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Chicagoans Find the World's Fair Grounds Interesting from a Social Point of View

By COUSIN EVE.

THE World's Fair of a cool, early day is a charming matter. Flags fly, color gleams, a fresh breeze stirs the lagoon; the fair off lake lies blue. One skips about alone, here and there. On the right, the fine white building of Illinois, white with a dash of yellow. Inside an effect of comfortable places to sit, airy spaces. On the right already a file of people forming for the notable exhibit of things belonging to Lincoln, greatest Illinoisian.

There is a large auditorium for speechmakers. The Fair has many of them.

Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, handsome wife of the many times mayor of Chicago, is hostess extraordinary. She has a large committee of co-hostesses; one of them, Mrs. Paul Steinbrecher, is there assisting. Augustus S. Peabody and a group of men are sitting tranquil on the pillared porch as if at Saratoga.

Italy's Building Opened.

Across the way is Italy's airplane building in dark red with yellow wings. On the banks of the lagoon it perches, as if in November it might fly back to Italy. Its opening ceremony was full of interest. Lovely, graceful Signora Castruccio wielding scissors

and roses, snipped a satin ribbon which barred the way; Prince Potenziani in dark gray outfit which included a gray top hat banded in black (which was the secret envy of many heavy swells present) bowed deeply. So did Rufus Dawes.

The invited guests surged in after them. From the heights Consul General Castruccio introduced the prince, who is royal Italian commissioner, to the audience below. Very simply and sincerely he offered the splendid, unique building in the name of Italy. Much speechmaking. This was followed by a thirsty rush to buffets at the rear, where ices, orangeade, and glowing Italian wines and cakes were being dispensed.

Photographs of Rome.

A glorious feature, a great bow window glassed in huge photographs of Rome, transparencies in black and white of new and magnificent monuments about the capitol, unearthed in the last two years. The artist is Parisioli of Naples.

An immense model in steel of the super liner Rex fills the center. On the wall a huge modernistic mural, a shadowy profile

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CHICAGOANS SEE FAIR FROM SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW

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of the great influence in Italy. In the right wing, a large green chart of the country; appended, groups of figures of acres reclaimed in ten years, of mountains reforested, of waterpower installed. Everywhere photographs of beauty and historic monuments.

The crowd of guests is gay and animated. Among them Count Giulio Belgiojoso, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rye-son, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mulford, Mr. and Mrs. Powell Pardee, Mrs. Robert Wheeler, Mrs. Otho Ball, the Polish consul general, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bernays, Mrs. Wilhelm Ludwig Baum, Mrs. Hayden Harris, Dr. and Mrs. Eimon.

Prince Is Host at Luncheon for Sixty.

Preceding this by two days Prince Potenziati had a luncheon of sixty at the Italian restaurant on the lagoon, at which Rufus Dawes was decorated. One of those nice squashy parties in a small space, which are the rage these days. The army and the navy were there, and the table in a long U shape was gay with red, white, and green flowers and foliage, plus lots of official people. It seemed good to see Count Belgiojoso back after so long.

And there was a new man in town there, Grant Smith of Washington, diplomat, in the state department, and new chef de protocol of the Fair. A while ago I was writing how nice that we have no protocol here, only our own simple, nonchalant ways. And now we have Grant Smith, who can fix a glassy eye when it comes to matters of precedence and give all of us the high hat. Only he won't, being a nice man with a sense of humor, a Bar Harborite, and all that sort of thing.

But to get on with this princely lunch, where one had excellent Italian wines and a foundation of ravishing spaghetti, I was sitting next to Dr. du Nuoy, a veritable Frenchman, who speaks perfect German, by the way, and listening to the amusing things that have occurred to him in Chicago. It seems that he brought as a gift to the University of Chicago from the venerable Dr. Emil Roux, head of the Pasteur institute in France, an autographed letter of Pasteur, addressed to Dr. Roux. A special morocco case was made, and as the letter had a certain intrinsic value besides, Dr. du Nuoy has been waiting to hear appreciation of the same from the University of Chicago.

Also at this Italian luncheon were two handsome young flying officers, here to determine the landing places for General Balbo's fleet of twenty-four planes.

Interesting Party at the Casino.

The Alliance Française luncheon at the Casino the day before included one hundred guests. Robert Hall McCormick presided, made a happy speech in French, and so did Mr. Weiller, French consul. The guest of honor, Lecomte du Nuoy, addressed his hearers on the life and extraordinary achievements of Pasteur, and also of Dr. Roux, who has practically erased diphtheria from France.

Mme. du Nuoy and Mrs. Charles S. Dewey were seated at the speakers' tables and so were Mr. Allais and Orville Taylor, new director, who told an amusing story of M. Jusserand, former French ambassador. A United

States senator, who had learned French in twelve phonograph lessons, was addressing Mr. Jusserand in what he meant to be French.

Not understanding a word, the gallant Frenchman stopped the senator.

"Speak English, my dear sir. Your French is so marvelous it makes me homesick!"

Mr. Taylor, who was in extremely good form historically and sartorially, then began an English speech in which he proved beyond a doubt that the French won the revolutionary war for us by the gallantries of Lafayette and De Grasse. So convincing a speaker is this popular avocet that he almost proved we owe the French people money. Many were the queries later on as to when he learned all these glittering facts.

Casino parties are always beautifully done and this was no exception. Mmes. Du Nuoy, Moise Dreyfus and Weiller all wore flocks of white orchids tipped in purple on the shoulder.

Charming Affair for Signora Castruccio.

Another large and handsome luncheon, at the Arts club, was Mrs. Harry Spencer-Brown's in honor of Signora Castruccio on Monday. Very bright costumes, enormous amounts of conversation, the hostess soon leaving for a visit in France with her daughter, Comtesse Edouard de Gramedo.

On Tuesday the last foreign relations luncheon, when Graham Aldis gave up the reins of government to Adlai Stevenson. It was a lively meeting when Victor Ritter, editor of the Staats Zeitung, spoke on what he had seen [to some extent] on a recent trip to Germany. He has a boyish voice and spoke kindly at all times.

One saying was that one can't get news out of the German papers, either local or foreign. And there is no need of funny papers. They don't exist. Important men are coming more and more into power as time passes, known men.

Mussolini had enough enemies as it was, without accepting Hitler and all his mistakes as Fascism. Mr. Ritter says that Hitler wants no war, and for the time being the Nazis have to put up with the Poles and are conciliatory, to the French, while the latter encourage the Poles to warlike activity ever and anon.

Seated at the speaker's table were Mrs. Arthur Aldis, Adlai and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Paul Welling, Mr. and

Mrs. John A. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, Mrs. Wilhelm Ludwig Baum, Dr. and Mrs. Hugo Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lichtenstein, and Graham Aldis. Not such a big gathering, but everybody pleased with the debate, which was hot, over the Jewish question.

Arts Club Exhibit Highly Successful.

The Arts club exhibit of modern sculpture, "assembled in consideration of A Century of Progress Exposition," seemed to me to be a knockout. My idea was confirmed by one of our avid art collectors, Martin Schwab, who called it by a technical but odd name, "a scoop." Certainly the long gallery of the Arts club, draped in pure white as a foil to the heads and figures in wood, bronze and stone, never looked more distinguished.

Much of the so-called modern work goes back four or five decades, and not only were there sculptures by great French painters like Degas, Matisse, Auguste Renoir, and the Italian Modigliani and Spanish Picasso, but also drawings, equally interesting, by famous sculptors, namely, Brancusi, Archipenko, Desplau, Mestrovic, Noguchi, and Rodin.

Noguchi's head of Thornton Wilder is there, a piece that has much charm. Very few exhibitors are from Chicago: among them, the Arts club, with a bronze "Eve" by Faggi, and a fabulous bird in brass by Brancusi. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Neilson, Thornton Wilder, Martin Schwab, Mrs. Robert Hutchins, Arthur Heun, and Mrs. C. B. Goodspeed are exhibitors.

One's private thoughts on modern sculpture are secret and deep. It is something one can't discuss. If one likes it, then it's the sort of thing one likes. But the show is excellent, and

crowds at the opening were actually scouting round and studying things closely. In the lounge, with drawn curtains and bowls of white cool peonies, tea was being served.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, head of the receiving line, in organdy and wide leghorn hat, was charming. Mr. and Mrs. John Storrs were there, Mrs. John H. Winterbotham, Mrs. Martin Schutze, Miss Hortense Harris, Mrs. Howard Shaw, Mrs. Clay Judson, Mrs. Charles Chadwick, and Mrs. Samuel Rinnaker.

Mrs. Rlnaker, Mrs. William M. Blair and I had arrived at the Arts club by swift power boat in eight minutes from the World's Fair, landing at the steps on the river. Rather heavenly it was to feel the cool wind toying with one's cartwheel hat after the intense heat at Hollywood Beach. Via these power boats is the ultra smart way to reach the Fair, or make a quick getaway.

We had been lunching that day at the Casino with Grant Withers, director of the Chicago Hollywood; John Prentice Porter and others, and inspected the extraordinary layout behind Hollywood's vivid red gates. On the left the Brown Derby Hat, looking quite like a hat at that. Within, a huge wedge-shaped foyer. On the right a small theater holding 1,200.

Glass Curtain and a Padded Stage.

The glass curtain was a strange item. The stage was full of people, but not a sound. The stage itself is padded. Another hall, built like Ravinia, open to the breeze, holds 3,500. An open piazza has a group of houselets called Old London, and more called Old New Orleans. Very attractive. Another house is told off to be a beach club.

This vision of Hollywood is intriguing. We are to be inducted into the

personalities, habits and openings of the movies. Mrs. Samuel Rlnaker, one of Lake Forest's prettiest women, has been invited as a hostess for the opening and social side of this dash-ing concession; also Mrs. Heber Smith of Winnetka.

Miss Alicia Pratt of Winnetka is chairman of the organization committee. A list of prominent women of the younger set who will act as patronesses is forming.

The great musical event of this week is George Gershwin's concert at the Auditorium. The famous composer takes the piano and Mr. Stock conducts the symphony orchestra. In New York last June this artist crammed the stadium. The audience will be highly fashionable.