

Rachmaninoff Likes Yankee Griddle Cakes, Scorns Eggs

Russian Pianist More In- terested in Breakfast Than in Interview

The name of Sergel Rachmaninoff is written high in the gallery of modern musical immortals—but as he stirred his coffee at breakfast this morning in the Radisson hotel, and liberally deluged his stack of wheat cakes with maple syrup, there was nothing of the great artist about him except his long, graceful fingers. Tonight, at the Auditorium, these same fingers will do incredible things on the piano. This morning, they grasped a coffee spoon with firmness, and stirred the contents of the cup until the coffee slopped out into the saucer.

Rachmaninoff, pianist-composer, is about as easy to interview as a Russian blizzard. He arrived at 7:30 a.m. today from Winnipeg, and at 8:30 he was still in a state of complete frigidity, so far as interviewers were concerned. It was not that the famous artist was discourteous, but simply that he appears to have a sincere distaste for being interviewed.

Likes Minnesota Pancakes

He answers questions in monosyllables whenever possible. Only twice did he show signs of loquacity—and then not about himself, but about his personal friend Bruno Walter of Vienna, orchestra conductor who will direct the symphony orchestra a week from Friday night, and about his other conductor-friend, Henri Verbrugghen.

"Walter is a superb conductor," said Rachmaninoff. "I expected to meet him here, but learned to my disappointment that he will not arrive for a week."

After this burst of gossip, Rachmaninoff busied himself again with his pancakes, and took a tentative spoonful of soft boiled egg. He pushed the egg cup away.

"Your pancakes in Minnesota are all

right, but I cannot say as much for the eggs," said Rachmaninoff. "Your soil here, too, is remarkably fertile."

Wants to Tour Lakes

This observation, in view of the fact that the soil hereabouts is covered with a foot, more or less of snow, seemed rather far-fetched until Rachmaninoff, forgetting his reticence again, explained that he learned all about soil when he was personally managing his estate in Russia. He has been in Minnesota in the summer, and expects to come back next summer, if possible, for a month or so of vacation in the state of pines and lakes.

"Do you drive?" he was asked.

"Always," replied the composer, with the greatest vigor he displayed during the entire interview. "Do you think I would trust myself to a chauffeur? Indeed not. I have no use for them, and if I tour Minnesota, I will drive every foot of the way myself."

Again the great Russian, who has been living in New York since the revolution exiled him from his native land, applied himself to his pancakes, and further questions elicited nothing but sounds which, coming from a less distinguished personage, would have been called grunts.

Limitations Put on Ship Material Sale

Washington, Feb. 21.—Orders from Secretary of the Navy Denby limiting the disposal of material from the 12 old battleships doomed under the Washington naval treaty have been sent to all bureau chiefs and commandants of naval yards, it was learned at the navy department today. The orders also cancel previous instructions that the Georgia, Nebraska, New Jersey and Rhode Island be prepared for sale, until such time as special appropriations for this purpose are available.