THE MIDWINTER NIGHTS DREAMS
OF THE FIRST
HOLLYWOOD CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL
1929-1930
BY
Lewis McKenzie Turner

A TRAIL MARRIAGE OF STAGE AND SCREEN

SALT HOUSE PRESS
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
1929
Turner, Lewis McKenzie
To George Eastman,

Who has overlooked a fair opportunity to elevate the stage and move its men,

The Salt House Buzz desires to do for the stage what Wagner did for music.

Lewis McKenzie Turner

November, 1929
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SAGE HOUSE PRESS
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STAGE PLAYERS

KING LOBOS IV, Mighty Monarch of Manhattan:

JOHN BURLIUMOKE as AL. KELLOG

JARVIS, Master of Ceremonies and Announcer:

DONALD RAE as CLIVE BROOK

JOHNO the Junior:

LOUIS STONE as LION SHAYNE.

QUEEN:

MARY PETERSON, representing LOUISE PARENC

COURT LADIES: 

ROYAL GUARDS:

Oona Vanderbelt
Martha Minnesota
Celia Amory
Selma Davenport
Viola Van Courland
Edith Waterman

FAIRS, DANCERS, Etc.

SCREEN PLAYS

WITH FAITHFUL PORTRAYALS OF MANNERISM AND MAKEUPS

No. 1. Nicholas the Shop Girl.

Portia Talmadge impersonating herself

Minta Hill as Adolphe Mandel

Charlotte Chaplin, Florence Allen

No. 2. Love Among the Aces.

Both character as Cleopatra

Donald Partridge Jr. as the Father

No. 3. The Bar Mardi's Revenge.

Nora Sonora as Paula Brera

Jack Scott as Jill Montoya

No. 4. He Fall in Love With His Wife.

Cyndas Griffith as Greta Grillo

John Gilbert as Monte Blue

No. 5. Roaching into Sorcery.

Perevere Vilet as Pacy Scott Miller

Jack Marshall as Astoria Monroe

No. 6. The Maiden Minder Mystery.

Olima Moore as Louis Dinner

Don Alvarado as Count Winters.

No. 7. The Night Before Christmas.

John Parente as Wilma Stanley

Joseph Salishen as Reginald Dinner

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
The Royal procession comes through back stage entrance under screen. Trumpets blare and His Majesty strides in, looks haughtily at audience and walks to throne on right. His Court takes places on steps at King's and Queen's feet. Guard standing. Soldier by King's side. Announcer and Master of Ceremonies with megaphone and long stick sound before music starts, at left stage.

PRELUDE

Master of Ceremonies: Your Most August Majesty, Monarch of Five Boroughs, and that vast, far-flung Dominion to the East and West. Ruler of a dazzling array of beautiful and dutiful subjects; we, the people, have assembled by your Royal command, and in accordance with your Statute 76, Article 37, that says: (Reading from large book.) Every so often, when it shall seem proper, the King shall, through his Lord High Executioner, command the Board of Censors of the Realm, to exhibit to His Majesty, examples of the Picture Drama and we are now ready to show several attempts to elevate the stage and move the masses.

King: Mark you, Jervis, let each play be brief. If there be love-making have it short and snappy. There must be no bickering or rough work, no catch-me-what-ca. Mere, I like not grief and I warn you, though am I a merry Monarch, when well pleased, laugh heartily, (Laughter) but an ancient joke, canonical grunts or college humor, aggravate an old complaint for which my doctors have no remedy.

Jervis: As your Majesty commands, each play is to the point, and if they, in parts, be crude and commonplace, we must meet the times of your Majesty's subjects. We therefore humbly apologize to you for having such subjects with such humor.
FUTURE No. 1

Title: HETTIE GREEN or the Shop Girl.

Harry

Hettie

Turner, Lewis McKenzie

Harry

Hettie

Harry

Harry

Hettie

Klep

Jobe

Klep

Jobe

Klep

Jobe

Klep

Jobe

Klep

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
Turner, Lewis McKenzie

 Jarvis: (With hogs hit ies the play) Mark ye, your Majesty, you honest working girl. Who knows nothing of night clubs or cabarets. Born in Calico sometime between 1810 and 1812, of the usual mother and father. Lived contented and beast-titled, through years of blossoming youth, and still holds that school-girl complexion. Entered New York by the Erie to seek her fate and fortune. You Handsome Harry from Out of the Golden West, throned in raiment, again ples his infi- rious whis on this innocent maiden. This picture, if your regret Majesty’s will give his attention, is a warning to young girls of the pitfalls of great cities. This Handsome Harry has broadcasted his poison over your Imperial Maj- esty’s entire domain, inveigling a red devoting the inno- cent. This, the greatest of all pictures, was made at an enormous expense and great loss by the Somerset Picture Corporation and was directed by our John Hawkins.

 Handsome Harry. (Speaking to the King out of the Forrest) Being a thing of vision only, without flesh, bone or gristle, how can I be the bad man this Director has made me? The mill I have wood and fear, like me, has no existence. As your Majesty sees me I am as near being nothing as was the ghost of Hamlet’s father. I pray that your Majesty do not condemn me for wearing this long mustache for my father was a Kentucky Colonel, of whom I’m made up to play an agree- able part in life. These whiskers were like those of a dear, departed Uncle, both, pride of all Virginia. The woman whom I behold in my arms has not failed—she is doing the Clara Bow and if but a helpless victim, charm. I therefore demand a fellow-man’s protection in a world filled with handsome and designing women, even if you have to call the Royal Guard.
King: This noble villain pleases me greatly. There is a manner about him that reminds me of our dear, old friend Mephistopheles, because he acts like the Devil and therefore popular with the ladies. Still, the way he has conducted himself may be the fault of the Director. As I have often refused to permit His Satanic Majesty the key to Manhattan I am now more surprised than ever that the poetry of my Radium shall not be defended by interference or in fact. He, however, claims immunity, not being himself, thus removing his person outside of my essential domain. He is, however, as it were, centre boxes more and the play is quashed.

(The Interludes Follow, Between Each Play.)

The six remaining sketches of this extravaganza are being written.
INTERLUDE I
(SYNTHETIC MUSIC)

Arise, Your Majesty, we now call your attention to some exquisite tone poems to fit the mood of these screen plays. You will note the wide diversity of tastes and exhilarating spells under which the masters worked, showing to what heights music can ascend under the composition of great composers. We strayed through the last drama, Hettie Green, the Shop Girl, the Love Motif, and in discordant synthesis there is the demon spirit of the villain. This bit of tunery, sometimes grave and sometimes gay, has had its effect upon the high-developed musical auditors of Manhattan and elsewhere. More particularly the beat of despair in the love song, "I am Just Drown From Utica" that goes something like this: tra la la la, tra la tra la la, and the discordant diction of that Sataniac Harry, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! who with function goe and under the very nose of the inquisit floorwalker makes a date with his very new and beloved Hettie.

Between the third and fourth plays we have introduced, with permission of WXYZ, the Great Eastern Electric Company, Simmons Radio, Seagram Manufacturing and the Syracuse Opera Distributors, the First Presentation of Absolutely the Very First and Only American Tone Poem known as "Mahatma, in Tune Wa Sing." In this piece they have used the very最高本 that Beethoven and Wagner used and incorporated with new effect some well-chosen intervals of dissonant silence, that make a very agreeable bit of tunery. To obtain these faithful and thrilling master productions we have had regular in, for orchestral accompaniment, the true-to-life tones of the full brass of the Rolla Shop of the U. & S. Steel Corporation and the beautifully sustained tones of the Niagara Power Company, who have loaned this music for this occasion, without charge.

Klap: As you know, I have placed a 50 cent duty on foreign made music to encourage the manufacturers of home classics, this introduction of the musical works of our own should reach the soul of my people. However, the offer of $5,000,000 to anyone who can write one, little original melody stands and none, I will make him my secretary of State and as a bonus he may have the prize-winner of the National Beauty Show or his pick of the Fellows.

Klap: But, Your Majesty, you have promised all of the Rolls to Wall Street.

Klap: Not only to the Bulls. The Bears get the Hollywood dancing girls.
INTERLUDE II

(RADIO BROADCASTING FROM WXYT)

Address to King Louis XVI: His Majesty has con-
tained to make a few remarks to His People that they
may become aware. It is useless for me to dwell on his
popularity and great generosity and as I have the
honor to introduce His Majesty, King Louis
the Magnificent, Ruler of all France.

King: Your Majesty is now talking to his subjects and I wish to in-
form you with the fact that I rule with an iron fist. But there is
also a brother in the Netherlands, so I can without much effort be
understood in both countries, so I can without much effort be
assumed to know the intimate secrets of affairs in Europe,
how he treats his people, and I am sure the Court Resources will hold you
information above the rest of the Court. Peace and the making of World
Peace, forever and ever—yes if we have to fight for it.

As we move to the morning, I rise to the junior to turn
on the stove, and then like all my colleagues, turn over for a
delightful beauty sleep. Just when the fire breaks into a semi-cooked
state, I come and for the first time, the King and Queen come to the Royal
chamber and rings a large bell—we though there was nothing
happy in that—but she is a good girl and means well.

My man Malleson then brings me a large apple on a silver tray—
created by Tiffany, Silversmith to the Majesty. My apple are from the
Rhodaun Fruit Company under this year's best, and what is good
enough for poor King is good enough for His Majesty. As noon
passes, or anything on the long and the National daily, I cut down
to the piece de resistance with great gusto. —of only the Vapors Here
What Am, Interest from Giltbough. This epic are sometimes fresh as I
bought them from a man that last a farmer look after his cold storage
contract.

King: I take no morning bath because it makes my vitality and under-
standing deranging powers. My man Malleson then proceeds to
dress me in keeping with the regulations who are so strict. If it enters,
I wear not the suit from 5th Avenue itself, with a red nose;
if itAccess. The World's Greats in a Dress Suit on the Lake. Harriet
now quenched away my morning grounds, your closer comes in
smiling with the morning paper, and I then change the course of the
ship of State—otherwise.

Before closing, let me thank My People for their love in war
and patience in peace, and while your ranks may seem thin, your
opportunities for growth have increased and the hope by instan-
taneous has brought commodities within the reach of all at a great
saving, which in time means that everyone will be able to borrow
themselves out of debts and meet the Stock Market as it comes up.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
If interested see Will Ransom's new book: Private Press, etc. It has an account of the Salt House Press.

The real reason for the existence of the Salt House Press is to promote a literary revolution, to be known to future historians as the bloodless World War of Words.

This drama is the first gun to capture and restore the stage to its former glory, and to be a bit progressive we have combined the Screen, Stage and Radio.

Good naturedly, of course.

Nov. 16, 1929.

Signed.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
PROCESSIONAL

GUARD the gates
At which the outer world awaits;
Gates through which the surging tide
Would sweep great purposes aside.

And if the gates we close,
God only knows their fate,
With greed and hate;
And if He fling into the ring
That monster thing.
And terror bring—
But no!
We will go on! We will go on!
We must!

Then hold the gates ajar
That lead unto this distant star of Faith,
That every land and every race
May lends its labor and its grace;
That every tongue may interface
With songs of praise and story.

Open wide the gates
At which the Prince of Peace awaits,
And bid Him come
To still the clanking steel, the drum;
And when the walls and gates are down
And Christ has raised the victor’s crown,
Then never shall the rising sun
Drink human blood. The battle’s won.

[Signature]
THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

Thus plied with patient work,
To scale the rock and move the bare at sea;
But love lurks in its endless space
Through all brevity.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
BELLE BOYD
THE
REBEL SPY
AN EPIC OF 200,000 LINES
BY
LEWIS McKENZIE TURNER

SALT HOUSE PRESS
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
1928
EXCERPTS FROM
BELLE BOYD
THE REBEL SPY

Through the thick of the night her black Bess tore,
Down the lonely roads of the Shenandoah—
Like whistling shells when hot cannons roar.

She reaches the Rebel outpost.
“Halt!” said the sentry. “Dismount and advance!”
Belle had forgotten the pass-word and so she asked the sentry.
“Shucks! What is the word for a maiden in pants?”

She assumes command of Jackson’s army and orders the sentry to:
Go blow loud the trumpet and beat the long drum,
And tell General Jackson that brave Belle has come."

Jackson hears the commotion, stuffs his night-shirt in his breeches and throws back the flap of his tent and Belle stands at attention and salutes:
And Jackson emerged from his tent in one boot,
Just in time to acknowledge the lady’s salute.
Then Stonewall retreated and stammered: “Well! Well!,
If there ain’t our bonny, brave Martinsburg Belle”.

“I have to report, sir! The folks are all well.”
Then Jackson confided: “We’re in great need of shell
And the worst of it is we’ve no cotton to sell.”
To which Belle replied: “Now, isn’t that hell.”

After delivering important messages and information
She jumped in the saddle and hurried away—
For she must be back by the first peep o’ day.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
Belle shoots an insulting Yankee:
"You certainly are a magnificent miss;
And would you mind giving this Yankee a kiss?"
And almost before the last word was said,
She turned and gave him a hot chunk of lead,
And when the smoke cleared the Yankee was dead.

Here follows history! data for contrast:
And far, far away in old Frederick-town
Dame Barbary Fritchall is sewing a gown;
And Honest Old Abe in a new pair of boots
Is telling a story to several galoots;
And New Orleans Ben is palpably peeved
And garrulously gruff to the greatly aggrieved;
Is sullenly hated and often deceived.

Now Belle sits alone in the Capitol pen
And hears the lowd talk of the vilest of men.
When the candles go out at the last bugle call,
And the hoop-skirts are hung on the old dusty wall;
And the moon prints the bars on the cold prison floor,
And some Johnny Reb starts his megaphoned snore
Like a demon reciting his Satanic lore;
And the saw-squirrels awake from their innocent sleep,
And listen! And listen! And cautiously creep.

She is released and when returning home to Martinsburg recognizes
a piece of the Rebel flag on a bush by the roadside.
She stood and saluted a bloody old rag,
With a part of the star of her Bonny Blue Flag,
And she wept and kissed it and a piece from it tore,
For remembrance of heroes in brave Shenandoah.

L.M.T.

We expect to pass the 100,000 line poem of John Brown's Body, under the slightly disorganized command of General Benet, by Dec. 1 and to meet a long Western poem—Wyoming Nell—150,000 lines, led by Brigadier-General Mannie Guest, coming East. A spirited engagement is likely all along the Wabash.
THE DAUGHTER OF ANNABEL LEE

By a long coral reef, in an azure sea,
Is the wonderful castle of Annabel Lee;
And far up on the cliff, with rare rubies set,
She watches for me in a pearl minaret;
And the Ancient Mariner stands at the gate
To greet the guests to the wedding feast.

Deep down in the depths on a dead man's bough,
Old Neptune bares on his big bassoon,
And the sea conchs minke in uttering tones
Earth's sweetly serrinphal sympathophones;
Nowhere in this world is heard such plea
As rings in the halls of my Annabel Lee.

Here the star fish turns his wheel of verse
For the passing show of the universe;
And the long-leg'd spider carefully plans
His charm of life on the shifting sands;
Such wonderful schemes of mystery
Are conceived in the castle of Annabel Lee.

Should the buoy-bells toll far out at sea,
That doleful dirge will call for me;
As the tide goes out and the wind is free,
I shall drift to that castle, forever to be
By the tomb of the daughter of Annabel Lee.

Lewis Mckenzie Turner
P. O. Box 113, Baltimore, Md.
THE GOLD Diggers

Girls! Typewriter Girls!
Frizzles and frazzles and curls;
A-man-u-ensis, the struggle intense is
For leisure and pleasure;
But the best in your life
Is being a wife,
Girls! Typewriter Girls!

Dispensers of powder and buttons and lace
In the race are the Shop Lady Girls;
Wan, worn and worried and constantly hurried.
Look pleased! Put a smile on that face!
But woo to you talkers, beware of the walkers,
The walkers who silently pace.

Women who shop and shop women!
Women! Constantly swimmin' and skimmin',
And super-aburdened with grace;
Weaving and knitting and sewing and spinning,
A chance with a price to embrace;
Coming and going and owning,
And watching for bargains to chase.

L.M.T.
LIFE AT THE DOOR.
(Shumla 30 R.)

SLOWLY打折 the Flood's row,
And the wander, one by one,
Tell us that life's day is done.

Love has gone from her the land,
Friends with friends go, hand in hand,
Go where love knows no restraint.

Sway o'er me at seven's clock;
Rising from bath bide the hour.

Not we know with vigils and fear.

Though our faith is blindly set,
We and is blood with bread hand
For Ruth's bread and the dead.

Oh! O God! Ah here we know,
Hear us! Help us! Let us feel.

LESS! Oh! LESS! the less load.

---

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
THE RAG-TIME STRUT

If you haven’t caught the beat—
Of the running of the feet,
You never, never, never,
Had a real good treat—
This drawing,
And pawing,
And shifting of the feet—
To syncopated music
Like sliding of gravel;
And the rhythmic locomotion
Of winnowing of wheat—
A little off the beat.

Says the sweetie to her sweet,
Now isn’t this a treat;
Like the sweetest affection
When parted lovers meet
‘Way down in old Kentucky,
When the beard is on the wheat’;
After long years of devotion,
Is this rhythmic locomotion—
A little off the beat.

Every living creature has
A hankering for jazz;
Indigenous to race;
That something frasticating—
That frasticating!
Frasticating!
Mysticating jazz,
That limbers up the joints
As nothing ever has.
To this terpsichorean treat,
We just have to shake our feet.

Hear that crying saxophone—
Like a baby left alone,
And the big trombone—
With a sorrow all his own—
He must have lost a nickel.
In a silent telephone.
And the fellow with the ‘cello—
With his wailing monotone;
And the tintinnabulation
Of the jingling xylophone.
To this terpsichorean treat,
We just have to shake our feet.

Those pistons de corset
Like nocturnal falling feet
With vociferous palaver—
Not exactly, etiquette.
You wouldn’t think it possible
These friends had often met;
And talked about the weather
And the good things they had et.

* * * * *
So we’ll keep on traveling,
As far as we can
To the sand-paper music,
Of the bing-bang man.

Salt House Farm
Baltimore, Maryland

From SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
THE WRECK OFF ZANZIBAR

And this is the tale of the Mary McPhail
That sank off Zanzibar;
And of those on deck in that terrible wreck,
I'm the only surviving tar.

And day after day we floated away,
With nary a morsel to eat;
Excepting some rum and some Zanzibar gum,
And a superabundance of meat.

The skipper eyed me and saying with glee,
In a wonderful tenor voice,
"Would you mind if I sup by eating you up"?
But I didn't admire his choice.

So the captain did eat of cabin-boy meat,
While I partook of the cook;
It stuck in my craw this eating him raw,
But I hadn't his cookery book.

As we sat on the raft and raucously laughed,
In the teeth of the gale from the sea,
I invited myself on the skipper to dine,
Or the skipper would dine upon me.

So this is the tale of the Mary McPhall,
That sank off Zanzibar,
And of those on deck in that terrible wreck,
I'm the only surviving tar. Ha! Ha!
I'm the only surviving tar.

Lewis McKenzie Turner
THE SILENT VOICE

I am the keeper of the Moon;
Sometimes I hang my lantern out too late,
At other times too soon,
To see the lovers croon and spoon.

And when the twilight's prayers are said
I send them up to Heaven,
And put the sunshine into bed,
And steal away the light—
For I am cruel Mother Night.

The nursing spirit night wind blows
Its fragrance to the drooping rose;
And dewy, murky, mouldy things
Soothe tired, aching, misty wings.

The careless breeze but half awake
Leads the stars dance on the lake,
And, shimmering, away they run!
To hide from the sleepy, rising sun.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
TO THE PRESS

THUMBS DOWN

Those who deeply meditate, and think,
And smear the world with perfumed printer's ink.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
McSorley's Irish Bards

'Twill be a disappointment
To the people of the North—
Who cultivate their letters
On a little oatmeal broth—
When their rising generation
Eventually learns
That the darling of their poets
Originally was O'Burns.

O'Shakespeare was an Irishman,
I have no doubt of that;
The neighbors called him Willie,
But his middle name was Pat;
His mother lived in Sligo,
His father moved from Cork,
And there are journalistic relatives
Now living in New York.

There is Dante Alighieri—
His real name was O'Tool—
He left his dear old Ireland
Because of English rule.
I knew his brother Terence,
I knew the family well;
And though he traveled often,
He never went to Hell.

I have kept this family secret
A hundred years or more,
To prevent the emigration
Of too many from our shore;
I have communed with the Muses,
And announce it in advance,
They have finally decided
To give O'Kipling a chance.
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE SALT HOUSE PRESS

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

QUARTZ FROM THE UPLANDS—An Epic.
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War of Woods.
THE LITERARY REMAINS OF SCANDALLUS AND
SCURVILIGITUS—A Character Study.
MY COUNTRY—A Political Pantomime.

These publications are limited to editions of 200
numbered impressions to be distributed to large
public libraries and friends of the author.

Lewis McKenzie Turner

P. O. Box 113
A CHONTFY JARVONESE

By Hank Roper
(Smug Harbor Laureate)

I MET a maid in Jarva,
'Er father wouldn't 'av 'er,
So she walked about the town,
And when weary she sat down;
And then got up and walked around and 'round.

Say, Meister! Meister! Please!
Der yer sprak l'Angalese,
I'm from Hungary and hungary
And for a weeny bit of cheese,
I will let yer zee ze dimples on ma knees.

With a roarin' 'ip. 'urrah,
I hailed a 'rickashar.
And we sailed for Danny Grogan's—
Who keeps the Polar Star;
If eats is what you wants,
'Wall, naw yer hay yer chonce,
And fer a 'alf a dozen rupee
I would like to see yer donce.

So this flippin', flippin', flapper
With rhythmic elegance,
Jazzed away her chemise,
And almost lost her ponts.

Lewis McKenzie Turner

Turner, Lewis McKenzie
The Sun Dial
George Eastman.

My work is done...

The morning of nature,
A day and season,
Materials and circumstances
By the hand of man.

A man of sea and sea,

The sound of sea and sea,

My work is done...

The spell of pleasant valley
And purple hillsides—

Of trees and mammals,

Of bird and flower,

Caught and sustained

To brighter sunshine.

The beauty of wild sea,

Sands of mountain lakes

And marshes

Reproduced by a child

Within frames and cover.

My work is done...

The scope of the season.

The springtime's verdure,

The summer's glory,

The autumn's herbivores,

Planted and shed.

More brightly than

By the artist's brush—

Its shadow designing

And sun painting...—

And done so simply as to

Form a mighty milestone!

My work is done...

The memory of past and potent—

Distant hilltops,

Farmland vented,

And the peace of home.

The poet of boyhood arore,

Crown of earth and earth,

Dear to childhood's memory;

Of old scenes lost

And near ones gone.

Preserved forever through

A hand's construction.

My work is done...

The echoes of a home at play.

Of a parent within a doorway,

Of vanished household;

The sound of weddings,

In the home's memory;

Funeral, leave-taking,

And grief recollected.

A hand in paper by a simple

Camera and stick through the years

To make more cheerful the

Days of sorrow.

My work is done...

The touch of sunshine,

Reversed to all mankind—

The ministry of gods

Brought within the power

Of driven design, factory slave,

And unlicensed million,

Through a small black box

Revived to capture

The windows of the heavens;

And bring them to every town

And home with friends...

My work is done.

Turner, Lewis McKenzie