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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.

[Modate]

Dear Donald & Betty

I was sorry not to have had more news from you before I left Port Townsend, but if any came after I left it will be forwarded - they have my address now - which for the present is Comalco, F. P. O., Seattle, Wash. I hope the first mail from you will contain the good news that you & Betty are feeling much better, and also that you have now learned you must not try to do so much. But that is really too much to hope, for you are so quiet that if there is to be done you'd do it until you drop. This may reach you around your birthday - anyhow it brings you my fondest greetings, best wishes & much love.

I can't tell you when I left Seattle or where we are, but I have seen a few sights I mean expected to see and am sure I'd like to tell you about, - perhaps in another year or eighteen months I can. It seems so strange suddenly to be shut off from reporting about the whole of one's life. I spent the last afternoon in Seattle deciding it into three parts - an hour at a book store picking up a few things to bring along - an hour at a record shop, listening

to the crew recording of the Archduke Tri, and
we have at the best restaurant, eating a most
relaxing meal of sautheast trout - after that I felt
more prepared to face the rigors of my future.

I picked up a very interesting book - Language
in Action, by Hayakawa - you probably read
it when it came out - one of the more popular
books on semantics - it is not very profound
and certainly not technical, but it makes a
good many points quite well - I think you'd
enjoy looking into it.

Well, class has just been called, and after
that I expect I shall be set to necessary lectures,
that is one of my jobs just now. Hope I'll have
good word from you soon. Must leave to you
both,
George.

From Donald Tweedy,
R. D. 4
Danbury, Conn.

Dr. George B. Van Schaack,
Elmshade,
Coxsackie, N. Y.

Wed. Evg. no late
?
19305

Three remarks by Amie since I got home this evening:

At supper: I think George felt real bad at leaving, this morning.

Myself: Oh, he struck me as quite philosophic about it.

Amie: I thought he seemed kind of blue when he talked to me.

Myself: Well, it was probably momentary. He was quite cheerful when we got started.

Later, indicating your bureau, upstairs:

Amie: Well, you've got plenty of room for your clothes now.

Myself: (Silence).

Amie: One can have too much room.

Myself: (Silence).

Just now, kissing me Goodnight:

Amie: Well, you'll have to sleep alone tonight,

won't you, - as Louise says. (Louise once con-
vulsed the family by using the expression "And
have I got to sleep alone?" - God knows ~~how~~^{how} she
got confused in her English - at a time when I
was to be absent overnight.)

Myself: I reckon so.

Aunt: (after a pause, + a rather tantalizing
smile) And so will George.

I report merely + refrain from other comment
than that I was very much amused.

The enclosed description came in a letter from
Mrs. Merchant which was awaiting me here.
As it pertains to an unfurnished house or apartment,
it will hardly do unless you decide to go into
furniture. She says she sent information also
to Elizabeth.

By the way, please give my regards to Mrs.
Merchant when you see her. I should not want
her to think I had forgotten to send her a
personal message. Tell me how she is.

I am writing to Elisabeth about the wedding-presents with an s. There will, of course, be several from Danbury, and if I have to advise about all of them, I want to know whether she shares your practical notion that we should wait and send them to Rochester rather than dispatch them now to Granville. My own hunch is that she will be a woman in a million if she is able to say she doesn't want them assembled for the wedding-guests to inspect. And since you + she are having a ceremony for the sake of your families + not because either of you desires it for your own satisfaction, the question is, will they want to see the gifts, + if so, do you intend to indulge them?

I was with Petta less than half an hour, + left the M. S. with him. He was most cordial, + liked the idea of the ballet.

Then I went down to Macy's + bought some books on the strength of my increase in salary (!), among them the Matthews book on trees. I think, from a hasty glance at it, that our sapling is a tulip-tree.

I caught the 5.31 out of New York + reached the farm two hours later. There was a shower over the city while I was in Macy's, but it hadn't rained here.

I find myself feeling very cheerful + grateful. I shall miss you, but I shall be very busy + the soreness of seeing you go away will wear off in time. Everything you have said to me, when I put it together, comes out with the right answer, + I can prove it without peeking in the back of the book. Everything I said to you I think you understood, though I may not have expressed my thoughts + feelings clearly on every point.

But I will say again, explicitly, that your marriage cannot possibly make a difference in my fundamental feeling for you. And I am confident that through it you will learn so much + grow so much that I shall only think the more of you. I am not troubled, + if ever I should be, I would tell you directly. — In fact, my worries about you are largely for your physical well-being. I want you to get sturdy + fit by whatever means you can manage it, + in that respect a wise + considerate wife may find the means.

Apartment at no. 7 Livingston Park.
A very beautiful private, and
dignified street, consisting
of just one block.

House has been made over
into seven apartments by the
daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Smith.

The father Mr. Frederick Sherwood
lived for one fifty years in
the house and it is about
a hundred years old.

Mrs. Smith lives directly across
the street.

The apartment suitable for your
requirements is located on the
second floor rear, south west
exposure, rent 57⁵⁰ includes
garage, heat, hot water, light
electric refrigerator, ^{rent} ~~rent~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{paid} ~~paid~~ ^{over} ~~over~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{mo.} ~~mo.~~

Consists of living room 14.6 x 15.2
2 windows. bed room 10.6 x 14.4
2 windows. dressing room (or study)
approximately 8 x 10 or 10 1/2. bath room
off hall 7.3 x 8. Has shower. All equip-
ment is new and man in attendance
for moving furniture etc.
Mrs. Smith is a very fine
woman, very prominent in

Rochester and will be a very
satisfactory land I am sure.

For location it is a little nearer
the Mass College than the old
University campus.

The grounds are spacious and
the view from this apartment
should be very attractive.

I do not know anything that
comes so good for the price
she is asking, and as I said,
~~except~~ except that I haven't
seen it, I can not recommend
it too highly.

I doubt if it will remain long
unrented!

I am writing this very hurriedly
to get it in the mail.

I am sending the same
information to Miss Dougan.

The apartment is unfurnished
none of them will be furnished.
and all will be ready Sept 1st 11.

2.

George, be as happy-go-lucky as you can!
Don't be too much bothered by what you can't help.
And if + when you need help, for Heaven's sake
holler for it!

My love, always,

Donald

9 Jan., 1935.

145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

Cher ami :-

God! what weather, - what damnable weather!
Rochester at its worst was never worse. If you could
have seen me Monday evening trying to stare my way
through the fog, getting down to South Norwalk & back!
We both went to the Stravinsky party, & came right
back afterwards, sadder & wiser.

It was a boon to hear from you so speedily. I have
said all my say on the subject of your tormentor. All
I'll add is that I hope to learn right soon that you &
Apted & the Telephone Company have caught him among
you. You might have him executed with Hauptmann,
who seems to be going his way to the electric chair
about as speedily as evidence can carry him there.
One more verminous specimen the less.

We met Donovan of the Yale Music Department, who
gave me a tip as to a vacancy in the department at the
University of Chicago. We written to the head, but not

I believe you were to let Anne know just how much Na CO_2 your father is imbibing per dose, & how many doses a day. I was asked about this.

I'm glad your cold cleared up. What you really needed was rest & a chance for your red corpuscles to catch up. Shall you try a tonic with cod liver oil? I think I shall. I'm O.K. to date, but this weather is the kind that starts me off into my perennial influenza. I'd like to give it the slip, for once.

It was right good to have you here, & what good luck when the Vases came! I had insisted you go to Terrace Place, never dreaming my insistence would provoke a counter-idea. I conclude the Vases were with us.

Our multigraphed notices elicited a total of two new members! (of the Country Dance Group). — It is certainly hard to persuade people in Danbury to do anything new or different. I marvel at the apparent fact that ~~nobody~~ is so bored with his evenings that he is moved to investigate the opportunity we offer. Most of our former members showed up again, & there were sixteen present beside me. There will be

with my heart. My near-do-well tendencies rise up + stay my arm when there's any prospect of having my blissful days of composition interfered with. Of course, I can't send Betty abroad. She has to live in Danbury, which she likes (but she liked Boston no better + saw less people). I can't go abroad myself, but I don't miss travel as she does. Yet, when we were there, she was forever complaining because she had no "home" to go back to. Now that she has a home she can't get away from, she is no better suited. Therefore I write to the music department at Chicago. I can't imagine a place that I should probably hate as much as I might hate Chicago, but I am New Englander enough to conceive it my duty to try to get any paying job that offers.

Now, with regard to your job next year. I hope I made a dent in your consciousness with regard to that. If you're to have any choice at all, you must not only use the Appointment Office, but use also your friends + the friends of your friends. See everybody you know + charm them into pulling wires. See Raymond about a possible non-teaching job. You were not necessarily created by a wise + beneficent

Providence to be a teacher. Especially of mathematics. Raymond favors you are intelligent + guide it in detail. Tell him that if you're to follow his advice + get wanted, you will have to begin by earning at least \$2000. a year, better \$3,000. And you'll actually do that at teaching college math, unless decidedly you fall on your feet. See everyone who has ever been friendly to you + who, in your estimation, has influence in the world you want to enter. Take advice. And follow every lead. And do it now.

The extraordinarily often words something of a circus. I was much disappointed in the so-called musical program. There were some rhythmic speculations by the Gordon Quartet, a piece somewhat that looked most + attractive, some songs that at least have humor, + an aria from the opera *Macaria* that seemed entirely without merit. It was all deathly dull in detail, but who cared about that. Afterwards, the fox was from good. I was the least person to be introduced to him, - I hadn't intended to be, but Morton Bauer forced the issue, - + I said the first thing that came into my head, which was, "jai jrité de vous." The poor thing good! "If it is a concert d'été; j'ai peur d'attraper froid," I said. He might just as well catch his cold + sigh. I doubt if he has anything more of importance to give the world.

2

145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

more this week, as we have changed our evening
to Fridays for the sake of four who could not
come Wednesdays.

Betty sends her love to you + I mine.

Faithfully,

Donald

Haell's 7
Cambridge, Mass.
January 14, 1935.

Dear Betty & Danell,

My spirits are a bit up tonight, and since you are likely to get a more cheerful letter from me under that circumstance than otherwise, I seize the opportunity of writing one.

The particular bit which has boosted my spirits tonight is a letter from Prof. Gale of Rochester asking me if I would care to be considered for a position there next year. My name had been suggested by Prof. Graebner. Perhaps if I felt about Rochester as you do my

But I am not building any castles - I am chiefly heartened by the fact that such good universities as Rochester are already looking about for candidates. It falls well with the recent report that there are to be many more jobs open this June than last.

I have written a letter to Prof Gale - at his request - outlining my activities for the past thirteen years - the request is apparently only to find out whether I can write a letter, for he is to come to Cambridge next Tuesday, at which time I shall meet him.

You seem, David, to have been in a murderous mood when you wrote last - you seemed to be ready to do away with no less than three people - Hauptmann, Stravinsky and my 'armchair'. The last is still at large. why I rather

spirits would be depressed rather than raised. But I can think of late warce places of landing than there. It may not be as civilized as Boston (I understand the old Lyceum has been torn down without any kind of replacement) but one can still be civilized in it - and the University offers many advantages that one could not find in Ashkosh, Wisconsin. In fact I could feel very happy about being given an appointment there. As you have probably heard they have a new president - Vallentine, by name, a young man of 38 - who, wonder of wonders, doesn't have a doctor's degree. It might just happen that he would be willing to let an instructor have a commanding interest in something besides the particular subject he was hired to discourse on - and that would be a boon to me, were I there.

reckon, will remain so. I saw Apter,
^{today} after a lapse of ten days, but he had
no new information - though as usual
he acted as if he were still hot on
the trail - at least he said that the
cessation of annoyance was no reason
for giving up the hunt. Well, I can't
bother with it myself, but he has
my consent to leave no stone un-
turned.

I was amused at your account of
the Stravinsky affair - especially at
your brief exchange of words with him.
I have heard nothing that he has written
of late years - in fact I know only
the Fire-Bird, Petrushka and Apollo -
all of which have parts that have
come, on repetition, to mean quite a
lot to me - I can even say that there
are times when I actually crave them.

You guessed 100% right when you
guessed that I would want to read
'English Journey'. I am having a grand
time with it. If I believed in requited
reading this book would be well up
near the top of the current list. I
say that, in places, he has described
the indescribable - I have found my-
self fairly panting after reading
some pages - they ~~are~~ ^{contain} what I call
powerful writing - I suppose other
people call it great writing - but
whatever the name, I shall read them
again & again. I'm deeply indebted
and very grateful to you for putting
me in the way of the book.

I had dinner with young Hoag the
other evening - and I must relate a
bit of our conversation to you. I
mentioned having seen the Vasee

feeling quite well, except for being very tired. The midyear exam period begins on Thursday - I think I shall spend the first few mornings in bed in an attempt to catch up. I hope, Donald, that this year you will be able to circumvent your perennial influenza. I prescribe cod. liver oil - though I've never tried it.

My love to you.

George

during vacation. He replied 'Very nice people, indeed' and asked me where I had seen them. When I told him he said, 'And they are also very nice people. They are the people of Danbury, aren't they?' Really, he's not to blame - he also is a 'very nice' person. You know his father has been ill for a long time. He has arterial sclerosis, entering in the brain, and his mind is so dulled now that he has of late become much less melancholy over his state than he was a few months ago. There are compensations, every now & then.

My spirits are still up, and I could go on for some time. But it is nearly tea-time and I must correct a set or two of papers before then. I am

18 Jan. '35

Carino: -

I must haste to get a brief word to you because I can't tell when I'll have time to write a letter. Specifically & specially I must congratulate you on the possibility of a position at the University of Rochester. That is much better than any prospect you ~~seemed~~ seemed to think likely, and if it is actually offered to you, I hope you will take it. You are already possessed of many acquaintances in that community & will feel at home there. Just don't tell anyone you are not a whole-souled mathematician (of course I know you have sense enough not to do that!) and alter your course

only after you've got a cargo.

You are curiously mistaken as to my feeling about Rochester. Had conditions at the Eastman School been different from what they are, I could have been well content to remain there. I had not thought you could have received any other impression. Betty, of course, is another person, but even she looks back to Rochester (now that she is no longer there!) with a certain nostalgia.

We are replanning the Music Centre, with the help + inspiration of Edward Bremer, + are getting some people together to talk it over next Thursday. Perhaps I can write you before then. At any rate, I shall try.

My love to you, + good luck!
Donald

Halls 7
Cambridge, Mass.
January 22, 1935.

Dear Donald,

You may remember that last September as we were returning from one of our coasts and discussing various perplexities of mind in which I then was, you remarked that I could produce an impressive array of dilemmas. Another has just been born.

I have just returned from seeing Prof. Gale. The interview started, of course, with various non-committal remarks, chiefly about Raderick and my years at

at least exactly, but I think, seen in print,
it would appear to be affirmative, whereas
heard, as I uttered it, it would convey
considerable indecision. And I further
think he was keen enough to discern that.
He then went on to say that they are trying
to build up a department which can
carry on graduate work leading to the
doctor's degree - a very legitimate aim
but a blow to my interest in the position.
He expounded the basis on which a man
would be selected - namely on teaching
ability, character and promise of research
publication, no one of which could be
lacking in the successful candidate. He
had previously remarked that I appeared
to be interested in people, to which I
could truthfully reply 'Yes', adding, however,
that I found it hard not to be interested,

the Eastman School. I'm sure you'd be
gladified to know that he remembered you
and recalled having heard the concert
at which your dances were played! (You
were dragged in quite naturally as
having been the chief influence in
my coming here.) He finally got down
to business, however. He asked me
various questions about my post-graduate
& teaching, which I could answer without
dissimulation, and then more or less
politely asked me if I expected to go on
in research along the lines that I am
now working in. I had tried to condition
myself for this question, by suggesting
to myself that I answer 'Oh, of course, I
expect to go on with research', which
would have been a true statement but not
wholly free of deception. I cannot
remember what my actual answer was,

in a great many things. So he now
went on to say that a broad interest
was desirable, of course, but presented
the problem of wisely allotting one's time
so that a chief interest did not suffer.
Finally he quizzed me rather relentlessly
to determine what these interests might
be, and I frankly told him that they were
social sciences - not, however, conferring
the rather deep absorption of those interests.

He was most cordial when I left and
expressed the hope that he might see
me again at no too distant time, but
that I should draw no inferences from
that remark. I think we each saw through
the other sufficiently so that I could
write his report to his department
for him. He will say of my personality
much the same that you would were you
meeting me for the first time today.

But I think he will go on to say that 'this man has too many interests for it to be likely that he will devote his whole soul and energy to helping to build up a graduate department at Rochester'.

It would appear then that my name will be struck off the list and my work will, for the moment at least, have been made safe for economics. But - in the first place he will ^{all} Prof. Morse today and I cannot be certain that the latter will not say things to change ~~Prof. Morse's~~ ^{his} impression. In the second place, that impression may be so changed that I shall be one of the three, from the dozen whom Prof. Gale is interviewing this week, to be invited to come to Rochester for interviews with other members of the department.

fact I already knew Rochester does expect its men sometime during their first three years there to show promise of research ability & in fact actual research results, without which their appointment is terminated, I felt that it might be there need be no explicit commitment, on the part of the candidate and that further the University might be seeking a man with high recommendations for teaching alone. And it did not cross my mind that they were starting a graduate school. Now that I know the situation to be almost exactly the reverse of what I had supposed it might be, I do not want the position. Regardless of how successful I might be there in applying myself whole-heartedly to the achievement of their aims I should not be happy, and I haven't the gall to accept the position and not attempt to do that which they would apparently expect

And here is the dilemma, which is independent of the possibility of my being offered the position - which, however, I should be more or less bound to accept were I to accept the invitation to visit the University. ~~_____~~
~~_____~~. (Badstart!).

I cannot refuse the position nor refuse to have further negotiation without giving sufficient reason to the Division at Harvard, and the only truthful & sufficient reason I can think of giving would seriously jeopardise my degree.

You probably ask why ^(should) I terminate negotiations, and you may be right in feeling that I shouldn't. I had, of course, to tell Prof Gale, in the beginning, ^{that I} ~~would~~ have had to ^{and} ~~or~~ give sufficient reason to Prof. Gravettin for not doing so. But besides that ~~I felt~~ ^{and} despite the

me to attempt.

I see several solutions any one of which, were it wholly successful, would prevent the Harvard division from hearing my true feelings before they granted me the degree - and it is certainly such a solution I must employ. The one which appeals to me best is the following. I would let the matter ride and were I offered the position accept it, experiencing next year what might be termed a genuine "ex post facto" change of heart, and try during next year to find myself a more suitable position. (In any case I doubt that I should be able to remain at Rochester more than a year without publication - they have three new men whom they took on last September and whom they are dismissing because he has not panned out as they expected).

Or in place of waiting until next year to look about for another job I could look about this spring, though of course with great difficulty & some danger - for I would not have the aid of either the division or the Appointment office, and were I to be successful I should again have to give sufficient reason.

A second solution is to guess the matter quietly in the following way. I know quite well one ^{member} of the department at Rochester, who I reckon has spoken well of me, and who, though he has been there only two years, already holds a position of weight. I feel reasonably sure that he would listen to my case with some sympathy and not betray me (though it might not be necessary to state the whole case). I could ask him

giving no specific reason except to say that after talking with him I felt on the whole that it would be best for both the University & me. I should have to ask him, of course, not to reveal that fact to Harvard, for the obvious reason that I would chief be looking for a job and my refusal of this one might prejudice Prof. Graustein in favor of me. I do not think that would be too difficult for him, for I feel certain they will select some Harvard man - I know of at least two others whom they are considering.

Other solutions I fail to see. There is still another angle the sharpness of which now turns against me. I mentioned last week to Mr. Hagg that I had had a letter from Prof. Gals. In discussing the matter I happened to speak of the new

to use his influence to prevent my being invited there, or failing that to prevent my appointment. Of course were he to know the whole case, his own integrity might be put to some strain. I don't know how seriously he would consider the awarding of a degree to one of my persuasions. But I am not a charlatan, however, - I am merely trying to beat my way through a jungle of academic rigamarole, made the more dense by the present depression and ever-present lack of economic security. Certainly were I in his position I think I should consider myself justified in doing what I could to clear away the underbrush.

There is still a third solution - namely to write to Prof. Gals, himself, and tell him frankly that I should like to withdraw my name from consideration -

president 'oh yes, Valentine' he exclaimed,
'I know him quite well, - and so does Dr
Perry - he has had quite a bit of business
with Escher and I have met him there a
number of times - a very fine fellow'. It
didn't take long for the idea to pop
of having Dr Perry write a spontaneous
letter to Valentine saying how glad
he would be to see me placed at
Rochester. That letter has probably been
written and I may have to reckon with
it.

So much for the present situation.
But even if I reach a solution of the
present dilemma by either of the two
last methods or by any other which
does not land me in Rochester, I
shall still be on Prof. Gravenick's list
as a possible candidate for a job such

I have that
as that at Rochester. I feared this kind
of situation would arise, but have had
such genuine & strong doubts that any
job of this nature would appear (considering
the large number of young and able mathematicians
who have no or only a ^{poor} job) that I have felt
little anxiety over it and made the preparation
for it. The only preparation I can think of
now that I could have made would have
been to impress it upon Prof. Goursat's
mind that I would prefer a job in
a small college to one in a university
where graduate work was done. But I
can't believe him so dense that this
suggestion would not have called up a
true picture of the situation.

Isn't this whole business a mess - I mean
the business of keeping one's integrity, devoting
oneself to one's intellectual interests and
keeping the wolf from the door, all at the

we beyond the points at which the ends
of their own noses are buried in their
own 'im kleinen' research. In connection
with this I want to mention what
President Conant said in his report to
the Overseers (and I believe the same is to
be found in his annual report now
being distributed). He proposed that
there be established a certain number of
so-called 'roving'
professorships - the professors having
them to have carte blanche to study,
lecture, write or otherwise to employ
their time in a scholarly fashion on any
subject which appealed to them or which
wrote. He said in so many words that
we have had too much specialization. We
must now have integration + synthesis
before the structure now raised simply
disintegrates into ~~a heap~~ ^{a heap} of ^{the} pebbles of
which it is made. I can write that to be

same time? I already have several goals
toward which I should like to strive
but I hereby add this one - namely to help
bring about a safer attitude toward
intellectual endeavor, in particular to
bring about a state of affairs in which
a devotion to learning in general will be
as much valued as a devotion to learning
in particular - as the Germans might say,
'im grossen' as opposed to 'im kleinen'.
I think it is significant that in such a
magazine as 'Harper's' scarcely more than
one article a month is written by a person
holding a college position. I know that
college teachers do get articles into the
magazines, for example, in the Yale Review
and Foreign Affairs, but the latter magazines
have a very restricted circulation - one
reason being that the articles in general
are too technical for even the good
average college graduate - too many
college professors can't, or rather don't,

his first important statement and even
to which I can subscribe.

But to get back to my immediate problem,
I have discussed job-hunting with both
Prof. Bealley & Prof. Morse. The former told
me he saw no harm in my making
application to any & all colleges to which
I had time to write, but that he felt
the Division and the Appointment Office
would get me a job, so I had better
save my postage. I saw him again yes-
terday after he had discussed the
matter with Graustein, and the latter
seemed of the same opinion. Prof. Morse
advised against writing around, feeling
that those who solicited jobs created
a handicap for themselves. But he did
not feel that the Division et al were too
much to be depended upon. He thought
it alright for me to write to those

with which ⁵
places ~~with~~ I have some connection
through acquaintances, and further advised
me to make application at one or two
good agencies. Prof. Bealley advised
against the latter, saying that the
agencies never get hold of the best jobs.
I do not know why Morse advised me
as he did, but it may be that he felt
I ought not to expect as good a position
as, say, the one at Rochester. In speaking
of the latter he said he rather doubted
they could be considering for the same
position both me and another man
here who has had his degree for several
years - from the tone of his remarks I
think he did not feel I would get that
kind of a job. But he did say that I
should by all means refuse no job.
Writing a thesis is fast becoming easier
than finding the right way to find
the right job.

pages of German mathematics to read -
depart before this time tomorrow after-
noon, so I shall have to stop.

I hope you are still avoiding the
influenza and that both Betty and
you are otherwise well. My love to
you

George

P.S. 8 P.M. It is several hours since I
wrote the above lines, and though I
have had other things to do in the
morning, my mind has frequently
turned to their subject.

The last alternative, namely of writing
to Prof. Gale, seems to me possibly the
best. But if that is to be done it must
be done soon enough so that the
letter reaches him before he makes his
report. The more I think about it, the

I am writing to Haverford, where
Dick Minton has already spoken of me to
the head of the department of mathematics.
Do you think Shute would be willing
to do the same at Hamilton - I rather
doubt if I knew him well enough to
ask him. I can also write to a friend
at both Swarthmore and Amherst. That
is the extent of the cases I can think of
at present.

You are probably exhausted by now.
I hope neither has it taken you as long
to read this letter nor will you spend
as much time, thinking about it as I
have in writing it. I have to say these
things to someone besides myself and
you are one of the few to whom I can
say them.

There is a lot more I should like to
write now, but I have thirty-seven

more I think I should be frank with
him. I enclose a draft of a letter
which I think might do the trick.
What do you think of it? Will you be so
good as to criticize it, as well as
the idea, and return it as soon as
you can?

In order that you may surely get
this tomorrow I must take it to
Saint Station as well as sending
it special delivery. Then I must
get some German read.

g.

P.S. If you mail your answer special
delivery, so that it gets out of Danbury
first thing Thursday morning I should
receive it on Thursday. g.

Wed. Morn.

23 Jan. '35.

Dear George :-

Now don't you wish you'd stayed at Eastman & become an obscure organist?

Betty + I have sat in a consistency of two at the breakfast-table (your letter arrived at the house before eight, - fortunately Mary was on the job), - and have read + briefly pondered all you had to say.

Since I must reply with what speed I can manage, I will say at once that I think you torment yourself needlessly. You cannot expect that your peculiar status will bring you to anything but a series of compromises. If you want your degree and the moral support of the Harvard mathematics department, you have got to play your rôle as they expect you to play it, to the best of your ability, as long as the performance lasts. You should be willing, I think, to surrender yourself to Fate for the

time being, because obviously whatever you get will not be exactly what you want, - at least, the chances are overwhelmingly against it. You may elude the present dilemma, but there is every likelihood that, if you succeed in side-stepping this, you will only land right in the middle of another.

I take it that Gale has become dean in Hoering's place. If that is so, he may have an eye out for the administrative office. I think it is interesting that he remarked your attentiveness to "people", + that might have given you a significant lead had you chosen to take it.

I must say that, if I were you, I should not write to Gale. You cannot play fast + loose with the profession which you are identified with. You are not binding yourself the least little bit to accept the position at Rochester before it is actually tendered you, - remember that. If they offer you a free trip, to look the place over, still

you are not bound, nor should your conscience trouble you in any way. It is their risk: let them take it. And it might give you a chance to evaluate the potentialities of the place for doing eventually what you really want to do. Further, you might, without ever saying explicitly what is in the draft of your letter to Gale, — and I think you should not say it explicitly till after next June, — you might have an opportunity to see him privately and to express to him the fascination which the larger problems of pedagogy and its improvement in methods & ideals has for you.

I think you might have taken the bull by the horns with Gale. You might have said: "I am especially interested in the field of the mathematics of economics, and I should like to be enabled to do research in that field. Unfortunately for me here at Harvard, my research for the doctor's thesis was planned & prescribed for me at a time when I was still uncertain where my greatest interest lay, & I have had to go through with it because I had not the means to defer the taking of my degree. Moreover, beyond making certain inquiries of the members of the department who understand the implications of the subject, I have been prevented by my own tasks from making a proper approach to the mathematics of economics, & I have realized the futility of entering that field before I had finished my work for the doctorate. It is a plain case of expedience, of degree-hunting, & I assure you it riles my conscience sorely and that I feel a victim of the system which requires a doctorate before one can confidently begin professional work. But, naturally, I have had largely to keep my own counsel, & I tell you ^{confidentially} ~~this~~ only that you may understand me more thoroughly and better calculate whether I can be of service to your own university to the extent and in the manner that ~~you~~ ^{is} desired."

More than this, you need not have said: less than this you did say, but there is nothing to prevent your proceeding along this tack if you are invited out to Rochester for inspection & you can manage a conference alone with Gale or with Valerine. I don't think I should write it. All "pourparlers" are much better kept verbal.

you want your doctorate, & till it is granted or definitely refused, you want the active good-will of your Division. Therefore, I think it would be ~~of~~ a dubious strategy to show reluctance to consider any position to which your Division recommends you. That's a plain case of sensible policy.

you want to begin a career in the academic world, and there is a certain price to pay. Pay it. As long as you are not yourself deceived, as long as you can stand by your own motives, you can afford to gamble a little on chance. You are not pretending to abilities which you know you lack. You are perfectly competent to do mathematical research, & if the exercise of a demonstrable competence brings you less than contentment, you can exert yourself to prove that you can ^{better} serve humanity through your university in a direction more congenial to your temperament. If I am hired to cook in a restaurant, - and I hate cooking, though I am skilled at it, - and I later prove to the management that I have

ideas + initiative with respect to buying supplies, - should I have refused to be hired as a cook because I knew I could be happier as a buyer?

It is ideas + initiative that are wanted, or that one hopes are wanted. I'm not sure they were welcomed at Rochester under the hypocritical Dr. Fisher, but Valentine will be a new broom.

George, my dear, you must step out + get going somewhere, and you must get a place at as decent a salary as possible. Don't worry whether or not Rochester or another place will get a faculty-member cut to exact specifications. The only question is whether you can do two or three thousand dollars' worth of good work. If you can, and you know you can, then take the best thing that offers (refusing nothing in advance of an offer), make the best you can of it, + your conscience will stop biting you.

I will write to Shute, of course, & ask him to suggest your name to the mathematics department at Hamilton. I shall tell him he'd have a faithful musical ally in an unaccustomed quarter!

Now I must get this off, tho the mails will probably be much delayed by this storm we're having. Since last Sunday we've been putting up a heroic fight against the flu, or whatever the germ is that's got me, but it seems still to be biding its time. I stayed home for two days, & I shall stay here today, trying to be careful. Please take good care of yourself, & don't take my advice unless it seems thoroughly good to you.

With my deep love,

Donald

I write you in order to make an extraordinary request, namely that you strike my name from the list of candidates you are considering for a position at Rochester. I do this reluctantly, for I can sincerely say that I would be glad to go back to Rochester where I know I should find a congenial group with which to work and where I know there are many opportunities for living a satisfactory intellectual life.

I shall try briefly to explain the reasons for my decision. When I answered your first letter I did so without knowing the real nature of the position you have to offer. You made its nature very clear last Tuesday morning. The position is an enviable one and it should be

awarded to a man of ability and of
enthusiasm ^{for mathematics, per se.} I will not attempt to
evaluate my own ability, but it is only I
who can evaluate my enthusiasm. I am
enthusiastic about teaching in general
and about teaching mathematics
in particular. But I feel sure I am
not as enthusiastic about doing
research in mathematics as the
man for whom you are looking
should be.

I hope the time will not come when I
cease to be interested in study &
research of some kind but I feel uncertain
now of the particular line along which
I shall work for the next few years.

Requainted with only the
mearest sketch of the mathematics of
economics I have still often thought

recently that I should like to study
in that field, but that would entail
a rather long study of economic
theory first, during the course of
which I might easily be side-tracked.
I believe it is true that results in
my own field are now being applied
to mathematical economics, but it
would take me some time to get to
that point.

I hope you will not mind my asking
you to keep this letter confidential. That
it contains is unknown to the members
of the Division of Mathematics at Harvard,
and I feel sure you realize that I should
wish it to remain unknown ^{so long}. Beyond
that I shall still need the help of the
Division in securing a position and
my request to have my name taken off

your bit would scarcely seem on
the face of it to be proper appreciation
for their having presented my name.

In the case that you are considering
recommending me to your department
I realize that it may be difficult for
you to seem wholly genuine in not
doing so. I am sorry if this is the case, but
it seems to me that you could
sincerely say, without compromising
the confidence I am placing in you,
that after hearing what I had to
say you were not willing to
take the responsibility of predicting
that I should be satisfactory with
respect to research.

I regret having to write you in
this fashion. It was a pleasure
to meet you last Tuesday and

I hope that sometime we shall meet
again, when, if you wish, I would like to
explain to you more in detail the rather
complicated set of circumstances
which have led to my present
situation.

Very sincerely yours,

Halls 7
Cambridge, Mass.
January 24, 1935.

Dear Donald,

Thank you ever so much for your
good letter so full of wise counsel -
and especially for getting it off so
presumptly when you must have felt
rather fuzzy from the effects of your
bug. I hope you have been able to con-
quer him ^(at last) by this time. I wish you
would not only stay in, but stay in
bed, when you feel him about.

The letter I wrote you on Tuesday was

conclude it must have been somewhat delayed by the storm. And well it might, for it has been a real storm - quite a grand storm. I haven't seen such a snow for drifting in many a year - men were shoveling in the yard all day but tonight we are still washing our paths drifted in again. I met Mrs. Huntington in the square this morning carrying snow-shoes - she had walked down on them - she said there was no other way of getting here.

I gather from what you said previously that you are convinced of Hauptmann's guilt. I am not - nor on the other hand am I convinced of his innocence. But I am convinced that he is not having a fair trial. I grant there is much ^{good} evidence strongly against him - that of the hand-

written in a highly subjective state of mind. After it was well on its way to you and I was trying to get to sleep I could look at the whole matter more objectively. While I was not able to see it all as clearly as you were, I did begin to feel that probably the best way was to lie low ^{to wait and} see what happened - for after all, as you pointed out, any job for which I might be recommended by Prof. Geunstein might produce the same dilemma, and another job might not have as many of the advantages as has this one. Hence I hoped that you would advise me exactly as you did - so far the present my peace of mind is restored, at least in so far as Gall & Rochester are concerned.

Your letter arrived about 1:30 P.M. today. Considering the time it was mailed I

writing experts and of the lumber experts -
but there is too much 'identification'
evidence for the whole lot of it to be
worth considering. Lindberg was undoubtedly
in a nervously receptive state when he
heard John say 'Hey, Doctor', but he
is, ^{my} to mind, more than remarkable if
he can identify the voice after nearly
three years. There is too much publicity
and circus performing about our whole
trial system. Too much money is being
offered by vaudeville circuits etc for
the appearances of
people who have identified Hauptmann.
And it is rumored that someone is ready
to pay \$75,000 to the jury if it will
go on tour after the trial. If there ought
to be a law against anything there ought
to be a law against that sort of thing. I
hope Hauptmann will be acquitted, that

our whole criminal-justice system may
have a slap in the face. I wish I were
on the jury.

My doubts of his guilt, however,
were very much shaken this morning
by the accounts of the ^{murder experts} ~~in~~ ^{is believed to be}
testimony. If what he says is true,
and God have mercy on his soul if
it isn't true, I don't see how the jury
can acquit ~~him~~ ^{Hauptmann}, except on the basis
of an unfair trial - and I don't believe
the jury is a judge of that.

The February Harpers came the other
day and I was not surprised to find
Stuart Chase's article. I had read, a few
days before, a review of the Brookings
Institution's first publication (in the Saturday
Review) and found it written exactly
the same so well attacked by Chase - I

their desire & ability to consume are balanced, they are cheating themselves, consciously or unconsciously. Any intelligent person ought to be able to see that if he used his head, and seeing it, I don't see how he ^{could} help working for it, at least granted his income was under \$10,000. It is not necessary that we be altruistic, it is to our own selfish interest to bring this about - though I dislike putting it on that basis.

I have been told that J. B. S. Haldane is to speak at Faneuil Hall Forum on Sunday evening. I am missing nearly everything else in Boston (even the D'Byle Cate company) but I shall not miss that. I cannot find among those who are both learned and eminently sane and I want to look on his face and hear his voice. God grant I

thought then that were any one capable of writing an answer in words that the public could understand it was he. The distinction between maximum capacity under the present system and maximum capacity under a suitable system is so simple that I fail to see how the average moderately well educated & intelligent person can fail to make it, or rather could fail to make it were he to throw on board his saving contentment in being better off than 75% of his neighbors. The statistical evidence may be one way or another, but the fact remains that there are a certain number of people in the United States, certain resources and a definite amount of time, and those people can consume a certain amount of goods & services, and until their ability to produce and

may not be disappointed: I am going to try to get Morris to go with me - I haven't been able to get in touch with him yet - I have not seen him since before the holidays and I miss not seeing him.

It is just 11:25 P.M. - and can you believe it? my telephone has just rung and that 'same party' was at the other end. That is the first since before Christmas. all he said was, 'How are you, Mr. Van Shack? I am renewing my claims with you. Are you prospering, Mr. Van Shack?' when he did not reply he hung up. I am at my wit's end to make sense of it. The voice sounded somewhat foreign - though also somewhat as if the speaker were disguising it. I think I shall go to the police tomorrow, after going to Aptel. Someone suggested the other day that I knew the

mail-order 'business' even to the post-office inspectors - they would be interested in it as a case of using the mails to defraud.

I hope this will find you again feeling full of your normal vigor. If it should not, please be wise and stay in bed and do everything else to speed your recovery. Many thanks again to both Betty and yourself for giving my letter the sympathetic consideration I know you did give it.

My love to you both.

George.

Dear G. P., P. + P. —

Your letter arrived yesterday + was most welcome. The "perles" are apparently quite magical, — at least, I seem so much the better for them that I'm ready to swear by them. If you're feeling much depleted + worn down, take two. Otherwise, only one a day, which is all I've ever taken. Mine goes down just before lunch, tho I don't think the time greatly matters, + with you, before breakfast would probably be a more convenient time.

I agree with you fully with regard to Kalkburn. As soon as you are sure, i.e. have pretty sound evidence, I should report the case circumstantially to the Dean, + take Apsed with you to corroborate. Then it's up to the Dean. You can be quite impersonal. When the Dean knows all the circumstances, I think he cannot choose but take drastic action, tho he will not want the case to go to the Courts.

On the other hand, you have to consider dismissal from K's. angle. Since he has a father who is in

the public view, he can probably be estopped from continuing his criminal activities after expulsion by the control which his father can exert.

I think you should have other evidence than the handwriting, such as clipped magazine pages, or an overheard telephone conversation, before K. is put on the carpet. Has K. a room-mate or a possible fellow-conspirator?

As his motive, to the best of your knowledge & belief, purely sadistic? i. e. is there any other possible motive?

You may find, - it would be strange indeed if you did not, - that there is considerable "history" behind this case, probably an inherited tendency. Was K. at summer-school last year, did he see you & Kenneth & draw any unwarranted conclusions? Does he think he has something on you? I suggest this merely because I am trying to imagine why he thinks he is safe. If he is safe, he does think so, & has a reason. If he is not safe, he should be examined by the proper experts. Criminal acts there have been, but criminal procedure (for forgery, etc.) is beside the point.

When you have evidence that is evidence, you might consider a private interview with K. on the

subject of the forgery. Then if he has an ulterior motive, it can probably be scared out of him. And you can observe his behavior + draw your own conclusions. ~~Further~~ Further, you must be morally strong enough to face any truth there may be in his knowledge of you which makes him consider you vulnerable to attack. Since I know you to be incapable of meanness or pettiness, + that if you ever err, you do so through excess of affection + goodwill, I am confident that your conscience is clear enough to face any counter-charge K. might bring. But almost no-one leads what society considers a perfectly pure + virtuous life: the best we can do is to be virtuous in intention + never consciously bring harm to a fellow human-being.

I think you must clear this matter up, but you would do well to consider it from every possible angle. It is not enough to be sure of the culprit: you must also be sure of yourself. Naturally, when this goes to the Deau, he will ask you what you may have done to provide K. with a motive, + he may see fit to put you through a searching questioning before he proceeds in the case at all. I think you must make your testimony at least as complete as you have made it to me.

What a relief it must be to get into the world of mathematics after all this worry! There, at least, things behave according to immutable principles! Philosophy may be the guide of life, but mathematics can be a refuge from it, as music is, + sometimes we need a refuge even more than we need a guide.

Betty + I were amazed at Morris's standpoint with regard to Haldane. Morris is a dear fellow, but he seems not to be much of a thinker. That, I suppose, is why he cannot write a letter with any proper tone to it, + why his opinions on literature + music seem hopelessly sophomoric.

To my view, Haldane + Julian Huxley have a most sympathetic and inspiring way of presenting their reflections on the how + why of things. They have a rare ability to insinuate the edge of skepticism under the cuticle of belief without drawing blood. It is not that they lack positive convictions, but they are so quiet and unconcerned and casual about such of them as run counter to popular conception. It is good to find such serenity in a

controversial world, but I suppose that true wisdom is always serene.

6. Feb.

We - Betty + I - went to New York last night to hear the Shostakovich opera, Lady Macbeth of Mzensk. It has a beautiful last act, for which we sacrificed the 11⁴⁵ train. (We were unable to leave New York till 12⁴⁵, + reached home around 3. - but it was worth the vigil.) The work is long + patchy, full of bad-boyishness, but full also of vitality. It has guts, + I must confess that the sheer animal spirits of the opera atoned to me for its artistic shortcomings. I was never once bored, in spite of the fact that I do not understand Russian, + I set down my constant interest to the credit of the surcharged electrical temperament of the composer + of the performers, including Rodzinski, who conducted, + the Cleveland orchestra, which played under him with zest.

There are scenes I shall never forget, - the scene of Katerina's seduction, so gross + shameless that I wonder the police weren't called in, - the vulgar mocking of the priest (in true Soviet fashion) at the death-bed of the father + at the marriage of Katerina + her lover, - the trio of drunken mouzliks

who discover the dead body of the betrayed husband in the wine-cellar, - the satirical scene in the police-station with the police hunching & gyrating like crazy marionettes, - the gloom & chill & despair of the convict scene at the end, with the unearthly beauty of the final chorus. The opera as a work of art is very uneven: even dramatically, - and it is strongest as drama, - there is no inevitability, no push, no constructive line till the last act. The music is not difficult to understand at a first hearing, but it, too, is very uneven, tho never without a certain male thrust, potent and compelling. There are passages of fine spiritual import sandwiched between others of blatant coarseness. Dissonance is plentifully employed, but it is directed, it has a reason for being, & is expressive of the dramatic situation, not invoked through perversity nor through an itch to "sound modern."

Altogether, this is the finest work of its length which has come out of Russia since Boris (so far as my ears can bear witness), and if Shostakovich can teach himself to apply the curb, - can learn when & where to hold himself in, - he may run a great race. He needs no whip & no spur, but he does need to remember that art has not yet, even in

Donat Ruessia, been able to dispense with the exercise of good taste.

Heiner has put me up to proceeding actively with the Music Centre project. I got together a group of people to organize it, & we are going to try to do a little something this season, - at least to make a modest beginning. Heiner wants to establish & train a "multiple quartet"; I saw a Coppella chorus, - and we plan a series of four or five concerts in Moscow & Leningrad, to be supported by subscription, ending with a Bach-Mozart festival concert which will involve all the choral organizations in town, including the choruses from the schools. I had an experimental meeting like last Sunday evening (we are at 10 Torvace Place now for 3 weeks with Kofler & Mother one in Florida) - and the singers I invited to come had a grand time & seemed full of enthusiasm. We read & sang unaccompanied a Bach chorale (translated by A.T.), two-part songs of Morley, one of Gibbons, one of Scarlatti, & a waltz by Chopin.

I assume that you did not write to Gale, & that you're glad you didn't. I should register with our agency, & if possible you may refer to me. Write to Shuk by all means & tell him you love my auction with my love, Ronald.

Shute's full name is Berran R., + his
title is Professor. His address in Clinton is
College Hill.

145 Deer Hill Ave.,

23 Feb., '35.

Dear George: -

I am, of course, not a little worried at your long silence, and I would have written again had I not been up to my ears in the Music Centre. But I must hear from you, & if I don't pretty quick I'll begin to send telegrams. I hope you've not been ill. If you have, & didn't let me know somehow, I shall be sorry, because then I'd have managed to work in a word of encouragement no matter what the pressure here.

We organized Feb. 6th. We formed an Executive Board which elected me Director on the 10th. On the 20th we gave an imitation concert by the Bremer Quartet, and today we start our membership drive with a committee of forty. The enclosed circular will give you all the "dope" except the fees. Regular membership is \$5., so that with 250 members we

shall have \$1250. with which to finance 6 concerts, - including the Quartet, which will not cost over \$150 net, - I mean gross. The Special Study Groups are to cost the members \$6. for 12 meetings, but they obtain student membership in the Centre, with admission to all concerts, for \$150. All youngsters under 21 are admitted to student membership. There will be a minimum budget of \$120. for each Study Group established, + with expenses at about \$20. for rental of studios (by cooperation with two local music teachers) we hope to pay each instructor \$100. for a course. We shall finance our summer concerts by a special summer subscription raised among the vacation population.

The supplying of instruments to those who lack them, the maintenance of free scholarships, + the cost of music will be met by a Patrons' fund, (\$25. minimum) subscribed by benevolent citizens.

So, if we get our minimum membership, +

minimum registrations for the Study Groups, we are launched, and, I think, much more practically than last summer's ventures with the Gtriviana would have led anyone to imagine. The scheme, as developed, is largely mine, with great assistance from Mrs. de V. Lapponca, the new instructor in music at the Normal School. She is a woman of great character and vitality, with much experience in organization, + we are very fortunate that she can help us. Helmer gave the original push that started the ball rolling at this particular time, but he had no hand in the actual organization.

I have been having the time of my life, spending hours at the telephone, committee meetings, addressing the Alpha Phi Club, the Women's Choral Club, the Okeanos Musical Society, and you never will believe what a diplomat I've grown to be!

Now wait to me quick, if a letter of yours doesn't cross this, + tell me all about yourself. I fear my last letter may have upset you, and if so, I'm contrite, but I wanted you to proceed just as circumspetly as possible. Betty sends love + so do I.

Forvald

THE DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

SEASON MARCH - SEPTEMBER, 1935



PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Danbury Music Centre was organized on February 6, 1935, with the following purpose:

To unite all the musicians and music lovers of Danbury and its vicinity in an endeavor to stimulate musical activity throughout the community, to encourage the performance of good music under capable direction, and to uphold a high standard of music in the training of young people.

In order to achieve this purpose, the Centre plans two main types of activity:

First, to offer to the public the opportunity to subscribe to a Series of Concerts.

Second, to provide for active participation by musicians and music-lovers in a number of Special Study Groups.

THE CONCERT SERIES. The concerts to be offered by the Centre will be both educational and cultural in scope. They will be given mainly by artists or ensemble groups of recognized distinction. When it seems advisable, the programs will be provided with analytical comment. It is planned to reserve at least one concert for local organizations or musicians when their performance deserves a public hearing. The number of concerts and, to a certain extent, their quality, depend directly upon the number of sub-

Hallett 7
Cambridge, Mass.
February 23, 1935.

Dear Betty and Donald,

It is snowing and blowing again - will this winter never end? Yes, it will, - before I'm ready for it. In only nine weeks the thesis struggle will be over - at least, if there is to be a thesis - and I gather from the way Marce has spoken recently that he expects this will. The new method which had to be applied to my problem proved not to be as fundamentally different from the old, but it did introduce a new complexity of detail which is keeping me in a perpetual ferment - I have a perfect maze of symbols & conditions on hand, from which I am trying to compose

mean that he feels the classics to contribute to that awareness. And of course one could hardly expect students to be very deeply affected at first hand by the classics and classical civilization - but one might hope that they would live in a society in which some people at least were so affected, in particular some of their teachers.

I had in brief that all should study Latin & Greek in school, nor do I feel strongly that any should study it at an early age (though I know a man who teaches Latin with great success to boys of twelve & thirteen at the Staly Hill school), but I do feel that every one should have a chance to find out whether he wants to study those subjects. How to furnish that chance, with respect to all subjects, is, of course, one of the major unsolved problems.

Which brings up the whole problem of the secondary school. The secondary schools must get to the point of classifying their students

a sensible exposition. There is some fascination to it, of course, but fundamentally this business is pretty trivial with respect to larger significance.

I seem to notice a growing reaction against the emphasis which has for some years been put upon non-humanistic record and 'progress'. One sees more often than before letters and articles whose authors are demanding a synthesis of this knowledge, an integration of it into a satisfactory way of life. Have you read President Conant's report? It is rather enigmatical.

In one place he recommends dropping the Latin requirement (which means dropping Latin from the schools, too, for they would not long teach it if it were not required for entrance) and in another, speaking of the Engineering Schools, he stresses the importance of having future engineers & scientists aware of 'the needs and aspirations of the human spirit'. However, the latter doesn't necessarily

according to their various abilities. Not
wished them will it be possible to do for
the more intellectually intelligent pupils
what can be done. Not all of them should
study Latin grammar, but they might all
study literature in general rather than just
English literature. Literature in foreign
languages could first be read in translation,
and should be correlated with history -
and the latter subject with a mild form of
sociology - 'American Civics' can be left for
those who will never go beyond high school -
it a mere 'Aufgabe' for those who go to
college. Ancient foreign languages should
be approached first through translation,
with foreign words entering only as they
throw light upon English through
philology - but who is to do this - I am
just now reading a little book on 'Language
& Philology' which shows me the amazing
numbers of errors in derivation which have
been taught me by previous teachers.

The teaching of the modern languages is

absurd - starting languages at as late an age as we do, the chief objective toward which we can work is ability to read - for most of us it is only that ability which will see us of much value. One learns to read only by reading - I have translated thousands of sentences from English into French & German and covered reams of paper with conjugations & declensions but it has helped me little in learning to read. In reading one needs two things - a feeling for the syntax - which comes from hearing it or seeing it repeatedly, not from trying to use it - and vocabulary - which comes again by repeatedly meeting words - in context. In German A students must learn from twenty to twenty-five new words per day and remember them over weeks and months in which they never meet them. There must be books - very lively on history - written in foreign languages with simple vocabularies - their use for reading ~~not~~, not for trans-

fairly permanent job with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board - he works in an office under the supervision of a fellow who was in my class, whom I knew quite well and of whom I find it difficult to think as in charge of an office - but self-confidence can get one a long way. Raymond looks very healthy and seems to be having a grand time dashing about on government money. He says Kilda is happy and feeling fine this winter.

I have heard from Hansford - there is to be no opening there next year, but the man said he hoped to make an appointment a year from now and that he would be glad to keep my name in view - I shall keep him in view. I have also heard from Shute - there is to be no appointment there either - but that was no great surprise - small colleges can make appointments only seldom, and that I should have struck one which was, on the second try, would have been a coincidence.

Latin, would give the students a feeling for the syntax - then more difficult ones could follow to increase the vocabulary.

Have you had enough?

I was in Boston on Monday afternoon and dropped in to see both Marie & Raymond. Marie was as fit as ever, - he is in Washington this week - and visiting Edwin Smith - a member of one of the Labor Boards. He has invited me to hear the Vienna Choir boys next Wednesday night - I think he has never missed a performance of them here since he had been living in Boston. Raymond had just returned from Washington and was just getting out for Augusta, - in fact I could see him at all only by going to the train with him. He and Kilda had been in Washington on Saturday for Harold's wedding - he married a girl from Lexington, Kentucky - a second cousin, by the name of Smith, I think. Harold has a

It's weird to be remembered to you when I should
write you - a rather roundabout greeting I
should think. I was glad to hear that his family
have recovered from the accident with no apparent
after-effects.

I hope the work with the Main Centre is going
satisfactorily - I suspect you are having a happier
time working with Krimer than with the Oksana's;
and I'm sure you, Donald, are enjoying wielding
a baton over a chorus again. I hope you
have some good material.

I suppose your Mother & Father are home again -
much rested. I trust - probably glad to get
back to an oil heated house after Florida's
severe weather. My love to your whole
family and to yourself.

Grays.

P.S. The red. linen oil perhaps do seem to contain a kind
of magic. I am much less tired and nervous than
before I started taking them - I should probably
have been a wreck by this time had you not sent
them. I take two a day and an usw along in
the second bottle. Many thanks for abating me
on them. 9.

Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
March 14, 1935.

Dear Betty and Donald,

Well--what do you think of this? I reckon you won't like it, but I'm going to try it on you, and if you can't stand it I promise not to do it again. I have always strongly disapproved of personal letters being typewritten--unless the typing is sufficiently bad to give them a personal tone--but I have had so much longhand to do lately and have so much more to do in the near future that typing appears as a form of recreation, and a holiday for my right hand.

I have just come from dinner and I ought to be working. But I owe you a letter, which is one good reason for taking time off, and besides that, I am beginning to feel that 'Seelenschmerz' which you prophesied for me, Donald, as long ago as last fall. Why it should only now be developing, I don't know--unless it is that I am getting sick to death of this thesis-business. I don't blame it wholly, or even largely, on the subject--I suspect it would be the same were I trying for a degree in any subject. The task of perpetual alteration, revision and correction eventually gets on one's nerves. The paper seems to be in its last stages, but two new sections are just now being added, and the whole thing needs a great deal of polishing. And I must write a long abstract of it within the next ten days to send off to the National Academy of Sciences to establish priority of a certain method contained in it.

Prof. Morse made a remark the other day which showed a side of him that I had not suspected. We had been discussing a sophomore, known to both of us, who seems to be in the process of going to the dogs through drink. His father is a brilliant statistician, his mother somewhat mentally unbalanced and a religious fanatic. The boy, himself, may feel that he is getting unbalanced, and hence drowning his anxiety in liquor--he certainly has one marked symptom,--he is in a brown study most of the time. Prof. Morse remarked that such a case can only be treated by a skilful psychologist, and of those there are very few--hence he

is in favor of the recent proposal to divert a large part of the Carnegie Foundation funds from the study of the physical sciences to the study of psychology. Apparently he has his ear to the ground and realizes that something must be done about the social structure before we can hope for any more real benefits from science.

I was in Boston Monday evening at Raymond's invitation. First there was a supper at the Community Church on Byron Street--a reconditioned barn--which was for all the world like an old-fashioned church supper in Cox-sackie. After supper the tables were dismantled and there followed a talk on Social Credit. The speaker was Paul Hampden, who made the A plus B chart in Larkin's pamphlet. He is a young fellow, tall and spare, with that single-purpose look of devotion to his cause in his eyes. He spoke disappointingly badly, I doubt if his poor exposition won many converts. Stuart Chase's father, who, like his son, is a public accountant, was there and spoke at some length after Hampden had finished. He maintained that Douglas clearly does not understand accountancy to begin with, and further has in no way proved his A plus B theorem. I have recently read an analysis of the latter in G. D. H. Cole's book 'Money', and I must say that I am convinced Douglas doesn't know what he is talking about. Every time I put my small knowledge and wits to the question I arrive at the same result--the state of ownership as now constituted will not ^{be} a complete distribution of the products of industry. I read again the other night Fairchild's article 'The Fallacy of Profits' in Harper's of three years ago, and his analysis seems the most reasonable and correct that I have seen.

My friend of the clavichord from Easthampton came to see me a couple of weeks ago and gave me a memorable hour and a half. I took him over to the Union where he played for me on the good Steinway which they now have over there. He played a French Suite, an English Suite, eight of the preludes and fugues and a Scarlatti sonata--not technically perfect, of course, but all up to tempo, and with a fine feeling. He spends all of his leisure time on the eighteenth century, mostly on Bach, and is getting a deep understanding of the music of that period which is able to transmit. It is good to see some one who cares enough to be that devoted.

No really probable jobs have appeared on the horizon yet. I had two notices of teaching-college positions, one in Missouri and one in Illinois--the first to begin June 1st, the second requiring a teacher-training

view of arithmetic, whatever that may be,--I'm sure I haven't got it. I accordingly refused consideration of both of them. I was recommended to one good job about two weeks ago but have heard nothing of it since. And Prof. Birkhoff spoke to me the other day about another good one--he asked if I would consider a job involving fifteen to eighteen hours teaching if the salary were \$3000. I told him I would consider almost any job and certainly that one,--I have only the satisfaction of his saying that he would bear me in mind.

The fellowship situation has cleared itself rather nicely. To begin with Prof. Morse practically told me that I would have no chance of a Sheldon Fellowship, but he did advise me to apply for a Rogers Fellowship, of which the stipend is smaller. I looked up the date on which applications had to be turned in and found that it was March 1st. On going to fill out the blank on February 25th, I noticed that the date had been changed to February 20th. It was a pure accident, and I gave up the idea of applying. I later spoke of it to Morse, and he told me to apply anyhow. Without doing so I inquired at the office what my chances might be. I was told that my application would have been accepted up to March 1st, but it was then March 5th. I might try for the second assignment, but there would probably be no second assignment.

I was glad to hear the prospects for the Music Centre seem so good. The announcement was quite fascinating, and I am very envious of those who may have a chance to join one or more of the groups--with a hundred of me about you'd be a flourishing concern in no time.

Now I must get back to work. I hope I shall have word from you soon, with the assurance that you are both well and happy. (I hope that doesn't sound too much like Hilda)

My love to you. Sincerely,

George.

14 Mar. '35

145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

Carissimo: -

I am awfully sorry that I haven't been able to write. Last week, spite of the "perils", I fought the flu all the week, & am not yet completely rehabilitated.

We achieved our minimum membership for the Music Centre & a little balance over & above, & we start the concerts next week Wednesday.

Most of the work has come squarely on my shoulders, but I shouldn't mind that if I felt up to par. I've been securing "Patrons", writing to people to ask them to be on the Advisory Council, tending to the newspaper publicity, traveling to New York & New Haven regarding the concert series, addressing local organizations, organizing the chorus, smoothing people down & spurring others up, and telephoning, telephoning, telephoning. It is good

fun, but I shall need a vacation before long.

The worst of it is that I feel so out of touch with you, - it seems a month since I heard from you, tho it isn't. But I haven't the gumption to do more than send you these few lines to beg your patience yet a little while, + I'll try to write you a decent letter in the near future.

Betty is wondering when she is ever going to see anything of me again, but I tell her she brought this on herself, she wanted me to do it.

I still have time to think of you affectionately, especially when I lie awake at night, + I hope the thesis is going to be an accomplished fact.

I sent one puff to Chicago for you, but it comes over me that I've lost track of the second inquiry! *Mea maxima culpa!* I'll find it if it takes all day tomorrow. The one I sent was to the Albert agency.

With my love, Donald

25 Mar., '35

145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

Giorgio Mio: —

I am just back from N. Y. where I went with Kremer yesterday to attend the performance by the Curtis School of Rossini's Barber of Seville. Betty was to have gone, but she didn't feel up to it, so, as Kremer was wtd to go, (he adores Fritz Reiner, who was conducting), I took him instead. And, truly, Reiner's reading of that tawdry old score was a revelation. He made it sound like Mozart, his subtlety & sense of the style are amazing in a German, & I watched him almost more than I did the stage.

My tickets, to my astonishment, came from Mrs. Josef Hoffman, whom I met at Steinway's some weeks ago. She had interrupted a conference I was having with Richard Copley, the manager, earlier that afternoon, & interrupted again at Steinway's — they make way for her as tho she were

a queen, — so I suppose she felt she owed me a favor. We sat among the Juilliard Good & Great, Ernest Hutchinson & his wife directly in front of us, & John Crakine, Felix Salmon, Carl Friedberg et al. just across the aisle. We talked in hushed whispers.

Before the performance we went back stage, & there Kremer introduced me to Reiner, praised my score of Alice, & asked Reiner to look at it. This he promised to do as soon as his production of Meistersinger in Philadelphia is over, at the end of April. Now this suits me, as Reiner will probably be one of the conductors at the Metropolitan next season, & in any case they give ballet in Philadelphia when they think it worth while. Besides, what I have just heard of Reiner's quality of conductorship convinces me that there could be no better leader for my score. I hope to Heaven he likes it: Kremer thinks he will, and is himself frankly enthusiastic about it, & I have reason to know that that is not his wont.

Today I saw more managers, had an audition with a contralto named Rise Stevens (pron. Risee) —

who might do for our concert series, + then had lunch at the Juilliard cafeteria with Olga Samoroff Stokowski, who is one fine, intelligent woman if I know one when I meet one. We had a talk that inspired me with all kinds of ideas, + she was so interested in our Music Centre that she agreed to go on the Advisory Council + to help as much as she can, though she is an exceedingly busy woman. She has made a long experiment with what she calls Laymen's music courses, + has had such success that she feels now that people can be educated musically without a strict technical training. I think that it would be along some such lines that the Juilliard could best cooperate with such centres as ours, + if they are seeking for the most useful type of Extension work, it is in that field they are likely to find it.

I enclose the program of our first concert, which was perfectly delightful. I thought so, + my father thought so, so you may judge of the scope of the appeal of these two singers. I wish you had been here. We have a membership now of about three hundred, and we have about \$1500 in the bank, not counting the Patrons' fund, which is now at \$500. + likely to increase. So we are really started, + I feel we have accomplished a great deal since Feb. 6th.

I don't in the least mind your typing your letters. I never had that reverence for the written script that some are so fatuous about. A letter from you is a letter from you, + I am glad to have such in any guise. I hope your work is going to suit you, + that you will knock off long enough during your Spring Recess to come down here + drag me out for a walk or two. I need you, and you. What's become of Elisabeth? We heard nothing of her for months. Is she going to need you too?

I was much interested in what you wrote of Morse + psychiatry, of Social Credit, + of your friend of the clavierchord, tho that you have ever mentioned him before, I could not testify in a court of law. Who is he, + where did you meet him?

My love to Raymond + Hilola when you see them again, + of course to Morris of the Rotund Contours. Betty sends her love to you, + I mine.

Donald

DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

SEASON MARCH-SEPTEMBER 1935

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
March 30, 1935

Dear Betty and Donald,

As nearly always when I start to write you a letter, it is fairly late at night--but this is the first night of vacation, so I have no worries about having to get up in the morning. I am not going home for the vacation--I had planned to do so, but a few days ago Prof. Morse asked me to stay on so that I might go into a detailed discussion with him of a new idea he is writing up now and on which he wishes to get off a paper just after the vacation, and considering his many good efforts in my behalf I couldn't refuse him. On the whole, it is probably just as well that I am not going home, for I fear that the state of my nerves would distress my mother more than my visit would give her joy.

Thank you for wanting me to come to Danbury,--I would be glad indeed if I were able to,--I shall go away on Thursday for the rest of the week, but not in a direction that will bring me nearer Danbury, namely to Granville, to try to put a spark of gayety into Elisabeth's rather dull life there. But I would like it if we could meet before the summer--aren't you ever coming to Boston, can't you cook up some official 'Music Centre' business here so that you would have to come?

I am happy to hear of the excellent success you have been having with the 'Centre'--and Morris goes into ecstasies when I report the success to him. Your subscription list surpasses in size anything I should have guessed possible in these times, at least for a first list. I hope that the study-group part of the program will go thru as well--that appeals to me as the more important part, culturally, and also as a foundation for the concert series.

You ought to be able to find plenty of good musicians, long out of work, who would be glad to give programs for a modest fee. A friend of mine asked the other day if you would be interested in one such, and if the latter might write to you. I said that I thought you would be interested and that I advised writing to you. The fellow in question is a young Jew, Nathan Rudnick, from Lynn who has studied piano for several years with Mrs. Mary Boxall Boyd of Boston and New York. She has a studio in either Steinway Hall or Carnegie Hall,--I think it's the former. Rudnick is living in New York now and you could meet him at Mrs. Boyd's studio if you wished.

The thesis, such as it is, is practically finished--it is to be typed next week. Morse has decided that I shall hand in that part of our joint paper on which I worked during December, January and February, that being the part in which originally on my part was strongest, and hence the part which he can defend most strongly. It makes a rather short thesis, shorter than I think I would be inclined to accept myself--but fortunately I shall not be consulted, and if Morse allows me to hand it in I reckon he expects that it will be accepted.

No likely job has yet appeared on my horizon. I registered last week with an agency in Boston. The agent then told me of an opening at the Teacher's College in New Britain--this is, of course, a secret. The 'principal' wrote that he wanted a man of at least five years experience, a Ph. D., able to teach all the higher branches of mathematics, and with a professional teacher-training view. I pled not guilty to the last, but he advised me to apply, nevertheless--or at least to ask for more details. I did so, and then looked up the catalogue of the place in the library. I found that there were two courses in mathematics--one a historical survey of elementary mathematics, the other a course chiefly devoted to an examination of secondary school textbooks! I rather lost interest. I had a reply from the principal a few days ago, in which he said that he doubted

that I would qualify for the job in view of my limited experience. Such are the circumlocutions of those who hire!

I enclose the Pierian program--probably as amazing a program as you will ever see. The performance was energetic, and, for short periods now and then, not too bad. But they had tried to do so much that, in the main, the result was excruciating--as so often, energy was not combined with taste. I went to hear the Bach, and was mildly rewarded. Kirkpatrick plays adequately well, but his instrument is no match for an orchestra. I can believe that a harpsichord, used as a solo instrument by an artist can be satisfying, but, for me, it is far from that when competing with a dozen or more strings. And I'll wager that Bach would be tickled enough to use a modern piano.

Morris has been over twice this week,--first on Tuesday to see 'David Copperfield' with me. I reckon you must have seen it. I think it is a remarkably fine picture, and a good example of what can be done if the attempt is only made. Mr. Hogg, the only Englishman to whom I have spoken who has seen the play, thought that the boy was too refined,--possibly he was, but it was a pleasure to see a refined boy! Morris came over again on Thursday to see the Hasty Pudding Club production 'Foemen of the Yard'. He wanted me to go along, but, besides the fact that I was too busy, I felt \$2.85 too much for such amusement--but Morris seldom weighs the price, when he wishes to be amused he simply pays the price without further thought.

Constance Coan came down from Exeter on Friday night to have dinner with me and to see Sidney Howard's latest, 'Ode to Liberty', an adaptation of 'Liberte Provisoire', a play(?) by Michel Duran. I think it is very punk. Aside from a few funny cracks at communism, there was scarcely a laugh in it.

Sometime during this page I went to bed, and it is now a glorious Sunday morning, though not a very warm one. We have had generally fine

weather for the past ten days, but still so cool that the vegetation has not advanced perceptibly. Despite all the severe weather I don't think things have suffered as much as they did last winter. The forsythia looks as if it will bloom, though Father thinks that ours at home will not do so.

Someone, Prof. Coolidge I suppose, is ringing Lowell House bells,--to call us to dinner perhaps. The dining room there is the only one that is kept open during the vacation and all of us are allowed to take our meals there. I shall have a meal there for the first time. I had expected a conference with Prof. Morse this afternoon, but on calling him this morning I find he cannot see me until tomorrow morning. So possibly I shall get a bit of air this afternoon.

All for now. I hope you have fully recovered from the influenza, Donald, and that both of you are feeling fine. My love to you and to the other members of the Tweedy-Biggs family.

Sincerely,

George

10 April, 1935

Carissimo: -

I feel melancholy today, principally because of the wretched weather. So I write to you because that is a cheering thing to do. We've done everything I can do to ensure the smooth running of the concert tonight, the piano has arrived safely from New Haven, (and it's a beauty: We had my fingers on it, & could have stayed there & played all the afternoon), the lights, the bench at the piano, the seats in the hall, the reservation for Frantz at the hotel, the ushers, the cloak-room boys, the No Parking signs at the entrance, - I have a list that had to be checked, & now it is checked, & I continue on in hope that the pianist will get here in time & will be in good form.

I played twice this week, an all-Bach program at the Normal School, and an all-dance program for the Rotary Club. Both went well enough, considering the state of my fingers, & both the so very different audiences seemed pleased & were sympathetic & responsive. I have to do considerable work in

preparation for the Bach-Handel festival concert on May 7th, and I play again if we have the Kremer Quartet during the latter half of May, - the Schumann Quintet - + still again on June 5th for the last concert in our series, when I am "assisting artist" with the Alpha Glee Club. Of course I have also my chorus to train, + a class in harmony, but that wouldn't bother me if I didn't have to do so much telephoning to make sure people will be there. You've no idea how much personal pushing it takes to get people started in this sort of thing. And I'm still in a state of surprise at the number of things people find to do in Danbury + the few there are who are not busy almost every evening of the week. Those who are bored + have nothing to do with themselves after supper seem to be practically non-existent!

I was in New York Monday evening to hear the first performance at the Juilliard of Robert Russell Bennett's Maria Malibran. Mr. Gilman gave it a glowing review next morning, but this old sour-belly would have panned it

without much mercy. I will say for Bennett that his orchestration is clever + adept. But his musical ideas, his actual thematic materials, are commonplace + uninteresting, + his craftsmanship as a composer, while correct + competent, is deficient in creative ingenuity. I mean to say, there is no fervor in him, no drive, everything is fabricated, cleverly, yes, but without inner compulsion. Nothing is as it is because it had to be, + therefore the work does not carry you along with it + keep you alert + expectant. It falls to pieces as you listen, + I for one have not the slightest desire ever to hear it again.

As for the singers, there are only two "roles", the soprano + tenor. No one else has a decent singing part, and all lapse into speech at the slightest provocation. There is some wit in the dialogue, and perhaps when the company has performed this piece a number of times, they can speed up the pace so that it will not seem to drag. At any rate, the voices and the artistry of the jewelers are distinctly superior to what the Curtis School produced in The Barber of Seville a few weeks ago, + perhaps the seeming stoginess + lack of animation in the performance was due to the conductor, Stoessel, who is no

Fritz Reiner. But I think we still have to keep our eyes + ears open for the new "American" opera that can take its place without apology in the repertoires of opera-companies the world over.

Reiner went with me, as Betty had made an appointment with an oculist in Bridgeport, forgetting about Maria Malibran. Afterward, he insisted on driving me up to Stamford in his car (I had left mine there), + while I would do much to be in his stimulating company, I was sorry that I acceded on that occasion, because, even if I'm not driving myself, the constant stopping for traffic-lights in the metropolitan district fatigues me beyond measure. Besides, it was a wild night, the wind blew a gale, - + is still blowing it, almost 48 hours later, - + rain seeped through his windshield + wet my best go-to-concert pants.

The oculist says that Betty merely needs stronger glasses, so she is having them made. Her heart troubles her quite a little, + she gets tired very easily. She is not up to the life I'm leading, but she hates to give up + sometimes forces herself beyond her strength. I save her all I can, but there are things I can't prevent her from doing, + our financial situation is a worry to both of us. But I suppose we shall go on somehow. My love to you, + affectionate regards to Mordis when you see him. — Donald

DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

SEASON MARCH-SEPTEMBER 1935

THIRD CONCERT

CONCORDIA HALL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1935
AT 8 P. M.

DALIES FRANTZ

PIANIST

- I. Sonatine in C Major - - - - - *Mozart*
Allegro Brillante
Minuetto
Adagio
Allegro
Organ Fugue in D Major (Arr. D'Albert) - - *Bach*
- II. Intermezzo in E Major } - - - - - *Brahms*
Intermezzo in C Major }
Prelude, Chorale and Fugue - - - - - *Franck*
- INTERMISSION
- III. Papillons - - - - - *Schumann*
Etude in F Major - - - - - *Chopin*
Pastourelle - - - - - *Poulenc*
March (Arr. Frantz) - - - - - *Prokofieff*
Ritual Fire Dance - - - - - *De Falla*

STEINWAY PIANO

Concert management: Evans & Salter, 113 West 57th St., New York. This concert is arranged through the courtesy of the National Music League, Inc.

The next concert in this series will be a Song Recital by JOHN GURNEY, Baritone, on Wednesday, April 24th.

This youngster is a star, + if you get a chance to hear him, you'll have a treat! He has "everything".

145 Deer Hill Ave.,
Danbury, Conn.,
24 April, 1935.

Carissimo:-

They say that as women grow older they are more and more grateful to have their birthdays passed over in silence. But that is not true of most of the women I know, and certainly not of Mrs. D. N. T. As for men, unless they are sentimentalists, I don't think they care greatly one way or the other. I am not the gladder because you write to me of or upon my birthday. But I like to have you with me on yours! I can get excited about an opportunity to make a little festival for you, and take a great deal more pleasure in it than I can take in being fêted on my own birthday. So please try to plan to be in Danbury always on September the 13th! or in some place where I can indulge you.

Yesterday was a wild day for me. I had a great job of copying to do for the chorus, more than I could easily accomplish in the time I gave myself. Then there was a meeting of the big Bach-Handel Festival Committee at 5, Harmony Class at 7, Chorus at 8, and birthday party at 10. The Biggses couldn't be here, as they had to go to Yonkers, where an aunt of Jim's was having a blood-transfusion to be followed by an operation, and Jim is her only relative in the East. But Father, Mother, Amie, the Riders, and Cousin Minnie Frazer were here for the evening. There was Bridge till I arrived, and then a supper with attendant gaiety, ice-cream, cake with candles, made - the cake, not the candles, - by Betty, and so I knew I'd passed another milestone, though as for feeling forty-five, I'm afraid I don't.

The Festival Concert is shaping up very nicely. You will see the final program, so I'll not detail it now, but we are very fortunate to have secured two contributing artists who will do good work and please the public. They are Emily Roosevelt, who will sing two groups of arias, and Carleton Smith, flutist, who will play a Handel sonata with me at the piano. Two local violinists are going to attempt the Bach Double Concerto. They are not too good, and the ensemble is difficult, but since no admission is to be charged, I don't feel we need be over-anxious about finished artistic performance. We'll just do the best we can, and hope that next year we can do better. The great thing is to get people interested.

During the past week I have been able to work in the garden at the Pond for four consecutive days, and four of the seven beds in the sunken garden are ready for the season. I might have had a sun-bath on Sunday, but I preferred to get some work done, and when I strip to work, I forget the lapse of time and get sunburned. The only sensible way for me to proceed is by easy and carefully-timed stages of exposure, and that's impossible when I'm gardening, - moreover, I can't take off everything in a place where people are likely to come round. All the same, it's good to work in the sun, and I'm

feeling a little sore in spots, but rejuvenated in general!

There are Squills and Glory-of-the-Snow in bloom, both blue and charming, and an early Botanical tulip named Kaufmanniana which always gives me a thrill. It is cream-colored, with a brilliant primrose centre, and it seems as if all the sunlight of Spring were captive in its splendid heart. The daffodils are in bloom in town, but out on that cold hill where the winds have full sweep, it will be yet another week before the first of them is brave enough to blow its golden trumpet. After they begin, we have hundreds of them, and hundreds more of the white-petalled Narcissus which I like even better. The Forsythia flower-buds were winter-killed out there, though on Terrace Place there is a huge clump of that showy shrub in full bloom. and I can see another in our neighbor's yard as I write.

Mrs. Benedict, whose house this was, was something of a flower-lover, judging by what remains of her garden. It irks me sore not to have time to do a little cultivating here, but that is more than I can manage. She had about fifty peony clumps, including a very large tree-peony which I'm going to ask her nephew to let me move to Ball Pond in August. There are many tulips coming up, but, as is the way of tulips when they have to shift for themselves in this climate, they seem to have "run out", and there will be few blooms. There is a bed of rhubarb which we are going to raid in about a week, and some hardy Chrysanthemums which have come through the winter without apparent injury. This place must once have been very handsome; there are interesting trees both shade and fruit, and roses, lilacs, columbines, hardy larkspur, and other perennials I am not familiar with.

I have taken only one long walk this Spring, but that was an old He-One! Out Deer Hill Avenue to the Parks estate, across that to Thomas Mt., which I climbed, then down the other side to a wood-road that went just where I wanted it to, and took me round into Fox Hollow, where I saw the largest owl these eyes have ever looked upon. Fox Hollow is a place of rocks and boulders, some very large, and among them grow ferns and skunk cabbages and Jacks-in-the-Pulpit. Perhaps there are foxes there still, but Bob failed to find any interesting smells, and the only fox we ever saw hereabouts was shot by my father in front of the garage at the farm. Then I climbed the steep and rocky East side of Moses Mt., but did not go so far south as to be able to see the lake you and I reached one Fall day. On top of the ridge I attained to was another wood-road, and that, too, went precisely where I desired to go, North to the road down Moses on the Danbury side, which got me eventually home again. That territory is ideal tramping country, even better, I think, than the region West of Candlewood, though there are no such views over water. The view from Thomas Mt. is wide and far, and on clear days Long Island with the blue reach of its Sound is plain to be seen. The trees are perhaps not so varied and interesting. There are no Moosewoods (I looked for them particularly), but many oaks and beeches, with occasional dark patches of hemlocks. The Parkses have been cutting over certain areas, and that means the wood-roads are being kept open, so that tramping is easy. And I must say that the moment you get off into the wildwood, you have to struggle to get through underbrush and the general barrier of new shrubs and saplings for which New England is noted. No well-kept forest land here. There's enough dead

stuff lying on the ground to supply every one in Danbury with firewood for a whole generation. In Europe all this would be picked up, bundled into fagots, and carted off to peasant hearths regularly every season. We are a frightfully lazy and wasteful people, and "labor" with us costs so much that our natural resources are not exploited to a tenth of their possible yield.

I always look for spots where it would be sufficiently sunny and yet sufficiently private to slip out of my clothes in warm weather, with a possible naked swim to top off with. There is a pond on the East side of Thomas Mt., but there are stumps in it, and no practical bathing-place that is not in full view of the opposite hill. There are nothing but wood-roads round the pond, and passers-by would be infrequent, still, in the present state of public prudery, one would scarcely feel free there. What I really need is a private swimming-pool within the studio hedge!

It would seem as though you were being very sensible about your oral examination. I am glad the thesis is ready, and I hope you will defend it with gallantry and determination. It is a grand thing to be almost at the finish-line of an Education! I hope they trot out a blue ribbon and pin it firmly on your scholastic chest.

Betty sends you her love, and I mine. I wish it were possible for me to get to Cambridge before you leave, but I must admit that it doesn't look in the least possible. You see, I haven't the cash to go traveling, and I'm afraid there's no Music Centre business to take me in any direction but toward New York.

Faithfully,

Donald

From W.H. Tweedy
145 Deer Hill Ave.,
Danbury, Conn.



Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
Hollis 7, Harvard Yard,
Cambridge, Mass.

8 May '35

Well, Georgie, the Festival has been + happened, + I'm still alive. We had a real "success" from the standpoint of public response, with the theatre packed full, and an amount of enthusiasm unusual for this community + a program of music that so many consider to be "highbrow". I am very much pleased with the spirit in which so many organizations cooperated. The response from the chorus was splendid. There were little boys and girls from the schools + the two boy-chorus, + gray-haired men + women who have been singing in churches since I was a youngster. They numbered well over three hundred, + they gave me

such obedient + well-disciplined attention that we were able to do a creditable job with only one rehearsal. We sang the Bach chorale in unison, and the effect was tremendous.

I was a triple-dyed idiot in that I failed to realize that one cannot conduct + play the piano throughout a concert without feeling a physical strain. My baton-arm was considerably less than 100% efficient on the keyboard, + I was not off the stage from beginning to end, except between numbers. I'll not be such a fool again, but if I had not played for the assisting artists, I don't know who would have done. With all the piano-study that goes on in this city, pianists competent to do artistic work seem not to be developed.

I was proud of my little a cappella group, - 21 singers who opened the program. They did well.
Love from Donald

DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

SEASON MARCH-SEPTEMBER 1935



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Halls 7
Cambridge, Mass.
May 16, 1935.

Dear Betty and Donald,

The day is fast approaching when it will be four weeks since I have sent you any word of going on about here. And I'm afraid even this communication will turn out to be in the nature of a palliative rather than a cure!

I was glad to hear of the 'success' of the Festival. You indeed worked hard at it and that you could honestly call it a success must have been a compensation. You seem to have made quite a 'dent' in

have not yet reached the state of mind where I don't care how soon the exam comes as long as it is gotten over with. I hope I shan't reach it until the day of the exam - I would suppose one would do better in that state of mind than in one of anxiety. Of course, I may not even have to take the exam! - I have had no notice yet that my thesis is accepted.

I seem as far from a job as ever. I have heard of none in the past few months. I did have a letter from Miss Cummins a few days ago saying there is a vacancy at Rochester. The position there with respect to which I was interviewed was filled quite a while ago by a man here at Harvard - a Ph.D. of several years standing, who is well qualified for it. There may be, and in fact I think there is, another opening there, but clearly I shall not make application for it. Also, several days ago, I was told by another

Danbury's 'season' - or ought I not rather to say, put a bump on it, for you have certainly added a great deal. You have had a measure of repose quite beyond what I would have expected. I hope that means there will be sufficient enthusiasm not only to keep the concert series going next year, but also to make possible at least one each of the various study groups. For it is, ^{through} the letter that the tasks of the community can most effectively be improved.

The year seems to be coming to a close, though slowly, despite the speed with which each individual day passes. My orals are still at least the best part of three weeks away, and possibly as much as four weeks. I learn a little every day, but each item learned leads to a couple of others I had not counted on. I, fortunately,

candidate here that he knew I had been recommended
for a position - but I have had no other
word of it. And this afternoon someone told
me he had heard I was to be reappointed
here for a year. I am quite sure that rumor
is false. I know that two candidates
are to be reappointed, for one year at their
present salaries of \$11,000, not because the
Department wants to keep ^{them}, but because it
doesn't know how to find jobs for us.
Since I understand that both of the candidates
have been appointed I feel sure I am not to be.
And how sincerely I hope that is true. I
should be at my wife's side were I to be
offered a reappointment, for if there is any-
thing I devoutly wish it is to get away from
this department of mathematics. Still if I do
receive an offer I shall have to accept it and
hope to find something else by September.
In any event if I don't find something
by August I think I shall go to Washington
and look about there - I have heard of

quite a few people who have landed there
without prospects, and who have soon found
a niche. But that is all matter for later
concern.

We have been having many days of perfectly
glorious weather but I have seen most of it
from the inside looking out. A week ago last
Saturday Raymond called me and asked me
to go to Rockport with him for overnight.
Hilda was to have gone but had to be
a cold to resist the cold & damps of the cottage.
It was a beautiful afternoon and Sunday
promised to be equally fine so I consented
to go. Raymond has a new car - a Dodge -
which I was privileged to drive. We went by
way of Lexington picking up some grape-vines
& fuchsia at Buck's. The foliage was just
in that delicate coming-out stage so that
the landscape was superb. And on Sunday
the sea was as blue as the Mediterranean
is reputed to be.

While we were there one of the Samaroff birds

appointed - or at least I didn't understand him well enough not to be so. This text was from a passage concerning fountains & cisterns - and he gave a fine sermon based on it, until near the end, - at which point he ^{or seemed to} classed ^{as} cisterns everything except faith in ^{the} living God of Christianity - and of course that spoiled it for me! I had asked Morris to go, and he had promised to do so were he in town - but a couple of days before he called up to say that despite the fact he would be in town, would I release him, for he couldn't bear the thought of going to church!

I have been spending my reading time of late on the subject of 'liberty', having read Habbauer's 'Liberalism', Martine's 'Liberty', and reading at present Mill's Essay. I think I remember that you treasure Martine's book, and now after reading it I can see why. It seems to me to be a splendid exposition,

drove in with his wife, mother & grandmother. I had never met the latter two. His mother was here on leave from Russia. She is the sole German teacher in the School of Geography of the University of Moscow. She has four hundred students, made each class only twice a week and teaches from eight to ten hours a day! Can you imagine it! But still she looked hale and hearty - she said she had got used to five and six hours a day before the revolution. They were there only a few minutes so that I didn't have time to ask her the many questions I should have liked to. When she heard I was looking for a job she suggested I go to Russia - any English speaking person can get a job there for a year teaching English - it is unnecessary to know Russian, for they prefer the direct method. But at eight to ten hours a day, I hesitated.

Rev. Soares preached here the past two Sundays - I couldn't go the first Sunday, but I did go last Sunday. I was somewhat dis-

and, despite his frequent lamentations, I didn't feel too bowed down by his views of Liberty's prospects. On the other hand I wouldn't be surprised if we were approaching a period of even less liberty than we have had. Quite a number of people with whom I have talked think we are drifting into a kind of fascism - and that would mean loss of liberty.

As my students frequently write on their exam papers:

"Time"

which is, translated, 'Time's up'. I am sorry that you will not get to Boston before I leave - still, were you to come right now I could see but little of you. But 'Summer is icecream in' and that ought to mean that we shall meet before long. I suppose you will soon be moving up to the pond again - I envy you.

Much love to you. George.

23 May, '35.

145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

Carissimo: -

I shall not long continue to write to you from this address, as we shall be unable to remain here much after the 1st of June. I shall ask Martin Griffing if we may remain through the 6th of June, as the concert at which I play occurs on the 5th & Mrs. Samaroff gives her talk the evening of the 6th. We shall go to North House, of course, & I shall do my best to secure a cook. If that scheme fails, we shall have to board with the family, as Betty is not well enough to do any cooking.

I am not surprised that you have thus far failed to find a college position. This year seems to be the worst of all, principally because Business has no confidence in the schemes of the government. No one is willing to take a lien on the future when the future is so desperately uncertain. I heard from Chicago that no new appointment will be made in the Music Department of the University this year because the necessary budget is not forthcoming, - which effectually disposes of the only chance I deemed to have of re-employment on

a "subsistence" salary. It's a mighty fortunate thing for us that we've my father to fall back on. What we'd do without his aid, I am unable to imagine.

As for you, I suppose you have not failed to remember that if the worst comes to the worst, you might try Raymond. I presume he is familiar with your situation, and will help you to a job of some kind if he can. Certainly, as a last resort, I should ask him to do so if I were you. Private employers + institutions being so concerned to stand fast, it is the government that must come to the rescue of the jobless. You are well qualified for almost any work that does not require hard physical labor, + Raymond knows your capabilities. If nothing turns up by the 1st of June, I should most certainly make an appeal to him before leaving Cambridge.

Betty is distinctly not well. Her heart is beginning to behave queerly. We should have regular domestic help, but it is very difficult to secure without making a business of it, and we are so damned particular! We have to have someone whom we can lodge in that north-east room + allow to use our bath-room. Betty hates that, + she hates a lot of things that we find we increasingly have to put up with. She would so much rather do her own work, if only she were strong enough. We are having Mary,

the woman who was with us at Christmas-time, come as often as she can during the week, but she has part-time employment at Mallory's hat factory, & so we can't count on her. Betty is thus obliged to do more than she should, considering her physical condition, & this plus all the things she will do in spite of common sense, is putting her in a state where she is a very real anxiety to me. I think she looks very badly, her color is peculiarly pale, & her eyes have dark circles under them. I'm debating whether or not to send for Helen. Betty's father died at about her age, from an attack of angina pectoris. Betty's heart pains are getting to be more frequent & more severe, and I am constrained to admit that, in our present circumstances, Helen could spare Betty a great deal in the way of housework, tho' whether that lightening of the physical burden would offset the inevitable strain of temperaments, I do not know. Helen is willing enough to try to be amenable, & if you can get her scared & keep her scared, she can be as docile as a kitten between spasms of fury. Betty is used to her vagaries, & so am I, for that matter. Each of them is fond of being with the other, however fiercely they may quarrel. Both are spoiled children, who take advantage of family relationships to sputter & scold when they're displeased, tho' the outbreaks come from nervous dispositions, not from mean ones. I am just wondering, since I myself have seldom been braver, whether it wouldn't be a comfort to Betty to have Helen with us. Though previously I have held out firmly against allowing Helen to consider for one moment that she had a right to live with us, I begin to feel that I must either find some way of lifting the household work from Betty's shoulders or else suggest to Helen that Betty needs her. The truth, I am sad to reflect, is that Betty may not have many more years to live, & should she go in the way her father went, Helen would feel both aggrieved and culpable at the fact of their separation.

Naturally, I haven't mentioned this matter to anyone but you, and shall not. Will you let me have your counsel, privately?

The Music Centre is going satisfactorily for the present. I shall not attempt to organize a summer series of concerts. If someone else feels inclined to make the necessary effort, I shall aid & abet, but I prefer rather to try, if it be possible, to continue some of our instruction during the summer. Last evening's concert pleased the audience greatly, but the S. B.'s had serious reservations.

Betty sends her love & I mine. You must let us know when you can come to us. Give our love to Morris. Donald

The sixth and final concert in the Spring series
will be given by

THE ALPHA GLEE CLUB
OF DANBURY

SHERMAN J. KREUZBERG, DIRECTOR

assisted by

DONALD TWEEDY, *Pianist*

Wednesday evening, June 5, at Concordia Hall



The Music Centre takes pleasure in announcing

A FREE PUBLIC LECTURE

BY

MME. OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI

at 8 p. m., Thursday evening, June 6

at the Normal School Auditorium

Madame Stokowski will speak on

"MUSIC AND THE LAYMAN"

Probably last letter from
145 Deer Hill Ave.,
Danbury, Conn.

June 2nd, Q. E. D.

[1935]

Caro, più caro, carissimo:-

My laigs is all covered with red scratches from the successful attempts of one tiny little devil of a black and white kitten to aufsteigen them. His name is Peter Pepper, and he lives right up to it. I have never seen a more compact and concentrated quantity of energy, courage, and curiosity. Nothing daunts him, not even slaps. He is as bright as a steel trap, and I pity the mouse that wanders his way. He is learning very fast. We have had him only a little over a week, but already he knows his name and answers to it with a ridiculous little screech of a meow. He knows he must not get up on the table, he knows that it is his boring duty to relieve himself in a box of dirt near the back-kitchen door, and that Bob is essentially a furry old darling who can be pounced upon, whose tail is a grand plaything, and who will permit almost anything except a kitten's head in his dish when he is trying to eat. As for me, I am not so sure Peter is justified in his opinion of Bob. It seems to me that I detect enough evidence of jealousy to warrant Peter being a little less trustful. Sometimes Bob's jaws come together with a wolfish snap just short of Peter's amazing white whiskers. (For a diminutive cat not yet two months old, he has the most impressive whiskers imaginable.) But Peter lies down on his back, all four legs reaching, scrabbling, scratching, and thinks it is all one lovely game. Truly, we spend whole half-hours watching that kitten. We leave the two "boys" together at night, and nothing lethal has happened yet, largely, I think, because Peter stays quiet when we are not at hand. But let one of us appear in the kitchen, and there are scufflings and scamperings and pas de chat all over the place. There are times when Bob looks at us imploringly, as if to say, # "Why must I be pestered with this black and white imp of Satan?" - and I tell him he must blame Betty, because it was all her idea.

The Concert To End All Concerts happens on Wednesday evening. I am in the usual state of blue funk, due to having promised myself to play something I never have played before. The Brahms Waltzes complete, to wit. The three I have been used to play, I arranged myself, from memory, - meaning by ear, - but now I'm playing them as Brahms intended them to be played. They don't trouble me, but there are about three that are as tricky as anything Johannes ever wrote. Pray for me on Wednesday evening! - - - I'm also playing the Grieg suite, "From Holberg's Time", entire, but that I've played for years, as you know. I wanted to choose music suitable for variety in a men's glee club concert, and I wanted to be forced to learn the Brahms Waltzes.

Your letter was welcome, as always. I have written Helen the state of Betty's health, but in her last letter to Betty she showed that she was already disquieted by what Betty herself had divulged. We have arranged to board at the big house for the summer. Breakfast we shall have by ourselves, but the meals that take "cooking" will be eaten with the rest of the family. Of course, that means that you are the only person we can have to visit us, because you are the only one the family will insist on having! We shall have someone up once a week to clean house,

and thus I think we can manage.

Fritz Reiner, upon Kreiner's request, has consented to harbor ALICE for a time. Whether he will look at the score is problematical. He is a person for whom life has lost its bloom. A true master of the baton, he is yet waiting for the recognition he considers his due, and is bitter, disillusioned, pessimistic. Maybe, if he glances at ALICE, she will cheer him up! He should be at the Metropolitan, but there sits Bodansky, firmly entrenched, with no idea of inviting Reiner in to be a measuring-rod for his own deficiencies. Reiner has no idea what will happen to him next year. They are not to repeat the experiment made this season in Philadelphia, and he has no other engagement of such importance. Like you and Mr. Macawber, he is waiting for something to turn up, and since he adores New York and has many friends there, he intends to sit there like a conductorial spider, waiting for an orchestra to fall into his webb. (Excuse spelling, - influence of Wiscasset!)

Kreiner's quartet has gone to pieces. Harry Friedman is getting married and must have a job with good pay. Greenhouse wants to study privately with Salmond up in Maine, and Dvonch is going back to Chicago. So I went to New York last week with "Teddy", as Kreiner wants to be called, to act as Advisor in Extraordinary for the selection of a new personnel. It was interesting. None but Jews applied. Some didn't look like Jews, but were named Rosenblum and things like that. Some had faces and personalities that were most unfortunate, considering their talent. A quartet has to live and travel together, unless it restricts its playing to the radio, and congeniality has to be a consideration, likewise acceptability to audiences throughout the country. Friedman and Greenhouse were both Jews, but both were possessed of a certain amount of charm and had good dispositions. Kreiner sent me a message later in the week which I took to mean that he had succeeded in putting a new personnel together. There was an excellent 'cellist named Schulmann, whose brother was under consideration also - for 2nd Violin, - and for First they# were going after a certain Rabinoff who has played with the B. S. O., - you may have heard him. I hope with all my heart that Teddy can re-organize and go right on, as otherwise he will be "fit to be tied".

The Supreme Court has certainly thrown what the British would call "a proper wrench" in the machinery of the New Deal. That the decision was unanimous is significant. I am far from approval of the disorganization that will result, but we shall probably have to be patient till the administration decides what it can do. It only intensifies the situation with regard to employment. No increases, few dismissals, few replacements will probably be more than ever the policy of all organizations, since everyone feels uncertain of the future, and feels the pinch of tight economy. It may effectually put an end to any power Raymond may have had to help you to a job. But I should try him all the same, put it to him direct, but tell him that whether he says 'Yes' or 'No' won't make any difference in your personal feeling for him, - as of course it will not.

Let me know the day of your exam, so that I may keep my fingers crossed, and whatever the outcome, I shall not be disappointed in you. I want you to have a doctorate, since you seem to consider it necessary, but I shall like you just as much if you don't get it! I expect it will be a blow to you if it is withheld, but you have had so many successes, you ought to be able to withstand a reverse. Get a good night's sleep before the event, and be yourself, without strain.

With my love, Donald

R. D. #4,
Danbury, Conn.
10 June, 1935.

Carissimo:-

I have only a few minutes in which to write and adjure you in very colloquial British to "keep your pecker up" on Wednesday! We are in the midst of packing, that is, Betty is, and I am running hither and yon putting off everything to the last minute in my reprehensible and accustomed way. Tonight I have simply got to take gas and clean out my desk. If I delay longer, Betty will be in a madhouse.

"Uncle" Charles Mallory died on Sunday of appendicitis. He was the head of the Mallory Hat Company, and so, in a certain sense, the First Citizen of Danbury. He was eighty-five, and had scarcely known a day of sickness all his life. That he could go so speedily at the end is really a mercy, though it leaves Marion without a soul to live with. She had no children, and her brother and sister both died unmarried. I wonder how it feels to be bereft of all one's nearest and dearest blood-relations? Forlorn, I fancy. If you happen to speak with Raymond, you might ask him if he has heard the news. I think the Mallorys spent a week with Grace Tweedy at Rockport a couple of summers ago. Whether Raymond knew Marion well enough to wish to send her a note of condolence, I cannot tell. But since my last two letters to Raymond have been about deaths in the family, I think I will forbear sending him direct word in this case.

The final concert of the Spring Series of the Music Centre was all that I needed to convince me I should not attempt to play solos in public. I have never done so to any extent, being content to play chamber music, and accompaniments, and of course to play ad lib. for my own classes, where the atmosphere is more favorable to a technic far from water-tight. I suppose no one outside my family realized how nervous I was, nor how much better I can play when I feel free. But without practicing four or five hours a day for months and months, one is defenceless against nerves. And mine behaved worse than ever they have before. I laughed at myself, I cursed myself, I tried mental formulae, but the ordeal remained an agony. All because of those Brahms Waltzes, which I had learned for the occasion, and was not schooled in.

The comments that I have heard prove only that people are kindly and not severely critical. But I think I shall let Paderewski and Hoffman keep their laurels. I have more important work to do than to play the piano in public, and henceforth I shall do it!

I itch to be up at the farm. North House is almost ready for us, and the garden at the big house looks better than it has in years. I have almost completed my transplanting. The last three days have been ideal for such work. When I've more time, I'll tell you about Olga Samaroff, who has come and gone. At present the Music Centre is sitting pretty, and plans for a summer season await an organizer, who will not be I.

With Betty's love and mine, and our best wishes for Wednesday,

Donald

DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

SEASON MARCH-SEPTEMBER 1935

SIXTH CONCERT

CONCORDIA HALL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1935
AT 8:30 P. M.

ALPHA GLEE CLUB OF DANBURY

SHERMAN J. KREUZBERG, DIRECTOR

assisted by

DONALD TWEEDY, Pianist

PROGRAM

I

Mariner's Hymn	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Robson</i>
Ave Maris Stella	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Grieg</i>
Fool that I am	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Thomas</i>
Song of the Jolly Roger	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Candish</i>

ALPHA GLEE CLUB

II

Suite, "From Holberg's Time" (17th Century)						<i>Grieg</i>
Prelude						
Sarabande						
Gavotte and Musette						
Air						
Gigue						

MR. TWEEDY

III

Sea Fever	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Andrews</i>
So Softly Sleeps My Love	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Hidalgo</i>
Passing By	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Purcell</i>
Song to Bohemia	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Taylor</i>

THE GLEE CLUB

INTERMISSION

10 June, '35

Carissimo:—

I have just read your letter again & am chagrined to realize that I omitted this afternoon to congratulate you on the definitive acceptance of your thesis. I hope that that means that the "oral" is bound to be acceptable too unless you show yourself extraordinarily unintelligent, which you will not. Anyhow, I'm much pleased that the thesis has passed muster, and I wish I might promise myself the additional pleasure of reading it with an understanding mind!

Our peonies are beginning to be gorgeous. They have been held back till the buds are larger than ever before, and give promise of an exceptional glory. The cool, rainy weather has been ideal for them, and now all they need is a touch of sun in order to burst forth. Only the rose-bugs don't burst forth at the same instant!

Betty is a little better. Since we could not get suitable help, we have not yet moved, but we expect to do so on Thursday.

Mother & Father have gone up to Dana Hall with Marguerite & Jim for Barbara's commencement. They will be back tomorrow, but Bob will stay for college exams.

Do let me know your plans when you have any. It has been much too long since last I saw you! D.

North House,
R. D. 4 -
Danbury, Conn.
Mon., June 17, 1935.

Mon cher :-

We have been so upset for a week that I have found it impossible to write. We had to get our help when we could, and the movers were postponed till Thursday. After the agony of packing came the lesser agony of unpacking, & finally I marvelled at the number of goods & chattels we managed to move from this place to Deer Hill. It seemed as though we carted back at least twice as much as we took down last Fall.

I thought of sending you a telegram when your letter of June 12th arrived, congratulating you on having completed your schooling & being able to begin at last your education, but my energy was unequal to even that feeble joke.

Of course I am pleased, deeply satisfied, that you have stuck to the grim game till the last prize is won. But you are yourself so joyless over the achievement that you remind me of myself when F. B. K. came my unsoliciting way. James Gordon Gilkey fought valiantly for my election, & rushed over to Thayer 60 to announce it gleefully to me, I received the glad tidings with so little enthusiasm

that I make no doubt the lad was deeply chagrined & regretted his well-meaning championship.

Well, we couldn't foresee, when you left Rochester, that you would have so perfectly successful, & so desperately disillusionizing, a college career. With you, academic rewards & a sense of personal frustration seem to have gone hand in hand, & I'm sorry that triumph has with such a dust-and-ashes aspect, for I want you to take joy in life. In your own way, and in spite of the liberality of your ideas about humanity & education, you seem to be balked as yet, in fashioning your own career so as to be able to give yourself to it gladly & whole-heartedly. (I started to say that in your own way you seem to be held back from inner contentment as effectually as your own mother, but the cases are so different that I doubt if there is any more to the apparent similarity than mere chance.)

At any rate, you are now freer than you have been for some years, or may ever be again, — the treadmill of a job may easily prove as exacting as has the academic round, & you may follow it as unwillingly if it doesn't really suit you, — so I say, go off some-where by yourself as soon as you can & make a real effort to reach a state of spiritual stability. I say by yourself because I feel that you are hyper-sensitive to the opinions & the moods of other people. Take stock of yourself, determine as precisely as possible what it is, positively, that you want to do

in life and with life, and then work for it unremittingly.

Of course, I don't mean literally that you need retire to some inaccessible spot + there hold yourself incommunicate. You can lie naked on your own bed in Hollis 17 + survey your own body, - suppose you do a little penance in the way of mental + spiritual narcissism. Doff all pretention, strip off all conditions, all ifs + buts, + get down to the bare what am I good for, + where can I do most good!

I believe in you. You are finely strung, you are essentially good, you are intelligent, very, and you can easily make yourself liked + trusted. Those are real assets in a career. Now, somehow, you must find a vantage-ground where you can be reasonably sure of doing the work you want to do at a wage which will keep you alive. You want your own home + your own family. You have to decide whether those things are the most important of all to you, + if they are, then you must be ready to make sacrifices + compromises in order to sustain them. If teaching is the most important of all possible careers, then you must be ready to sacrifice home + family till you are established in a position that makes them possible. Expect disappointment, discount it in advance. Expect slender means or even poverty, and face that in advance, determine your attitude in case things turn out as badly as you can imagine. If you decide you must go on teaching mathematics, then it must be for a reason that will sustain you during the days + weeks + months + years you must devote to it.

O, I'm full of advice, because I care so deeply for you, + feel that in spite of your academic honors, you are ^{but} a half-hearted scholar, toasted on one side only, as Santayana said of American philosophers. I have a feeling that you need marriage + a home of your own more than you need anything else, because you need love and the ministering of love. I don't think you would risk a grave error if you put marriage first in your plans for your future, and set your intelligence to work at making a living for two, somehow, anyhow, in a college position or elsewhere.

I do not, just now, look very far ahead. I've more to do than I can easily accomplish, I'm still worried about Betty, + I'm sticking right here for the present. Let me hear from you as often as you can, + how to reach you in case I need to. I'm glad you're going to Elisabeth's, - I hope all goes well there. If you're staying a week, you may have to make one more searching decision, re Kenneth. But that, fortunately, is a matter of plain common-sense. Your tedious, old, bald, fat

Ronald

19 Western Ave
Waterville, Maine
June 27, 1935

Dear Betty and Donald,

Well, here I am languishing in Maine! I say 'languishing' for I have been here four days already without having accomplished anything and it looks now as if we shall not accomplish much in the four remaining days that I can stay here. Prof. Merce arrived here with a cold and has spent most of his time since then either in bed or at the piano. It seems now that he expected I could stay indefinitely,

Mann, Wallace etc. It was amusing to see such bitter enemies as Wallace & M. A. White receiving degrees at the same time, and to see Einstein sitting within three seats of Curley. The latter couldn't stand the gaff, however, and as soon as he was safely off the academic grounds broke out into speechifying, about the teacher's oath, the meaning of education in general, etc.

After my family left on Thursday afternoon, I threw myself on the bed for a few hours sleep. That evening I made a farewell call on my young architect friend & his wife - the next morning I dashed about Boston making a few final purchases, and in the afternoon drove up to Rockport with Raymond. I staid there until Sunday morning when Raymond took me to Newburyport to meet Prof. Morse. Sat-

although when he asked me to come he said he wanted to have this last joint-paper finished by July 1st. It is impossible to do that now on the scale that he wants, and since I cannot stay beyond Monday I shall probably have to come back later in the summer.

My last days in Cambridge were pretty hectic. I spent all of Monday & Tuesday packing, and on Wednesday I saw the truck carry off eleven packing cases and a trunk. My pictures, lamps, etc. went home in my brother's car the next day. My parents, my brother and his wife arrived Wednesday evening. Thursday was not fair, but it didn't rain, so that the commencement exercises were held in Sever Quadrangle. Although I could get only three tickets, all four of my family managed to get in. It was quite a show, with Einstein.

Friday was glorious - Raymond & I
spent a good part of it at a quarry
just back of Rockport - I am still
feeling the effects of those four hours
of sun, though no longer painfully,
I am now in the 'feeling stage'.

It begins to look — as though
I would spend next year in Baltimore.
For I have heard from John Hopkins
that my answer to them must be
final and I cannot delay answering
them beyond this Saturday. My beautiful
escape into the arboreal world seems
closed, at least for the present. I am
awaiting a final answer from the
Equestable, but in the first letter from
them, they said that they did not
feel they ought to make me an offer.
The grounds of refusal are briefly these -
I am about ten years older than they

average beginner, I know ten times
more mathematics than he - so
that I would expect more rapid
advancement, and finding younger
men and me I would be disappointed.
On receiving that letter I telegraphed
to Raymond, asking him to look for
openings in Boston. I have a letter from
him this morning. He interviewed
the John Hancock people, and they
said essentially the same thing as
the Equitable. He was not able to see
any other significant company.

However, I shan't give up the whole
idea so quickly. I shall try to get
to Hartford this summer and see some
of the big men there, and also to
New York, and possibly I shall
be in Boston again. And when I
get near Philadelphia I shall look
about there. If I can find a company

heavy enough to make you happy. I
don't know where to tell you to write
me. I shall certainly leave here on
Tuesday and reach home sometime
Wednesday. If you mailed a letter to
Cambridge, which would reach there
after Friday of this week, it will be
forwarded to Caxton, so that
I shall not get it until Wednesday.
Hence if you said anything in it that
I should know before then you had
best send a reprint here by Satur-
day's mail.

All for now. The sun has come out,
and I wouldn't be surprised if Prof.
Morse got up for some golf this
afternoon, - and since he goes to bed
very early, there probably won't be
any work today.

My love to all the Tweedys & Besses

that will promise to accept me next year
I shall spend my time in Baltimore
preparing for the exams next April. I
could easily prepare for four of them
and possibly for six.

If I can work this, going to J. H.
will in many ways be a good way
out of several difficulties. For first of
all I need a long vacation, and J. H.
doesn't begin term until about October
1st. And I should have lots of time
at my disposal, both for study and
for looking about for the best
opening. And last, but not least, I
should be on hand to give Encouragement
in the final year of struggle
for the degree.

It seems an age since I last heard
from you, but your last letter is
dated June 17th so it can't be an age.
I hope you are back well, and first

with my hopes of seeing you all
shortly after July 15th.

Grace.

P.S. Prof. Morse was explaining
the family portraits last night, and
pointed out a picture of the plague
of Papa Gaw at Vaccar. Papa Gaw
is a first cousin of Marie's mother,
and it was she who gave her
cousin his first music lesson!

J.

North House, R.D. 4 Thursday
Doubury, Conn.

28 June 1935
Postmark

Carissimo: -

I suppose you wondered what I was up to in Northampton. Marguerite came home from her alumnae reunion with the news that President Nelson had announced the retirement of Professor Roy Welch from the music faculty at Smith. She thought there might be a vacancy, so I set forth immediately to make inquiry. I found Nelson gone to Harvard to receive an honorary Ph.D., but I had an hour's talk with the Chairman of the department, a Miss Silbert. She told me right away that it had been definitely decided not to make a new appointment for the coming academic year, but counselled me nevertheless to write to the president. I did so, & received a most courteous reply, but to the same effect. So that was a wild goose chase.

I went on another yesterday.

George Wedge telephoned from New York that there was a vacancy at a college in South Carolina, & the president was in the city looking for a new man. I went down with misgivings, only to find that it is a Baptist institution for women with a student body of about 225, & what they principally wanted was a teacher of piano. I don't think Wedge could have understood that fact. — So I went to Radio City to see Becky Sharp in color, & very pretty too, & so I gradually came home.

My telegram may have sounded jocular, but it was really all that I had or have to say to your letter about Johns Hopkins, Antioch, & the Equitable. I was explicit in advance. You have to do the choosing, my dear, & I can't help you other than to say just what I did say. You can't take the Hopkins knowing what they'd expect of you unless you intend to give it to them. You can take Antioch much more blithely,

because you would be freer there. My advice is to chuck the academic game + take any good business opening like the Equitable. You will have a hell of a time existing till they get to know you + trust you, but then it will be possible to advance rapidly. You might be able to support a family in two or three years, + while you'd hate the initial grind, the established position would be worth waiting for + slaving for, would it not? As for your question about your executive ability, you needn't be so doubtful. People like you, + if you know your stuff, they'll respect you. Liking + respect for ability are the two needful things for an executive, not the "battalion voice". So make up your mind, + go to it. I wish I could help you financially through the apprenticeship. I feel bad in that that is impossible. But you can live through it, even in New York.

We are likely to be right here all summer. Mother spoke to me the other day, of her own accord, about your coming. She wants to have you, - and that, in the present state of our arrangements, is a sure proof of her affection for you. We get our breakfasts here. The other two meals we take with the family, + pay our share of the expenses plus an extra dollar a week for Louise. Economically it is sensible, + it spares Betty as she should now be spared. When cold weather comes, if we are still in Danbury, we shall simply go somewhere + board.

Keep your head with Morse, + don't let him over-persuade you. Don't let me, either. Choose your own course, + remember that this time there is too much at stake for you to make any hazardous experiments.

Betty + the family send their love, + I mine.

Donald

P.S. By the way, if you want to write me confidentially this summer, you may address me % Danbury Music Centre, P.O. Box 3014, Danbury. At present, I am the sole person with a key to that box. If the circumstances change, I will inform you, but in any case the secretary (Mrs. Sunderland), will not open mail addressed to me as above.

DP

285 Oxford St.
Rochester, New York
September 27, 1936.

Dear Donald,

If you are to hear from me this week I must write you a few lines tonight. And I do want you to have word of me before Sunday.

Your good letter to us at Cassadun was very welcome and it was very cheering to have your note yesterday. Not to mention the beautiful flowers which came while we were out yesterday afternoon. It is good to feel that your spirit is among

know they are not getting any better. I use boric acid several times a day. It seems to help for a short time but there is no permanent good effect. Mother told me the other day that an eminent oculist in Albany had told her years ago that even using boric acid on the eyes was most fast-hardy.

Eva came home last Sunday so that I was able to see her again for a day. She is again having trouble and may be facing a quite serious condition. The symptom which has alarmed her concerns her eyes. Within the last three weeks she has had periods when her distant vision - beyond three or four feet - practically failed although near objects were

them. They present a pleasant contrast to the trunk near them and to the packing cases which are to arrive - I hope tomorrow. No shall have to be unsettled until these boxes arrive - they were sent by trunk on Tuesday and should have been here today.

Thank you a great deal for the footnote to Mrs. Whipple. I have not read it for I presumed you did not intend me to - although from the remarks in your last note I am in doubt about ~~my~~ ^{my} presumption. I shall send the note soon and then await developments. But I am not sure that I shall be able to wait until I see Dr. Whipple before seeing an oculist. I'm not sure that my eyes are getting any worse but I do

still plainly visible. from her description
the defect is a lack of accommodation
and not an affection of the optic nerve.
Another symptom concerns her urine
which she says burns quite sharply.
She had a superficial examination
while in Michigan and the doctor
told her he thought she had in-
ipient diabetes. She is of the opinion
that in its beginning stages diabetes
can be cured, and that in any case
the eye complication is of only tem-
porary character. She will have a
thorough exam in Baltimore. I
do hope that it will reveal nothing
permanently serious for I cannot
dread her having to face such a
~~conclusive~~ rebuff at the hand of Fate.
I am very grateful to you for

your good words about Elizabeth.
I think that your evaluation is
correct. She certainly loves me a great
deal ~~more than~~, a great deal more
than she demonstrates on the sur-
face, even to me. She is not con-
scious, for which I am thankful,
and she is most indulgent of
my pecky censures. Sexually
I think we are well-matched. She is
never reluctant, nor on the other
hand does she demand more than
I have strength for. The matter of
which I spoke to you is clearing
and I doubt that any medical
aid will be needed. There is, however,
a mechanical difficulty which
we have yet to get around due
to the rather exceptional position

of it.

We had scarcely left the porch
two weeks ago when I remembered
that I had intended to bring along
the coffee-grinder you had offered. I
wondered what he very happy to have
it but hesitate to put you to the
trouble of sending it. So I leave it to
you to do as you wish.

There is much more I would like
to write but I must not - I am
sleping at at least nine hours
sleep every night. So goodnight
and much love to you, as well
as love to the family.

George.

of my penis in erection - it has
so far been impossible for us to
stimulate each other at the same
time - but I am not worrying
about that - I shall find a way.

I am considerably saddened by
your statement that you are melan-
choly & dissatisfied. However, I know
right well you have reason to be so.
I am disappointed, indeed, about
Alice, but I like to feel that every
rejection puts you one step nearer
an acceptance. Don't worry over the
quarrel - it will come, though you
may sweat blood meanwhile - and
I am sure it will be good when you
have finished it. How about
Hamilton - you have written nothing

Middle Granville, N.Y.
July 9, 1935.

Dear Betty & Donald,

You should have had a note of thanks long since - but my two days at home were filled by making tasks - washing & ironing, putting up awnings & shades, some unpacking, etc, and this place runs a close second to Elmshade, so far as lack of repose is concerned. My twenty-four hours with you were delightful, and a most welcome foretaste of what awaits

a couple of trees across the road within sight of the house, and, in a neighboring yard, upstanding here or a dozen huge trees. But the most spectacular part of the storm was the lightning. It struck the electric transformer just across the road some fifteen or twenty times. Each time the bolt entered the house causing the radio to send out a blinding flash and a loud report, and, even more extraordinary, making some of the lights in both the house & barn flash on & off, although the switches were turned off. This latter I had never seen, and I must say it was a little terrifying at first. But after several repetitions we began to take it as a matter of course. I believe I can't see why the house wasn't set on fire.

me. I think I neglected to thank you explicitly for taking me over to Poughkeepsie, but I was deeply grateful. I hope your mode of less hurried return to Ball's Pond - and especially that you, Betty, were not ill the next day. I fear that our rapid descent upon Poughkeepsie may have made you feel worse than a more leisurely ride would have, and I feel responsible, for I should have insisted upon starting earlier.

Harold drove me up here on Friday afternoon. He had scarcely left the yard when a furious thunder storm broke - with one exception it was much the wildest that I have ever seen. It rained directly over this house for the best part of half an hour. There was a heavy down-pour of rain and a very high wind. The latter caused considerable damage, blowing

On Sunday we had another demon-
stration of weather. It started raining
Saturday evening, not stopping until
late Sunday night. There was a prodigious
~~fall~~ of water - all the local streams
went over their banks, the narrow
river through the town swelling
in some places to almost a mile in
width. Many acres of hay, corn & potatoes
were ruined, and many other fields
badly washed out. It was a genuine
flood, although I don't think any
lives were lost or houses washed
away.

Saturday was pretty fair & we went
for a swim & a long sunbath, but
yesterday was cloudy & today is not very
bright so far. So I am not having
as much out of doors as I had
hoped. Possibly the rest of the week

will be better - I stay until Friday
afternoon. When it can be seen, the
country about here is very lovely - there
are hills - hills - hills, with the Green
Mountains on one side - the Adirondacks
on the other.

There is no hitch about my returning to
you on next Tuesday. If I remember
rightly there is a bus leaving Doughertyville
about four o'clock. I shall plan to be
that one + should reach New Fairfield
about five-thirty. Would you mind
checking the bus schedule and letting me
know if the time of departure is
very different from what I remember?

I look forward eagerly to next
week - and I send you my love.

George

North House,
R. D. 4 —
11 July, '35.

Justine Howard Dorton: -

Thank Fortune the floods didn't carry you away. I can see you wagging your tail like sixty + galloping round the wreckage with both ears cocked + eyes fairly glistening with excitement. On either of our hills we are safe from floods, but the rain here was not excessive. In Danbury they had a violent storm + more water in the streets + cellars than the oldest inhabitant remembers, but still there was no flooding of the river that did not subside within a few hours. At Ball's Pond we had half an hour of heavy rain with so little wind that the garden came through unharmed. I think all I had to do was to straighten up a couple of

cosmos plants behind the woodshed. It looked all round us as tho Hell were about to be let loose, but for some reason we were spared the full fury of the storm. I hope "Elushade" came through unscathed.

The bus leaves Pokipay at 4 P.M. D.S.T. & reaches New Fairfield at a little after 5. I shall meet you there on Tuesday. Mrs. Elser is going with us to the Quartet concert at Silvermine, and has invited us there to supper. We have refused, because we know her cook has left her, & we don't want to bring an extra guest in that circumstance, tho otherwise we shouldn't hesitate. She may insist, & if she does, there will barely be time for you to change before we must start. So please be shaved when you arrive! In any case, the family dines at six, & we must leave here shortly after seven. If it's a warm night, we can

have our swim before we go to bed.

I hope you will be able to see the moon's eclipse on Monday at midnight, - strange hour for a total eclipse. If the weather's fair, we'll be watching it.

I'll have your clean shirts for you, & we're expecting you for a full week. You're to have no reinforcements, tho that you don't choose to assume, & I very much want you to get a ground rest & be fit.

Please give our best regards to your mother & father. Betty & the family send their love to you, & I send mine.

Donald

31 July, '35

Dear George: -

Just a brief letter to tell you how glad we both were to hear you have found a habitation, + how surprised + delighted to receive the copy of Will Durant's book to read. What with your preoccupations in New York, I am amazed you should have found time to go into Macy's. If I didn't know you so well, I should be in a dilemma, a nice, ticklish embarrassment as to whether the Durant is given or lent! It is impossible, from your card, to determine which, + both Betty + I were severally + separately perplexed when we read it. But it doesn't really matter to us. What you wrote, + all you wrote, was that you hoped you weren't mistaken

in understanding that we wanted to read that book. Well, applying reason to the problem, I conclude that, if two people are to read a book of a thousand pages, it must be intended that it remain with us at least a few months! And since, when your letter came, it made no mention of the book, I can only tell you the fact of our perplexity & leave you to clear it up. You will be annoyed, of course, both at us & at yourself, at us for not understanding your intent & at yourself for not making it explicit. But since this is a case where the consequences are not very serious, I prefer to tell you exactly the impression your card made & leave you to correct it. In either case we are grateful, & we love you just as much. I have already looked the entire book through & read the first two or three chapters, & I think it is a superb achievement.

Do you have "taken" rooms at 3 West 75th St. Does that mean you have signed a lease & are committed? In that case, I hope you will not be too disturbed

by street noises, - since I judge the only windows are on the street. But cleanliness is a virtue, + very important to a fellow with Dutch blood in him. I fancy you will get a great deal of enjoyment out of being so near Central Park, the Natural History museum, + the Metropolitan. If you walk West, you have also Riverside Drive, + if you walk far enough up that, you can return via the Cathedral or Morningside Park + then complete the circuit to 75th through Central. You'll get the worst weather during your first month, + if you can stand that, the rest of the year won't be so bad.

I wish I could come down + help you get "settled in" - and perhaps I'll just take the bit in my teeth + do it anyway, unless you'd rather I didn't. But perhaps you will want to get settled + work into the harness of your job before you will welcome guests. Anyhow, I await your pleasure.

You had no sooner departed than the weather began to improve, + the next day was heavenly. Ralph Robbins arrived on Saturday + his tongue went all the time he was here except when he was in bed. He is doing good work in Hastings, I'm sure of that, as he leaves no opportunity untried to make himself more fit for his job. Yet how miserably paid, - \$1250. after five years! The most certainly fail to encourage our teachers to marry + begin families! I went to Bridgeport on Sunday + sat through an open-air concert in the company of some women's-clubby ladies, + had an amusing time. We drove down again yesterday to allow me to obtain an agreement with the orchestra people about terms + program. We can have substantially what we want, tho they don't know from one week to the next whether the orchestra can continue, so uncertain is the F.E.R.A.

Our love + my love to you! Donald.