

WANDERING NOW AMID THE TREES BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

Allen B. Cook, shade tree inspector for the Connecticut State Park and Forest commission has written in to us as follows:

Several weeks ago in one of your articles in The Times you referred to the largest pignut hickory tree in the state. Will you kindly tell me where this tree is situated and how to get to it?

In connection with my work with town tree-wardens I am interested in getting as much data as possible about the notable trees in the state and I am trying gradually to get the measurements, pictures, etc., of the largest tree in each species, although I have not gotten very far as yet. Any information you can give me will be very much appreciated.

The largest tree I have yet found, excepting the Wethersfield elm, is a Sycamore, or Buttonwood in the town of Bridgewater with the following dimensions:

- Circumference 1 ft. from ground.... 24 ft. 3 in.
Circumference 4 ft. from ground.... 21.3 in.
Diameter 4 ft. from ground...6 ft. 9 in.
Spread of branches.....115 ft.
Height.....125 ft.

This is a little larger than the Ledyard White Oak or the West Ashford Red Oak as reported by the Forestry Department two years ago.

Thanking you for your trouble, etc.

Well, Mr. Cook; pretty soon we will tell you how to get to that pignut hickory, but first let us express astonishment that your Bridgewater sycamore is bigger than the Ledyard white oak, called in Ledyard, the "Larrabee" oak, and which, if not the largest, is certainly the most impressive tree that we have ever seen in Connecticut with one exception. That exception was a chestnut, destroyed some years ago, that used to stand beside the road a little southward of Oakdale, in Montville. The chestnut was about 11 feet in diameter at the root crown, as we recall.

At the head of Long Cove, just below the old Hayward quarters in Ledyard, is probably the hugest black walnut Connecticut has. In height, girth, spread and diameter it cannot be very far from being as large as your sycamore. It can be reached easily, as it sits by the roadside, perhaps a quarter of a mile east of the state highway and cannot be missed by anyone driving in there.

Somewhere in a swamp of South Lyme, according to the word of Charles Chadwick of Old Lyme, who knows where it is, stand, is an elm which he declares is the very great-grandfather of all the trees. It will be hard to get to, but if you write Mr. Chadwick he will doubtless guide you. He claims it is bigger than the Wethersfield elm.

The largest sassafras that we have ever learned about in Connecticut stands in a pasture on a hill, near the road, almost directly south of the Yale summer engineering school and to the west of Pattagonsett lake in East Lyme. It is about 30 inches in diameter at shoulder height and must be approximately 300 years old; in perfect condition. It may be older. The sassafras grows slowly, and this tree, while not very high, is one of the most venerable in the state.

Your largest hemlock, Mr. Cook, could have been located twenty years ago better than now, in a grove belonging to Clarence Latham, in Groton, and he probably still has the best specimens. In strolling over the larger portion of the state's woods, we have seen none equal to his. And in his white pine swamp you may find some unusually large sticks, for Connecticut, at this time. Your heaviest run of hard-wood timber should be in North Stonington, east of Billings pond.

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Those beeches, for instance, are in a beautiful, cavernous glen. Between the east side and the top of Fort Hill and Groton, and the state road from Groton to Old Mystic, a few miles north, runs a cross road, known as the Flanders road. About half way of its length there is an old road into the woods west, known as the "Tannery road."

You follow in that road, and it winds around to the west and south until it comes to a clearing and a brook. Just

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. XXVI.

Suspicious of Cameron.

Simon Cameron was Lincoln's secretary of war. He was a politician, the first of a line who have made Pennsylvania politics notorious. Cameron's definition of an honest man in politics was "One who may be bought and will stay bought." The odor of scandal had attached to his administration of certain Indian affairs. In 1860 he was a rival of Lincoln in the republican convention and his appointment to a cabinet place was supposedly the price Lincoln's managers paid to get Cameron out of the field. Suspicions of corruption in connection with Cameron's conduct of the war department arose soon after war was declared. They gained in definiteness and extent and in the second year of the war Cameron resigned by request.

Hawley always used forthright and courageous methods of dealing with public affairs, and particularly in attacking evil. His ideas of honesty and integrity in public life were positive. He disliked and distrusted Cameron. So he sent Warner an article for publication and took other steps to make it effective which are outlined in an accompanying note, dated October 10. He had intended answering letters received from the Hookers "but in thinking over this nasty fraud of Cameron's" he "got so mad" he "could stand it no longer." His letter:

Annapolis, Oct. 10, '61.

Dear Charley:

Print this communication as editorial. Send marked copies to Mr. Welles (Lincoln's secretary of navy) & Mr. Faxon, and to D. W. Bartlett. I have not the slightest doubt that it is a technical violation of army etiquette to write it, but in writing our protest I exhausted all legal remedies and I shall try some others. Please cut out the article & send it with a note to Mr. Dana of the Tribune with a note disclosing its authorship. I wish the Tribune would print all the essential part of the article down to my "reflections."

Mr. Welles said privately it was an affair which Mr. Cameron could not afford to have ventilated. I propose to add my dab of paint to that portrait which the country is making of that consummate liar and thief. I would give something handsome for a chance to talk to him ten minutes. Should this article by any chance come under his notice possibly I might expect some trouble, but confound his dirty soul, I dare him to call me to account for it. Before he sees it I shall be on my way down the coast. He won't withdraw me from a post of danger & responsibility because I expose his rascality for he knows he is a thief and a robber. When Mr. Welles and Adjutant Gen. Thomas argued the case to him he could not help seeing. He actually said he was sorry (the liar) he had made a mistake and would not do it again. (He again)

I have no time to write for the Press to-night. You may say that the 6th & 7th are here, comfortably quartered in the Naval Academy building, but will remain here only a few days.

Privately—The railroad management is stupid. We are getting behind time, but Connecticut was ready to embark to-day. I have not yet heard of the arrival of our transports.—I smell Beaufort, N. C. as one object of our attentions. Perhaps Ocracoke Inlet may be spoken to—Perhaps some may be left at Hatteras Inlet. I begin to doubt about anything further South, unless we have men to spare.

We shall probably be here until Monday.

Yours truly, J. R. H.

What Angered Hawley.

At this distance from the events discussed the incident which so exercised Hawley does not appear of momentous importance, particularly in view of the magnitude of the conflict in which it was a very small item. However it did not seem small to Hawley and to him it was only more evidence of Cameron's unfitness for his portfolio.

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ington, getting \$160,000 monthly. The sutler was allowed to trust or take orders up to half the soldiers' pay, so that the division sutler had been handed a plum practically assuring him of a business of \$80,000 a month at the least.

Hawley apparently did not think it simply a piece of blundering, but thought it was a part of deliberate connivance at plundering which attended the conduct of the war. In spite of the fact that he was a commissioned officer and his article was aimed at his superior, the secretary of war, it "denounced the thing as a foul job, a usurpation of the rights of the regiments, a fraud and an outrage on the sutlers already appointed and an insult to the soldiers."

Hawley definitely suggested that the division sutler would not get many passes to go from regiment to regiment and he attacked crookedness in Washington. The article in the Press concluded thus:

"It was long ago said that if the people could see the corruptions of Washington they would rise and throw the whole concern—men and buildings into the Potomac. That was in the piping times of peace. If it be true now, it is a convenient time to have the same work done by willing hands. Stand aside and let Beauregard plough and harrow the ground. Then let the ark of our political covenant be removed to some place where it will take, at least, until this war is over, to get the air full of this moral malaria."

Strong meat for a commissioned officer to feed the secretary of war, but Hawley had the courage to do it, and, as he soon disclosed, to abide the consequences.

The troops moved slowly and October 18 found Hawley still at Annapolis, again writing to Warner. He had been field officer of the day and was just about to mount his horse "Billy" and make a tour of the guards of each regiment and the advance guard. He was a bit fearful that his article on Cameron might result in embarrassment for Warner so he wrote:

Willing to Stand for It.

"By all means if anything like an official inquiry is made say that I wrote that article. I am going to stir that matter again. I find that it is considered all that I called it—a rotten job and a usurpation directly over-riding the established regulations of the army. Barr is a Penn. Central Railroad man. How dutifully contemptible the Courant was about it."

The embarkation of the troops had begun that noon. One brigade was aboard and two others including General Wright's—that was Hawley's—were to follow.

Henry C. Deming, then mayor of Hartford, had been made colonel of the Twelfth regiment. Hawley was glad he was going but doubted how good a colonel he would make. He wished Hubbard would take it. Then he discussed politics:

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"Fight those sneaking pettifogging traitors, Mitchell & Gallagher (Connecticut democrats.—Ed.), etc. Put it to them red hot. No dodging now. One side or the other. Curse the cowards that dodge the name abolitionist. Who is Sedgwick? I thank him. I wish I could make a speech to that legislature. Platt did well. Wooster is a conceited nincompoop."

The inspiration of this smoking paragraph was one of the exciting Connecticut side incidents of the war. Ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour, veteran of the Mexican war with a distinguished record and former minister to Russia and a democrat, stood with the wing of his party which believed the war a mistake and felt that efforts should have been put forth to conciliate the South. Defeated by Governor Buckingham in 1860 he was elected to the house of representatives in 1861. When a resolution supporting the war was offered in the house Seymour proposed a

"If You Are Free," Said the Crank, "Prove by Hitting This Man for Me" BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

A certain man named Jones owned a restaurant. For reasons known only to himself he abominated celery, and to make his prejudice fruitful he placed in his window a placard bearing the astonishing declaration: "Celery causes cancer, and we do not serve it."

One day he decided to exhibit his ignorance to a larger audience and offered the local newspapers an advertisement containing the same defunctory statement.

The advertisement was rejected. "Free press!" snorted Jones. "Eesh! The celery trust has it tied hand and foot. It's afraid to say a word."

And he sincerely believed the newspapers controlled by the celery growers. Why else should they refuse him the right to curse celery?

The truth is the newspapers were controlled by nobody. Given adequate reason, all of them would have denounced celery. But they had been a long while accumulating that greatest of assets called "good will," and they felt no urge to sacrifice a part of it to please an addle-pated crank.

Their labor and honor had made their papers valuable as mediums of publicity, and now Jones wished to utilize that value to satisfy a personal grudge.

He couldn't build up a widely-read medium of publicity, for he hadn't wit enough or honor enough; but he claimed the right to vent his spleen in publications made readable and trustworthy by the wit and honor of better men.

If a farmer has a few spoiled potatoes to sell, has he the right to demand that a neighbor who markets good potatoes shall place his spoiled ones among the good and thus foist them on an unsuspecting broker?

The press need not do the dirty work for cranks in order to keep itself free. It need not offer itself as a mouthpiece for those who could not get a hearing on their merits.

The world contains many bitter cranks who are filled with a passionate desire to denounce certain races or sects or individuals whose rights are equal to their own.

Let them use their tongues and risk their own hides. They have nothing else to lose.

The press, being free, declines to shame itself and sacrifice its dignity by acting as their servant.

The right of freedom presupposes the capacity to enjoy it without abusing it. No individual or institution has a right to the kind of freedom that makes itself a nuisance.

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The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

NO NICKELS, MR. ROCKEFELLER.

John D. Rockefeller, arriving in Florida for his winter divot-digging, distributed nickels instead of dimes to the children there. How can President Hoover reconcile this with his statements that there is no reason to worry?

The one mistake made by Mr. Hoover in his conferences on restoring confidence was his failure to invite Mr. Rockefeller to it. John D. probably wouldn't have relished the idea of hanging around golfless Washington, but he should have been handed a mashed niblick and kept under observation until the sunshine drive ended.

Mr. Rockefeller may say everything is lovely and that "My son and I are in the market now buying at these bargain levels" but when he begins passing out nickels instead of the proverbial dimes he throws manna to the skeptics.

John D.'s dime distribution has become the best advertised activity in American history. When you see Rockefeller you think of bright, new shiny dimes and when you see a nice new shiny dime you think of Rockefeller.

To hold out your hand and get a nickel from Ormond Beach's most famous golfer is like opening up the evening paper and discovering your favorite investment trust has passed the dividend.

When you have to see John D. twice to get as much money as you got last year in one trip it looks suspicious. A drop in the Rockefeller dime market frightens people almost as much as a drop in the stock market.

Come, Come, Mr. Rockefeller! Don't rock the boat. Make us all feel that Mr. Hoover is right and that there is nothing wrong with American prosperity.

We want dimes!

You Know the Type.

A broker is a funny guy And when the stocks are very high He tells you "Now's the time to buy— They probably will hit the sky."

But when they take an awful flop And for some bargains you would shop He urges caution, bids you stop And says, "I'd wait until they drop."

Stocks are going up so nicely it's almost time the ashman began giving tips again.

(Copyright, 1929, by the Associated

Portico: ne of the best things to fan rumor gossip is a big fire. The wind fans blaze and the warmth fans the st "dope." There were more rus flying around Union place Mon-night than in an army barracks. The excitement was at its height ther fire in the city was reported, it was "understood" that firemen been taken from the first to the nd in a taxi. Afterwards the taxi-driver could not be found, however, verify it. The crowd chewed up a or that a fireman on the roof had overcome by heat and smoke, but department wasn't missing any , then or afterward. The engineer he building was definitely slated as asualty, having been missed on the nises from the first, although a re-er found him asleep in his home, away. Then there began a series weird blue flashes on the scene, with detonations, and the pulse of the ng skipped a beat as it "learned" t some highly inflammable or ex-ive material was stored inside, and t the walls might go when the bulk the stuff was reached by the blaze, ough the flashes were found, upon er examination by those with red ses in their habbonds, to be news-er photographers' flashlight powder. re was a ladder reaching to the th floor, and gossip had it that a man had fallen from the top of it, the truth was that someone had ply misunderstood the rich Irish gue of a man in a blue uniform who giving the name of the first fire-a to dare go up the rungs.

Portico: t has come to my knowledge through lous ways that our young women are g urged to cast convention aside l with what is called daring and eer faith find the men they would to marry, and propose. Young en, do not be deluded into doing thing so senseless. In the first place should ask herself, candidly, why wants to marry at all. Is she look-for a meal ticket, a bill payer, a side companion, or what would she e? Then, if she has fixed upon the n, let her ask these questions even re seriously. Other questions may ggest themselves to her. They are portant.

A girl is not as reliable a judge of n as men are of women when it nes to a proposal of marriage; a n, at least, knows what he wants, a man doesn't. Then think of the dire-sequences if he is daft enough accept her. Imagine future scenes, wee rift in their married bliss. He finds her that he never sought her, er even wanted her, that it was her l power that led him on. As! he s stolen the lines which are natural tier, and darkness fills the tent.

It is important that the man think all by his lonesome, picked a girl o is a wee bit of heaven, for prince pauper has an ego,—and she is wise o takes heed and is at all times her a dear self. She should be using wiles the gods have given her to act the sort of man who has been ing form in her soul since she was ill, and blessed, aye, twice blessed, the girl whose dreams are of the d that raiseth men up and away n the muck of swine. For, after all, y man worth while is seeking the who can do this, and when she is d he will do his own proposing kly enough. So I say, girls, let the do the proposing.

—ANN B.

ur dramatic critic says, "The Duch- of Chicago" is "a big show; big in big in settings, big in plot and tions," and our immediate reac- without going as yet any further the review and without having seen show, is that it sounds like some- g which must have played down at t park on the sawdust at one time other.

There has been circulated among all boys an unmentionable synonym women of generous proportions, to beef trust; hence the "Duchess of cago," through association of ideas. ht to be sizable.

n submitting this, J. C. makes a ment, but says, further, "don't print comment, the readers will supply

of all the trees. It will be... to, but if you write Mr. Chadwick he will doubtless guide you. He claims it is bigger than the Wethersfield elm.

The largest sassafras that we have ever learned about in Connecticut stands in a pasture on a hill, near the road, almost directly south of the Yale summer engineering school and to the west of Pattagansett lake in East Lyme. It is about 30 inches in diameter at shoulder height and must be approximately 300 years old; in perfect condition. It may be older. The sassafras grows slowly, and this tree, while not very high, is one of the most venerable in the state.

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The largest golden oak we have ever seen in Connecticut is on the northern shore of Pattagansett lake, on the edge of the water. It is a magnificent tree. In the southern part of the state are more large trees than in the northern. This must be true of post oaks and pin oaks. It is likely to be of soft maples and tupelo. For example, too, the white oak standing on the old Mitchell estate in Salem is worth seeing. We recall a poplar that is about five feet through, and some beeches that would surprise you, but it is extremely difficult to tell a stranger where to find them.

Those beeches, for instance, are in a beautiful, cavernous glen. Between the east side and the top of Fort Hill and Groton, and the state road from Groton to Old Mystic, a few miles north, runs a cross road, known as the Flanders road. About half way of its length there is an old road into the woods west, known as the "Tannery road." You follow in that road, and it winds around to the west and south until it comes to a clearing and a brook. Just south of the brook-crossing is the glen, or gorge; the east side of which is ragged, perpendicular cliff and the whole place is full of ledges and little waterfalls; a miniature canyon. In there are some tremendous beeches; so large it would never pay to get them out. They are much larger than any others we have ever seen in Connecticut; those good specimens in the woodland north of Westwood road, near Hartford, are mere babies by comparison.

Now for our pignut hickory. It is not comparable with your big sycamore, but it is a stalwart old piece of timber. You will find it in a thicket among cedars by first reaching a sort of open bench on the north, near the top of the hill as you go up Fort Hill in Groton from Pogoquonock plains on the main road. Then go north by west across the field and into the brush perhaps 20 rods from the wall. You may recognize the field by some shagbarks, or perhaps bitternut hickories, standing in it.

We have racked our memory for the biggest white cedar. They are very scarce. Some good ones are in a swamp at the headwaters of Little river in Hanover. We cannot recall one living, more than 18 inches in diameter, and no hop horn beam that will exceed that. We have never seen a native Connecticut white spruce, although looking for it through many years. The biggest yellow locust blew down in a storm, and since we have been unable to locate any but relative youngsters. The same for Canadian birch. There was a splendid specimen, 80 feet high, but a limatic cut it down. As for native white pines, can you beat those on the hills of Westchester? It is an interesting pursuit, Mr. Cook, finding these big trees. We would like to assist, every day in the year.

Everyone who knows where there is a big tree should write to you. Each one of them should be safeguarded for posterity, down to the humblest real monarch among the laurels, and junipers "spray" or dwarf. We have seen no really "big" trees, other than elms, cherries and black birch, within forty miles of Hartford, except far to the southeast.

notice possibly I might expect some trouble, but confound his dirty soul, I dare him to call be to account for it. Before he sees it I shall be on my way down the coast. He won't withdraw me from a post of danger & responsibility because I expose his rascality for he knows he is a thief and a robber. When Mr. Welles and Adjutant Gen. Thomas argued the case to him he could not help seeing. He actually said he was sorry (the liar) he had made a mistake and would not do it again. (lie again)

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A week before the troops left Washington the appointment was announced of Samuel F. Barr as "division sutler," an officer never before heard of and not provided for in army regulation. The properly accredited regimental sutlers, who had invested large sums in supplies and equipment were told they would not be permitted to accompany the troops.

Samuel A. Cooley of Hartford, Sixth regiment sutler, protested and appealed to Gideon Welles, secretary of navy who brought the matter to Cameron's attention. The colonel and council of administration of the Seventh regiment—Hawley's—signed a paper asking that their regimental sutler be given his rights. The matter was laid before Cameron, but he declined to interfere though admitting that the division appointment probably was wrong and such steps would not be taken again.

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Representative Gallagher of New Haven supported the position of Seymour in the debate, although he did not vote with him on the resolution. Representative Sedgwick of Fairfield county answered Gallagher's argument by saying that "as a military man he used the smallest shot and the worst marksmanship" Sedgwick ever saw. Hawley admired this thrust when he read of it.

Seymour's resolution was buried 149 to 18 and Seymour was excoriated in the republican press.

Seymour's Picture Taken Down.

Later when the legislature was called in special session to increase the number of men to be enlisted from Connecticut, the senate instructed the comptroller to remove from their frames in the senate chamber the pictures of Seymour and ex-Governor Isaac Toucey, not to replace them until he was certain of their loyalty. Thus bitterly did the war feeling run.

(Continued To-morrow.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 11.—Russian aristocrats so long exiled in New York are no longer newspaper copy. They have become absorbed by a vast economic machinery in the business of making a living. Their former pomp is now expressed in a doorman's uniform here and there. And that is all.

For a time they rode a wave of sympathy which swept them to fashionable teas and select dinner parties. But people became glutted with repetitious tales of devastated estates, pillaged jewels and drops from high places. The Russian became overweighted with his inborn emotionalism.

When he found cold listeners, he began to plunge into whatever work he could find. And hundreds, whimpering

with woe, found America the opportunity land it had been pictured. More than 100 buffeted exiles have become successfully established after working up from menial jobs.

The educated Russian is an adaptable creature. His bearing, his charm of manner and polished air of good breeding fit him for most any role. He is especially proficient in salesmanship. Two have made extraordinary records in the insurance world and a number as bond salesmen.

The Russian ladies of culture have also displayed unusual tact in making their way in the commercial world. Several of noble heritage are presiding over smart specialty salons along Park and Madison avenues. Four of the high

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Mr. Rockefeller may say everything is lovely and that "My son and I are in the market now buying at these bargain levels" but when he begins passing out nickels instead of the proverbial dimes he throws manna to the skeptics.

John D.'s dime distribution has become the best advertised activity in American history. When you see Rockefeller you think of bright, new shiny dimes and when you see a nice new shiny dime you think of Rockefeller.

To hold out your hand and get a nickel from Ormond Beach's most famous golfer is like opening up the evening paper and discovering your favorite investment trust has passed the dividend.

When you have to see John D. twice to get as much money as you got last year in one trip it looks suspicious. A drop in the Rockefeller dime market frightens people almost as much as a drop in the stock market.

Come, Come, Mr. Rockefeller! Don't rock the boat. Make us all feel that Mr. Hoover is right and that there is nothing wrong with American prosperity.

We want dimes!

You Know the Type.

A broker is a funny guy
And when the stocks are very high
He tells you "Now's the time to buy—
They probably will hit the sky."

But when they take an awful flop
And for some bargains you would shop
He urges caution, bids you stop
And says, "I'd wait until they drop."

Stocks are going up so nicely it's almost time the ashman began giving tips again.
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born are housekeepers in select hotels. While there are still gleaners scouring for crumbs from rich tables the majority have given a splendid account of themselves. The Russian cafes lodged in the dim side street cellars have shrunk from a hundred to a handful. They were once the founts of expatriated anguish.

Here the sad-eyed with thoughts as grey as the waters of the Neva, collected to touch glasses and live over the happy days when Leningrad was St. Petersburg and one of the gayest capitals in all the world.

In a New York hotel shortly after the war a waiter confided he was a Russian prince. I accepted his confidence with mild scepticism. Two years ago I saw him among the fashionable hotel guests at St. Moritz. Jay O'Brien presented him. "Do you believe me now?" he inquired a little stiffly. And was I confused?

Gyp merchants make a quick clean up in buildings after they have passed to the wreckers. They manage to rent the ground floor shops for a week or ten days while demolition is taking place overhead. Then they bally-hoo "Coming Down Sales." As a rule they take advantage of the left behind window and outside signs of reputable firms and move in shoddy goods. And with shrieking banners they do a land office business.

In the past four years I know five persons—two artists and three writers—who sailed off to Europe to remain permanently. They were sincere at the time. But all have returned thoroughly cured.

Capsule tragedy: She is a prima donna who can make a high note roll over, play dead and walk Spanish, and has sung in all the capitals of the world. For two years she has been secretly trying to master tap dancing but cannot do the simplest steps.

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