNOLLY
who died in action at
Ourq River, France
July 28, 1918

This tablet presented by Employees of The
American Museum of Natural History



THE GRAPEVINE

Published by THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



VOL. III, No. 7

MAY, 1941

PRICELESS

CAMERA CLUB

Two Years Old

Believe it or not the Camera Club is celebrating its Second Birthday! Two years during which the members have become such expert photographers that they not only take pictures, but they actually know the difference between panatomic and orthochromatic film, and how to make salon prints out of almost hopeless negatives. Having reached this state of exalted knowledge they decided to celebrate their anniversary with a Birthday Dinner à la Chinois. So on May 22nd the club betook itself to Chinatown and partook of a family style Cantonese dinner which included as chief feature Watermelon Soup, followed by Wor Shue Duck, Shrimp with Lobster Sauce, Chinese vegetables and a lot of other things they are still trying to identify (if they can!!). There were a few pictures taken, but the ardent film fans seemed too absorbed in food to care much about cameras. Several were seen trying to balance three grains of rice on a chopstick, but they gave up after the fiftieth attempt. By the time they reached kumquats and rice cakes they were just about able to read and appreciate a note from President Davison which said: "To The Museum Camera Fans: Greetings and best wishes on this your first get-to-gether. May all of your pictures be prize winners and your future gatherings bigger and better."

After about three hours devoted *entirely* to food, they decided to pick up their chopsticks, wend their way down Mott Street and so- home. There is no doubt as to the success of the party, and now they are busily making plans for their third birthday.

Those who attended were:

Mr. & Mrs. Thane Bierwert
Mr. William Burns
Miss Lucy Clausen
Mr. Charles Coles
Miss Irene Cypher
Mr. Raymond DeMaison
Mr. Matthew Duffy
Mr. Philip Duffy

Miss Etta Falkner
Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Faunce
Miss Ethel Fisher
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Gilliard
Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Lewis
Mr. Walter Meister
Mr. Louis Monaco

Mr. & Mrs. Chris Olsen
Mr. & Mrs. John Orth
Dr. Grace Ramsey
Mrs. Ella Ransom
Mr. Henry Ruof
Mr. George Schroth
Miss Jean Weidemer
Miss Farida Wiley

THE GRAPEVINE

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New Vice-President of E. B. A.

Due to the fact that the office of Vice-President of the E.B.A. was left vacant after the resignation of Wilbur Sharkey, the Board of Directors has appointed Mr. Edward Hawkins to fill the unexpired term.

LIMERICK LOBBY

Inside Dope

Whenever competitive strife,
Takes its toll of some poor creature's life,
Harry Raven's right there,
And all set to lay bare,
With a business-like scalpel or knife.

Hitting the Male on the Head

Ben Connolly once said, as he frowned,
"Here's something I think is profound.
It isn't the girls,
With their lip sticks and curls
But the 'Mails' that give me the run round."

Smelling'em out

As a memory expert Joe Quinn,
All the Pulitzer prizes could win.
And they say he can tell,
Every gem by its smell -
Leaving experts aghast with chagrin.

Safe, though up to Scratch

Said the Grapevine, "I strongly object,
To assertions which claim I infect,
I'm just the contrary,
Of poor Typhoid Mary.
I suffer the most from neglect."

"Any Day Now"

Studio Theatre, 66 West 12th Street, New York.

Erwin Piscator, director of the Studio Theatre, announces the third production of the 1941 season—"ANY DAY NOW", a comedy, by Philip Yordan, a young American playwright. This is Mr. Yordan's first production on any stage and marks his introduction as a playwright.

"Any Day Now" concerns a simple, earthy Polish-American house-hold, with a deep-rooted feeling for family, and a hospitality that extends to unfortunates who drift in.

"Any Day Now" with a professional cast headed by Bert Kelton and Charles DeSheim, well known in Hollywood and Broadway, is being directed by Dr. Robert Klein. Herbert Andrews, who designed the setting for "My Heart's in the Highlands", is doing the set for "Any Day Now".

"Any Day Now" opens Monday evening, June 2nd, playing every evening through June 11th—making ten performances in all. For any evening after the opening on June 2nd, we shall be glad to arrange theatre parties of 25 tickets or more for 50c and \$1.00. The tickets do not have a price printed on them so you may sell them for whatever price you desire and make a substantial addition to your own treasury.

There will be two preview performances on Saturday evening, May 31st, and Sunday evening, June 1st, and for these two dates tickets may be secured for 25c and 50c.

We think the members of your organization will enjoy this new comedy and we suggest you arrange a theatre party. For further information telephone me—Algonquin 4-2585. I shall await a call from you soon.

Faithfully,

M. Eleanor Fitzgerald, Studio Theatre

Softball League Standing to Date

	Won	Lost	Pc.
Headhunters	3	0	1000
Mummies	3	0	1000
Men of Science	1	2	333
N.Y. Botanical "Lilies"	0	1	000
Tigers	0	2	000
Dodgers	0	2	000

Since our last issue, we are sorry to report the death of

BENJAMIN FALVEY

Social Whirl

Jerry Hyman recently was presented with a new red sport coat. And is it a nifty fit! Now perhaps some kind member of the Museum family will give Jerry a pair of blue spats with pearl buttons, yellow socks and a bathing suit with polka dots.

It has been rumored around that the Center of Fashion might be moved from Paris to New York City. "It's O.K.," says Bob Siebert. "I go to a cafe at 72nd Street every day for lunch and incidentally look over the styles, cuties and beauties. Clothes should be made in America because we have plenty of stuff to dress'em up in." Any observer can easily see that when Bob is drinking a cup of coffee he can't even find the cup if a couple of dolls loom on the horizon.

Joseph Roach has a big secret. He rushes home every night and thoroughly dusts the chimney. Then he sits on the roof and thinks and thinks and thinks. It may be one, two or three. Good luck, Mr. Stork.

Over on Columbus Avenue you can see a beautiful tall girl with a snappy young man. 'Tis love. The other day they were waiting for a bus, but didn't see it when it arrived. So the bus continued without them. If wedding bells ring, we'll name the young man.

At soft ball practice did you see the size of the hat held by Ed. Meyenberg?

Our expert has judged Olga Johnson of the Slide Department as having the most beautiful smiling eyes.

Junius Bird, jigsaw puzzles with pottery remnants from Peru. He is the A No. 1 expert for fitting tiny bits together and presto—he has a bowl. Call Junius if you really have a hopeless mess that you want put together.

Broadway Ziegfeld Hawkins has just found out Ben Connolly is interested in his future career. Broadway says, "Ben's youth was lost in trying to build up the long greens, and in me he sees what he should have been—carefree and happy and loving the beautiful things in life, together with youth and knowing what to do with it." "Without youth you are lost in this troubled world", continued Broadway. "Poor Ben has missed so much, and all his money can't buy the things I am blessed with".

William Sherman is subject to draft call. At home he is practicing by playing with 200 to 300 lead soldiers. Usually after looking at them awhile he slaps down all the sergeants.

Tom Grady, the Irish Tenor, has no place to practice in the Men's Room. They have banned him, because the cotton has run out.

There is a terrific feud going on about the membership records between Bill Sherman and Edna Kelley. "Take it easy" says Sherman. "Oh, yeah", replies Kelley. Charles Kerr is thinking about arranging a bout at Madison Square Garden between them—Kelley vs. Sherman.

The lockers in the Men's Room are so close together, with an eight inch bench between them, that space to turn around is at a premium. When one man sits down to get dressed, the other one has to go home and come back later. One man claims that the poor arrangement was caused by too many bosses on the job.

James McKeon, evidently incognito behind a pair of smoked glasses, was seen eyeing the beautiful passers-by in Central park during the noon period. Dick Kunder must have given him his old pair. You know they are buddies in Inwood. William Sherman and George Schroth were also seen in Central Park vieing for the favor of a certain girl from the fifth floor.

Joseph Schorffler, our genial Purchasing Agent, was seen diving into a piece of banana cream pie in the restaurant the other day. Guess that's the reason he keeps his moustache trimmed close these days.

William Wolfe no longer complains that hay-fever caused his eyes to water. Now that Brooklyn is winning, Bill has no further need for handkerchiefs.

W. H. S.

©

Dog Tales

We heard tell of a very interesting little museum incident the other day. It seems that Dr. Chubb is making a study of mounting a wild horse in running action, and he needed photographs to assist him in this work. He had made all arrangements with the owner of a German shepherd dog to take photographs, which would have supplied him with the type of information he needed, when lo and behold said dog up and died!!! Dr. Chubb was at a loss—where to get another dog? Robert Fearman of the electrical and engineering department came to the rescue and offered his German shepherd dog as a model. Dr. Chubb went out to Robert's home, took his pictures, which turned out successfully, and he is now happily proceeding with his work. This simply shows what the visissitudes of an osteological problem are, and how cooperation helps, even in an osteological comparative study.

MICKIE SAYS

YOU MUSTN'T THINK
WE'RE CARELESS JEST BECUZ
YOU FIND A TYPOGRAPHICAL
ERROR IN THE PAPER ONCE
IN A WHILE. MY GOSH, WITH
THE BILLIONS OF CHANCES
THEY IS T' GIT THINGS WRONG,
IT'S A WONDER WE DON'T
MAKE MORE ERRORS
THAN WE DO!



Service News

William Kirk, of the Custodian's Department, is now at Camp Hulen-Palacios, Texas, and the other day Ed Malley received a letter from him. We thought you might be interested in some excerpts from it;

Dear Ed:

I received your letter and was sure glad to hear from you. Sorry about not answering sooner, but I have been on the go from A.M. to P.M. Our battery was selected by the commander to be the model of the 69th regiment, and it's quite a reputation to live up to. . . . Last week I was promoted to corporal and second in charge of one of the 3-inch guns—not bad. . . . We go out on what is known as alert calls. Someone blows the whistle about 2 or 3 a. m. The bugle blasts out, we fall out half asleep, with everything we own in a barrack-bag, gas mask, tin hat, rifle and canteen, pick up the 3-inch gun, load it on a truck, then ride for 200 or 300 miles,

pitch pup tents and stay there for a few days. All in all, it's some fun! . . . Guess I'll sign off now, say hello to all the boys, so long, Bill.

(As we get more news from the Museum boys in training, we will be glad to pass it along to you. We heard recently that Prentice B. Hill, who was formerly in the Department of Geology is now in the Veteran's Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia. He would probably be glad to hear from some of his old friends.)

Apple-Pie Order

Maybe everything in the department was in apple-pie order last week or an hour ago. But how about right now? In a busy department conditions are apt to change rapidly and radically. A space that was clean an hour ago may now contain a pile of material ready to topple over on someone. Your tools for instance, may have been in A-Number-One condition when the week started, but only a couple of days of hard use may make a handle ready to split, or a blade ready to splinter. Friction, vibration and the wear and tear of production can turn machinery, hand trucks, conveyors, floors, stairs, motors, transmission belts and all the rest into dangerous accident hazards over-night.

Things won't stay in apple-pie order unless you are on the watch constantly, inspecting and cleaning up conditions that threaten accidents.

*IT'S ALWAYS OPEN SEASON IN THE HUNT
FOR ACCIDENT HAZARDS*

Have you any Suggestion for preventing Accidents?
Send in your Safety Suggestions

CUT HERE

SAFETY SUGGESTION

Send to the Secretary of Safety Committee
Mr. J. M. McDermott

I would like to make the following Safety Suggestions

Location: _____

Name: _____

Dept: _____

On the Spot with Sports

Basketball

“Mummies” Trim “Headhunters”

In a return basketball game before what proved to be a most discouraging turnout of A.M.N.H. supporters in view of the fact that the E.B.A. was sponsoring the basketball game and dance foregoing the usual spring frolic. Before a handful of Museumites the Mummies duplicated their triumph of a month previous with the same Mr. Ted Ward proving a thorn in our sides all night long, along with Herb Riordan and Joe Bulger, this trio scored twelve, eight and five points respectively for all the Mums' scoring.

For our side Joe O'Neill and George Decker shared scoring honors with eight points each with DeLucia scoring four and Serge two, Williamson and Carroll played fine defensive ball while Naylor, Donnerly and Patterson provided relief. The box score follows:

HEADHUNTERS			MUMMIES		
	Player	T.P.		Player	T.P.
3.	R. DeLucia	4	1.	B. Pfum	0
4.	W. Donnerly	0	2.	T. Ward	12
5.	W. Carroll	0	3.	H. Reardon	8
6.	G. Decker	8	4.	W. O'Mara	0
7.	Williamson	0	5.	J. Bulger	5
9.	A. Naylor	0	6.	W. Vreeland	0
8.	J. O'Neill	8	7.	J. Hagan	0
10.	Patterson	0	8.	I. Halpern	0
14.	T. Serge	2			
Totals		22	Totals		25

Among those present from A.M.N.H. Pres. N. MacCallum, Mr. & Mrs. E. Meyenberg, Mr. & Mrs. H. Seivers, Mr. & Mrs. T. Voter, Mr. & Mrs. C. Kerr, Mr. & Mrs. C. O'Brien, Ben Connolly, daughter and party, Dorothy Edwards and gang, Mr. & Mrs. T. Gilliard, Mr. & Mrs. Jay Bird, Mr. John Lambert & Daughter, Georgine Mastin, T. Sullivan, Mr. A. Patterson and a girl, very nice name Rene, J. Schmitt, J. Ramshaw, Mr. & Mrs. Wright and guests, Mr. & Mrs. M. Duffy and guests, Mr. & Mrs. W. Jones (she was formerly G. Lurch of the Membership) “Battling” Scott and Miss Bradley, and many others not to forget our capable Ticket Committee Messrs. Pinter, Murphy and Ruof.

Al. Miller, committee chairman dashing about seeing that all present enjoyed the evening. Frank Carroll brother of Walter of the Headhunter's team sitting with and trying to outroot the Met. gang of Jerry O'Neill, Jack Mulligan and Joe Burbige of the Metropolitan.

Among those present from the Metropolitan, Mr. H. Jayne, Vice Director and Mrs. Jayne, Mr. Jayne threw out the ball to start the game, Mr. H. W. Kent, Secretary emritus, Mr. W. Chapman, Supt., Mr. Granesay, Curator of Armor, Mr. Philip Greene, Mr. Upton, Mr. H. Grier, Mr. Dunham, Mr. Barnett, “Uncle Vince” McCabe and Neil Brosnan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Merriam, Miss McHinne, Miss Richardson, Lucille Clark, Mildred Meyer. Also the entire softball team with their wives and girl friends.

Softball

“Headhunters” Tame “Tigers”

In the opening game of the season on May 7th with Ray DeLucia as pitcher playing the Clyde Beatty role the A.M.N.H. “Headhunters” made the Bronx Zoological “Tigers” roll over and play dead, by a six to two score.

After the official first ball tossing ceremonies were concluded with Mr. Edwin C. Meyenberg pinch-pitching for our Mayor who we are told is suffering from a sore arm injured at the N. Y. Yankee inaugural and throwing a perfect strike, our boys continued right from where they left off last season and turned in a first rate performance. With DeLucia in mid-season form hurling a strong game and really deserving a shut-out, a freak homer created by our left fielder slipping to fall and allow an easy fly ball to roll to the wall to score both runs.

Our boys were keyed up with the knowledge that our Director Dr. Roy C. Andrews had a wager of a few quid with the Zoological Director Mr. Allyn Jennings and played a steady and at times spectacular game with the infield furnishing the defensive highlights stopping Tiger offensives just when things were beginning to look serious. There was a gorgeous play with a run in the offering made on an apparent single which Tony Serge a newcomer this season cut off and rifled the ball to Carroll who made a grand falling catch to retire the runner by inches. Then there was a double play with Gilmore acting as pivot to throttle another rally, the play was on a sharp grounder and went from Kerr to Gilmore to Carroll for the boys specialty the old DP.

(Continued on page 6)

SPORTS *Cont'd*

The big batting punch was supplied by none other than old "Boots" Tumillo who had a perfect day at bat with a single, double and triple and scored a run. We scored three in the second inning on singles by Tumillo, Patterson, Caggana and Cook and in the fifth singles by Cook and Serge a triple by Carroll and another single by O'Neill for three more. All in all this team looks like the strongest one we have had with several newcomers providing strength where we lacked it last season. Patterson as catcher was a wide awake addition while Serge at short center looked good. "Peggy" O'Neill has plugged a gap at short and the old infield looks like a million again. As mentioned above Tumillo has proven a valuable outfielder. Even the umpiring has improved with Al. Hynes proving to be most capable arbiter. His impressive build kind of discourages disputes and bickering.

It was very gratifying to see so large a rooting section turn out, guess the fine showing the club made last year has convinced the student body that we really have a good club. Several of the co-eds even came out to the park.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the Messrs. Andrews, Faunce, Smyth and Meyenberg for their co-operative efforts in support of the club. Dr. Andrews by the way has told the coach he will stand treat for "one on the house" for the team members for last weeks winning effort.

TIGERS 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 = 2

HEADHUNTERS 0 3 0 0 3 0 = 6

"Headhunters" Foil "Men of Science"

The thirteen hoodoo didn't bother our softball team on Tuesday as they downed the Museum of Modern Art by a top heavy score of twelve to two. That is everyone but "Babe" Kerr who came up with a horsecollar, everyone else had at least one hit with O'Neill showing the way with three and the rejuvenated Tony Tumillo, Caggana and Gilmore helping themselves to two each. The infield was again all class and turned in another fast double play—O'Neill to Gilmore to Carroll. Keep track of them with us as we intend to establish some records this season. The pitching was taken care of very capably by Al. O'Connell who with that dipsy-do ball of his has the opposition breaking their backs. For the "Men of Science" a walk and error set up their first run, the second coming on a homer by Marty their slugging first sacker.

HEADHUNTERS 1 3 0 0 1 7 0 = 12

MEN OF SCIENCE 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 = 2

"Headhunters" Drub Botanical "Lilies"

On Tuesday May 21st the "Headhunters" scored their third consecutive victory over the N. Y. Botanical "Lilies" by a score of 9 to 4 to tie the

"Mummies" for first place in the league standings. Led by Kerr who ended his hitting drought with two doubles and a single, two homers by Serge and a pair of hits apiece for Cagga and Sainz our boys rolled up five runs in the first, two in the second and two more in the sixth to allow pitcher Ruof to coast to an easy triumph. The "Lilies" proved they were no slouches with the stick amassing a total of eight blows for four runs.

N.Y. Botanical 0 1 0 3 0 0 0 = 4

Headhunters 5 2 0 0 0 2 0 = 9

Varsity Drubs Jayvees 8 to 5

In a very heated clash on Thursday May 22nd. The "B" squad led by Ford and leading the first seven innings by a 5 to 1 count until Silverman acting as Coach for the Varsity, gave the boys the word to go to work. They did scoring seven runs in the last three innings. The same Silverman proved to be the star of the contest, catching for the Varsity he engineered a double play with a put out at home and a rifle shot throw to nail Ford at 3rd base.

Varsity: R H E Jayvees: R H E

Total 8 18 0

Total 5 15 6

P. McConnell

P. Serge & Cassaro

C. Connolly & Feldman

C. Buckley.

Umpires—Walsh & Ford.

Inter-Museum Softball League Schedule

Tuesday Evening, May 27th

"Headhunters" vs. "Mummies"

at Central Park, 102nd St. and Fifth Ave.

A "Natural". Need we say any more.

Wednesday Evening, June 4th

Brooklyn Museum vs. "Headhunters"

at 107th Street and Riverside Drive Park.

Special Mention

Mr. George Servern an old time baseball player himself has accepted the managerial job with the Headhunters, and while we wish him luck and admire his enthusiasm he sure has his work cut out for him. Wait till our anvil chorus echoes in his ears. Anyway good luck George.

For Sale

One Studio model 5 by 7 Elwood Enlarger. In excellent condition; good for 9 by 12 cm. negatives; in very good condition; no lens. Will sell for \$15. Anyone interested see Mr. Charles Coles.

We received the following communication and present it for the information of those who may be interested.



JULY 71



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