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#### *About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

D.N.  
~~W. E. TWEEDY~~  
10 TERRACE PLACE  
DANBURY, CONN.

23 July '32

Dear George :-

Betty has written tentatively to her cousins the Webbs in Wiscasset asking them about a place for you to board. When we get the reply, we shall send you the name & address & let you treat with the people 'direct'.

I think you are everlastingly right to make up your mind to take a vacation from all responsibility. I infer that you have brought your father & mother to your point of view, & I congratulate you on that achievement. It is plain common-sense for you to make an opportunity now to let go, to relax, to be lazy, to engage in,

what the French call 'recueillement.' You have a good job ahead, & at the end of the Harvard Summer School you will be through with things that have to be done. As for the family here, they will be disappointed not to see you, but they quite understand.

Betty & I are not yet able to make definite plans for Wisconsin. I play in Woodstock on August 21<sup>st</sup>, - the sonata with Kiefer, & the Brahms C-minor Trio Op. 101 with Künz & Kiefer. We never played the trio, but it arrived from Schirmer today & looks excessively Brahmsy, which means that there are lots of thick chords & cross-rhythms.

Künz has been, suddenly & without forewarning, put out of the Eastman School. Kiefer says 'and the end is not yet.' I

think I told you about Dr. Stanton when you were here.

Of course, when I say we haven't been able yet to make definite plans for Wiscasset, I don't mean that anything is going to keep me from being there on the eve of the 31<sup>st</sup> of August. Betty will probably get there earlier than that, going by train.

You will like the Webbs, & they will like you. Henry is all right, a sturdy Christian minister, always practicing what he preaches. But Elizabeth (Mrs. Webb) is a woman in a thousand. She is the librarian at Wiscasset. They will let you alone, they're not possessive if you know what I mean, but when you need somebody fine & sympathetic to talk to, as you may, you will find that they fill the bill.

My friend Mrs. Byron has finally got to Orr's Island, having been assured down in Florida that the school salaries will be paid up before September. The heat nearly finished her, & then, to save money, she traveled all the way from Balson Park to Portland by bus! These women & their economies that wear out nerves! Alice is another rare person, & I'd like to take you to see her after you get rested.

We read the Whitehead book & I think it very wise & full of good ideas. I'd like to talk of it with you. Do you want it back now? If so, say the word. - My love to you always,  
Donald

6 Aug. '32.

Carissimo: -

I have been waiting to hear from Wiscasset. Betty wrote, but I reckon she wasn't very specific, because a letter came yesterday from Henry Webb & made no mention of a room for you. Today, however, a letter has come from Mrs. Webb with full information except the name of the person who will be your landlady. I quote:

"Henry forgot to speak about a room for the young man. We can get a nice room right across the street from us - room on 2nd floor \$20. per week with board, or an equally large pleasant room on 3rd floor for \$15. per week with board. A nice place that he would like - she keeps only a few summer people."

At being Saturday, I am taking the liberty of writing to the Webbs at once to tell them to reserve for you the \$15. room from the 17<sup>th</sup> of August, which is the date you said you

Mother sends her love: Betty is visiting in New Hartford.

could leave Cambridge. If you prefer to pay \$20. or if your plans change in any way, you'd better write directly to the Rev. Henry W. Webb, Wiscasset, Maine. Meanwhile, I'll find out what your landlady's name is, or rather, I will save the Webbs a boat of correspondence by asking them to request the landlady to write to you telling you how to get to her house from the station.

Betty has not yet decided just when she will go to Maine, but she will probably be in Wiscasset before you arrive. You needn't worry, however, lest she disturb your sleep, as she knows you want to be let alone. Even I will let you alone if you give the word.

Jim is off today for Colorado, whither the rest of his family has preceded him. Barbara had a bad case of ivy-poisoning, which has been aggravated out there by horseback-riding, so the saddle is forbidden her till she recovers. They are in a camp high in the Rockies where it is very cold o' nights. I'm sending each of the children one of the new Washington quarter-dollars, which I hope they may not

have seen.

You know, of course, that Wiscasset is not in the path of the totality of the eclipse, & we shall have to drive south that morning, the 31<sup>st</sup>. We can decide later whether to return to Danbury that same day, but with you to help me drive, I don't think I should mind the length of the trip.

I shall leave Woodstock probably the morning of the 22<sup>nd</sup> & go from there to Maine via Bennington, Vermont, & Peterboro & Manchester, New Hampshire. If I pass through Coxsackie, I shall probably call in to say Hello to your people. I want to find out what I can about this new college (it is called 'Experimental') at Bennington, & I want to see my musical friends at the Mac Dowell colony & my old teacher, Dr. Goetschius, in Manchester. It seems too bad to take all that lovely trip alone, but I can console myself by reflecting that I shall be the freer to visit by the way.

I am toiling away at the Brahms C-minor Trio. It is just a little beyond my pianistic powers, & very ungratefully written for the instrument, but the music is male & muscular, & my labors in the garden have put me in fair shape to lay about me with the Brahmsian battle-ax.

Guy Harrison & Lucille were in Danbury on Tuesday, visiting at a farm over Newtown way, & he called me up. I went over to see them, & took him the Alice score. He said very comforting things about the scoring & seemed to like the music. He said he would play one or two of the dances with his orchestra early next season, which was very handsome of him.

Have you seen anything of Harold Tweedy this summer? I hear he has been at the Harvard Summer School, & I cannot imagine his failing to look you up. I should like to know whether he is seriously interested in psycho-analysis, & if so, why!

I have many more things to impart to you, but I use my hands too much, as it is, & I must go easy till after the 21<sup>st</sup>. My love to you, always. — Donald

Sat. Evg. 13 Aug. '32.

Caro Amico :-

I may as well start a letter tonight, to be finished in time to reach you before you leave Cambridge. Your news of your father only proves what rest can do. See to it that you gain eight pounds while in Wiscasset! I hope you can discover a good place to go in bathing.

Wiscasset is technically a harbor town, but if my memory is correct, one has to go miles to bathe. As for going naked, I doubt the possibility.

Mother + Betty go up there together on Monday. Mother will stay at the Inn, Betty at the Webbs', where I shall be also when I come. I may be delayed by having to go out to Rochester on the 22<sup>nd</sup> yes, about the house. And no George to companion me, worse luck! But you perceive, I reckon, that you cannot escape the Tweedies.

We hoped to find a train direct from Bridgeport to Portland. There is one, but it runs at night, + Betty hates sleepers. So they have to go through Boston + make that

inevitable transfer from South Station to North. They are taking the Pine Tree express which leaves Boston at 3.30 Standard, & connects with the Wiscasset train at Portland. You will probably take the same train two days later, - three if you do not leave till Thursday. Maine is on Standard Time anyway, in case you didn't know.

It is good of you to invite me to dine with your family, but if I am bound for Maine, I shall probably pass through Coxsackie before ten in the morning. I want to have some time in Bennington & pass the night in Peterboro. But I shall pause long enough to say 'Hello' to such of your family as are at home. I appreciate your thought of me none the less. - If I am bound for Rochester, I shall not touch Coxsackie at all, but I might drive up there from Woodstock on Saturday, tho not without first telephoning.

I want to say again how glad I am you are going somewhere where you can catch up with yourself, so to speak. Don't let your landlady be tyrannical about breakfast. Stipulate that

you are not to be expected to appear at breakfast, because sleep is far more important to you now than food, in spite of the eight-pound ideal! New Englanders are apt to be fussy about meal-times + attendance at the table, but you can pretend to be a semi-invalid, convalescing from Harvarditis, - or need you pretend?

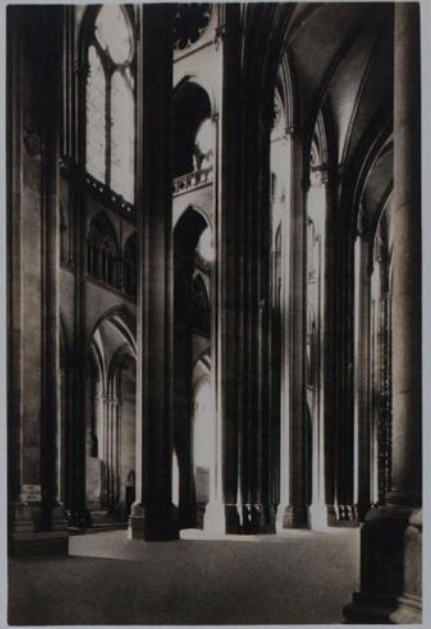
I am getting along fair to middling with the Brahms Trio. It is rather fun to wade in + sock 'em right + left. I have stipulated that there shall be a doctor + a piano-tuner in attendance next Sunday.

Monday Evg. - I motored Mother + Betty down to Bridgeport this morning, + they are in Wiscasset by this time if all went well. Mother is very nervous, + I am glad for her sake that she can get away for a few weeks. Betty seems pretty well, for her, much better in every way than when she returned to this country, + I hope she will keep so.

I spent the late afternoon hours in the garden, cultivating. The garden has done very well this summer, + it is now in that semi-wild, tangled state, that makes it difficult to give it a thorough cultivation. The first Helium bloomed yesterday, + the first Japanese Anemone today. That is unusually early, + is due to the mild winter, I suppose. The pebbles are in its glory, + we have great quantities of zinnias, annual larkspur, morning glories, + other annuals. The hollyhocks are over, but the plumepoppy is still stately, + the monkshood is all in bloom in the 'shady' bed.

There is full moon tonight. A slant along the lawn under the trees + is glamorous + beautiful. I feel lonely + long for the companionship of one who loves this lovely spot as much as I do. But I suppose I can forget all that by staying inside + finishing the piano.

Get Betty to tell you about the Harrisons (Guy Fraser + Lucille) + about the 2 plays we've seen in Westport this summer. I send you a prodigious hug. Your Donald



*The Nave*  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY.

Tues. Aug. 16, 1932.

Dear George: - I visited the Cathedral in New York the other day, & got these cards for you. I forgot to tell you in my letter of yesterday that I saw Joseph Cleland, met him at a bus, where we had a lively chat. He is teaching singing at Ohio Wesleyan University in Delaware, Ohio, & seems contented there. His voice has much improved, he says. Last year he studied in Munich, but I don't think he learned much German. He is roly-poly now, & still carries that conspicuous & stern about with him.

I was in New York to make some pre-preliminary investigations looking toward the placing of my ballet. I had a talk with Sawyer of the N. Y. Tribune. He is a peculiar cuss, & I suspect he's rather a light-weight when it comes to digging deep. He seems to be a kind of theatrical promoter, & writes the Tribune stuff on the side. At any rate, he now knows that I exist, & that may one day be an advantage.



THE SANCTUARY  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY.

I saw George Wedge at the Juilliard School. He wants me to come & see him at his summer place in Maine, & we might all drive up there while Jim is in Wisconsin. Then you can drive the others to Mount Desert or Blue Hill while I spend a few hours with Wedge. How would that strike you?

I wanted to see the Albertina Rasch-Dmitri Tioukin program at the Stadium that evening, but it rained quite promptly at 8 P.M. & the immense crowd had to go home frustrated. In the afternoon, therefore, I had time to visit the cathedral. - The interior is very fine, & the nave gives the impression of great height. The detached pillars spring up beautifully to the lofty vaulting & the detailed ornament is kept simple & restrained. The present glass is, I suppose, temporary, but if they cannot



PETER STUYVESANT  
*Sculpture by John Angel*  
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY.

get something comparable to the work of the 13<sup>th</sup> - 14<sup>th</sup> centuries, they had better have the windows as they are.

The Sanctuary you have seen, tho it is as yet minus the mosaics that were to bedizen the vaulting.

I do not like the exterior, nor the plan of the completed cathedral. A model is on view in the nave, & the impression is cold. The original 'Romanesque' plan had at least the merit of individuality. It looked like no other building that I know, & it was massive & Franciose. But Ralph Adams Cross is tipped on 'Gothic', & his design, while lighter in effect than the first plan, is to me less impressive & more stereotyped. The exterior of the nave, so far as it is finished, looks machine-made, emotionless. - I thought you would relish this image of the old Patron Governor. It is in the Baptistry, but the stone-carver could not do John Angel's model justice.

Yours, Donald

8 Sept. '32.

Dear George: - Hardly had you left when the weather took a sharp turn toward freezing. I went for an experimental walk yesterday morning & found a delightful forest road this side of Haviland Hollow. After walking an hour & a half, I rested on a great flat stone & took all my clothes off. There was water in a small cavity nearby, just enough to wash my feet! It was the most recuperative 'pause' I ever experienced, & I think I have proved to my own satisfaction that the sun is a great restorer. After I had dressed & gone on, I found evidence of systematic trail-clearing, & fresh prints of horse hoofs. So I suspected my friend Mr. Walter Merritt (brother of the lady with whom you once played Contract!) had been busy, & had not gone a mile farther when Walter & his brother Nelson rode up behind me & were much surprised to find me so far from home. In fact, I was too far to get back for lunch, so Walter brought me home in his car after

I had followed them to his house. He invited me to go horseback-riding this morning, & I went, tho I've not been on a horse for so long a time in over 15 years. There were four of us with Mrs. Walter, & I was a bit scared when they brought out an animal named Freddie who used to belong to Rudolph Valentino & who, they said, had a habit of rearing when mounted. 'What'll I do when he rears?', I inquired. 'O, he won't rear if he's held', said Walter, & held him. Well, it was fun, & they've made miles of trails which are all just as good for walking as for riding. I'm a little sore as to buttocks, but hope to escape having my breakfast off the mantelpiece tomorrow.

I'm working afterwards now, & Alice is the better for her 'pause', I think.

I hope you gave your family our messages, especially Annie's to your mother, & that you found them all well.

It was great to have you here. Donald

Sunday Evg.

[12 Sep 1932]

Carissimus :-

I want this letter to greet you on your birthday + bring you so many good wishes that, were they material, the envelope could hardly be forwarded for 3¢.

Birthdays, I think, should be very important days, because a year, in retrospect, can really be summarized + analyzed intelligently, + a year in prospect can be planned with good hope of realization, at least along its major lines.

What you feel as you look back upon the last twelve months, I cannot know surely, but I think you must be happy at having arrived at certain conclusions + made certain choices. If it is any comfort or cheer to you to feel that I am back of you with all my heart in the conclusion about mathematics + the choice about Exeter, I can assure you that I

most decidedly are.

As I see it, the alteration of your course in the direction of economics is correct. You have a good analytical mind. You can pull things to pieces & describe the functions of their parts. You are not so good at invention, speculation, what is sometimes called creative thinking. This was probably what stopped your interest in mathematics. At the point where you should have gone ahead on your own momentum, you began to slow down. Free-wheeling will not carry one far up-hill! I won't push the motor analogy farther, but it is clear there was not much energy being developed by the G. B. Vauclain engine.

One might diagnose the trouble as due to defective handling, — a system of education which, broadly speaking, aims at the acquisition of information rather than the power to think, — but the trouble seems to me to be structural. You were not built to run on mathematics as fuel. (I am pushing the motor analogy for all it's worth!)

I believe that you are a 'bore' teacher, that is, that it does not matter what you teach. You

perfectly certain that you could even teach music, so long as you could manage without putting your finger on a keyboard! I mean that you could woke in students the ability to think about any subject on which you were informed. That is why it is perfectly logical for you to earn your living teaching mathematics.

I once said, & I still think, that your ultimate place may be in an administrative office. I could enlarge upon your qualifications to be the ideal Dean. Keep that somewhere in the back of your head.

It seems to me that it must be clear to you that a career as an academic economist is possibly closed to you. To qualify as a teacher of economics in any university you would consider means more training, more taking of courses, more passing of examinations. If you envisage a professional career as an academic economist, I throw up my hands! And all I could say would be to gasp that you must have a whacking appetite for punishment.

As an educator with a taste for economics, you might find a very interesting field open to you. I mean, the relation of educational institutions to society, to the state, their economic financing, etc. On this subject, a doctor's thesis could be written, & you could write it. And you'd love the work it entailed.

If you were conscientiously to develop your writing technic, it would stand you in good stead. That is why I wish you would write more 'profound' letters, as you put it the other day. You know I'm a good correspondent, - that I like to talk to you on paper, not merely tell you what I'm doing or going to do. It takes time, but one trains oneself in the art of communication. My appetite to know what you are thinking is voracious, & I wish you would take more pains to satisfy it than you are inclined to. You write well when you try to: English it wasn't wasted on you, & I have only to pull one of your letters of seven years ago out of my files to prove it. If you won't do this, then keep a journal. Now that you haven't reams of notes on courses to 'write up', perhaps you'll 'write down'

more stuff with random ideas.

At any rate, from the standpoint of your career, — & by that I principally mean the achievement of a good strategic place for being of as much real use in the world as your abilities warrant, — keep the postman busy. Keep in touch with the people you like, & put yourself into your letters, so that they will feel the reality of you & their friendship will stir & be invigorated. I say this out of my own experience. I have never behaved as if my place, my career, were to be in music or the teaching of it till the last couple of years. I lost touch with a dozen men who wished me well & with whom it has been practically impossible to re-establish a viable contact. Now I have learned my lesson, & I hold on to those I care for with all my might. You know me well enough to know that that does not mean those that are 'influential' merely. What it costs me to treat with a man who can help me in

my career, but for whom I entertain opinions that I should be wise to keep to myself, - must be put down in sadness to 'emotional overhead'. I will play politics if I must, but there's no joy in the process.

In sum, I have come slowly to see that we are rarely self-sufficient when we need a job. We must know people, + the more of them there are, the wider the choice of a position will be. You can never tell from what quarter the opportunity may turn up for which you have been waiting all your life. One need not push oneself, but one can at least be oneself, + strive to fit that self to conditions as they actually are. This means being communicative, to say the least.

At Exeter, you will be pretty definitely 'in the provinces', as the French say. You will get in to Boston occasionally, - perhaps nearly every week-end, - but that will take money, + you ought to reserve at least \$500. for your trip to Europe next summer. (If you knew the ropes, 2 months abroad would cost you

less than that, but your first trip had better have a fairly generous allowance.) I have a feeling that you will like Exeter after you get used to it. You may find that it is a more lively place than Cambridge! At any rate, you can keep alive yourself; books alone will do that, but when your eyes are tired, use your tongue. The gentle art of conversation ought to flourish in a boys' school. Sniff + wag your tail, + bark when things smell good.

I haven't yet heard from Betty when she wants to be brought to Danbury. But, whenever it is, I plan to go up via Cambridge, where I shall call on Dr. Davison + Florence Bray, + go on to you late in the afternoon. I shall probably have to leave Exeter before the middle of the next morning, but I am ready to do whatever you tell me to do while I'm with you.

With this letter goes Stuart Chase's New Deal. We had time to read nine chapters of it, to my immense edification, + I've interested Father in it so that he has agreed to accept another copy for his birthday, which is the 22<sup>nd</sup> of this month. I should be very much interested to know what you think of it. Father got going on Russia today, + since ~~he~~ I felt he probably knew less about that country than even I, I hunted up Iliu's New Russia's Primer and now he is not so sure that Russia is anathema. Chase seems impressed by what Russia has already accomplished, + perhaps he will help Dad to begin thinking about economics, which will mean the abandonment of certain cherished dogmas.

That I miss you most sorely goes without saying. I think the whole family does, they speak of you so frequently without any prompting from prejudiced me. Annie has been squatting on the floor behind me bathing Father's foot, now much better! She says to send you her very best birthday wishes. Mother + Father send theirs also. And I bless the 18<sup>th</sup> of September for bringing you into the world, + am more than grateful that you eventually got into my world. Love to you. — Donald

22 Sept. '32.

Dear George: -

It was good to hear from you at last. This is just to tell you that I am not going to Wiscasset & therefore not to Exeter. The trip seemed very uneconomical, & when it transpired that the Bowdoin idea was not on solid feet, I decided 'd better stay at work here. I hope it may be possible for me to have a look at you & Exeter later in the year.

Couldst you get them to hire me for a series of talks on music? Or design in music, to be specific. Who has charge of music at Exeter & what is he like? What does he do besides the usual organ-playing & glee-club conducting? Your devoted Donald

10 Terrace Place,  
Danbury.

29 Sept. 1932.

Dear George: -

Just a note to tell you all plans are changed & Betty & I are going to live in New York this winter. I have just spent two whole days looking for an apartment that is right & that we can afford, & I'm lame with city pavements & climbing flights of stairs. And we seen everything from squalor to splendor. Finally decided on a two-room apartment with good kitchenette & bath at 223 East 50th St. We move down on Monday next, the 3<sup>d</sup>, & so when you write again, address me there. The apartment is small, but it can be made very attractive, I think, & it is the better for Betty that it is small. We have already resolved not to have anyone in for meals, tho we shall have evening parties once in a while. Do write soon & tell us all about Exeter. My love to you. Donald

223 E. 50<sup>th</sup> St.

New York.

4 Oct. '32.

Carissimo: -

Your two letters arrived together this morning, + I must write to you at once to tell you how profoundly I appreciate your willingness to begin now to reimburse me for the money I advanced to you while you were at Harvard. This was in no sense a 'loan', of course. It was a sharing of my surplus at a time when I could afford to share it, + if you had never been able to return it, that would have made no difference. That you feel you can now help me, when I am in something of a pinch, is good news indeed, + I bless you for seeing the need + responding to it. But I hope you can still take that trip abroad next summer! I could still 'carry on', if the payments you propose to me would mean you could not

carry out your plan to travel. You must re-assure me on this point, for this was the reason for going to Exeter, above all other reasons, was it not?

You are a clever child, + I detect a certain undertone of commiseration in your remarks about our venture in New York. Well, I don't know that we can stand the hurly-burly, but if it were not for other people's radios, we should certainly make the attempt. That we shall make it is not yet positively certain. We are here, + Betty likes the apartment, but the noise is such that we cannot talk from one room to the next, + yesterday evening the people directly below us ran a loud-speaker-radio from 6<sup>30</sup> to 9<sup>30</sup> + again between 10 + 11, while they had it going again before we were dressed this morning. And when it is on, all possibility of peace departs. With our nervous temperaments + me trying to think music,

The outcome might well be disastrous.

I have not signed a lease, tho I have paid a month's rent in advance. I have not yet seen the owner, but now that I know what we are up against, we may decide to withdraw before our bridges are burned behind us. Betty may not like many more years, + why should I ask her to live in a place where her nerves will be continually frayed? I can't.

I will reply to your long letter as soon as I can. Meanwhile, my love, husband of it, to which Betty joins here.

your  
Donald

Don't visit to New York again till you hear from me. In emergency, write to Pauline.

# 1932 - Red Star Line Sailings - 1933

## PENNLAND and WESTERNLAND

TOURIST the Highest Class on Board — Third Class Also Carried

## MINNETONKA and MINNEWASKA

Formerly First Class Only — Now TOURIST Class Exclusively

We are pleased to give you below revised and extended schedule of sailings in our Red Star Line service for the balance of 1932 and for 1933:

From NEW YORK To ANTWERP				From ANTWERP To NEW YORK			
Via Southampton and Havre (Calling at Halifax where noted)				Via Havre and Southampton (Calling at Halifax where noted)			
*PENNLAND	- -	Friday, October 7	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, October 7	
*MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, October 14	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, October 21	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, October 21	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, November 4	
*PENNLAND	-	Friday, November 4	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, November 18	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, November 18	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Thursday, December 1	
*PENNLAND	-	Thursday, December 1	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Wednesday, December 14	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Tuesday, December 13	5 p.m.				
*PENNLAND	- -	Friday, December 30	5 p.m.				
		1933					
*PENNLAND	- -	Friday, January 27	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, January 13	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, February 10	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, January 27	
*PENNLAND	-	Friday, February 24	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, February 10	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, March 10	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, February 24	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, March 17	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, March 3	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, March 31	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, March 17	
*WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, April 7	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, March 24	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, April 14	5 p.m.	*MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, March 31	
*PENNLAND	-	Friday, April 21	5 p.m.	*MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, April 7	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, April 28	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, April 14	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, May 5	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, April 21	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, May 12	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, April 28	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, May 19	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, May 5	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, May 26	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, May 12	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, June 2	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, May 19	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, June 9	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, May 26	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, June 16	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, June 2	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, June 23	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, June 9	
MINNEWASKA	-	Saturday, July 1 11.30 a.m.		*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, June 16	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, July 7	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, June 23	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, July 14	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, June 30	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, July 21	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, July 7	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, July 28	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, July 14	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, August 4	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, July 21	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, August 11	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, July 28	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, August 18	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, August 4	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, August 25	5 p.m.	WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, August 11	
*PENNLAND	-	Friday, September 1	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, August 18	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, September 8	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, August 25	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, September 15	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, September 1	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, September 22	5 p.m.	WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, September 8	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, September 29	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, September 15	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, October 6	5 p.m.	PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, September 22	
WESTERNLAND	-	Friday, October 13	5 p.m.	MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, September 29	
MINNEWASKA	-	Friday, October 20	5 p.m.	*WESTERNLAND	- - -	Friday, October 6	
PENNLAND	-	Friday, October 27	5 p.m.	MINNEWASKA	- - -	Friday, October 13	
MINNETONKA	-	Friday, November 3	5 p.m.	*PENNLAND	- - -	Friday, October 20	
				MINNETONKA	- - -	Friday, October 27	

\* Calling at Halifax.  
† Via Southampton only.

For Christmas Abroad

PENNLAND

WESTERNLAND

From  
NEW YORK

Dec. 1, 1932

Dec. 13, 1932

## RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

1 Broadway, New York  
September 30, 1932

R. S. 323-3-6962

5 Oct. '32.

Dear George: - I was down at the International Mercantile Marine today & found that their list is out for next summer. Here it is.

I advise you to engage passage now. Round Trip on Tourist Class is about \$190. - total cost including taxes.

I can make your reservation for you the next time I am in New York, if you will let me know when you wish to sail, or can sail. I am going to try to go on the same boat, but it is only a remote chance, so don't be alarmed. You must also make your reservation, or let me make it, for the return trip, as you will be returning at a crowded time.

As an old traveler, I know it

is necessary to make steamer reservations for the busy season at least 6 months in advance, so think this over!

The Westernland & Penland of the Red Star Line are the best value on the Atlantic, & Antwerp is a good port for South Germany.

D. H. I.

P.S. We hate New York. We are now trying to get out of it as cheaply as possible. Danbury is my address.

Donald

10 Terrace Place,  
Danbury, Conn.

7 Oct., 1932.

Carissimo :- I think there will be time this evening for a response to your recent long letter, which interested me very much + enabled me to enter into your life a little, to picture you more definitely in my mind's eye, + to wish, as always, that we were not quite so widely separated.

I am sorry if the cancellation of the Maine journey spoiled any plans you had made. I was disappointed to have to give up even a brief visit to you, but I did not expect that you would have anything very definite for me to remark upon, + you yourself had said that it would be too soon after the opening of the school for you to have sifted out the musical gravel, - or something to that effect. When they find you are interested in music + know something about it, they may listen to suggestions. Ceter should be a good place to start experiments, + since music is one of the least effectively taught of all the 'cultural' subjects, especially in boys' schools, (it is better taught in the High Schools), - it offers a field for improvement second to none. Sanders is, I take it, an appointee of Surette. Surette has his finger in more pies than you would think possible, + it is a disadvantage to be in his bad books for one who seeks a school- or college- position in the East. I am con-

vinced that he will never forgive me for telling him a few unpalatable truths, but it really makes no difference in the long run. I shall make my own way, & I am confident he shall get his. He is not infallible, ~~his~~ his ideals are sound, but there are ways of teaching music that he has not thought about.

For instance, Exeter's Music 1. The description of this course makes it a thing of lectures & note-books, & I very strongly disbelieve in lecture-courses for adolescents. The musical illustrations are all right, & if the course is sympathetically given, it probably is educative to a certain degree. Everything depends on how it is administered, but the requirement of note-books at the end of the term rouses my suspicions. If "the primary elements of music, acoustics, orchestral instruments, forms, & history" are all included in a course that meets one hour a week & devotes more than half that hour to musical illustrations, he must be a clever teacher who could so present these subjects to boys that they would become intelligently informed about any one of them. For, I take it, they are listening & being talked to & writing down what is said to them, & that doesn't allow much opportunity for thinking. This is typical Swette, for Saint Thomas liked to talk. He talks well, he entertains, but the process is better suited to women's clubs than to boys' schools.

As for Music 2, it prepares the student to write & I see the shiny trail of the College Entrance Requirements. Therefore it is suitable only for the boy who intends to become a professional musician, & how many of them are there in Exeter? Again, musical dictation, if it is harmonic, presupposes a degree of tonal perception that is lamentably rare even among conservatory students, as I know to my despair. Can it go far enough to

justify the time it takes? I should be much interested to know how many take this course & what they gain from it other than the ability to pass an exam in Harmony. There is no reason why all who read music should not take a course in Harmony, because the subject can be so taught that the person who can sing or play from notes can understand it in a very short time. If it is taught with the experience of music first, through singing in parts or singing with piano accompaniment, & then passing to a consideration of what has been musically experienced, a consideration which adopts arbitrarily the harmonic point-of-view, the principles of harmonic procedure can be absorbed with few pains. I think learning to write harmony, especially to give basses, is a painful toil, & if you are not to be a composer, what use is all that toil? It takes time which, for the average youngster who likes music & wants to know all he can about it, might better be spent on ~~a~~ less arduous & more artistically rewarding modes of approach. To <sup>study to</sup> write harmony is to attempt a task which I think principals & deans would be less tolerant of if they realized that it is peculiarly similar to studying to write history. Far-fetched as this comparison may seem, & quick as the average educated person would be to exclaim in derision, I insist that harmony & history

have much in common. For harmony is a set subject, a delimited field. The facts of the key<sup>1</sup> in music are like the facts in history which can be documented. The notions, the patterns of harmony are as rigorous as the scale + the conventions of chord-progression, which are usually proclaimed as immutable, + there is small scope for the fancy or for real invention. So in history, if you give fancy free rein, your work becomes romantic rather than scientific, + you are restrained from invention if you have any regard for your reputation as a historian.

On the other hand, finding out about harmony is as fascinating as finding out about history; harmony is an aspect of music as history is a way of looking at the record of human life; if it were so taught, harmony could be taught to all who can read music, + the only difficult thing about it would be the acquiring of a technical apparatus, including the ability to read.

Of course, I could go on and on and on, + I probably shall do so after I've gone to bed tonight. But 'the ability to read' gives me pause. I am not sure but what the best service a school could render the art of music would be to teach the reading of it. The technicality of that every principal + dean would appreciate, + the subject would be approached with proper circumspection. If the writing of harmony were regarded with equal caution, there would be fewer schools

to grant the subject their indulgence. But as long as 'Harmony', meaning the writing of "a correct + musical four-part harmony to a given melody or bass" continues to be a college entrance elective, I presume the preparatory schools will continue to regard it as a nice thing to be able to 'offer'.

I don't remember Landers, but he needn't know that fact. He ought to find you a valuable ally. If he proves to have an entity of his own + to have ideas on what is wrong with music education in America, you might persuade him + the powers above him, to invite me to lecture, - to give a lecture, - at Exeter, provided you think I could speak out of my experience in a way which would be helpful there. Perhaps it would be preferable to have everything casual. But if Exeter is setting out on new paths, their officers should certainly envisage the desirability of renovating the entire process of teaching music in preparatory schools, + I could most certainly furnish them with a set of blue-prints to that specification.

I mention this only because you have hinted at something of the sort, + because I want a good excuse for coming to see you. But, aside from all personal considerations, I care, as you well know,

about music and about a better way of understanding it. If that cause can be served, I am ready to undertake the mission. I think I ought to tell you, however, that I am not a good table-talker. I am much more at my ease when the subject is set & I know exactly what is expected of me. Well as you know me, you perhaps do not know that I am diffident with strangers & am at my worst when I must make headway against a social atmosphere that is not predisposed in some degree in my favor. Some men can talk anywhere & everywhere & the difficult thing is to get a word in edgewise in rejoinder. You remember Ernst Bloch, to whom speech is an incredibly easy form of self-expression, who loves, as they say, to hear himself talk & who cares nothing for the give-and-take of real conversation. I am not at all of that breed. My stage has to be set, & my soap-box has to be in position. So please bear that in mind when you feel the time is ripe!

I should like to see Myron Williams again. I wrote him a note about you, but it probably wasn't needed. What sort of a chap has he become?

Of course I was interested in your rooms & their furnishing, & am curious to know what you finally did about the study rug. If it is a warm color, you may find it preferable to small rugs. On the other hand, if your floor is sufficiently rich & dark in itself, you may not like to cover it up.

It is good to feel, as I do from your letter, that you have what might be called a 'standard of living', - not meaning two bathrooms + a motor car, but a sense of order + purpose. With your tact + your innate consideration for the feelings of others, I know you can be trusted to bring order + purpose into whatever you set your mind to, - only be persistently your best self, which means, be gentle + tenacious at the same time. If your department is not well run, its organization can be changed in good time, + if an individual is responsible for its ill-management, either he can be influenced diplomatically or he can be removed, and the more diplomatically, the better. At any rate, what you are yourself responsible for you can make as nearly perfect as conscientious effort will make it. I think you are right to trust Mr. Rogers. Only don't give <sup>anybody</sup> your opinion when that opinion is 'critical' till you are asked, + then be sure of two things, - that <sup>your interlocutor's</sup> integrity is reasonably plain to you, and that ~~you~~ he knows that you are giving him frankness because you trust him. You can even take care to say, "I trust you, and therefore, since you ask me what I really think,

"I will tell you what I would not tell everybody."  
You will never be a yes-man any more than I shall,  
but you will, I hope, be able to say No less tuc-  
lently!

I have written to Morris to give him our news, —  
and I'm glad to have your news of him + of the  
Samudses. I owe Fred a letter, which he shall  
have before long. — I find no evidence that The  
Green Pastures moved you as it did me. But  
then, you never had the Sunday-School + Church  
training that I had, + your memory was probably  
not so frequently touched on a tender spot. I loved  
the play + found much pathos in it.

Your walks make me envious, because you + I  
have been rather balked lately in the matter of walks.  
It has been ideal weather for walking all through  
September, and I have found a region north of  
New Fairfield which is full of beautiful wood-roads,  
— cart-trails through forests + abandoned roads  
that ceased to be used after the main routes were  
paved for automobiles. Also, I have found an  
ideal spot for sun-baths, a great rock where  
the surrounding woods keep off the wind +  
yet there is clearing enough for the full strength  
of the sun to penetrate. A forest-road crosses

this rock, but no one has ever yet come along it when I was there, + I have stripped me naked + pranced all over the place with impunity. I keep my shorts within reach, but as I can see a good distance in both directions along the trail, there is little danger of being surprised. Were you, or any other sun-bather, with me, I should choose another rock, equally sunny + protected, but not so spacious + not on the road.

I won't say much about our venture in New York, but Betty was more unhappy there than I. I think I could have got used to the noises of the city, tho they are sufficiently nerve-racking, but radios above, beneath, + to left + right, were the real cause of our giving up in desperation. Charles took us down in the big Packard, books, trunks, tables, a book-case, cartons full of music, all the paraphernalia for a season's stay, + Charles brought us back yesterday, sadder + wiser.

But there is one ray of comfort. I think Betty is more satisfied now to go away, knowing that I did my best to make it possible for her to stay. I was

ready to continue the search for a possible suite of rooms, but she was convinced that nowhere in New York that we could afford to live should we be out of danger from M. Marconi's useful but abusable invention. So my headquarters will have to be at 10 Terrace Place, while she sails on October 21<sup>st</sup> for Paris. I shall go frequently to New York, perhaps weekly, as I must keep in touch with certain people, but I shall work here, having the piano moved up to the third-story front room, which I shall fix up with some of our furniture. So that's that.

Now as to your steamer-passage. I scribbled that note in the subway, but I hope it was clear. You ought to arrange your sailing-date as far ahead as possible. They usually ask a deposit of \$25. when the reservation is made, but if you wish to cancel it at any time, you may do so, + your money will be refunded. If you will let me know when you want to sail, or can sail, I will make the arrangements + pick out a good room. I will sign up at the same time, in the hope that I may be able to cross the Atlantic with you + start you on your travels at least, but it

is a very slim hope, — still, one can never tell. You have said so very little about what you planned to do that I feel as if I were pushing you a little, but it is important to have good steamer accommodations, & you have to sail during the period when those are at a premium. So pick out a date for the Penland or Westernland, allowing yourself time to go home & see your family, & when you are down on the books for a passage, you can plan all the other details. I might be <sup>obliged</sup> ~~able~~ to go over earlier or not at all, so if at any time you meet someone who is going abroad & want him to sail with you, tell him to get a reservation on your boat, — then, if I drop out, you can arrange to have him transferred to your cabin & won't have to bunk with a stranger, — an experience not always pleasant.

Betty knew all about my helping you at college, — she had always known it since it was knowable, — & she is as pleased as I that you are now able to help me. But I haven't told her that I want

to cross the Atlantic with you, because I don't want  
her to plan to see me at any definite time & then  
be disappointed if I can't make it. I haven't said  
anything at all about the future, - we are simply  
not looking ahead, - but I might as well make  
the necessary preliminaries to a crossing during  
the summer, & then I won't have to take what I  
can get at the last moment, should the trip  
become possible.

With my love, -

Donald

Danbury, 3 Nov. '32.

Your letter, dear George, made me very happy, as you know it would. I told you, our last night together, that I needed no one, that no single individual was necessary to me, & I feel that perhaps this is true as far as daily living is concerned. But I am not quite so independent of you that a whole month without a letter can go by without causing me a little heartache, especially when, with Betty gone, there is no one near me who can give me real companionship. One gets to feeling starved. I used to know fellows here who liked to do the things I like to do. They were perhaps not wholly congenial, but they loved walking & talking & discussing books & plays & politics. There was Allan Penfield, a thoroughly interesting chap, now dead. There was Sylvester Stevens, also dead. (Both these men died mysteriously, - Allan of a long, wasting disease which seemed to eat the flesh right off his bones; I never rightly knew what it was supposed to be, - it looked like starvation. Sylvester died under suspicion of suicide, but it may have been an accident.) With these two gone, there is no one in Danbury who is stimulating to go & see. Hence I am dependent to an extent I think perhaps you do not realize, on an exchange of letters with you in which

the contact wires shall not sag too heavily between pole and pole.

Don't think for a moment that I mean to reproach you, or that I consider that I have any special claim upon you. It is merely that I love you so much that I am impatient of the many things which yet I know are bound to interpose themselves between you and me. I should rather be glad that apartness troubles you so little, and confess that I should be really miserable were you to become importunate.

I have pondered your letter. I feel, or seem to feel, certain sensitive edges in your thought. You are not happy at Exeter yet, + you surmise that you may not easily become so. And you now know more certainly than before that the teaching of mathematics is not going to content you.

I think myself that the difficulty of teaching adolescents is an uphill job, no matter what the subject. And girls are more tractable than boys, at least in present-day America. Our boys never seem to wake up to the essential seriousness of life + work unless they are taken out of school + put up against a job. There is a lot of intellectual inertia in them, + they are not taking any discipline that they can find a way of avoiding. The sole sure way of taming them is through an appeal to their imaginations. By sheer force of will one can hold them to a task, but it is heroworally exhausting + should not be necessary. I know that you are a born teacher, + I believe that by the unremitting effort to impart, you have it in

in you to become a great teacher. Ways + means will reveal themselves more + more the longer you seek them. My own ideal of teaching is that the pupil ideally is the performer + the master the critic, - the pupil is player, the master is coach. I never quite succeeded in attaining my ideal, but I believe in it all the same. Showing people how to do things by doing them oneself is usually unnecessary, although it is always necessary to have done the thing oneself so as to have felt out the mechanics of the process, to have thought it through analytically, + so become an authority. As soon as you 'know your stuff' so that it is as marrow in your bones, you are ready to teach. But then, - I speak of the ideal, - you must never take your coat off + roll your sleeves up + get into the scrimmage yourself except for dramatic effect. When all other means fail, when patience is exhausted, when explanation and telling how + doing the utmost with your tongue still bring you short of the mark, then strip + show your own muscles, - but put your coat right on again. - Looking at it another way, your students are potential mathematicians. At any rate, you can imagine that they are all to profess mathematics! That being the case, the goal is not for one moment the passing of a college entrance exam. That is just a way-station. The real objective is expertness in manipulating numbers + symbols as a pianist must be expert in manipulating the keys of his instrument, + in reading notes. Give them material that is within their powers + then let them go to it. And if they haven't any real aptitude or interest, fire them, - throw them out, as a football coach would unhesitatingly fire an inept or negligent candidate from the squad of which he is boss. You can afford to be indulgent only at their peril, provided your subject is one which is within the student's normal powers.

I perceive that you are in doubt about Algebra, + I think, from what I remember of my own tussle with that subject, that you have every reason to be. But, to return to my football coach, I wish that more of that very healthy moral atmosphere which one finds on the playing-fields could be imported into the class-room. I used to love spelling-matches, when two captains chose sides + we lined up on opposite sides of the room, while the teacher batted a word across the room + back till only one player was left standing. Are mathematics-teams an impossibility? A captaincy in the academy mathematics team might be worth taking pains for!

Of course, ultimately, your commitment at Exeter will depend on your satisfaction in your work. Granted that you intend to get out of mathematics as soon as practically you can, you will

still have to play the rôle assigned to you. You don't need me to tell you to play it right up to the hilt. As the old song says, 'Only God + I know what is in my heart.' All you can do for the time being is to be thankful that you have not a part to play that is much more distasteful, + meanwhile you can be understudying rôles that you would rather act when the time is favorable.

As for friends, you will always make them easily when you want to. Don't hesitate to take the initiative. I'm sorry you are quite so busy + that you get quite so tired, - or 'sleepy', if you prefer. I think you would probably benefit greatly from systematic + regular exercise, not too strenuous + not too prolonged. I mean, you would feel more fit + your vital functions would be stimulated. Is it not possibly the case that ~~the~~ illness of which you told me, when you had to learn to walk all over again, may have altered your physique to an extent that you do not suspect? At any rate, I have watched you enough to know that your physical reserves are limited, that you are not robust, + that your temperament deceives you into the illusion that you are stronger than you really are. Now that you are in the country where the air is pure, you may find that your nerves let you down more frequently. The sensible thing to do would

be to continue to give in to them, i. e. to sleep as much as you feel the need to, but to build up your general health by taking regular exercise. Don't you play squash, - and aren't there courts at Exeter?

Really (now it's Saturday night) - it doesn't do to wait so long between letters. There are too many things I want to communicate to you. I warn you that in the future I shall write whether you write or not!

To summarize:-

I am working in the 3<sup>d</sup> floor front room, which has been re-furnished. My piano was moved up here from the first floor, + with some of Betty's + my furniture, it has become to me, + I think would seem to you, the most livable room in the house. I sleep in the S.E. room, so that windows are not open on the piano at night. Thus I am away from the restlessness of my family + have the seclusion that my nature + my occupation demand.

Betty has been in Paris since the 31<sup>st</sup>. She + Helen are staying at the Hôtel du Danube, 58 rue Jacob. She has instructions to see that Helen returns to you your copy of This Believing World. I shall not hear from her till Wednesday next, as three mail ships dock Tuesday, none till then!

I expect to go to New York pretty regularly every fortnight. Mr. + Mrs. White, friends of ours, have invited me to stay with them whenever I come to the city, + I shall do so, tho they live in Flushing, which is 25 minutes from the Pennsylvania Station. I have

already been done once since Betty sailed, to hear a lecture delivered at Columbia by Henry Hadley. You + I know what we think of Hadley as a musician + a conductor, but he knows everybody, + I feel that thru him I may meet many musicians + amateurs whom it will be of advantage to know. Hadley is not profound, he is sentimental, + his taste is far from impeccable, but he is a loyal + disinterested + generous human being. I took him the first act of my ballet, + I think he was genuinely impressed. He gave me an hour + I played the score as well as I could, + he stood behind my shoulder + read the notes I couldn't play, sometimes singing missing parts. Stood for an hour!

The wonder to me is that no one to whom I have shown my partitions has had anything but praise for the scoring. Henry murmured to just four measures, where the bass seemed to him inadequate, but I was nervously putting in something that wasn't there (in the middle regions), + I think I gave him a false idea of the balance. At any rate, he says it is 'elegant' writing, 'like Ravel', + the Lord knows I couldn't expect higher commendation from a conductor. When I think that I have never heard but one composition of my own scoring, I am astonished that there are so few miscalculations. The truth is, I suspect, that anything that is properly spaced (from the standpoint of the harmony) will sound in the orchestra. Provided you don't write low thirds or seconds, + keep your instruments in their most effective registers, + take care not to cover them up when they must be in their least effective ones, you can't go far wrong.

Well, Henry has invited me to come to four chamber-music recitals to be held in his studio. And, by the way, what a studio! It is two stories high + as deep as your two Stoughton Hall rooms put together, while in back of it is another room that can be thrown in for good measure. He can seat sixty or seventy people easily! The recitals are by four quartets, the Gordon, the Musical Art, the Hans Lange, + the New York. I have never heard the last two + do not know their personnel, but the first two are as good as any we hear nowadays (the Flouzalays having passed). The dates are Nov. 6<sup>th</sup>, Dec. 4<sup>th</sup>, Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup>, + Feb. 5<sup>th</sup>, + they fit into my fortnightly scheme very satisfactorily. I shall know tomorrow what sort of people go to these concerts. They are subscribed for, but I in my poverty am specially invited by the promoter.

I will make the reservations for the Westerland on Monday. Thank you for the check. It was good of you to anticipate the call for the amount of the deposit. Remember that you can cancel your reservation at any time up to within three weeks of sailing, or change to another boat of the same company (International Mercantile Marine which includes Red Star, White Star, American Transport, + some others). One thing more I must know. As long as you know about what time you will be returning, you ought also to make your return reservation. But this you can do yourself when you are in New York at Christmas time. However, I will make a tentative reservation for you for about the end of August, - taking your 'ten weeks away from these United States' literally, - + you can confirm it or change it next month, according to whether the time suits. Since everybody who wishes to come home between Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> + Sept. 15<sup>th</sup>, one has to be fore-handed. With a Return Passage, you can change to any later or earlier <sup>return</sup> sailing even after you get to Europe, provided there is room on the boat. But the best cabins can only be secured by speaking for them

months ahead, tho of course there are always chances that someone else may cancel at the last moment.

In a way, I am obliged to hope that I shall be forced to remain in this country, because if I 'sell' Alice, it may be put into rehearsal next summer, & then I cannot go to Europe. But if we do go together, I should like to go to Holland with you. Landing at Antwerp, Rotterdam is only a few hours away. I take it for granted you would like to make a 'windward tour' of Holland. It is such a tiny country that one can see it in three days & not miss much. One could leave out Rotterdam altogether, spend a night at ~~Haarlem~~<sup>Delft</sup>, one at The Hague, one at Amsterdam, & by careful planning see Haarlem & the Island of Marken into the bargain. The Marken trip is fun because it is done by canal-boat part of the way, but one wouldn't have much time for Amsterdam. As far as I am concerned, Amsterdam has only one attraction: the Ryksmuseum, where the Rembrandts & the Vermeers are. But if I get started planning a trip with you, I shall never finish this letter!

I have to smile a little at your attitude toward 'dances'. Of course, the matter with you is that you didn't learn to dance when you were young. But it is a little strange that so musical a person

as yourself should find dancing difficult. Miss Chapin told me you had no special difficulty with the English Morris, so it can't be a difficulty of muscular co-ordination, as it is with Mr Hastings. Now I like dancing. I would attend more dances if the music were not so abominable. These 'orchestras' of saxophones, traps, & piano give me the jip. — There is another side to it. At dances one meets, — and embraces, — girls & women. If you were physically responsive to the opposite sex, you would take pains to learn to dance. If you learned to dance, you might become physically r. to the o. s. Better learn!

I am terribly sorry that Mo has had his work reduced. He's having hard sledding! I wonder what will happen to him. If only he could learn to write! He has fine qualities of taste, he loves the best, & he's a sterling person. But I wonder whether he can become an artist. Time will tell, & meanwhile I hope life won't be too hard on him. — By the way, of course you are not to tell him or anybody that I plan to cross the ocean with you. I am going to make my reservation in your name, anyway. — two berths for G. B. van D. My name doesn't have to enter in till the tickets are definitively made out, a few weeks before the date of sailing.

I'm glad you've a phonograph. I think they are more musically satisfying than the radio. What Brahms C-minor? Stokowski's? It's the best recording. And what Franck Variations? Cortot & the Hallé Orchestra? It's the only one I know, & I don't like it. Cortot can't play Franck to suit me, & the orchestra sounds like 30¢. The tempos are all wrong, & so is the style.

I'm not sure that I see any special value in the film stunt you suggest, — I mean real value to music education. But we can talk the matter over when we see each other. You would like me to come & make you a visit, & I want to come. But do you want me to come soon? In any case, I cannot come till I have finished the scoring I am now working at, which may take as much as two weeks more. Please tell me when you want me to come & I will try to plan the trip. I must go to Cambridge too.

There is much I've not said, but this will have to do for this time. I wish I might have been with you on the Chocoma trip. But then, I wish you were always within reach! — The family send their love, & I my special love to you. Your Donald



ARCIHO STATUE "APHRODITE"  
GREEK, ABOUT 500 B.C.

THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART

8 Nov. '32.

I am making the Metropolitan Museum my New York Club! I find that it is quite easy to run in there when one has uptown engagements. There is a good cafeteria + a free cloak-room + it helps one to fill in time between appointments. There are always a lot of things one has never seen before, the collection is so vast. This fellow on the other side is a new accession. In spite of the conventions of sculpture in the years around 600 B.C., he is surprisingly alive. If you put your thumb over his head, with its disturbing expression + disproportion, you will see why he is a 'find' which the museum can be proud of. I walked through all the painting galleries yesterday + wished you were with me. There are quite a number of nice recent American paintings that were new to me. And that lovely girl of Louis David's is well-lighted now. Ronald

# Hans Lange String Quartet

Sunday evening, November 6th, 1932

## PROGRAM

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3. W. A. MOZART - Quartet No. 10, F major  
Allegro moderato  
Allegretto  
Menuetto allegretto  
Allegro
2. HENRY HADLEY, Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello  
Allegro moderato  
Allegro molto vivace (Scherzo)  
Andante tranquillo  
Allegro con fuoco  
*Composer at the Piano*
1. A. MOSSOLOV - String Quartet No. 1, Op. 24  
Andante non troppo  
Adagio  
Scherzo  
Finale—Allegro molto risoluto

---

HANS LANGE	ZOLTAN KURTHY
ARTHUR SCHULLER	PERCY SUCH

15 West 67th Street

(8 Nov 52)  
The Lange Quartet is good, tho they  
don't obliterate the Flouzalays from my  
memory!

Mr. Mosakow is a young Soviet  
composer with a prodigious technical  
mastery. At first hearing, this com-  
position was formidable, - a good  
deal of sulphuric acid in its chemistry.  
He treats the quartet like an orchestra,  
& I must say I was fascinated by some  
of the tonal effects. Mr. Lange told me  
that they have played it now for more  
than a year & still like it! Henry spoke  
the truth when he told us that 'after  
this piece, my Trio is going to seem like  
an ice-cream soda'. At the end, it was  
good to hear a little great music, un-  
pretentious, subtly beautiful. - There is  
no one who has done more with simple  
material than Mozart.

The International Mercantile Marine  
have not yet opened their bookings for  
next July, but I have bespoken a cabin  
for us & they are to let me know promptly.  
Meanwhile, I'll deposit your check. D.U.T.

Danbury, 18 Nov. '32.

Dear George: -

I'm terribly sorry you've been ill, & trust that the serious part is already vorbei. I go to N. Y. tomorrow for over Sunday, so am just scrawling these few words to respond to your welcome 'Nello'.

It doesn't look as tho I could come to Exeter before your Christmas vacation. I have to be in New York on Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> & the week-end of the 11<sup>th</sup> is too late, isn't it? I mean that as long as there is no special reason for me to come before Christmas, & as long as I shall see you (D. V.) in New York & possibly here during

your vacation, there would be no point in my running up to New Hampshire just previously.

We want you, we all want you, to come here as a matter of course during your vacation. I don't know what your plans are, but at whichever end of your holidays you can manage it, if only for over-night, you will be warmly welcome. I can meet you in New York for a spree + bring you back here.

If Morris should re-nig on you again at the last moment, let me know!

With my love, + the wish that Ceter were not quite so distant,  
your Donald

Danbury, 22 Nov. '32.

Carissimus:—

I have been sitting here bawling over Schubert songs. Yes, just that. Some of them almost break my heart, they are so beautiful. Now I wish I could hear them sung as they should be! But singing, to match these songs, must be perfect. And that is so rare! Rarer than any other gift. To have both the voice + the artistry. For in most of his finest songs, Schubert lets the voice come out clear against a resonant background, vividly outlined, luminous, as a painter lights the figure of his portrait + provides it with a background rich yet sombre. Such is, for example, the song Nacht und Träume, to words by Schiller. Nothing could be simpler. The accompaniment never changes rhythm. It is monochromatic, dark, full of shadows darker still, + the two hands play throughout in the Bass clef. Yet how marvelously Schubert understood the sonorities of the piano and its essential idiom! A pianist who shares that understanding can evoke magical things with this accompaniment. It is, I suspect, a 'man's song', that is, it fits the timbre and the pitch of a man's voice better than it does that of a woman, who must necessarily sing an octave higher. But, man or woman, the voice must

have richness, delicacy, purity, sensitivity. Everything will be heard, faults + virtues, because the vocal line is so exposed. And if well sung, then the lovely contours of the melody will take on life; there will be breath for the slow, sustained phrases, so that they will not lose their quality at the ends, the tones will have the significance of the words, and a masterpiece will have been re-created. I used to think I preferred Schumann's songs to Schubert's, + Brahms's to either. Now I know that neither Schumann nor Brahms was as fine as Schubert, nor does the first surpass him in passion (as I once thought) nor the second in beauty of structure. For while Schubert wrote too much, + there are uninteresting + commonplace songs, the best are incomparable. There is in them an adaptation of means to ends which is as sensitive as the feelers of an ant, so quick is the music to reflect the subtlest change in mood of the text, — and everything comes about with such economy of material, yet so much casual loveliness, or so it seems. But it is not casual: it is calculated. Here the phrase 'the art that conceals art' applies. The thing may be simple, but it is right; not a note could be changed without loss.

Thanksgiving Day. —

I am tired to death, + why, I don't know, but perhaps it is because I sat up the half of last night reading Booth Tarkington's Wau-ton Mally. It is the same order of thing as Monsieur Beaucaire but not quite as good, I think, tho it is witty + deftly put together.

I read your article on Technocracy, + have done a little belly-hooping for it. It is an eye-opener. I hope that before they get through they will have a constructive program to set before us. If ruin lies ahead on the road along which we have been dancing so merrily, what is the right road? I admit that a correct diagnosis (if this one is correct, + it looks to be) is the indispensable prerequisite of a cure, but the prescription has still to be written. And I could wish that an abler pen than Mr. Parrish's or Mr. Scott's were expounding the problem. Scott is a terror with his "process of decision arbitration" and his "discontinuous waves of technological advance" which "raise the consumption of energy per capita". Even Stuart Chase talks about "technological temerousness" whereby he means the risks of developing only one or two industries in a given area. These users of big words do their cause a disservice, especially when it is vital that they be understood by men of little learning. I shall give my father that article to read, but the style of some of it will irritate him. Father has read 'A New Deal', + it got him in spite of 'technological temerousness', 'laissez-faire', + other such verbiage.

Last Saturday was Marguerite's birthday (Betty's too) + she wanted to be taken to New York to see a play. So Mother + Jim + I went with her to see Rachel Crothers's When Ladies Meet. It is a clever but somewhat over-sophisticated piece, not too well acted, with an unlikely plot + a lame + impotent conclusion. I was chiefly interested because I've met Miss Crothers + liked her. She lives in Redding + is a civilized human being. I inveigled my family into staying down + going to hear Ruth Draper in the evening. She is our greatest actress even if she never acts in 'plays'. She interprets humanity as a portrait-painter does, + tho she is the only person on the stage, she peoples it better than many dramatic producers are able to. In one of her so-called 'monologues', which she entitles 'In a Church in Italy',

she is in turn an American school-teacher chaperoning a group of girls + women who have come to Europe to 'see art', a toothless Italian hag who shows an altar-piece to tourists, a young Italian girl who makes an assignation with her lover, a German spinster aunt who is traveling in Italy with her family, + finally a devout Italian mother who says nothing, but kneels before the madonna with that ineffable gesture of self-abnegation which one sometimes sees in Catholic churches + which I always feel it a profanation to gaze upon. Well, each of these portraits is incredibly life-like, - they are not 'impersonations', they are 'incarnations', for the very body of the actress seems to change. She uses no make-up, + only a few accessories of costume, - a veil, a hat, a pair of spectacles, a shawl. Yet she is by turns old, young, middle-aged, matronly, girlish, old-maidish, beautiful, ugly, alluring, repulsive, cold, warm, vigorous, decrepit, virginal, wanton. In one evening she can run the gamut of the body + the soul, +

each body fits its soul while all are different, such is the magic of her artistry. If you have never seen her, you must on no account miss her if she comes to Boston this winter.

I stayed overnight in Flushing + went to see Martha Graham dance at the Guild Theatre on Sunday afternoon. I could imitate her better than I could describe her, but most of the time I was perplexed to know what she was up to. She danced to nothing but the most 'advanced' music. I heard Copland's Piano Variations for the first time, + hated them. There were pieces by Chavez, + Villa-Lobos, + Kodaly, + Louis Horst, + Ernst Toch. Before half an hour had gone by, I was longing for a major-triad or even a perfect fifth! It was all very jejune, + I think the music was mostly sterile too. We have had this sort of thing in religion with the flagellants + in sexual relations with the sadists + masochists, but these composers who lacerate

the body of music + exhibit it as a thing for aesthetic contemplation seem to me just perverse. As for Miss Graham, she is a talented contortionist + everything she does apparently means something to her, but I confess I seldom understand it. There were movements, often rhythmically interesting, passing through a posture. There were passages one could have labelled as corporeo label music, - expressive, decisive, deliberate, measured, apathetic, tragic, evangelical, - + perhaps this is all she is after, - abstractness, the lyric rather than the dramatic. But what she had her group of girls with her on the stage, there seemed to be some ritualistic if not dramatic intent, yet all I could think of was a female dramatic syllabus out for an airing. I can't imagine this sort of thing 'going over big' at Radio City. If Morris is with you where you receive this, give him + my blessing + tell him I will answer his good letter soon. I have definitely given up all thought of getting to Essex this term, but am looking forward to seeing you during the Christmas holidays. - With my love always, Donald

29 Nov., 1932.

Caro Giorgino: -

I have your letter mailed yesterday + the enclosed checks, for both of which I am more than grateful, + your request for Betty's address shall be promptly satisfied. (Apropos of shall + will, did you see the dictum of the English-Teachers' conference? - they have decided to regard them as synonymous. As you had already anticipated their decision in your practice, I am sure you were pleased.) Betty + Helen are at the Hôtel du Danube, 58 rue Jacob, Paris 6. Has Helen ever returned to you your copy of this Believing World? I gave Betty both verbal + written admirations concerning it, but she may have no effect on her sister, who is insensitive + indifferent to the problem of private property provided she gets

what she wants.

You are a peach to invite me to be your guest in New York. I will try to behave guest-like, but it is such an unusual experience for me that I'm liable to make almost any blunder. To begin with, I can at least make such reservations as you want made, as I shall be in New York this week-end + probably again on the 15th. So let me know your pleasure, + for the theatre it would be well that I know it at once. You know already what I have seen. The addition of Eva would give me great pleasure, - just like having two Georges instead of one!

I am speaking over the radio this Friday evening from station W. I. C. C. in Bridgeport, pinch-hitting for my father who has 'microphobia'. It's part of the 'Share-the-Work' campaign, and Dad is sharing his work with me, you see. The hour is 9<sup>15</sup>, but what the wave-length is, I can't tell you. If you listen in, don't imagine that I am eloquent in behalf of my own sentiments! your devoted Donald

30 Nov. '32.

Carissimo: - I have just had a great experience: I have heard & seen Helen Keller. She spoke at the High School Auditorium in behalf of the American Foundation for the Blind. It was strangely moving to look at that sensitive face, awake now to so much that it might never have known had it not been for her great teacher, Mrs. Macy, & to feel that indomitable spirit that had triumphed over such desperate difficulties & handicaps. A dauntless, heroic woman, if ever there was one! Unfortunately, Mrs. Macy was unable to come with her, but we saw them together in the movies a few weeks back. Her speech is a miracle. I suppose one could get used to it & be able to understand it all, but listening intently with my two

good ears, I could pick up only a word or a phrase now & then. Her secretary was her interpreter & her interlocutor, & between them they gave a most vivid picture of how the blind & deaf can be communicated with. 'At express speed' they can manage about eighty words a minute. - Her pluck makes the troubles of most of us seem inconsiderable. I wish you might have been with me.

I think I neglected to mention in my previous note that, as far as I know, Betty has not read Mary Austin's Earth's Horizon, & I'm sure she will be delighted to have it from you. I had never heard of it; - what's it like? Did that voracious bookworm, Mr Hastings, put you on to it?

Station W.I.C.C. at Bridgeport has a dial point of 600, & reception here is characterized by an unearthly whine. I should be much pleased if you would listen in & tell me how it goes. Donald

Hotel Am Danube  
5 Rue Jacob  
Paris Dec 10/32.

My dear George:-

The book  
you sent was very and what  
a dear boy you were to send  
us such a lovely, delightful  
& satisfying gift. But then,  
you always were, you are  
and probably always will be  
a dear, thoughtful, in-

Selfish humbug! And now  
I have to make a confession,  
Namely that my mother is a  
total stranger to me, no  
I had not heard of her for  
Her boat arrived, I'm looking  
through the long list of her books  
I was conscious of her leaving  
I had no. so you see, dear George,  
that not only was your training  
my education, but you were making  
me acquainted with a person  
who is interesting & decidedly

with which. In looking through the book how  
long, I have discerned quite a serious  
glow in it, so I am returning it to you,  
as I think you will want to make  
it right. The glow is, I say, that it is  
an imperfect copy. At page 318 there  
is a blank white page 313 5t, and as  
these <sup>pages</sup> might contain some thing of  
importance & interest, I don't want to  
miss them. Besides, I don't want an  
imperfect copy of a North American book.  
I am very sorry about it, as I don't  
like to trouble you all this extra trouble,  
which I needn't do if I were in America as  
I could exchange it myself for a perfect  
copy, but you know I can't do it myself,  
and besides I know, too, that you would  
want us to have a perfect copy. It's  
only a small North American book, I think to put  
a book together like that, & publishers  
should be careful <sup>of</sup> their employ in  
such work. I have had the same

in penance for me but that time I  
was more able to get a perfect copy  
of the book which I have always re-  
gretted not to have done much the  
best of it. A letter from I need  
tells me that you expect to be  
in New York for part of your  
Christmas vacation, then I must  
see will probably see some good  
places I hear from good contacts  
together, which will be a great  
pleasure I think, and may well  
might be with you! But only for

the sake of the charming and  
original composition, I  
do not see the sake of the  
city, for what it has to offer,  
for when it comes to cities  
Paris (to my thinking) is far more  
beautiful & far more interesting  
than you could ever hope  
to be. As to weather, we  
had a perfectly beautiful fall,  
and although it was far colder  
some weeks before last, it is  
now very mild, and the air  
is as soft as in the spring.

From my fur coat, which I was very glad to  
smuggle into, I have gone back to my  
skin coat so you can see how  
it has deteriorated. Helen & I were  
looking for road to your army, to this  
next summer, when we shall be very  
glad to do the work of the city.  
And not me that I hope, but I think  
it would be lovely to take that trip  
through the Chatham County. It is one of  
the most beautiful parts of France and  
one of the most historical, too, as the  
Chatham was the residence of the King  
of France, & much of its history was enacted  
there. Helen & I would very much to go  
again, and we are going to do all  
our work with that object, and I  
know you would love it. You are the  
more to go there, if possible, as you are  
the more of us, and that part of  
the country is the very garden of France,  
the very best the roses are grand, the  
the very best the roses are grand, the

with them <sup>3</sup>. Still, if you can't  
get me here as I only see you,  
May-July will do for me. "Mais  
refusé comme ce que vous proposez"  
as the cat said in The Bluebird.  
I have played more contact  
bridge since I arrived here in  
Paris than in all the time I  
was at home last year, and  
I have improved my game  
quite a little, I think (at least,  
I hope so, as I have not met the  
certainly none of it) so you  
mustn't let your game

get nasty, George, as you will probably be  
of opportunity to play some. Do write to us  
soon, & tell us how you like Epine,  
& if you'd rather be home than back in Cambridge  
at Harvard? Also we shall be so inter-  
ested to hear all about your Christmas,  
& what you & I made did. Write every good  
nick to you for a long leaf for your paper  
in which Helen found me of thanking you  
again for your own very simple & us,  
Always affectionately  
Betty.

P.S. Ye Phillips Academy spent with us  
for or two?

Domini  
ca in septu  
agesima  
Introitus.

Fr  
cum

This illuminated manuscript page features a central miniature of the Last Supper, enclosed in an ornate, multi-colored frame. The scene depicts Jesus seated at a table with his twelve apostles. The miniature is surrounded by a decorative border of floral and foliate motifs in shades of blue, red, and green. To the right of the miniature, the text 'Domini ca in septu agesima Introitus.' is written in a Gothic script. Below the text, there are two staves of musical notation with square neumes. The page is further embellished with a vertical decorative border on the right side, featuring a central figure's face within a floral frame.

Dear George: - [Xmas 1952?]

you know how much I  
wish for you at Christmas &  
at every other time of the year.  
The book which this card  
accompanies was recommended  
by Raymond & Hilda, & in  
hoping you will take more  
time to read during vacation  
than you can manage  
during term time. If  
you've seen this, it can  
easily be exchanged.  
My best to you,

Donald

Danbury, 14 Dec., '32.

Carissimo:—

Everything went according to schedule, & we reached Danbury at 2<sup>30</sup> with a halt of ten minutes just outside of Hartford to drink hot soup & eat sandwiches Mrs. Paine & Helen had prepared. I never drove so consistently fast in my life, & 169 miles in a little over 4 hours is probably my record to date. I was in New York at 6<sup>20</sup> & the concert was better than I expected. I slept late on Sunday morning, staying at the old Murray Hill Hotel, room & bath for \$2<sup>50</sup>, but not 'grand luxe'! Breakfast, however, was not 'thrown in', but brought up & nicely served, & the place seemed clean enough even if it dates from the 1880's. (My Mother & Father stayed there on their honeymoon!) It is only a minute from the Grand Central & so one saves also on taxi fare. Richard Chase had lunch with me, & I returned to Danbury via South Norwalk & bus in the afternoon. I saw

Adney Howard at the concert + arranged for a meeting later in the month.

I'm sure I don't need to tell you that it was a boon to be with you + that I enjoyed every minute of my stay. You seem to me to be very well fixed as they say, — + certainly you are not wondering what to do with yourself. So far, the experiment is succeeding even if you are far from inwardly satisfied. I think association with Mr Hogg will do you a lot of good. He is your temperamental antithesis in so many respects! Please remember me cordially to him + his wife + tell them I appreciate warmly their courtesy to me.

Did you see the report on Babson's speech about Technocracy in today's paper? Was this blind man ever honored with a following? I'd like to put a banana peel under that foot of his which is still out of the grave.

Betty writes that they are talking about the next

was in Paris + that she hopes they'll bring down that you see, I worried a cupboard but not a civilized woman! It's just a couple of hours today writing her a letter on the Christmas text: Peace on earth, goodwill to men, — not that it will make any difference. But if France is nothing like the rest, is it not a good policy for us to apply the lessons of the debt agreements? I must talk this over with you when I see you.

I find my faith consistently open-minded on the subject of economic reconstruction + I'm very much pleased with him. I think that Chase did him a lot of good.

I'll look more to hear from you about Jan. 2nd + 3rd + never those dates for you. My best to you family when you see them, + my love to you always. —

Faithfully,

Donald

Danbury, 28 Dec., '32.

To Baron Van Schaack of Elmshede,  
Greetings!

When I opened your Christmas package I laughed out loud with delight & amusement. I guessed that Raymond must have had a finger in two pies. I've had a look at the contents & the book seems sane & sensible & informative at first glance. I shall probably have seen more of it before I see you, tho at present I'm deep in Laurence's translation of the *Odyssey*, & find it fascinating.

I'm very glad you are seeing Eva, & I wish you would give her my affectionate best wishes & tell her I hope she'll take the long view of her education. When she is sixty, will she be glad or sorry that she stuck or didn't stick? It seems to me that her health is everything. If

going through the grind is going to mean, or is even remotely likely to mean a permanent injury to her physical well-being, then no mere degree is sufficient recompense. I wish you could have a heart to heart talk with the professor in whose charge she is & sail right into him about Eva. find out what he thinks of her, not as a student but as a mind, & then tell him your misgivings about her health.

I don't believe she's any more the stuff of which Ph. D.'s are made or ought to be made than you are. You are both of you unusually intelligent human beings, you learn easily, you retain what you learn, you can give it out again. But the Ph. D. is a degree for original work, for the scholar who makes an individual & distinguished contribution to learning in his field. Of course I know some institutions hand out Ph. D.'s for something less than that, but not usually Harvard & certainly not the

Hoffman. Right? Well on this. You know I don't give advice when I can avoid doing so, & I prefer to leave it up to you. But now I advise you to see her supervising professor & find out, first, whether he thinks Eva is made of Ph. D. material, second, whether he thinks she can stand the strain, & even if he thinks she is & she can, to consider well whether the game is worth the candle.

If I can, I will visit the 130 at the Penn Station. If I cannot, go to the Murray Hill Hotel at 47th Ave. & 40th St. Give your up my membership in the Harvard Club. I will try for tickets in the order of the attractions you name, & of course will go to the Museum.

With my love to you both, & the earnest hope that 1933 will be the best year yet, —

Faithfully  
Donald

Danbury, Sun., Feb. 5, '33.

Mio caro Giorgio: -

I am sorry indeed to have been so uncommunicative during the past month. I have had my annual bout with La Grippe & she took so much of my strength & zest that we been obliged to resort to malt & cod liver oil to repair the ravages to a constitution I like to think is rugged but I fear is not. I have even taken to sleeping in the afternoons, but that is probably due to my reprehensible habit of prowling round till 1 or 2 A.M. After the Flu left me, I had a sore throat which has hung on & hung on. Today is the first day I have not had to gargle & spray, spray & gargle, paint with argerol, paint with some cum glycerine, - we tried everything anybody suggested, including a gargle made up of molasses, vinegar, salt, & Cayenne pepper. Now I think I'm out of the woods, & today I feel like writing to you, which I've not done before. All my energy has gone into Alice, & in spite of not being up to the mark physically, the score has

grown at least as much as it did in December.

Another thing I haven't done is to write to the International Mercantile Marine about your return-sailing, but I shall do that the very first thing tomorrow morning.

Another thing that is worrying me is that I have to talk to the Bridgeport Rotary Club on Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> about work-sharing. Father asked me to do it, & I do not like to refuse to do anything that I can do, that he asks of me. But I approach the ordeal with considerable misgiving. This time what I say will be 'original,' & while I have plenty of opinions & ideas, still a talk before business-men is not in my line. I am not even a layman in industry. I'm an outsider, & just because I'm accustomed to get up on my legs & talk is a poor reason for pushing me in where I don't belong. Let me have your prayers on the 14<sup>th</sup>. I wrote to Raymond to see if he could give me any dope on the work-sharing proposition in his group, but he answered that he could give me

so much that he didn't have time to put it together - at any rate what he did give me was his own personal slant, which is interesting but not directly helpful. What I was after was facts, not an opinion.

Your letter mailed the 19th was thankfully received. I can see that your own experience of work-sharing is not altogether to your liking! Too bad you're not paid by the 'piece' - so many extra boys, so much more salary! Whatever happens, consider your health at least once a day!

If you are still having trouble with your 12 o'clock class of 'devils', why don't you take my advice instead of Hogg's? You are no disciplinarian, no martinet by nature. There is no steel wall inside you to prevent you being put upon. You might develop one. People have done so when forced to. The best teacher we had at High School in my time there was Mary Fauton. She taught Math, by the way, & she was a Tartar, slim, electric, intolerant of the slightest inattention or foolery, and she lit on the mattentive & the playful with a flash that lit a positive odor of brimstone. I responded to her temperament, & was too interested to misbehave, so she never lit on me. But she was always too quick for the misbehave: the culprit was singled out, tried, found guilty, & hanged by the moral neck until dead before he knew quite what was happening to him. Some of this capacity for moral indignation you might well cultivate. Sweet reasonableness is all very well, but a little temper, judiciously let fly when the occasion warrants, is exceedingly effective. You will not be beloved for it, but you will be respected. Mary Fauton, we were told, began by being reasonable. But her classes began getting too much for her. There were obstreperous 'devils' who took advantage of her gentleness. They rode her, made her nervous, miserable. She resolved that that had to end, - as either she was due for a nervous breakdown or else she must steel herself to be a devil-tamer. She chose the latter course, hardened her heart, held everyone to a certain standard of behavior, & if they slacked or overstepped the mark, woe betide them! She developed the ability to talk when she was 'mad', & when her temper flared, it seared. Few went beyond her bounds a second time. Then she was

free to teach. Her discipline was quickly administered, for when she said 'I won't have it', everyone knew she meant what she said.

Now I daresay this is not within the temperament which your forbears have endowed you with, but I have seen you lose your temper and press furiously on the auto-horn button when a woman walked on the 'wrong' side of a Maine road! My advice would be that, if you are still having any serious disciplinary problems, you press furiously on your own powers of speech. Say anything that comes into your head, but say it & mean it. There is enough work to teaching without having problems of discipline added on. — That was, and always will be, my point of view. Either a student came to a classroom on my terms or he didn't come at all. If benevolent despotism ever has a fair field, it is the class-room. Exclude a student once, & tell him he comes back only if he will meet the conditions you & he agree are fair. (You can drive him into a moral corner very speedily, & you know perfectly well how to do that without taking any advantage whatsoever: What is he in school for? Why is he taking

Math.? Whether he likes it or not, must he pass the course?  
Or exams? Does he want to pass? Will he cooperate or  
won't he? And if the answer to this is at all hedging  
or grudging, out he goes from your class, & he never  
comes back. If the answer is 'yes', then you make  
a working agreement & hold him to it. The first trans-  
gression hereafter, if any, you give him fair warning. If  
there is any further trouble from him, put him out  
ruthlessly! He has had his chance. Put the responsibility  
squarely on him. You are doing your part. You come to  
the class-room to help him. Make sure he realizes  
this. Does he come to help you? If he doesn't, he  
has no right there..) Life after school & college is  
a serious business, & you may help a youngster  
much more by bringing it home to him that failure in  
responsibility means taking the consequences than if  
you struggle to maintain discipline by imposing small  
punishments like exams or the like.

Failure to cooperate seems to me one of the gravest  
causes of disaster in conduct, personal, civic,  
national, international. A boy can learn this in  
school so that he need never be unaware of the  
seriousness of the problem. If you were in a school  
where the receipts from tuition were vital to the  
maintenance of the institution, you might have  
to put up with lack of cooperation from your students.

It would then be up to you to stay on at the school's terms or get out. But at Exeter with its generous endowment, there should be no such condition. Therefore, you do not need to tolerate anything which seriously interferes with the work you are there to accomplish, & if any youngster is so lacking in a sense of what is due the school & you ~~as~~ as, either deliberately or heedlessly, to slow up the machinery of education, he is not worthy of Exeter, and, as far as you are concerned, he can mend his ways or go elsewhere.

I was interested in what you had to say about 'Looking Backward'. Of course, it is utopian, a picture of an ideal. Whether that ideal is realizable is another matter. It is all as simple as the Golden Rule, which has never secured a large-scale trial. If we could segregate the provedly anti-social & ship them all to a place 'far beyond the Northern Sea', as the old song runs, why then 'what a great world this would be!' You can begin with your boys & make them realize that failure to cooperate is anti-social.

Betty saw A. J. Nock's article in the January Harpers. Of course she said a fervent Amen to all of it. I'm afraid, however, it won't save her any 'tantums'. Those are in her temperament, & she has much too good a time indulging in them to dream of checking them with anything like acceptance of the inevitable. She wasn't born an accepter of either the avoidable or the unavoidable, but she was born with a talent for sympathy which prevents her giving direct offence when it isn't necessary. So she delivers most of her diatribes to friendly ears, - in fact, mostly to her husband & sister, who make the due allowances.

With regard to Mary Austin, you know Betty & I don't pay much attention to the 'awards' of groups like the Literary Guild & the Book of the Month club. We prefer to choose our own books, & the problem of what not to waste time over is much more pressing than that of making a selection among new books. I used to buy books, but for the present I'm not subjecting myself to temptation by frequenting the bookstores. I have dozens of books I've never read, but I never get caught up. I told you that Betty would probably like the Mary Austin book because she likes autobiography as a general rule, & she is partial to capable work by interesting women. I judge from what you say that Mary Austin's book comes in that category, so you can only await the verdict which follows a reading. Last year Betty gave Mother Gertrude Atherton's autobiography, &

which she read first herself with many chortles + chuckles. The summer before, she read Kathleen Norris's story of her life with ardent enjoyment, so I think your choice was well-considered. — Of course I have 'heard' of Mary Austin, but I can't recall for the life of me the titles of any of her books, nor even whether I read any of them! If I did, they didn't stick.

We all read Keynes just after the war, + Betty had taunts aplenty over him. He was that unspeakable (yet spoken-of) thing, a pro-German. Then the Allies were not half hard enough on Germany. I don't think anything short of total annihilation would have satisfied my dear little fire-eater. She was all for wiping Germany off the map, + she thought Keynes's condemnation of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles proved him a German sympathizer, therefore she raged whenever he was mentioned. She still does. I shall never make her a humanitarian. She is too firmly convinced that nations are persons, — France is good, Germany is bad, America is vulgar, England is admirable, + so it goes. But time is proving that Keynes

had a head on him, & that he made few errors of estimation, fewer of fact, & still less of judgment. I should like to reread the book but that there are more vital immediate problems to try & get the hang of.

I've heard nothing from Morris since before I saw you in December except a Christmas-card, so your news of 'The Microphone' was news. Remember my giving him the idea, when you were living on Cambridge St. ? I've not yet seen this weekly on the news-stands.

It occurs to me that I blithely went to the bank with you a month ago & drew out some cash & never settled the balance of our New York expenses, which was in your favor. I have now completely forgotten the exact amount, so when you write again, either tell me how much it was or subtract it from the amount of your check. There were no restaurant charges.

Jim has just read Stuart Chase's New Deal, & from the remarks he made as he returned it, I gather he resents Chase's tendency to hold up Russia as a model. All business men have a phobia about Russia, Reds, & Socialism. I'm going to run through the book again before I send it over to Betty, & before I speak in Bridgeport.

you must read Sinclair Lewis's new novel, Ann Vickers. It is good, + Lewis is a live wire. He has much to say of our way of life that is to the point, + the story has swing + tempo, - it is American through + through. I see why Europeans like to read Lewis. He gives them something they cannot get from most of our writers, namely, a criticism of life from the American point of view. 'This', they feel, 'is the way Americans live, + this is what they think about themselves'. Certainly that was true of Main St. + Babbitt, which every English-reading Frenchman enjoyed, probably, - and enough Europeans in general read those books to justify the award of the Nobel prize. No American author of the past has, I venture to guess, been so eagerly read abroad. I don't believe Arrowsmith + the later books have been so successful, but Ann Vickers will be. Read it for relaxation + stimulation: I'm sure you'll enjoy it as you rarely enjoy a novel.

While I was sick, I read God's Angry Man, the John Brown story I sent Betty for his birthday. The author, Leonard Ehrlich is a young man + this is his first novel. It has

power + sweep, + the earlier parts are fine + moving. Later, I felt the author's sustaining powers weaken, + the what had been a novel of character became a chronicle of events. But he set himself a pretty long course, + it is not to be wondered at if he faltered a bit before he reached the goal. - I doubt if you could read it. His main appeal is to the emotions, + your tastes are 'classical' rather than 'romantic'.

I've been getting a start on the Cole book: it looks like hard sledding, but I will read every word. I'm interested, + expect enlightenment.

I saw Myra Hess in New York + she agreed to look at my transcriptions of the Gluck dances, so I've sent them to her. She was graciousness itself + I love her. She played Mozart exquisitely, + her Schumann (Papillone) + Chopin (half a dozen of the Préludes) were musically most satisfying. She also played the Franck Prelude, Chorale + Fugue, but that mountain is a little too grand for her to scale. It is bigger than she is, - but then, Franck is not for everybody, however much they may admire him. Her encores, mostly 18<sup>th</sup> century, including the Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, were a proof

that if she likes my versions of Gluck, she will play them as few could.

We heard a lot over the radio lately. Boston comes in fairly well. If N.Y. is bad as a way-station, Toronto (imagine it!) is apt to be better. I thus heard Vaughan-Williams's 'Pastoral' Symphony for the first time. Naturally, he & I have a good deal in common. Our harmony is based on folk-modes, & our melody on folk-tunes. I find him rhythmically a little stodgy, & there is a vagueness about his moods that prevents him from attaining clear, positive expression. A milky haze hangs over his orchestra most of the time, & it is due to contrapuntal softness. His tunes are good, but he sets them in a kind of harmonic jumble & lets them float there. Inner voices wander; they don't get anywhere, & they smell of hymns & church-pews. I fear Ralph sat on an organ-bench too long before he took up folk-dancing, — anyhow, his music is tender-bottomed. — I also heard Sibelius's 5<sup>th</sup> for the first time, but S. & I are antipathetic. I don't like

either his ideas or what he does with them. There Phil  
Hale + I part company, but then, Phil likes  
Berlioz, + to me Berlioz is the abomination of  
desolation.

We hear Bruno Walter + the N.Y. Philharmonic  
almost every Sunday. Marion Bauer gave me  
seats for his concert of the 22nd + he played  
the Brahms 1st as I haven't heard it in years, -  
magnificently. Prokofeff played his 3rd Concerto  
at that concert, + I was lost in admiration of  
his prowess as a pianist. He only plays his own  
stuff, and how! The middle movement is a  
nice theme with fascinating variations, charming  
musically + orchestrally.

Well, I must stop, - I'm tired clean through.  
You ask me when I'm going to make you a second  
visit. I'd like to come for a week-end some time  
when the weather gets warmer + we can climb some  
New Hampshire mountains. Was sagot Du dazig?

My love to you, always, + without limit.

your Donald

Danbury, Friday Feb. 17, '33.

Subster Georg : -

The ordeal passed off quite pleasantly. I enclose the speech, which you may throw away, & an editorial from the Bridgeport Post which I wish you would return.

The article on the Graham Plan came too late for me to use & the plan seems to me a kind of stop-gap anyway. Stuart Chase leased some floor space in New York City, collected enough donations to buy raw materials, & started a similar scheme. It was to have been carefully worked out by regional subdivision throughout the city, but my informant told me it was not working very well, though he could not tell me why. I am going to New York tomorrow & perhaps I can gather more information about it.

I enclose also Raymond's complete letter. The more I found out, the more I approved Raymond's notions, & as you will see, I incorporated as many of them as I could. I'd like it back, please.

My father was almost in a panic at the

last moment for fear I'd say something I shouldn't, but I put one over on him by not finishing my speech till Monday night (Tuesday morning, rather, about 2 A.M.) & then not coming down to breakfast till he had left the house. I left for Bridgeport at 11, but meanwhile he called me up on the phone & hoped I wouldn't say anything against the Show-the-Work propaganda. I was a little nettled at this 11<sup>th</sup> hour soft-pedaling, & told him the speech would have to be delivered as written. As a matter of fact, it was very well received. There were about eighty men there, & they were sympathetically attentive & nobody walked out on me. Dad is now breathing more freely. But I still feel that it was presumptuous of me to talk to business-men about business. Just because a fellow can get up on his feet & talk is no reason why he should be allotted a subject that is out of his province. I tied up pretty tight to Raymond, & to Messrs. Chase & Cole, but the idea of controversial boards of arbitration to determine wages is my very own.

You know, George Fodge, when one gets started on an inquiry of this nature, one picks up a very fascinating field. I find that I am now able to understand economic history noticeably better than before, & I find also that when I agree or disagree with an economist's opinion, I am beginning to be able to say why. — If you eventually decide to get into economics seriously, I hope you will be let do it by <sup>way of</sup> a <sup>graduate</sup> field investigation. A university, or a State Commissioner, or even a well-known economist, — better some agency that can finance you than a university, — might be found ready to conduct a specific inquiry for which you could go out & gather facts. It would be a grand method of education, & of course you are mature enough to do it right.

I am glad you've accepted the tin & hope you continue to dodge it. I'll try to follow you very good advice about sleep. When do I get the rest of your letter???

My love to you! & the family's. Donald

# Dr. King Backs Graham Plan For Jobless

(Continued from page one)

training to prevent them from embracing such fallacies. Thus the absurd view that the rise in prices between 1915 and 1920 was due to the action of "profiteers" was indorsed by thousands of persons who, having studied economics at college, ought to have known better. Similarly, in 1928 and early 1929 the doctrine of "the new era" was even espoused by some able economists who apparently closed their eyes to the wild overvaluation which the market was then placing upon corporate earnings.

Unfortunately, we profit surprisingly little from the lesson of the past. The very people who now laugh most loudly at those follies of yesteryear are the ones who, today, are prating silybly concerning how mechanical improvements are causing terrific overproduction, are bringing about permanent unemployment for a large part of our population, and are, indeed, threatening to overthrow the capitalist system. They are either ignorant or dismiss with a wave of the hand the factual evidence furnished by such production indices as those which Charles Snyder, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has built up after years of painstaking effort. Although Snyder's indices show conclusively that production in 1929 had not risen noticeably above its long-time trend, and that, today, it is at appalling low levels, these economic fakelords listen open-mouthed while the "technocrats" reel off fantastic tales concerning the productivity of modern mechanical methods.

## Fallacies Gain Momentum

Most economists apparently feel it a waste of energy to combat the fads of the moment, for they know full well that, after the next swing of the busi-

ness pendulum, the fallacies now so popular will be forgotten, their places being taken by a new set of equally absurd "isms." This policy could not be seriously criticized were it not for the fact that current fallacies, if not ruthlessly exposed, often gain such momentum that they are crystallized into legislation or voluntary actions inimical to the public welfare.

For example, the long-since exploded "lump of labor" theory, belief in which usually has been taken as a sure mark of economic illiteracy, now has been revived and is quite the vogue among pseudoeconomists, politicians, and administrators. According to this theory, the demand for goods is strictly limited, hence there is a given amount of work to be done in the world. The obvious fact that we never have been able to produce enough goods to satisfy more than a small fraction of the wants of mankind is brushed aside as immaterial by proponents of this doctrine. Both our industrial leaders and statesmen, being generally imbued with this fallacious belief, are everywhere striving, not to find ways and means of bringing our scanty production back to normal, but, instead, to devise methods of keeping production at a minimum. In the face of the fact that the only way to restore prosperity is to turn out more goods for the people to consume, we find a bill introduced into Congress making it a crime for any one to employ persons for more than thirty hours a week if they work on goods destined for interstate commerce. Furthermore, at a time when employers must either cut production costs or go out of business, we hear capitalists of industry preaching the doctrine of "share the work"—a doctrine which means part time work for every one at wage rates which, with the lowered price level, industry can no longer afford to maintain. We behold the strange spectacle of cities which lack the funds necessary to complete their projected subway, bridge and highway appropriations, millions of dollars to pay unemployed persons for doing next to useless "made work." Less than three persons accomplish too much even of this kind of work; they are employed only three days a week, and, in an effort to prevent the inevitable adjustment of wages to the new price level, they receive rates of pay approximately to boom times. All of these

measures, instead of tending gradually to eliminate unemployment, actually work to perpetuate the evil.

## Explains Graham Plan

In refreshing contrast to this symposium of economic madness is the plan for unemployment relief carefully worked out by Professor Frank D. Graham, of Princeton University, and sponsored by the industrial relations section of that school. Professor Graham correctly points out that the penniless unemployed create no additional demand for goods—every dollar of such demand as they have being subtracted from the demands of the persons from whom they borrow money or receive charity. He proposes, therefore, that the unemployed be immediately set to work to produce such goods as, in the aggregate, they desire to consume. Since, at present, we have idle farms and idle farmers, idle factories and idle factory workers, idle theaters and idle entertainers, and idle people in almost every occupation and profession, it seems possible, by setting all of these to work, to produce nearly everything that the unemployed need. The government would be called upon to furnish organization and superintendence. The unemployed would receive current wage rates but would be paid in scrip, not in cash. The goods produced would be sold for cash at market prices. The amount of cash obtainable for a dollar of scrip would depend entirely upon the productivity of the new organization as a whole.

A modification of this plan has also been suggested as an alternative. The modified proposal is that a mail-order house increase its orders from manufacturers, paying for the additional goods in due bills redeemable in any merchandise handled by the store. The manufacturers would pay in these due bills part of the wages of each of their employees. The employees would use their due bills to buy goods from the

mail-order house. This method might greatly increase the volume of employment, and it has the advantage of not requiring government assistance.

Professor J. Douglas Brown, of Princeton University, reports the almost spontaneous development in many parts of the country of loose organizations composed of unemployed persons who have banded together to produce things they need for their own support. In many instances these organizations are gradually evolving plans for exchanging their own products of other similar organizations.

## Would Lift Burden of Taxpayers

Any device making it possible for the unemployed promptly to enter the ranks of those engaged in making their own living is certainly worthy of most respectful consideration. A plan of this nature, if put into actual operation, would lift from the shoulders of the taxpayers or charitably inclined persons the major part of the burden of supporting the unemployed and their families. It would be free from all stigma of charity, and would not break down the self-respect of the diligent worker who is unlucky enough to lose his job. Finally, it would enable the police to deal ruthlessly with able-bodied loafers and beggars.

Experience shows that periods of unemployment tend to recur frequently. The logical procedure then appears to be for the government to maintain at all times a skeleton organization which could put the needed machinery into motion whenever and wherever any considerable volume of unemployment appeared and which could expand to the extent necessary to take care of a major depression.

The probabilities are that such a permanent organization would eventually function with some approach to efficiency and would thus enable those employed therein to exist in a moderate

degree of comfort. There would, however, be little probability that the earnings of those employed by a public relief system would ever be high enough to make jobs with the organization attractive to competent workers who were able to secure work in private industry.

Professor Graham's proposal is not a substitute for methods designed to do away with unemployment by removing its causes. Perhaps it is no more a cure for the evil than ether is a cure for illness. However, the introduction of the use of anesthetics has proved a great boon to suffering humanity. Similarly, if Professor Graham's plan were put into operation unemployment relief would, for the first time, be put on a scientific basis and the natural process of readjustment to new conditions would be facilitated instead of being hindered, as it is now, by many of the relief devices in actual use.

## Capital Cut Approved

### Bronx County Safe Deposit Co. Action Allowed by State

By a Staff Correspondent

ALBANY, Feb. 4.—Joseph A. Broderick, Superintendent of Banks, has approved reduction of the capital of the Bronx County Safe Deposit Company from \$150,000 to \$100,000 and the number of its shares from 1,500 to 1,000.

The Franklin Personal Finance Company, Inc., and the Jefferson Personal Finance Corporation, both of Manhattan, each with liquid assets of \$25,000, were licensed to transact business as licensed lenders.

The Progressive Credit Union was authorized to change its location from 708 to 645 East Tremont Avenue, the Bronx, and the East New York Commercial Credit Union from 809 to 827 Butler Avenue, Brooklyn.

# Dr. King Backs Graham Plan For Jobless

Idle Would Produce Goods  
They Desire, With Scrip  
Payments, Under Scheme

By Dr. Willford I. King

*Professor of Economics New York  
University*

Among all the sciences, economics apparently enjoys the unfortunate distinction of being the most misunderstood by the educated public. This state of affairs is due primarily to four reasons:

First, it deals much with topics like wages, prices and labor, and every one feels that he is thoroughly familiar with such subjects.

Second, economists have been so unwise as to express themselves in the language of the marketplace. The result is that the man who has scarcely glanced at the inside of an economic textbook writes glibly concerning capital, labor and production, and soon comes to be known as an economist. Probably two-thirds of popular articles on economic subjects are the work of persons untrained in the science, and such writers are likely to mingle only a few grains of truth with large quantities of fallacy. Physics and chemistry, by contrast, suffer relatively little from the work of such charlatans, for the man who has never studied these sciences scarcely dares to risk talking about such unfamiliar terms as dynes, catalyzers or halogens.

Third, economic life is full of apparent paradoxes. For example, it seems absurd to say that by printing and distributing great quantities of money the government can make the people poor; that maintenance of high wage rates may diminish greatly the income of the average member of the working class; that the frequent recurrence of unemployment in large volume is characteristic of prosperous groups of workers and affluent nations, and that, on the other hand, unemployment is but rarely a problem in overpopulated, poverty-stricken regions. Yet the truth of every one of these propositions can be both demonstrated logically and verified by abundant statistical evidence.

Fourth, economics is an intricate science. It is like a Chinese puzzle which cannot be assembled until one visualizes simultaneously the relationships existing between several groups of pieces. The result is that relatively few persons ever learn how the economic puzzle goes together.

After considering these four facts it is easier to understand why glaring misconceptions concerning economic facts or principles catch the popular fancy, spread like wildfire and, by the action of what Dr. Edward A. Ross calls mob mind, ensnare many persons who supposedly have sufficient economic

*(Continued on page five)*

Danbury . 7 Mar. '33

Dear George: -

This is just to say that your letter arrived this morning & gladdened an otherwise gray day, & to add a few items that can't wait till 'six time for a full-fledged reply.

In the first place, you say you're having a vacation in three weeks' time. Mother suggested right away that you will be more than welcome here for as much of it as you can spend with us. So I look to you to plan enough time for us to walk. Lord knows I need a jaunt. And I'd be perfectly willing to take charge of you & see to it that you rest, both mentally & physically. I'd have to work afternoons unless you were here only for a week-end. But you know that if you can come, there is always room for you in this household. We discovered a

whole series of beautiful walks in the region south of Danbury, & I'm eager to take you there. I think you would love those hills & woods as much as I do.

Also, we been saving up a couple of plays for the pleasure of seeing them with you if there's time. 'Design for Living' with the Lunts, for instance.

On the other hand, I know that you may very likely feel that since you're going to be away most of the summer, you would better spend all of this vacation in Coxsackie. So I'm ready for the disappointment of that alternative.

I was amused at the plan for a trip in Torrance. Since you ask me what I think, I think you were quite right to stick to your plan for Germany & the German language.

I did see the Bernstein Luce Ad. Sunday, & I want to see one of those boats with my own eyes. If they

look at all possible, the cash is worth saving. Men can stand a certain amount of discomfort + poor food which one wouldn't ask ones wife to put up with. I'll have no time looking these boats up, not in a circular, but at the pier itself. The most important thing is, how long are they at sea? I hate long voyages, but with you on board + a lot of good books, I might endure one.

I'm sending you a book which I picked up at a 2nd hand bookstore with you in mind. I think the author has some good ideas on the mechanism of a European trip, but his notions about art are occasionally flimsy.

If you come there this month, I will sit down with you in front of maps + guidebooks + help you to arrive at a workable plan. I think you ought to make a point of seeing Hilda + Raymond + talking with them about Munich. Also, there ought to be colleagues of yours on the Exeter faculty who have lived in Munich + can give you some ideas. It doesn't make any difference to you, really, whether I go or not, as I'd be leaving you at Antwerp. I judge, from the lack of enthusiasm, or rather, the complete lack of response from you <sup>against</sup> my suggestion of a whirlwind tour of Holland, that you haven't any interest in that project. But perhaps it's just as well, as Betty would be difficult if I took any kind of a trip with you after actually landing on the continent. Such a trip would be better at the end of your stay than at the beginning; in fact, if you returned via Paris we could whizz up to Holland together, hire a canoe, + paddle from Rotterdam through the canals to Delft, The Hague, Haarlem + Amsterdam, - something I've always longed to do: but it would take a full week. Anyhow, if you meet people who've been where you expect to go, pump them for information + get them to give you addresses of pensions + small hotels. Guide-books are indispensable. I'm sending you my old one of 1910, but the maps are still useful tho the actual travel-information is out of date. Bring this with you if you come during vacation.

I'm sorry you've been having troubles that distressed you, + hope you've reduced them by now to a manageable equation. What worries you is important to me. I love you always.

I've seen Ted Hax. They advise holding present reservations Donald  
but would take care of you on later sailing.

Danbury, 19 Mar. '33.

Carissimo :-

I have been pretty much on the run for the past two weeks + therefore haven't been able to complete my letter. I've just listened to Toscanini doing Tchaikovsky's Maufred symphony, + I think it's balderdash. Szegst only is capable of worse taste. What Arturo wants to fuss with a score like that passes my comprehension, but then, I don't think his programs are particularly well-planned. He had several treats over the radio lately, notably the "complete" performance of Tristan broadcast by the Metropolitan. It was a boon to sit with the vocal + piano score in my lap + follow every note + every word measure by measure (except when I got lost due to Bodanzky's ruthless cuts.)

I enjoyed your last letter very much. When

you began to speak of your development as a listener to music, I swelled myself up ready to take most of the credit and then was suddenly punctured & deflated by having it go to the Bach Cantata Club. But I agree, in principle, that there is no musical education so valuable as participation in an ensemble. And I remember that you were not in my Form class during the years when it was well-organized. I was learning much during the first couple of years that didn't get put into practice till after you left the Eastman School. Singing lower parts in a chorus is great training for musical perception. I sometimes pity the sopranos of a chorus & the 1st violins of an orchestra because they so seldom have anything but the lead & have not to explore the sub-structure of their music. As a boy, I sang alto for four years in St. James's choir, here, & in spite of the fact that we did very little good music, it was valuable experience. So I am convinced that students can learn best through actual experience of music, actively pursued, coupled with analysis under expert guidance which does not dogmatize but stimulates them to find out for themselves how the notes are

& also H. P. Fauchald's expose' of the tariff. I know H. P. F., - but the last time I saw him was at that performance of Volante which you & I attended together in New York. I probably introduced you to the Fauchalds. They were staying at the same hotel with me the summer I taught at Berkeley. We used to play Bridge a lot. - By the way, is your Bridge game speeding up any, or do you still take all evening to think what to bid & what to play?

Betty has not yet mentioned to me that she asked you to accompany them through the chateau country, & I'm amused to see how long it will be before she does so. - I've been so rushed in New York that I haven't had a moment to suspect the Bernstein line. I'll try to do so on my next trip. I've recently played the 1st act of Alice to Albert Storer, who is head of the opera department of the Juilliard

School - conductor of its orchestra, as well as conductor of the Handel + Haydn Society, (no! that's Boston!) - rather the Oratorio Society of N.Y. He is a solid, dignified, undemonstrative person, taciturn, as steady as a Dutch church. +, like them, probably all nice + whitewashed inside. But I gathered that he liked my music very much indeed, because he deplored the fact that the Juilliard School had no ballet + therefore could not produce the works. He said he would be very glad to give it an orchestral performance, but advised me to try for an initial performance at the Metropolitan + told me whom to get in touch with there. So I'm following his advice.

I've seen Eva Le Gallienne's Alice. It is perfectly delightful as a stage spectacle, but the incidental music is commonplace. I've also seen The Cherry Orchard with the same company plus Nazimova, who certainly has me hypnotised. Everyone else in the cast seemed amateurish by the side of that magnetic personality + that finished, if somewhat manneristic, art. I've heard the London Quartet again, + was much disappointed in their playing.

Morris's friend, Mr. Pennington, is a nice fellow, but Beethoven's Op. 132 + Brahms's Op. 51, No. 1 require something more than niceness, + they didn't get it. I have heard no thoroughly satisfying quartet-playing since the Flozaleys disbanded.

Betty + I were invited again to the Coolidge Chamber Music festival in Washington beginning April 23<sup>rd</sup>, + I shall go if I can possibly manage it. I hope Guy Harrison will do my dances in Rochester on the 9<sup>th</sup> or 16<sup>th</sup>, but if they have to come on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, naturally I must be there, + will turn Fritz II's nose toward the capital at the conclusion of the concert.

Please let us know as soon as you can whether to expect you in Danbury during your vacation, + be as generous as you can, because we all want you.

With my love,

Donald

Danbury, 27 March, '33.

Dear George: -

Mother + I will meet you for lunch at that same Italian restaurant (you'd think I could spell that word by this time) where you + I had dinner before seeing Grace George. It's on W. 48<sup>th</sup> St. between 6<sup>th</sup> + 7<sup>th</sup> Avenues. At 1<sup>15</sup> on Saturday.

Mother is going with us to design for Swire. If you can't get to New York quite that early, you can meet us at the theatre, the Ethel Barrymore on W. 47<sup>th</sup> St., at 2<sup>25</sup> or before. The advt. says 2<sup>25</sup> sharp. Afterward, we'll get some tea + catch, I hope, the 6 o'clock train for South Norwalk, where Emma Chevrolet will be paving the garage floor. That will get us to 10 Terrace Place in time to hear the Boston Symphony concert with a new piece by Loeffler that I'm eager to listen to.

We are all delighted that you are going to be able to get here. Let's hope the weather will be fair + fine, but bring footgear you don't mind wetting. I don't think there'll be any forest fires this

Yfring. And bring along that Baedeker for Southern Germany. — I hope you saw R. + H. + got some addresses from them. It looks as tho you were slated for a lucky time in München. The place seems to be seething with political disorders. It's fortunate you look like a Dutchman + not like a Jew!

There's an interesting article in Travel on bicycling through Holland. Remind me to show it to you.

Please give my affectionate regards to your father + mother, + to Eva if she should be at home. —

Faithfully,

Donald

George

STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
THE TORRE HERBARIUM

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY

Tuesday Night -

Dear George -

Your special delivery letter came as a surprise as well as its contents. You know you are not a millionaire! It is very good of you to want to help me to be comfortable. For the present, however, I am getting along very well. If, when Glossy comes for a week or ten days at Easter time, having gets too strenuous for me, I'll speak to Mrs. Woodall. That will be about the time Dr. Couch will spend a week here, so I shall have to be at the lake most of the time and probably shall not find Glossy a bother.

Did I write you that Dr. Couch, an authority on the cancer fungi, is giving a course here this spring? He came last week-end and will spend several

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY

week-ends here as well as one full week. I understood that he may be here all the time next year. It would certainly be a blessing for Dr. Johnson to give up part of his work to a younger man.

I hope you will have a pleasant visit in Blankney. Please remember me kindly to Mr. Jureedy.

Thank you for the check. I'll try to use it wisely. I shall have to have a new dress later on.

I'll write the rest of my news to Mother for I have some other things to write to her. Things you would hardly appreciate - about collars etc.

Much love,

Eva.

Wed. Mar. 29. [1933]

Tell the Barrymore Theatre writes me they have no seats for less than \$3<sup>30</sup> for the Saturday matinee, + I simply will not pay any such price as that in these hard times. I think they have their nerve, anyway, charging so much. They can go to the Devil.

Now I suggest you meet me for lunch same place same time. Meanwhile I'll try something else through the Postal Telegraph, + if the worst comes to the worst, we can go to the movies!

Faithfully.

Donald

4 April, 1933.

Carissimo: -

I know that I have already said, in some fashion, what I wanted to say about your problem, but I am minded to drive it home with a little extra thrust.

You have told me that you feel, & have felt all along, that it is idiotic to insist on cramming an abstruse technical subject like Algebra into the unwilling minds of boys of 13 to 16 who have no aptitude for it. If this conviction of yours is reflected in your teaching of the subject, it may be that your boys have some ground for complaint. Since, for the present, you have to continue teaching them this subject, the least you can do is to take care that they never sense your feeling about it. You spread the table beautifully before them; then if they don't eat, it will be from lack of appetite rather than of under-provisioning. And such sauce, such frequent aids to appetite as your wit can supply should certainly be added. If

they have no voluntary interest + no aptitude for mathematics, it is still possible to stimulate their imaginations so that they will be able to do what is expected of them.

Above all things, make your manner more easy + patient + tolerant if you can. You have, as I told you last night, a tendency to be very nervous + tense when you are explaining a difficult problem or following an involved line of thought. Try rather to be simply persuasive. Lighten your touch whenever you can. Stimulate the boys' wits rather than attempt to discipline their minds. Show more + quicker appreciation when they get on the right track + less impatience when they persist in following the wrong.

As far as your own destiny is concerned, you need have no serious misgivings. If you are a misfit at Exeter, it is, after all, what you expected to be in a secondary school! It doesn't prove you a poor teacher, though perhaps

+ indicates something as to your adaptability to conditions not of your own making.

As for Perry, you may find it expedient to be severely but positively uncooperative. At least, if diplomacy + tact are unlikely to change the situation, you can tell him pleasantly exactly what you think of his treatment of you. If you think he had been unfair + had judged on insufficient evidence, say so. Sincerely + calmly, of course. But let him know he is dealing with a man who respects himself + his profession. I need you already. + look forward to the time when we shall be together again.

Faithfully,

Ronald

P.S. Don't forget to send me a copy of The Microphone.



25 April, '33.

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

Post Card

Carissimo: I can't spend much time writing letters while here; there is much too much to be done. But I want to thank you for your birthday letter which, in default of your actual presence, was a solace. - The festival is proving inspiring, as usual. I will send you a program. The concert by the members of the B. & O. is likely to be the high spot.

Washington never was Povelier, & the trees are an unending joy. Mother was ill when the time came to start, so I came down by train alone, and how I do wish you were here with me!

I have seen many friends & acquaintances. The Gleasons & Barbara Duncan are down from Rochester. Ed Waters has shown me through the Music division of the Library of Congress. No chance, I'm afraid, of my getting to Baltimore. With my love, Donald

Danbury, 28 April, '33.

Carissimo :-

I am back at my own desk again, apparently none the worse for wear. Mother is just getting better, & now Dr. Brown wants her to have a series of X-rays taken, so she has to fast & take stuff to 'dye' her internal workings. I think myself that the fasting is doing her more good than the doctor's medicine. What she needed was Castor Oil & a diet, & now <sup>that</sup> she has had both in the interest of X-rays, her stomach, which was certainly on a rampage, seems to be quieting down. She looks very badly; did you not notice it when you were here?

Your last letter interested me very much. Your student, whoever he was, certainly has a heart in him. How rare it is to find anyone who cares whether one is 'happy' or not. I didn't expect you would be happy at Exeter, & when you are quit of the place. I will tell you what I really think of it, which I have so far repressed with great exercise of will-power from doing.

But as for your boy, if you are certain that he is capable of going ahead steadily along intellectual lines, that Geo-metry is the only drag, & that the discipline of being held back till he 'passes' the subject is not necessary for his character, why not quietly pass him & say nothing to anybody about it? You seem to think this is the headmaster's responsibility, but you assert that the headmaster will not take the responsibility. If he will not, I think you should, after weighing all the pros & cons. You may have been granted more weight into this boy than anyone else who holds any keys to his destiny. If this seems to you an important juncture in his

career, you, being the person who gives him his Geometry mark, can perhaps make or mar him. I should inquire carefully into his record & then give him the benefit of every doubt. There are some who are worth it, & you must determine if he is one. This is, I judge, the first time you have faced this problem, but every older teacher knows it well. Take the responsibility squarely on yourself, & do as you think best. If your conscience will not let you certify a student as competent in a subject when he is not, well & good, but make the decision. If, like the noble Hindu, he's done the best he can do & it is a plain question of total lack of aptitude for a 'required' subject which he need never again have practical need of, return a 'pass' grade & let the 'system' be damned. But don't tell him you're going to do it, & make him work like Hell the rest of the term, & so that he can feel he pulled himself through.

Tomorrow, I take my Country Dance Group to New York. Eight of us will dance at the C. F. D. I. Festival, & six will look on. On Wednesday I drive to Rochester, stopping at Binghamton for lunch with Bushe & his wife, or maybe it'll be Thursday. The Curc Orchestra concert on the 7<sup>th</sup> will be in the new auditorium at the U. of R., 'down by the Genesee'. Guy Harrison wrote that Tad visited his rehearsal on the 22<sup>nd</sup> & seemed very pleased with the way my dances were sounding.

I have put in quite a bit of time already in my garden. Our daffodils are in full bloom now, & such whoppers we never had before. The country is beautiful, with the swamps full of coral-red maple buds, & it is the time when the trees are full of life & color but their form is still visible, unobscured by the fully open leaves.

Why aren't you nearer, so we could walk & talk? I miss you every day. Perhaps I will come up to Exeter before you leave.

With my love, Donald

22 May, 1933.

Carissimo :

I have been knocking about the map for one whole month, + so much has happened that I despair of having patience enough to tell you half of it on paper. So I'll pick out the things I think will interest you most.

The Rochester trip was a complete success from every point of view. I had a grand time, - even jogging along alone in Futz II. I generally talk quite uninterruptedly to myself when I drive by myself, tho occasionally I address a few remarks to 'George', who is the only person I ever willingly fancy beside me. That is a curious fact that I have only this moment realized. And it will be eight years + this summer, which is being extraordinarily steadfast, for me. Eight years of deep contentment, knowing you are alive. But not knowing that this is one of the

things that will interest you most, so no more of it.

Well, I stopt overnight in Binghamton with Mr. + Mrs. William Bush, otherwise 'Bushie'. They are a nice young pair. I gather that she came, saw, + conquered. She marked him for her own, + it was all up with him. They have a pleasant, unpretentious home, + she is expert at housewifery. There were two towels + a washcloth for me in the bathroom, all embroidered, + the W.C. was graced with a twining ivy plant. The soap was violet from John Wanamaker, + the sheets + pillowcases on the guest-room bed were (also) embroidered. The dinner was good, + there was an open fire + good talk afterward. I'll wager that inside of two years, if babes don't monopolize her attention, she'll have him out of that backwater town, Binghamton, + into some place where there are theatres + concerts + a chance to shine in a society worth shining in. And a salary to do it on. He's looking a little strained, but I think he will stand the gaff. He still drives his car at 35 miles per hour maximum, + you should have heard her glee when she found I'd noticed that years ago. — I left them for an hour to call on Raymond's brother Kenneth + his wife. I liked them very much. Kenneth is more like Raymond than like Harry, with something of Raymond's forthrightness + charm + diffidence bravely surmounted.

2.  
5.20 May 1927

We got on the subject of Harold. They told me Harold had left absolutely without a word to his parents, + that Raymond is deeply hurt by his going + won't talk about it more than he can help. Harold writes to them, but gives no address where they can write to him with any surety of his receiving a letter. But if you see Raymond, I think you ought to speak normally of Harold. Lots of youngsters would succumb to wanderlust if they were not fearful of discomfort, + Harold has never had much home life. If R. + H. sent him away so young to Germany, they must not be too surprised if, for whatever reason, he goes away again very much beyond their reach. It's not telling them is certainly for cause, but the psychological reason we can only guess at. If I had Raymond for a father, I should love to be near him, but Raymond, fine as he is, may have made some mistakes in handling Harold. When I see you, I will tell you what my cousin Grace reports of Hilda's treatment of Harold at Rockport last summer. Anyhow, I'm terribly sorry for Raymond. I am deeply attached to him, + I fear Harold's sudden going away is a tragedy for him.

Rochester was for me one mad whirl. I stopped in to see Mrs. Gleason on my way in town + got all the news + gossip necessary to enable me to avoid making any unfortunate breaks. Then I went on to the Vases.

a little touch there of comedy. Sándor was 'resting', (he was to play E. B. Hill's Concertino that evening) & Elisabeth forbade me to go to the bathroom till he should reappear! When I finally got there, I found only one (1) towel allotted to me, & that a small bath-towel, & that was all I had all the while I was there, to wipe face & body. Luckily I had bought a washcloth in Washington (why not?) & I had it with me. But Sándor played the Concertino very well indeed, if not so brilliantly as Jesus Maria Samouë.

On the same program were pieces by Douglas Moore, (flippant & inconsequential), Robert Russell Bennett, (uninteresting), Irving Landau (talented but sophomoric), & Bernard Rogers (a cantata, The Exodus, sincere Jewish stuff, but no notion what to do with very good musical ideas). It must be reported that the great conductor, I mean The Great Conductor, the Inspiring Originator of what Vas calls the AMCOCS, overcome with emotion at the close of The Exodus, fell forward in a dead faint, & only the conductor's stand saved him from being engulfed with ~~the~~ Pharaoh & the Egyptians in the Red Sea. And would that have been a loss to music!

E. B. Hill & Mrs. Hill were there in person, very punctilious, very Cambridgey, saying just the right things to just the right people.

Tuesday ~~May~~ 23d.

1933.

10 TERRACE PLACE  
DANBURY, CONN.

No time to write today.

Wednesday, May 24<sup>th</sup> -

On Friday the 5<sup>th</sup> - no! I must report that on Thursday evening after taking the Vases home to bed, I acquired Helen Rogers to the home of Bernard Rogers, where we found what tasted like a synthetic gin punch + a group of people gathered round it among whom were many friendly faces. H. H. was there, having recovered from his ecstasy, + he bade me goodnight when he left with apparent cordiality. I congratulated Bernard on having attempted a big thing + joked over with his fat but not unattractive wife. I met Sazax Samunsky, whose recent book on modern music I had fortunately just read + enjoyed, + also Grant Still, the negro, who is a very charming + talented person. Art Lee + his wife were there, the Cummings, Neddie Royce, whose wife was not there, being just about to have her third child by Caesarian operation. She said, with what originality I know not, that this time she was going to get the doctor to put a

zipper on! In German, Vas told me they call this operation the Kaiserschmitt. I inquired if the babies thereby became Kaiserschmitzels? I also met Leopold Mauner, the son of David + nephew of the Dawrosches. He is somewhat spoiled, but an interesting fellow all the same. He is employed in some chemical capacity in the Eastman Kodak works. Thank Heaven he has given up musical composition, for which, judging by the samples I heard, he has slight aptitude. †

Next morning I went to Kathleen Cunningham's + saw her paintings, also some sketches by her daughter Joan, who, if I am any judge, is already an artist in full + astonishing possession of the real thing. I soft-pedaled my amazement, however, because Kathleen was in a mood of discouragement + I didn't know but perhaps she might be jealous of Joan. In the afternoon I looked up Mrs. Jefferson. She had gone to Albion for the day, unfortunately, but I saw Theodore, who gave me all their news, - not very heartening, since neither has steady work at the moment, - + promised that they would come to the concert on Sunday. They were there, + I saw them during the intermission. Mrs. J. looks well + is just the same. They told me Eustace is married. I am certainly sorry for the girl, whoever she may be.

I returned to the Vases for tea, then drove them out to

Highland Park. It is more beautiful now than it used to be, because, on the neighboring hill, the other side of Goodman St., the Divinity School have their new building with a very good English Gothic tower which is visible from many places in the park & gives it an embellishment it never had before. You & I walked there once at just this time of year, for the 'Peabody birds' were there again to remind me.

Then we went to the 'Gleasons' for dinner, & did Puffy Tufty & My Boys, Up Go We for old times' sake. After that there was another AMCCO. Two ballets, one hem-sen-deum - Oriental affair written by a man whose name & whose music I have already forgotten, & La Guisablasse, a tale of Martinique, by Gerait Still. This had some life & color, & I was able to congratulate the composer without too many mental reservations.

After that I took the Vases home to bed & went on to Helen Rogers's. There were the Hills, the Kéfers, the ever-present Cummings, Lucile Harrison, & Helen's Scotch terrier, Dan, who was seemingly the centre of interest. Helen had some pre-war whiskey, & I drank two big glasses, drove the Hills to their hotel, came back & drank one more. Everybody had left by the time my third glass was down, so no one but Helen heard me discourse blithely of aesthetics & ethics, art, artists, & artistry. We talked till two A.M. I went home to the Vases, slept like a log, & woke next morning without a headache, so you may know that whiskey was the real stuff.

The next day was Saturday. In the morning I dropt in to Josef Schuff's studio. He has become a very good photographer & I enjoyed looking at his work. He has lately acquired, very 'chip', some relics of ancient Greece & Italy which he displayed to me with much pride. There were several tiny earthenware lamps from Greece, one of which was adorned with a representation of two men in a bed which Joe said he had examined with a microscope & found very naughty. I suppose it may have been a bedside lamp in a house of male prostitution. Joe was amusingly embarrassed about it.

I had lunch with the Kéfers & good talk, as always with them. Mrs. K. is exceedingly intelligent & has ideas & opinions of her own. And Paul is a good sort. Both his feet are planted squarely on the earth, but he has wit, & his uncompromising realism is always delectably salted with epigram & ~~anecdote~~ anecdote.

That afternoon Shute arrived from Clinton by train, & he & Mrs. Vase & Leopold Manner & Adelaide Hooker, & I had tea

chez Helen Rogers. Poor Sándor was having piano exams. Mamee was saying, apropos Grant Still, that he thought few if any negro composers were able to do anything with jazz rhythms. 'But', I countered, 'doesn't there have to be some admixture of Broadway with Harlem? doesn't there have to be a composer with Hebraic ancestry, whether or not there's any negro blood?' He laughed & acquiesced & then surprised me by avowing his own Hebraic ancestry. I hadn't thought about it before, tho Leopold certainly looks Jewish, but now I'm wondering whether there's not Jewish blood in both the Daurrosches & the Mammes.

Then Duke & I went to Miss Call's for dinner. The Vases had declined, because Sándor would be sure to be exhausted after his day of exams.

Next morning there was a rehearsal at the U. of R. 'rever campus' auditorium at 9<sup>30</sup>. Guy Harrison had been all the week in Cincinnati & had returned by night train. When I reached the hall, he stopped the orchestra, jumped down off the stage, leaped the brass rail, & came & shook me warmly by the hand. I record this for you because I want to tell you what

a pleasure it is, once in a way, to be treated as tho  
one were somebody. Especially if one is a composer &  
the treator is a conductor! Now I've never felt that I  
knew Guy Harrison very well, & it wasn't till after  
we had left Rochester that I began to be really  
friendly with him, tho Lucile had had Betty Ho  
lunch & she Lucile, & they liked each other to my  
great surprise, for Lucile, while very pretty & extremely  
intelligent is, to my perceiving, a basically vulgar  
person.

Well, Guy practically turned himself inside out to  
receive me at his rehearsal & to defer to my opinion of  
the playing of my dances, & was throughout so  
courteous, so evidently desirous of pleasing me, so  
good-tempered when once I stopped him to make a  
suggestion, so absolutely devoted to the job of  
serving me that I wondered if I were dreaming! Oh,  
I assure you, it was a novel experience, and one  
bound to happen but rarely.

I will say this for him: he's as good a répétiteur as  
I've ever observed in action. He spares neither his men nor  
himself, he repeats till he's satisfied, he takes things to  
pieces, he labors at details of sonority & phrasing as  
well as at accuracy of notes & rhythm. To the limit

of his own artistic perceptions, he is faithful to the work in hand. He is not a martinet nor a drill-sergeant, but he knows what he wants + works till he gets it. And in light music he shines, because that is within his spiritual scope.

The program began with the Overture to The Barber of Seville by Rossini. Then Brahms's 3<sup>d</sup> Symphony. - Intermission. - My 'Three Dances from an Unnamed Ballet'. - Brahms's Ave Maria for Women's Voices + Piano, sung by the U. of R. Women's Glee Club trained by Ted Fitch (who was ill, Guy led). - A wound up with the Flare of the Tiezzi Overture.

Of my dances, I can say at once that they sounded twice as well as I had expected. If everybody has the same experience, I don't wonder composers get fascinated writing for orchestra. The reality of the actual sound is so magical, the piano so inadequate a substitute, so feeble a prefiguration, that one can hardly listen the first couple of times through. Yet I had to subdue my amazement, stop enjoying myself, + concentrate on spotting defects. All in all, it was right enough. It will do. I am no master of the orchestra, but my scoring suits my own ear. And for the opportunity of being sure of this before The Alice is finished ~~and~~ the complete score copied, I am immensely grateful to Guy. I can go ahead now with confidence.

Old Pudding - Face who writes for the Democrat-Chronicle said the dances were cordially received. They were. I was altogether satisfied with the reception accorded them, + I think people in general will like the ballet as a whole. Vas was very much pleased, + said the orchestration was much more colorful than he had thought from reading the score at the piano. He had no adverse comment to make, + since of all the persons there he was probably the most musical, the most experienced, + the most delicately sensitive to orchestral effect, I feel very much encouraged.

There was a University tea afterward, + I hoped Rusk Rhees was going to tell me my music had given him 'peculiar pleasure'. But he had another stereotype ready: 'Thank you very much for the opportunity (forzando on opportunity) of hearing your music.' But Mrs. Rhees, having lived through a week of AMCOCOS, said: 'Oh, Mr. Tweedy! It is such a relief to hear some modern music that is cheerful.' Soderlund, Mac Hose, + other sheets of what Vas calls 'Dr. Hanson's toilet-paper', were

present + took the trouble to speak to me, but the Great Man himself held aloof. Manner telephoned the next morning to say he had left the concert after my dances because it was such a glorious afternoon, but he had very pleasant + intelligent things to tell me, + I appreciated his courtesy.

Thursday, May 25<sup>th</sup>.

Thick left Rochester after the concert, but I stopped there on my way home + played the whole ballet to him + Flora. I played it to Harrison on Monday morning in his office, - I mean by 'whole' the score as far as it is completed. Harrison was so pleased with it that he suggested doing it next winter with the Curc Orchestra + Thelma Beracree for the choreography. And tho they would do it very well, I thought it over after I'd left him + decided I must gently refuse, for economic reasons. I explained my decision to him by letter with all the tact I could muster, + I only hope he'll not be offended. But I can't help it if he is, for I must hold Alice till I can obtain a performance by a regular repertory organization, +

get the score published + receive royalties, else it  
stays on my shelf. About this work I'm determined to be  
hard-bored! If it's as good as they all say, I can afford  
to wait. — I've offered the Three Duets to Sokoloff, who  
is organizing a series of summer concerts at Weston,  
near here, but the wretch hasn't answered my letter.

Since returning, I've played at a concert of the Normal  
School Glee Club, doing half the program, — my previous  
recital in Danbury being some ten years back! I did  
five of the Gluck duets, + a group of Mac Dowell,  
Grieg, Chopin, + Bach, — all fairly 'light' music, to  
fit the occasion. The club sang pretty junk stuff by  
Oley Speaks, Charles Gilbert Spross, Saint Saëns, etc.  
I received a letter from the principal, and the most  
magnificent basket of flowers came next day from the  
girls, — a royal thing, out of which I made five  
different + less complicated arrangements, — and that  
was accompanied by a most graceful note of thanks.  
There was a verbally flowery review in the Danbury News,  
+ the next day there was an editorial, captioned  
'Danbury Rich in Talent', citing Mr. + Mrs. George Howell  
(actors I have not yet seen) and D.T. It all adds to the  
interest of existence if not to the interest on my bank  
account. Let's hope that will come later. You see, I'm  
getting frightfully mercenary.

Last Sunday I had a rare experience. I was down in New York to see Lulu, but Lulu had left for Rochester the previous Monday without letting me know. I tried to get a seat for Design for Living, but the house was sold out, - this was Friday, - so I went downtown & stayed overnight with Richard Chaset, who now lives with Jimmie Gulliam on Grove St. in Greenwich Village. Richard has Philip Merrill's room. Merrill was in town also for the night, so he & Jimmie decamped into an available vacant apartment. Next day Phil went to the Adirondacks to a sanatorium, where let's pray he may be cured of his T.B. I had a good visit with all three.

Now for years I've been wanting to see the performances of Greek drama given at the Bennett School in Millbrook, N.Y. I had seen a photograph in the Times rotogravure section the previous Sunday which reminded me that this year's production was at hand, but I could find no notice of it elsewhere. It was to be the Ophigeneia in Tauris of Euripides, & Edith Wynne Matheson was to be the Ophigeneia. Nobody knew aught of it. So I went to a pay-station & telephoned the school.

The result was that Richard, Jimmie & I went to Millbrook on Sunday, in my car, which I had left at the Pelham end of the subway. And we saw the Ophigeneia played as one dreams of it being played, in an outdoor amphitheatre, with a devotion to the Hellenic tradition, - what can be pieced together of it with zeal & ideal intent, - that carried through all obstacles. The obstacles were that the cast was necessarily all women (except for Charles Fann Kennedy who played Thoas), & that the music for the choric dances was composed by an English organist (this is a guess, but I'll bet it's right). Gilbert Murray's translation was used, & it sounded beautiful. "Miss" Matheson (she is Mrs. Kennedy) was perfect, a great actress in a great rôle, & what is there more thrilling, more inwardly satisfying in this world of credits & imperfections? But the astounding thing was the chorus. These were Bennett School girls, but they have been trained by a woman named Margaret Page, & I would trumpet her name from the housetops if I had a trumpet & a housetop. They moved, they danced, they sang with fervor & a sense of dedication. They were part of the drama, yet apart. They illustrated decoratively the mood of the verse, and were ~~sometimes~~ <sup>sometimes</sup> an integral part of the action & ~~sometimes~~ <sup>sometimes</sup> rhythmically free of it. They were on the stage for, I

should say, a continuous hour + three quarters, & never once did one of ~~them~~ noticeably 'let down'. The dances ranged from simple processions to very complex evolutions, but through them all I was in a state of rapture little troubled by my consciousness that the music was weak & uninspired, - worse, it was absolutely wrong in style, but I couldn't let that count: my eyes were so filled with beauty that I was able to disregard the evidence of my ears, & when I listened, I listened for the words themselves & their meaning rather than to the tones to which they were mis-mated. If such a performance could have great music, - not pretentious, but simple & stark & strong, - it would be a marvel. Even as it was, I sat there with the tears streaming down my cheeks. Euripides, speaking through Gilbert Murray, spoke to the inmost things in me, & comforted & encouraged my spirit. If there can be this in the world, then human existence is justified with all its madness & cruelty.

I was very glad to know that you are well in spite

of being so exceedingly busy, + that your face is tanned  
if not your buttocks. I have had four sunbaths naked  
+ been in swimming once. The water was cold but  
good. How we do jump from winter into summer these  
last several years! And how my garden grows under  
this fair sky!

Mother + Louise + Bob + I are going to the Pond de-  
finitively tomorrow. For that reason, my dear, tho I  
regret it profoundly, I do not believe I can come to Exeter  
before you leave there. Mother is nervously not at all well.  
I have been anxious about her for some time. I think,  
when you see her, you will perceive that she looks  
badly. I've been running here + there for the past six  
weeks, + now I must stay put till I get Alice finished,  
+ tho I could arrange to be away if you really needed  
me, I think it would be better to wait till you can  
come to us. I am certainly looking forward to that.  
And for Heaven's sake make your stay just as long as  
you possibly can, for even so it will be too short.

I will attend to the matter of the steamship reservations  
at once.

I send you my love, as does the whole family. Donald

June 13, 1933.

Dear Donald,

Your long & nervous letter was very welcome - what a breezy month you spent!

June 14. And there I was interrupted. I was trying to write a letter while giving an exam but couldn't get time enough between interruptions to collect my thoughts.

Since I hope to see you before many days I shall confine myself to a very few remarks.

First, may I come to Ball's Pond

me came at this time just say  
the word. I decided to come to you  
first, to make sure of seeing you  
and to save time & money on a  
special trip from Coxsack.

I hope getting out to Ball's Pond  
has helped your mother and that she  
is feeling much better. I shall be  
very glad to see her again and shall  
do my best to jolly her up. Your  
promises must be beautiful now  
that ought to do anyone who can  
take them a great deal of good. I  
am counting on some of them  
waiting until I can get there.

The last three weeks have been  
very strenuous, with many exams  
and review assignments. I have  
only two exams left to prepare,

for a good sleep. I don't feel very  
sleepy just now, but after it's all  
over I shall probably want to sleep  
for days. I should like to go straight  
to Danbury from Exeter. I doubt if  
I shall be able to leave here before  
Thursday morning the 22nd. I have  
no recent time tables at hand but from  
the old ones I have I figure that I  
could get to Bridgeport that day by  
3:55 P.M. I could meet you there, or  
could change there, reaching South  
Norwalk at 4:55, taking the bus from  
there to Danbury. Just let me  
know what would be most convenient  
for you and I shall let you know in  
plenty of time, exactly how & when  
I should arrive.

Should you not be able to leave

which, with one I have yet to read,  
makes only three more to read. Classes  
end on Saturday. I shall have to hold  
some preceptorial classes next week.  
And besides that I must pack up all  
my goods & chattels before I leave -  
oh I dread it! My apartment will  
probably be used for summer school  
so I want to get out of it now.  
I have secured a room in Eliot House  
for next year, but shall probably  
store my things here during the  
summer and have them taken down  
by truck next September.

All for now. I look forward  
with eagerness to seeing all of you.  
Love to all,

George.

R. D. 4 —  
Danbury. June 16<sup>th</sup>

Carissimo Amico Mio :

Your aspirations to be a Sleeping Beauty shall be carried out with all the magic we are capable of. Come on Thursday by all means. We looked up the train you spoke of, & it still runs ("The Senator") & still reaches Bridgeport at 3<sup>55</sup> in D. S. T. If I hear nothing further from you, I'll be there at that hour.

You'll be too late for the peonies. The unreasonable & unreasonable hot weather brought them all out last week, & there are no unopened buds left. We took two prizes with them at the flower show, a first with Mikado & a second with Sarah Bernhardt. But the Delphinium will be in full bloom for to greet you. Mother sends her love & is looking forward to your coming. So am I! Your Donald

Danbury, 8 July, 1933.

Carissimo :-

I was delighted to hear from you this morning, but sorry you acquired a head-cold. They are particularly mean in summer. Perhaps you practiced too much nudism while you were here (I'm sure you were restrained from going about naked in Coxsackie!)

It struck me, after we had left you in Pokipok, that we ought to have followed a reverse route, & had you with us the longer way, considering the time you would have to wait. Why didn't you speak up? Perhaps you didn't realize the difference, which in mileage must have been about 30.

I took Horne & Mother to look at the little Greek theatre at the Bennett School. They were charmed with it, but it was too hot to linger. We reached home at 5<sup>15</sup>

Last Monday Mother & I went to see the opening performance of Dorian Gray. It was so bad that we could not sit through it. Only one member of the company had any notion of the art of acting, & therefore the horror of the

drama seemed mere perverse absurdity. The tale ought to make a good play, + there was enough of Wilde's wit in the dialogue to titivate one's sense of the comic. I felt that the play might have been exceedingly effective if the actors had been competent. And I see no reason for not having competent actors when so many are unemployed. I should so enjoy being able to go to the theatre rather than the movies, but we seem fated in Danbury to have the Express certain rise on ineptitude. Your remarks about Theodora + Max are very much to the point in this instance. The Danbury News carried half-a-column of sickly drivel about the magnificent performance, + Helen Rider's aunt, whom I also call 'Aunt Lizzie,' went, + came away enthusiastic. But, after all, this is an old story. You should hear musicians talk about new music + musical performances! That is why the Tweedy-Tufts combination call themselves S. B.'s - meaning sour-bellies! We are hard to please, + we know it. But when we are pleased, we know why.

C. L. Anthony is a Charles, but not our Charles.

Our Charles's middle-name is Pearson, after the catlike woman who was his mother, whom Betty used to call "the purrer". But she purred only when she was pleased. Let anyone attack her "bitten", & her claws were out instantaneously.

Well, the summer concerts at Weston are launched. Mother, Marguerite, Horrie & I went down together on Thursday. We took our little red rubber cushions & were glad of them. It was a chore to get all the way down there & back when we might have sat on our own terrace & turned on the phonograph. And heard an artistically better performance. For the orchestra & the conductor at Weston are scarcely worth the trip. Perhaps they will improve, but something has got to be done about the acoustics. The music sounded as tho it came from another & not a better world. - There was a good crowd, - possibly two thousand persons. But all the mosquitoes of all the salt-marshes of the Fairfield county coast evidently considered themselves invited. Everybody who could smoke, smoked incessantly, but there was quite a noticeable amount of percussion-effect from grate palms in contact with ankles, calves, necks, & arms. Then the Eroica had hardly begun when two whippoorwills opened up from a nearby thicket, & their interminable sorrow added itself in cross-rhythms to the pathetic grief of the funeral-march. Romeo's Russian cavare was evidently smelt out by a hound-dog at a neighboring farm, for he gave tongue as though hot after the quarry. Some people left early, & the process of starting motors somewhat detracted from the Franco-pagan mood of 'L'Après-midi d'un Faune'. The only thing I was able thoroughly to enjoy was the Rakoczy March. That kind of music is within Sokoloff's scope, & he played it right up to the nines. Horns & trumpets, which had sounded too coarse all during the earlier numbers, now came into their own. They blatted right vulgarly, helped out by trombones & tuba, & St. obviously revelled in The din. He cannot compass ecstasy, nor any other spiritual quality, but he does love a big noise. He will butcher my little dances, but he's committed now!

Do write soon again. It does me good to hear from you, mon cher, because I miss you constantly. Mother sends her love. I - Your Donald

Balls's Pond,

21 July, 1933.

Carissimo:

I must tell you without delay that Mother is planning to go to Squirrel Island (Boothbay Harbor) on or about August 15<sup>th</sup> & wants me to drive her up to Bath. I am wondering if by hook or crook you will still be in Cambridge. I should remember the usual length of the summer session at Harvard, but whether it is 5 weeks or 6 my recollection refuses to divulge.

What I want is to see you, & the mechanism doesn't matter as long as it functions. We would take you along to Maine if you could go. I expect I shall leave Mother at Bath to take the morning boat on the 16<sup>th</sup> while I go on to Wiscasset to say Hello to Henry & Elizabeth & to spend a few hours with Sandor Vas, who is at the Newagen Inn with his wife & likes it. (Thank God he has at last found a place for the summer that seems to suit him!) I would not expect to tarry more than a day. Then I'd start back for Danbury. If you could come with me, well & good. We might climb a White Mountain on the way.

Will you tell me at once if this is at all possible, & if it isn't, what is? For, naturally, your first visit to Danbury wasn't half a visit. You had scarcely arrived before it was time for you to leave. So don't eat.

We've been to Westport again, & to Weston also. The plays at Westport are being done by various companies this summer, & some are better than others. Last night it was The Yellow Jacket with Mr. & Mrs. Coburn, an utterly delightful flight of fancy on a Chinese subject. They have played it, off & on, for years, but I never had the good luck to see it before. I wished for you: you would have loved it even as I did. The 2nd concert at Weston was better than the first; still, the acoustics leave much to be desired. Emily Roosevelt sang Schubert, Mozart, & Wagner, & my private conclusion was that she would make an ideal church soloist. But she sings better, as Helen Rader remarked, than some others with bigger reputations. She is being nice to me — asked me to her house for dinner & took me to a musicale at Frank La Forge's afterward. She lives in Stamford.

I meant to have told you how delighted I am that you are to have a proctorship for next year. That will help enormously, won't it! Even if your habitat is not so spacious as before, — & even if you have to sigh a little when you think of the grand luxe of yesteryear.

If you see Raymond, tell him I'll write to him before long.

With my love. Donald