

two boys who are always inviting me to supper are fans?" he asked. His mother said she guessed so. "Do you think it would be all right if I went?" he continued. "Maybe we could play together." "That depends," said his mother. "Who are they?" "Leon and Eddie," said Pud.

### Enigma

THIS anecdote was told us during the intermission at Carnegie Hall last Thursday by a very reliable party. A large, muscular man went into the offices of Musicraft Records, Inc., which makes recordings of musical compositions, conversations, etc., and said that he wanted to have a special record made. He brought no instrument or accompanist with him, and since he didn't look like the type that proposes to his girl on the talking machine, the Musicraft people concluded he was either going to sing a song, make a speech, or wish his mother in California a happy birthday. They showed him into the recording studio and turned him over to an engineer, who seated him and explained that he should start talking as soon as a red light showed over the door. The engineer then retired into a glass-paned control cubicle, started a blank record turning, and flashed the red light. The customer merely sat there speechless, frowning slightly. The engineer waved him to get going, but he paid no attention. The engineer came out into the studio and explained the procedure again. The man silenced him with a gesture. He just sat in a quiet, preoccupied way until the record had been run through to the end. The engineer was a tactful fellow. "Now that we've had our rehearsal," he said, "let's really do it. When the red bulb flashes, you start in, see?" "Just play the record over for me," said the customer. "It's got my thoughts on it and I want to hear them." The engineer turned the record and the man listened with evident pleasure to the silence. "O.K.," he said, and ordered his thoughts wrapped up. "You know, I'm on the air," he said as he paid his bill. The engineer handed him his change and asked what station he was on. "Oh, I'm not on any station," the man replied, and went out into the noisy street.

### Falcons in Jersey

THE apotheosis of falconry occurred a couple of years ago at Boonton, New Jersey, when Miss Sally Rand

flew down there to consult with Captain R. Luff Meredith, a local falconer, about the possibility of getting a falcon to use in her dance, instead of a fan or a bubble. They had quite a long technical chat about wingspread and so forth. Though Miss Rand hasn't yet appeared with a falcon, Captain Meredith is convinced she's still toying with the idea; saving it up for the World's Fair, perhaps. This is but one of the many fascinating contacts which falconry has brought Captain Meredith. He has been at it, man and boy, for more than thirty years. The Captain, a slender, blond gentleman of forty-five, is a retired army pilot, now devoting his time to the manufacture of radios for airplanes.

There are five hawks in the Meredith ménage: Fritz, Sis, Pete, Dodo, and an unnamed female gyrfalcon. The gyrfalcon is a native of Greenland who arrived a couple of months ago lacking most of her tail feathers; they'll grow again, however. The four others are American duck hawks, ranging in age from three to five years. Duck hawks are the fastest breed of American falcons, which means that when they drop on their prey they attain a speed approaching a hundred and seventy-five miles an hour. As part of your introduction to falconry, we'll tell you that only the female is called a falcon; the male is called a tercel, from the fact that he's a third smaller than his wife (*tercel* is Old French for one-third). It's an axiom of Captain Meredith's that a hawk can be trained in six weeks, but it takes three years to make a falconer.

The Captain gives his hawks a workout every day, when they're not molting, but he's afraid to hunt near Boonton, what with so many uninitiated hunters hanging about with shotguns. He exercises them over the local airplane-landing field, where there is no game and no hunters. He gets invitations from the landed gentry of Delaware and Maryland to hawk on their preserves, and once in a while he goes out West to hunt magpies. Magpie-hunting is great sport, because the quarry is

wary and keeps close to cover. Falconry is not cruel, the Captain holds, because the hawks either make a clean kill or lose the prey altogether—no wounded birds ever escape. As a result of various magazine articles in which his name has appeared, Captain Meredith has received some two hundred letters from people who want to go in for falconry. He answered all the serious, worthy-sounding ones.

In getting his female gyrfalcon from Greenland, Captain Meredith put one over on Hermann Göring. We said Hermann Göring. The pudgy Nazi chieftain is Germany's No. 1 falconer and has a standing order for all the gyrfalcons caught in Greenland. Captain Meredith's hawk was caught and shipped to him by a Danish friend, who would get into goodness knows how much trouble if his name leaked out.

### Short Story

ON the bulletin board in the Harvard Club the other day there appeared a letter awaiting a claimant. This was the address:

Young Architect  
(Who recently visited New Orleans)  
% Harvard Club,  
New York, N. Y.

The man who informed us about this says it was written in a delicate feminine hand. Ah, the South!

