

where Alexander was frequently bitter, Willie is simply amused. "Willie," one of his most intimate friends said recently in an attempt to define Woolcott's peculiar charm, "is a lover of the *geniulich*."

IT and raconteur. Willie is strictly turn of the century—the Eighteenth Century. A coffee house epigrammatist, a great hand over the port, and later in the drawing room—that is what he would have been then.

In appearance he is not unlike his younger brother, Alexander. Because he does not enjoy the company of barbers, Willie generally peers sardonically from beneath a wild mane of shaggy white hair. When he grins, which is often, he looks like an imish small boy who has just planted a tack on a chair.

Then, too, Willie eschews overcoats. In the coldest weather, his only concession to the elements may be a woolen sweater, worn beneath his suit coat. Dressed thus on the bitterest winter's day, his bushy head topped by what may well be the first porkpie hat ever built, Willie is pointed out to visitors as one of the notables of Catonsville.

He is also pointed out as one of the notables of the Hamilton Street Club, where he spends much of his time now that he has retired from the glue-making business. In that dignified club, many a visitor has been more than a little shaken to observe Willie sitting comfortably in rolled shirt-sleeves and open collar while his fellow members squirm miserably in waistcoats and jackets.

There is, as a matter of fact, a large oil portrait of Willie hung in the club. He is, of course, shown coatless and tieless.

THE Hamilton Street Club is about as close as it is possible to get to an Eighteenth Century coffee house, and it is there that Willie is in his own element. One member of the club has described a typical scene.

"No new member or visitor can really be said to be 'in' until he has met Willie," this man explained. "The process is a bit hard on the poor chaps. If a visitor, for instance happens to walk into a room in which Willie

an ancient mugful clawn through a looking glass.

There the four Woolcott daughters were raised and there they return, bringing with them their husbands and children. Over it all, Willie presides genially.

His grandchildren—"they're the only things I collect and I collect them involuntarily"—refer to him as "Old Bull," a child-

ish corruption of "Old Bill" which delights him hugely. When the Woolcotts first moved to Eden terrace, some decades ago, the area was practically uncivilized. With the passing years, houses and people crept up on the Woolcotts. The

road passing their home became a favorite parking place for young couples. The noise they made presently began to annoy Willie, and, as always, his methods were direct and vigorous.

WHEN the road began to fill with automobiles as the night drew on, Willie would go into his front yard and hide behind a bush. Then he would moan. After he had moaned behind one bush for a while, he would scamper, a wild-manned, lurching ghost, to another bush and moan there.

On stormy nights, when hiding behind bushes was inconvenient, Willie simply stood on his balcony and moaned.

Either way, he gradually increased the moans in frequency and also in volume, until they were loud, sharp cries of agony. It finally worked: the motorized amorists were so unnerved that they never returned.

The Woolcott home usually harbors a visitor or two—from one of the four daughters to Harpo Marx. Most of Alexander Woolcott's friends have come to know and love his elder brother, and when one of them happens to be in Baltimore, he invariably drops in.

For years, too, Willie was accustomed to bring the members of the storied "Saturday Night Club" to his home for beer and music. It was there, according to legend, that the club once played all nine of Beethoven's symphonies at a single sitting.

TODAY, at a brisk and, indeed, effervescent 72, there is no doubt that Willie enjoys the reputation he has created for himself. Grinning broadly, his eyes beaming behind their spectacles, he delights in playing the curmudgeon.

At a party he may decide to concentrate his efforts on one lost soul, and the poor man has thereafter no peace. He will be prodded and needed constantly. He will, on the other hand, have the satisfaction of seeing another fellow get the same treatment at another party.

Withal, Willie is kindly and there are few who have ever taken offense at his badinage.



His grandchildren, "the only things I collect," call Willie "Old Bull," a corruption of "Old Bill" that delights him.

as a man of greater stature than his renowned brother, the late Alexander Woolcott.

It was Willie's patriotic anthem entitled "I Am a One Hundred Per Cent American" that first established him as one of Baltimore's immortals. This came to be known as "The One Hundred Per Cent Song" and achieved a truly staggering fame shortly after it was first published anonymously in the *Smart Set*.

Willie wrote the song back in the dismal Twenties, and first sang it at a meeting of the Saturday Night Club. It so delighted the members that Theodor Henberger was moved to orchestrate it, and it became a part of the club's somewhat zany repertoire.

After one of the club's Saturday night bouts with the Muse, the members would adjourn to the old Rennert Hotel to slake their thirst. After a couple of handles of beer, it was customary to sing, and the song was the result of one such *Süngerfest*.

TYPICALLY, Willie Woolcott himself has never bothered to claim credit for either the song or the wave of iconoclastic literature and shibboleth-blasting it helped to spark. He pretends anonymity.

It is, however, a source of quiet pride to his family that Willie is quoted three times in Bartlett's "Quotations," whereas Alexander is quoted only twice. All three quotations are from "The One Hundred Per Cent Song."

The first is, naturally: "I Am a One Hundred Per Cent American." The others are:

I am an anti-Darwin intellectual.

The man who says any nice young boy or gal Is a descendant of the ape Shall never from hell's fire escape.

And: In art I pull no highbrow stuff. I know what I like and that's enough.

From even these lines it may be seen that, appearing in the era of Harding, Edgar Guest, photographs by Wallace Nutting, the prohibitionists, and also the horn-rimmed intelligent-sia, Greenwich Village and bathtub gin, "I Am a One Hundred Per Cent American" was considered on Page 34

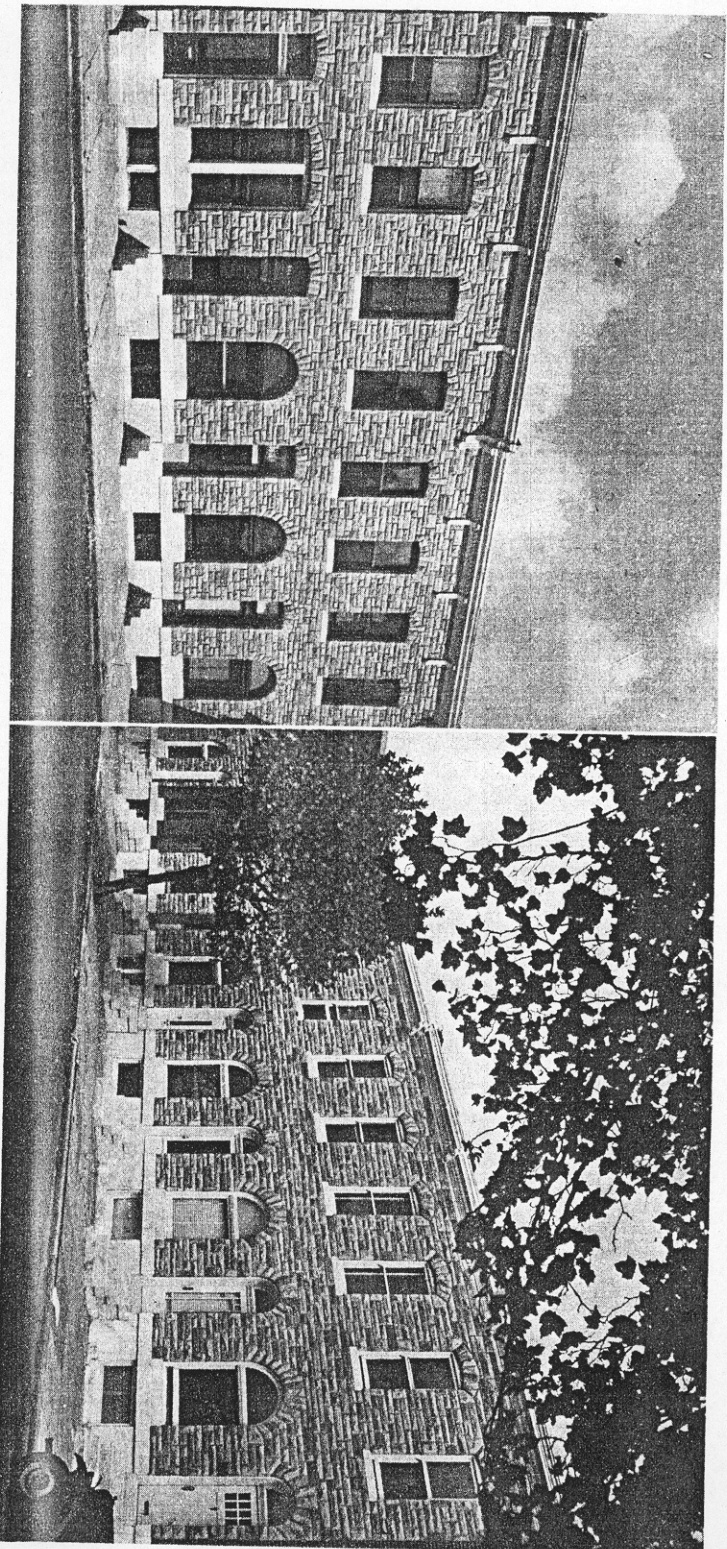


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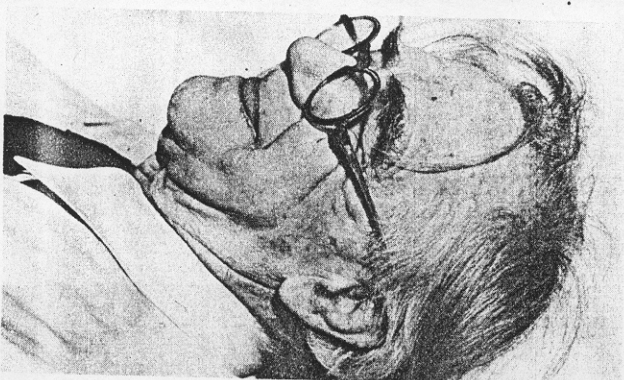
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## Bartlett Pair



Mr. Woolcott usually peers from beneath a wild mane.

*Continued from Page 13*

ered either very good, indeed, or practically blasphemous.

For his own part, Willie has never bothered to write anything more.

TRYING to interview Mr. Woolcott can get to be quite a problem. He maintains stoutly that he is completely without interest—that there is nothing about him worthy of description. Pressed hard enough, he will suddenly decide to co-operate, but in his own unpredictable fashion.

"I agree with Henry Menck-en," he will explode. "He once was asked whether or not he had said a certain thing, and he replied: 'Whatever they say I said, I said.'"

"That's good enough for me."

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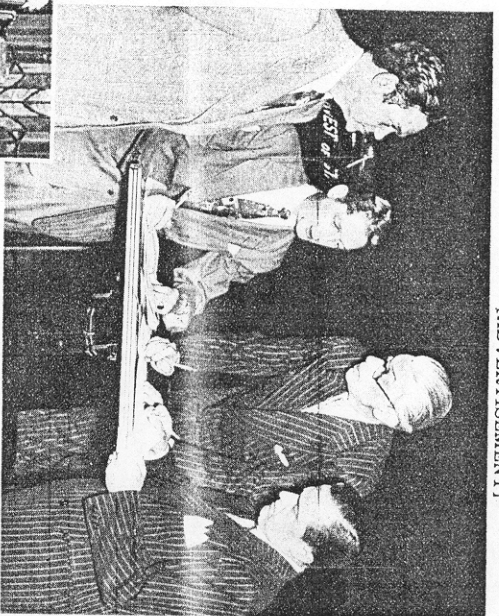
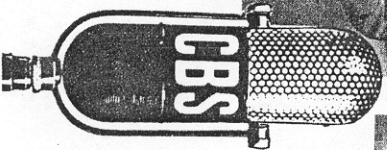
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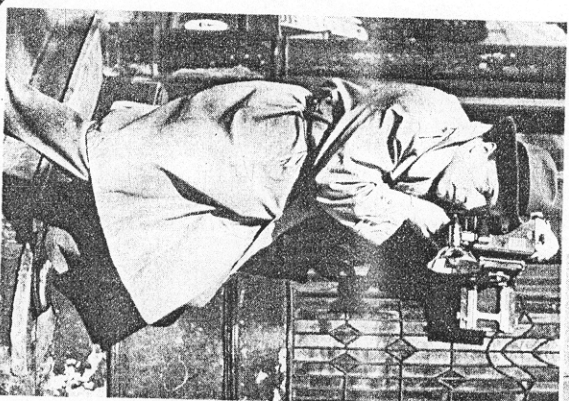
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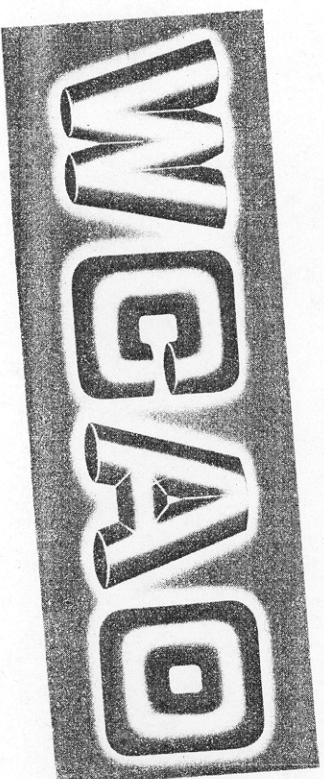
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### CASEY, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

The camera's eye snares many an unwary criminal when Staats Cotsworth, as "Casey," embarks on another adventurous assignment every Thursday at 9:30 P. M.



suddenly decide to co-operate, but in his own unpredictable fashion.

"I agree with Henry Menck-en," he will explode. "He once was asked whether or not he had said a certain thing, and he replied: 'Whatever they say I said, I said.'"

"That's good enough for me. Whatever you say I said, I said." Actually, it is well nigh impossible to catch Willie Woolcott's keen wit and charm in so many words. Many a Baltimore wit owes his reputation to some not pirated from Willie's conversation, and many an insufferably stuffy bore has been suitably deflated by one of Willie's impromptu edged remarks, polished but killing.

POSSIBLY the best and briefest description of him is the one put forward by a man who has known him since the days when he sat, shirtsleeved, at a Metropolitan Opera performance in the Lyric beside the woman who was to become his wife:

"Where Willie is," this man sums up, "there is laughter."

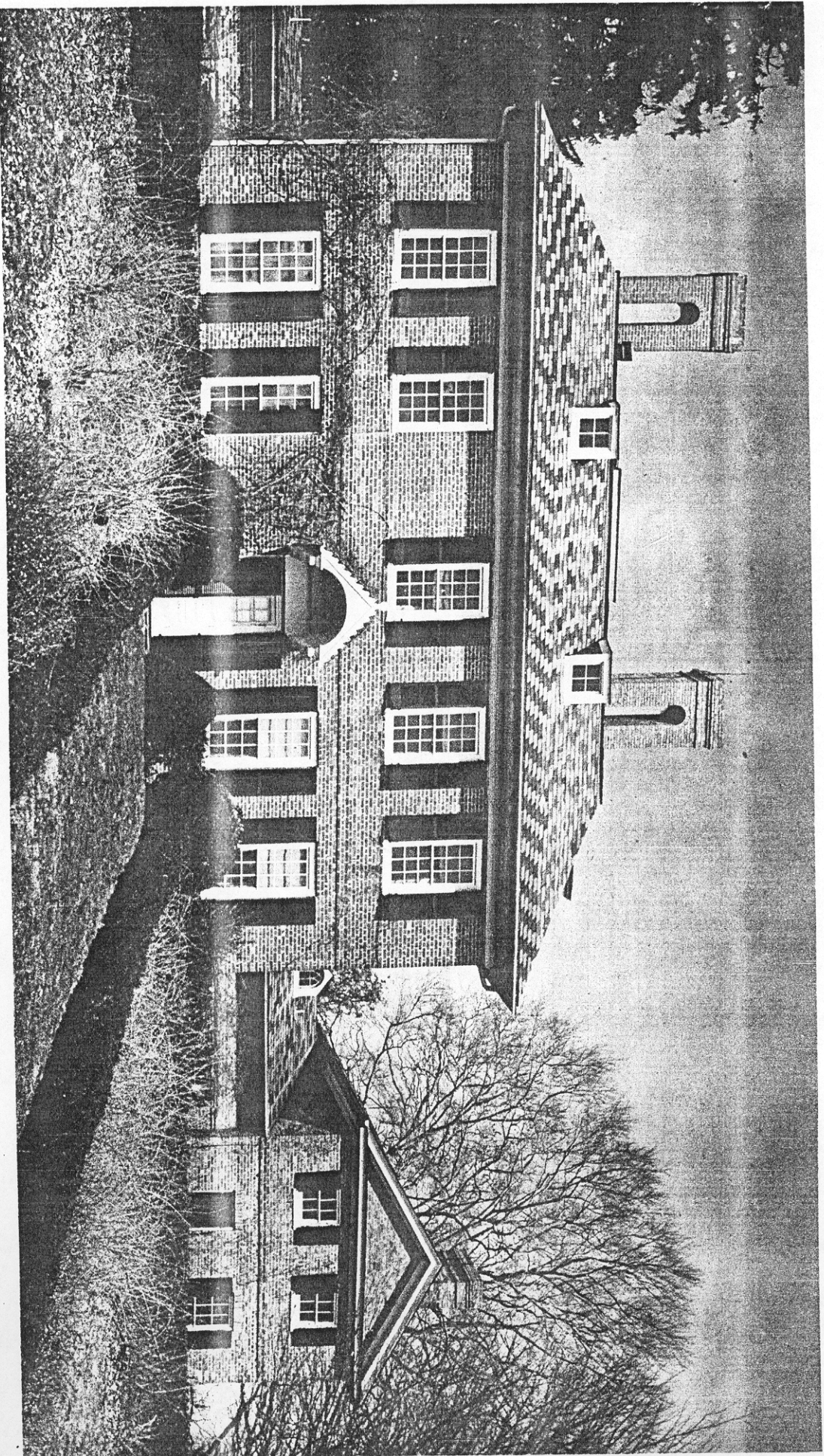
It is a fact that the former Miss Marie Bloede began to notice the man who was to become her husband when he appeared in his business clothes among the white-tied audiences at the Lyric.

After their marriage, Willie began to participate in the management of that part of the Victor G. Bloede chemical firm devoted to the manufacture of adhesives. Soon thereafter, his friends began calling him a glue-maker, and the name stuck, although his interests were music and literature and good fellowship. As a business man, Willie claims, he wasn't very good.

The solemn founders of the religious community at Phalanx, N.J., where the brothers Woolcott were raised, are probably shaking their celestial heads at the way things have turned out.

But there are worse things to have said about one than: "Wherever he is, there is laughter." Which is about the harshest thing anybody has ever been able to say about Willie Woolcott, of Baltimore and the world.





According to architects, the pierced and vaulted chimneys of Tulip Hill were built this way to relieve wind pressure. The house was erected in 1745.

