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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.

~~MRS. A. E. TWEEDY~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

23 Nov. '36.

Dear George + Elisabeth: —

Who said I was disappointed in the results of the election? Surely not I, myself. I'd much rather have Roosevelt in the White House than Landon. I'd still rather have Norman Thomas, but that's at present a forlorn hope.

No, you mistake me. I'm content to have something tried that is not out-and-out capitalism. I hope we shall not have too much trial + error before we arrive at a type of socialism that suits the country as a whole. I can't like F. D. R. Those shifty eyes, that pontifical pulpit-manner, the unction of his address, — the man's personality sets me dead against him. But he will do more in the direction of social democracy than any old-line Republican, + perhaps the leader who can persuade the capitalists to

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abjure the error of their ways is just beyond the horizon.

With regard to your queries about the New York concert, I have already had a request from the Composers' Forum Laboratory in Boston that the program be repeated there. And of course I have consented. The date will be Thursday, April 22, 1937.

As for the questions during the "forum", I should have the stenographic report in order to remember them accurately. They were passed in on slips of paper + sifted by Petrie, who read those aloud which he considered of general interest. I never felt more on my toes, & shot my answers back almost before the words were out of his mouth. One of the most gratifying of the questions was, in effect, — Why does your music sound pleasant to the ear in comparison with much of that being written today? I answered that I thought the reason for that impression might be that I use con-

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consonant harmonic combinations most of the time. When I use extreme dissonance, it is for an expressive reason. I am still of those who hold that the overtones of a single tone are the chief justification for harmonic combination. My "modernity," from the harmonic point of view, lies rather in the relations which exist in my music between the members of a series of chordal combinations rather than in the combinations themselves.

Another question was: Which of the great composers do you like best, & which do you think has influenced you most? to which I had to reply, It is absolutely impossible to say. Another compared my music with that of Delius & Ravel, & asked if I had not modeled my artistic procedure on theirs. I replied, Not consciously. Indeed, it would be difficult for me to use Delius as a model since I know none of his music well.

Several mentioned both Debussy & Ravel, which is interesting, since it shows that my harmonic proclivities are in line with French procedure rather than German. The fact is that I use modes freely as the French do, & as the Germans still do not, but it is not because I have studied French models. I've simply arrived at a similar result through independent means.

There was one question I welcomed. It asked what I thought ought to be the composer's attitude to folk music. You can imagine how I let myself go on that! My chief point was that the fertilizing vitality of folk-music is enormous, & for that reason every musician who wants to compose should choose at least one racial expression in folk-music & live himself into it, so to speak. Turning over the collections of folk-music in libraries is of no use. He must sing the songs & dance the dances in their traditional integrity. He should learn all he can of these things by heart, & his choice should be directed to folk-music that is in line with

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~~MRS. A. E. TWEEDY~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

his own racial origins. If he takes that seed into his imagination, he will find that it starts a growth of ideas in a way no other influence can.

We heard the broadcast of the Pine Mountain singers on Nov. 19th, & are much beholden to you, Elisabeth, for telling us about them. But I was disappointed. The songs & hymns are done with harmonizations that are much too much dressed up. Howard Brockway is not my ideal of a composer to set folksongs, & they did several of his arrangements. Since the singers are all young girls, the settings in parts have to move within a narrow vocal range which, with the tone-quality of girls' voices, soon becomes intolerably monotonous. The solos were better, but they were done with accompan-

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I must, + that spoiled them for me, tho I suppose the radio audience had to be considered. But the moment you "set" these old tunes, + sing in parts or to instrumental accompaniment contrived by a professional composer, you depart from traditional integrity. And unless the composer is himself steeped in the tradition, he will hinder rather than help, be he never so clever. Now you perceive what a sour-belly I am!

I'm distressed over your report of Miss (not Mrs.) Dolmage. I hope she won't go over the border altogether. What a delight it is to taste that candy again! Betty was ever so pleased, + she will of course send you her thanks when she can get round to it. We'll try to send Miss D. enough Christmas orders so that she will forget "the rich" + how they've done her in. Poor woman!

I had a good letter from Eva that arrived

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on the morning of my concert, special delivery. I most certainly rejoice that she seems to be getting to a state where she can go on living & working.

We're disappointed (and how!) that we shan't have an opportunity of seeing you till the Spring. I suppose Slutz will want me to come to Hamilton for a look around before the end of the college year, & I expect we shall both motor to Clinton then & keep on to Rochester for a couple of days' visit. You are right to take every possible chance of becoming known to heads of mathematics departments in other colleges, & I fervently hope a more permanent job will declare itself in time for you to be sure of it before you leave Rochester.

Tell me more about your work, George, — and are you getting any kind of a start at your own subject, which is, if I rightly recall, the Mathematics of Economics?

It was kind of the Moores to remember us so cordially. By all means give our regards & best wishes to them when next you see them.

The performance here by the Ballet Caravan was delightful, but better even than the music of Scarlatti was the music of de Falla which goes with "The Soldier & The Gipsy." That was fascinating both to the eye & the ear.

Afterward, we had Lincoln Kirstein, the manager Frances Hawkins, & the members of the Executive Board of the Music Centre for a late supper at 43 Main St. The Thurlows helped us, lit the fires in three rooms downstairs, lighted the candles, & the old house glowed with hospitality. Truly we are fortunate to be with such kind & easy-going people, & this is the beginning of what promises to be a very contented & happy winter.

Our love to you both. — Donald

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43 Main St.
Danbury. Nov 23rd 96

My Dear Elizabeth Sloper:-

I was deeply touched at your remembering my birthday, and also in your remembering my Anniversary for Miss Delmonico's Chocolates. I hunted & told Mr Elizabeth that Sloper & he must together pull her from Church & bring her home, & let him do it & not me!

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it certainly was dear of you to think of me, and that I am thoroughly appreciative of your thoughtfulness, I know it is needless for me to say. I shall say it just the same — Your box of delicious chocolates was positively delicious! & it is so long since I've had any & I am glad that they taste as delightful to you. I think they are the very best chocolates I've ever had — I make no exceptions — & it does seem as if Richard & I was that I was

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Talmage doesn't have more orders than he can fill. Your letter to Donald telling of your experience with Lucy Ann Cross, Thorpe, I am so sorry for her. It does seem too bad that people who can well afford to, don't patronize, — certainly her chocolates are no more expensive than those of others and in many instances superior in quality. But they are dainty and such a delicate kind of person to buy. That is often the trouble. Now Donald's mother used to have Mrs Talmage send her a box found by every month, but she doesn't any more, I judge from a letter. Well! I don't know for sure they can't fill the orders. Many things don't appeal to us that they get. And such stuff as it is compared to that Mrs Talmage makes! Now last night of my birthday, we were invited to the Woodings for dinner. Tell you more fully about that when I write. Now I must close. Good night. Yours, Lee

Dec 21st

Dear Thorpe,

Well, the dinner was served, the presents were given, you see, it was Margaret's birthday, too,

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so, so it certainly would look Miss Dolan.
but [illegible] training. I think I could
say I was glad to see about [illegible] when
the [illegible] began.

I was much pleased
[illegible] in what you say I think as a
conductor. I was interested about
him in that capacity, especially as
in [illegible] things, but that
you say about it [illegible] more.
I'm glad because I know it is a fine
position, and I want all [illegible]
equal to the leader that I am
[illegible] I think Rochester would
have done better if it had rained
& Chopin more nicely. The Rochester

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orchestra-like noise from day-lasting in its conductors. What it needed in the days of its infancy was a disciplinarian, a leader to shape & harmonize its primitive instruments & it never began to improve until I did it. I set about from the first to work it up to something like a real orchestra & organization, & have taken more time, & labor in order to do it & created time, because in order to do it we made them work like slaves! I know what it became & what it is now & always shall be. One night Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, & I remember that we only played it after it had been rehearsed & it to them until late for it to end time. But it paid, for that concert it was the best thing Philadelphia ever drew before or since. What Mr. & my Rockefeller Brothers & most Irvine found. You know all about that Arch days as Mr. Alderson & I'm very glad I met him to repeat to you. You would from Mr. Hyde, Mr. Jones Mr. & Mrs. Fallen Mr. particularly Mrs. & Mrs. Creed live in a night they served almost three. Warmly Mrs. Brill get them to stay all night, & Heard Mr. Elizabeth

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will turn it into a cold. I take a cold dose make me sick to my stomach. I dreamt I was dead & had a dead cold the last day I was in Paris, & that to go from Paris to Nantes to see Dentu that day & that to make all my arrangements to go there. I kept my room & wrote you. Thank you so much for your nice long letter. Welcome! I received it in the boat before landing & it cut away down to my heart. I said I was told you probably that I had a most comfortable quiet crossing. I entirely come just

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it, but in order to decide I had to dig my
back in and work for the Vernon Police Department.
Vernon Hospital is a Mixed Language Hospital
Vernon but changed to Detroit Police
Vernon but changed to Detroit Police Department.
Eat in the dining-room to Detroit Police Department.
from Beat Raymond I Hilda like the call Jerry
much, I understand that they talked it
Mike Jr. Jones to Dr. I decided that I needed
like it. that changed Dr. Secondarily. I'm
typing sorry, Dr. Dr. Mr. going to see Dr. attorney
Lunch during the Christmas Holidays, but I can't
Hand Detectives Inc. Mrs. Elizabeth went to
to Detroit. I just made sure that Mike
or not Mark Dr. Dr. Dr. see Dr. am sure as
Donald does not see his way clear to getting
away from work Mark Dr. for them. It is Mrs.
Jerry Troy with Dr. Hancock for the Mercy Hospital
Police Mickado. I have to eat with Lisa Mr.
went to the Dr. Hancock the Chapman last Tuesday
evening I went Pleasantly. I'm going to
Mrs. Dr. fully Dr. Dr. for Mother I don't
for Mr. suspect them it. Donald & Anne,
told Mark that Vincent in Detroit Police Dept. was a
success. Dr. Mr. all Jerry Mrs. Lisa. Write
Mrs. Dr. to Mr. Police Hancock Mr. again for
Mrs. Dr. Mr. Dr. Mr. Always Affectionately
Mr. Jerry Dear Harold Julia Mr. Betty.

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P.S. Helen Rider is back from Mexico. She arrived the day before my birthday, so she was good enough to spend it with me! I was so glad to see her! She is so dear & warm hearted & I am so fond of her! She had me make out a program in Mexico, & I have it at home to take me the rest of it. B.

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10 Dec. '36.

Dear George: –

The last Brahms broadcast has just been stopt in the course of the first number by an infantile dramatization of the quite undramatic career of the nonentity who is today succeeding to the British throne, + I'm furious. It so happens that I've been prevented from hearing the previous concerts of the series, but today I'm confined to the house with a bronchial cold + thought I'd get some comfort + solace from my old friend Johannes. Damn these radio companies, anyway. What do they think this is, – a British colony?

Not that the first three movements of the Sextette, Op. 18, gave any promise of comfort! Of all the dead-level, uninspired, unimaginative playing! Still, I like to listen to these rarely

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performed chamber-works, just to exercise my ears. I can distinguish the work from its interpretation, fortunately, + I always learn a lot that the engraved page doesn't convey to my stupid eyes. Betty is in New York witnessing Hamlet — the Leslie Howard production. I was to have gone, — + gone likewise to the D'Oyly Carte Mikado yesterday, — but my pipes clogged on me. So here I sit before the open fire + feel out of tune with the world. I had to miss The English Singers here last night + there's been no letter from you since God knows when, so I feel I've just complaint against the world, the weather, friendship + fate.

Our Mikado is in active preparation. We shall have a better cast than for The Gondoliers. Our Nanki-Poo is a tenor with artistry + intelligence, + our Katisha will make a dramatic hit. We have the three best singers from last year's cast still with us. — Mabel Downs, Billy Tucker, + young Aubin, as Yum-Yum, Pooh-Bah, + Pish-Tush, respectively, + a nice young contralto from the Juilliard, — Dorothy Dudley, — to do Pitti Sing. I don't find the score of The Mikado as interesting as that of The Gondoliers, but there

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is at least the theatrically effective first-act Finale to chew upon, + the Madrigal, quite the most beautiful part-song Sullivan ever wrote. Gilbert's text for this opera is certainly funnier than anything else he ever wrote, + with Warren Lee Terry himself to do Ko-Ko, the thing ought to be full of high spirits. I wish you + Elisabeth could be here to see it.

I've not been doing much "improving" reading of late, — none of your kind of highbrow stuff. I'm all for distraction + delectation. Your Introduction to Pareto still stares at me reproachfully from the top shelf of the bookcase. Sweden, The Middle Way is still unread, as are H. P. F's Profits or Prosperity and Stuart Chase's Rich Land, Poor Land. But I have read with joy Anne Parrish's Golden Wedding + savored its social + economic implications. She is hard on the human critter, especially the male, but she hits us over the head so compassionately + with such cause that we can scarcely complain. I've also fallen a victim, — maybe I told you already yet, — to the frail charm of Arthur Guiterman. You won't know who he is, but Elisabeth will. He is the sole living poet I have yet discovered who can write reams + reams of essentially singable verse. His stuff positively begs to be set to music, + some of it is mighty fine. I finished one song ("This is She") in time for the concert of November 11th, but the fool singer couldn't have sung it properly anyway, so it's as well she didn't attempt it.

Betty has returned. She says she enjoyed Leslie Howard's interpretation of Hamlet as far as the chief character is concerned, — and she likes the idea that animate the production. But the actual performance, she reports, is somewhat disconcertingly uneven, due to the mediocrity of the supporting cast which doesn't support. Howard himself is sensitive + compelling: the rest of the cast is so inferior as to make certain scenes fail of their effect despite Hamlet.

Betty wants me to be sure to ask you just when, — the precise date, please, — you expect to leave Rochester, supposing of course you get round to writing before 1937. And I want to know where to reach you in St. Louey. I don't want to risk any forwarding by your father-in-law. With our love + my love just the same, and to Elisabeth too,

Donald

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285 Oxford St.
Rochester, New York
December 12, 1936.

Dear Donald,

Your letter came this morning, and while I was happy to have it, I was not happy to realize that you had been out of sorts. Nor do I like the idea of your having another cold to roam. I hope that your wisdom in staying indoors has helped you to break it ere this reaches you. Are you taking some sort of cod or halibut liver oil or tablets? If

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when you felt melancholy yourself. But such it had to be, considering the state of mind in which it was written.

I think that I announced Betty's request in it – namely that we shall leave Rochester on the morning of December 19th. And I think I said that our address in St. Louis with be 940 Maple Place.

With the earnest wish that this finds you restored to full activity, and with our love to both of you,

George.

P.S. My talk on Thursday went off quite well. I had a small but interested audience, in number three. Judging by the amount I covered I rest, why not? Please do!

Me, too, cursed the broadcasting company for stopping the Brahms broadcast, but we had expected it, having suffered like annoyance with all the previous programs. It was my first hearing of the Sextette, and how beautiful it is. A number of the sound-effects are wholly new to me, especially those where the viola is so prominent.

I am glad that the Mikado is going so well and that you are to have such a good cast. You may be sure I would dearly love to hear you do it.

Our letters have crossed again! I regret that mine was so melancholy in tone, since it had to reach you

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shall be speaking until the first of February.

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10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.
16 Dec., 1936.

Dear George:-

I have left my pet pen down at 43 Main St., and since I can make nothing but notes with the studio pens, and, on a pinch, a few italic f's and p's and ritardandos and such, you will have to excuse the typescript for the sake of getting a note that is not musical before you make for St. Looey.

I'm all better now, even to screaming my overbearing way through a chorus rehearsal last evening. And I'm taking your advice and cramming ADEX pellets down my gullet. And the weather has changed. And you have written, -twice. So all is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

We hope our package reaches you and Elisabeth before you depart. It is nice to prolong Christmas. We were down on Allen Street in New York and thought of your love of brass and copper. The sticks are Irish in origin, if the old Jewish granny who ran the shop is to be believed, and their lightness of weight tends to support her contention. Russian sticks, by contrast, are made solid, and are unbelievably heavy. But the English and (it would seem) the Irish prefer to fashion theirs out of thin metal. We do hope you both will like them.

It is hard to keep from bemoaning your absence from these parts during the whole of the holiday season. We should so much have liked to have you here for a few days, and I shall miss you more than I can say. But you may have an interesting time in the Middle West,- the Middle Middle West,- and I'm rather glad you are to have the opportunity of getting farther away from your starting-point than you have ever been before! Perhaps you are taking a route that passes through some interesting country, though I am always surprised and disappointed in the scenery between New York State and the Rockies. Ohio has some hills not too unlike our New England hills, but Missouri? I was once in St. Looey with the Harvard Glee Club, but I don't remember much about it save the friend's apartment where I stayed, along with three other fellows. Most of our traveling was done at night, and by day the wintry countryside was just plain "homesicky" - like Exeter, :.*. (Wrong table for N.H.!)

Speaking of N.H., that was assuredly a glowing tribute to George H. Rogers, and I know you must feel bad to have lost so loyal and helpful a friend. As with every institution of which a man becomes so much a part, Exeter may grow and develop as it will, it will never be the same again. I'm sending a note to Constance, and asking her, if she comes again to New York, to let me know.

Everything you say of Rochester makes me the more thankful that we are no longer there. You yourselves would make a blessed difference this year, but on the whole I think I'm leading a more useful life right where I am, and we are both busy and <u>ziemlich zufrieden</u>.

I'll write you to St. Lou, of course, and will hurry to get this in the P.O., that it may wish you BON VOYAGE in time.

Betty joins me in love to you both, and I append my special love to you plus a good hug.

Faithfully, Donald

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940 Maple Place
St. Louis, Mo.
December 27, 1936.

Dear Betty and Donald,

Your good telegram reached us at dinner on Christmas day, and, for me at least, it was a comfort to know that even though I had strayed into the wilds 'west of Buffalo' I was still remembered among you. I am very grateful to all of you for the message.

I thought of all of you having

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itself it seemed like a collection of memories which I could enjoy and which by extrapolation I thought you might enjoy. Do let me change it if I have gone wrong.

Our trip here was made in two daylight jumps, the first to Cleveland on Saturday and the second here on last Monday. We had a blizzard in Cleveland last Sunday and you may imagine I was glad that I had given up coming by automobile. And I was glad again on Monday when we came across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, 700 miles of land as flat as a pancake, with nothing

your usual jolly day and hoped that everyone was in health to enjoy it.

The candlesticks reached us before we left Rochester. They are beautiful and we like them a great deal and are happy to have them. Our thanks go to you in large measure.

I am wondering if the book we sent you will please you. Let me assure you it was the fruit of long search - it seemed to me that this year the Christmas list of books contained little I wanted either to give or to receive. Hausmann's book I found rather late in my search. On reading the reviews of it and a little of it

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to catch the eye but forlorn looking farm houses, empty fields or fields of dried cornstalks - vastly important economically, but otherwise wholly uninteresting to look upon.

I have been interested of course to see both Cleveland and St. Louis. The former is almost depressing with its thousands of acres of new 'developments' and many more thousands of expensive 'homes'. It must be a very wealthy city - I saw hundreds of homes ranging in value from $25,000 to $100,000 and more. I did not see the slums, but I don't doubt their existence where so much extreme wealth is present.

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St. Louis presents as much impressing front. For a radius of seven eight miles from the central station all is dinginess - everything from shacks to hotels form forth clouds of black smoke which settles on everything changing all colors to dull gray tones. Outside that radius the air is purer and the suburbs more attractive but there is nothing to rival Cleveland

I have managed to see quite a lot of the city through the kindness of friends of Mr. Dungan who have cars. This morning I was down on the waterfront and saw the site of the original settlement, the

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which the water flows after having been mixed with quick lime and copperas. These chemicals cause precipitation of the suspended dirt, the precipitate reaching a depth of twenty-four feet over the period of a year. From these tanks the water passes to huge sand filters and from them to the city mains. The capacity of the plant is 80 million gallons a day, a figure which seems fantastic as one watches the slow progress of the water through the tanks.

Last night we heard the local symphony. The present conductor is Vladimir Golschmann, next to my old courthouse - in southern style - and the old cathedral. And this afternoon we went for a long ride around the city to the west and north. At one point we got out and walked down the bluff to the shore of the Missouri, just now a rather placid stream, not much dirtier looking than the Hudson, - but across the river were the flats, stretching for miles, over which the river will flood within a few months.

Most interesting was a tour of the filtration plant on the banks of the Mississippi, where water is taken from the river and made into crystal clear soft water. There are many acres of settling tanks through

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thinking a very able one. I grant the program was poor, ~~but~~ and except for Tschaikowsky's 4th unknown to me, but I know this composition well enough to have felt that I could do better with it. The other two numbers were a 'Pastorale' by Tuthill, and Saint-Saens 2nd concerto, with Lhevinne. This little Brunhilde pounded away valiantly ending in a storm of applause. I picked out Eddie Murphy and heard him give a few good tasks on the bass.

I had a short note from Ralph Rathbun the other day. He thanked me for the news of you which I had written him. He and the other

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piano teacher at Hastings are presenting all of the Beethoven sonatas this year in eleven Sunday afternoon programs. He says it is a lot of work but great fun. I had thought he might be getting to St. Louis these holidays but he is apparently staying at Hastings.

We remain here until Friday morning going that day to Cleveland. We shall spend Saturday night with Hazel and his wife in Buffalo and then back to Rochester on Sunday. I shall not be sorry to return.

I enclose a card which I picked up at the Cleveland Museum last

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Sunday. I thought the original very stunning. There were a few things at the museum I was glad to see, but the great collection which had been there during the exposition this past summer was no longer there.

With best wishes for the New Year to all of you and with much love,

George.

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10 Terrace Place.

2 Jan. '37.

Dear George:—

Your letter from St. Loocy arrived several days ago. I was glad to have news of you, & pleased to know my wire had been lucky enough to reach you with the turkey.

We opened your package on Christmas Eve — there was the usual array of gay parcels here at Terrace Place, & I had my usual qualms at being a Poor Little Rich Boy — and the Housman biography promises to be delightful. I have looked it through & read quite a bit here & there, & I think we shall both enjoy it thoroughly. I don't quite see the sense of illustrating it with photographs of scenes from Victoria Regina, but that cannot be the author's fault in taste. I'll wager there's no such lapse in the English edition.

It's raining a cold rain & the skies are leaden. Betty is not very well, & I must hurry & finish this & get back to 43 Main St. I can't write letters there without getting chilled to the marrow as the room in which I have my desk is far from adequately heated. Betty has had a kind of stomach upset & I think it is due

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to cafeteria meals taken irregularly. I never know when it's meal-time, you know. Today it was 2 30 before I had lunch, & if I'm busy, I don't care when I eat. But she has not a strong stomach, so I'll have to mend my ways. Our salvation is the open fire-place in the front room. Without that, we should simply have to go elsewhere. It hasn't anything to do with her innards — physically speaking — but its cheer is spiritually pervasive. We light it as soon as we get up in the morning, keep the breakfast coffee warm in front of it, & eat our breakfast in its glow. Then, if the weather is at all cold, it burns all day & sometimes, — in fact, usually, — far into the night.

There is much influenza hereabouts. The Mikado & Katisha both have it. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

I'll not be able to write much till after the 15th, but I'll try to make up for my brevity then. How I've missed you this Christmas!!

With our love to you both & mine to you,

Donald

P.S. Will you return the enclosed review? Please! It was in the Musical Leader, & was probably written by Marion Bauer.

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THE DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

announces

TWO GALA PERFORMANCES OF

THE MIKADO

by Gilbert and Sullivan

DANBURY HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

THURS. JAN. 14 and FRI. JAN. 15, at 8:15 P. M.

with

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHORUS OF DANBURY

DONALD TWEEDY, *Director*

WARREN LEE TERRY, *Stage Director*

and

Mabel Miller Downs	Roland Partridge
Susan Steell	William Tucker
Dorothy Dudley	William Aubin
Helen Van Loon	George Allingham

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Danbury
20 Jan. 1937

Dear George:—

A week ago we were having the Dress Rehearsal of The Mikado + now it is over + begins to recede into what the French call "le passé historique". I am not sending you the reviews from the local papers for the simple reason that it was the usual half-baked fudge, without critical discrimination or discernment.

My chorus surpassed itself, and surprised me. The finale to the 1st Act, which is the best thing in the score, — the scene between Katisha and the chorus cum principals, — went well on Thursday, but better still on Friday evening. We had five slips on the stage, but plenty in the orchestra, for the M.S. parts, as usual, were full of more errors than I could ferret out without a special rehearsal, though I spent hours over them.

We had two "last-minute" changes in the cast. Miss Steell, of whom I had great hopes, was ill with grippe, + so was Mr. Allingham. We got a new

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Katisha just a week before the performance, + the Mikado himself never did rehearse with the chorus till the Dress Rehearsal. Madeline Schaeffler was the "elderly lady", + Roderick Cross was "the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race." Cross is an excellent actor, + his make-up was horrendous, — he has the true Gilbert + Sullivan flavor, + while he was much better than our local amateur would have been, he cost us plenty.

Tucker, whom you will remember as the Grand Inquisitor in <u>The Gondoliers</u>, sang Pooh Bah with dignity + unction. Aubin (formerly Giuseppe) was the Pish Tush, a part which gives him little scope as an actor, but requires his presence in the quartet singing the Madrigal, surely the best piece of writing Sullivan ever did. Mabel Dolins was again our principal soprano, in spite of a bout with laryngitis just two weeks previous. Her voice was nearly back to normal, but her chief virtue is not her tone-quality but rather her dependability. She was always at rehearsals on time + stayed through them, + her musicianship is thoroughly competent. I suppose an audience would prefer a voice of greater sensuous beauty + a personality of more

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compelling charm, but you can't have everything. Katisha's voice suited the audience better, still, they did not demand an encore. She came up to scratch very nicely in her dialogue, & surprised me most agreeably by acting better & better as the evenings succeeded each other. She was never ferocious, as Steell would have been, nor intense of temperament, though she is emotional. Her use of her voice, which is really lovely, is often tasteless, yet there were few there who knew it.

Miss Dudley, as Pitti-Sing, is a nice little actress with a small but well-managed voice & impeccable diction. She is a credit to the Juilliard School, where she has received most of her training & stage-experience. Miss Van Loon, as Peep-Bo, was charming, tho the voice is small & a bit wobbly in the upper register. She was another singer who came into the cast a little late, but the trios of the "3 little girls from school" were both well-sung & danced, & gave much pleasure.

Terry as Ko-Ko was a disappointment, at least to me. The part can be uproariously funny, but Terry is in too much of a hurry with it, speaks too fast, & worries too much. Perhaps it is a mistake to expect any mere mortal to direct the stage & act Ko-Ko at one & the same time. But there was plenty of laughter, & I doubt if we could have found anyone within our means who could have done better.

In spite of ballyhoo & "publicity" more extensive than any comparable production has ever enjoyed in Danbury, the town did not respond to our "popular prices" in sufficient numbers to enable us to meet our expenses. In fact, the receipts for the two performances of The Mikado were less than for the one of The Gondoliers! Yet wages are at a good level in Danbury, & work has been steady. I take it that we are still in the position of offering something that is not yet appreciated or desired by the larger public, but what to do about it, I can't conjecture. I find myself now obliged to go out & beg for money wherewith to meet the deficit, & how I hate doing it! But it's got to be done even if I'd rather be whipped.

We already secured $100. each from two persons who believe in what we're trying to do. And one of them advises me to go beyond the present deficit and try for the sum of $1,000. So

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I think I may as well.

The time seems near when such endeavors as the Music Centre will have to be subsidized by federal, state, or local funds. Our people have no concern for music & the theatre, at least, not now. What they might respond to are the names & personalities famous over the radio & on the screen. Let Laurence Tibbett sing in Norwalk or Nelson Eddy in Bridgeport, and there is a general move on the part of Fairfield County to get inside the concert hall. And when they talk about "really fine" singers, they mean the Tibbetts & the Eddys, tho Heaven knows they can judge only by ballyhoo, not because they suspect what really fine singing is.

Meanwhile, whoever tries to keep a little idealistic flame a-burning has got to get financial support from the well-to-do. The public will patronize an established success only. Therefore, for the present at least, we need either capitalists, rich men & women who will give money to organizations like ours, or we go under, since the government is not yet concerned

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with small towns like Danbury.

People want automobiles, they want radios, they want movies. When they have any spare cash, nowadays, these are the things they spend it for. In my peregrinations in search of cash I have found out a number of interesting facts. Talking with one of our manufacturers, I was told that Danbury is busy, work is steadier + better paid than at any time since 1929. The average weekly wage is $39.70 as against Bridgeport's $28.40. yet church collections in the Roman Catholic parishes have dropped lower this year than at any time during the depression. — Talking with one of the local transport company's officials, I am told that they have lost business year after year till, as a result of surveys, they find that, in Danbury, there is one automobile to about every 3d inhabitant! The figure is actually less than 3, which means practically that there are 2 to every family! Our schools are overcrowded + understaffed, + the teachers are poorly paid. Yet there is money for gasoline, because the car must be run! I consider that it is time to stop + think. What kind of life do we really want? are we getting it? are we spending our money in a way to help

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us attain it? And what sort of a background are we giving young people? Judging by every evidence of eyes + ears in the homes I visit + in public places, I should say that standards have cheapened considerably since I was a boy, good work is less valued but good pay is more insistently demanded, and character, while it still wins its place, is less sought after + less determinedly developed.

When I think of beauty parlors, of the game of Bingo, of the behavior of young people at the movies, of the stultifying things that come over radios left on by the hour, I wonder how it is one has the courage to try to awaken a response to good art + good music when so much of the environment, so many of the circumstances conditioning taste + awareness of spiritual values are altogether harmful. One has to combat heart-sickness as well as disheartenment.

Certainly one would lose heart were it not for the fact that good art + good music and all such ennoblements of life have a radiance + a magnetism that will prevail like fresh air + sunshine if one can only expose these afflicted ones to their influence till it can exert its potency. We have to be patient + we have to remind ourselves how long it takes to effect a change of habits once formed.

If you have not read Dorothy Thompson's Dilemma of a Liberal in the introductory pages of the January issue of "Story", I wish you would, + I'm sending it to you on the probability that you haven't. That you will agree with it, I know, that you are not yet of the stuff of which revolutionists are made.

Well, there are three courses, speaking generally, which are open to the person who is "wounded in his societal impulses", an expression I should translate by calling him a victim, consciously or unconsciously, of a complex of conditions too many of which are too far beyond his control. He can retire into a monastery (i.e. let his thinking + the ordering of his life be done for him or imposed upon him)? Or he can run amuck or at least run counter to the prevailing current, + strive for revolution. Or he can, by every means in his power, hold fast to

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those things which are good, preach them, teach them, trusting in the power of goodness itself to prevail in the long run.

I know that this sounds simple, but it is extraordinarily difficult in a time like this, especially for a man with some social conscience. It is, in fact, akin to the ethic of Jesus Christ, who was content to proclaim what he inwardly was convinced was the truth, regardless of contrary opinion, of popularity, or of his own personal safety.

I, at least, am of this temper, this disposition, in that I am quite sure of a certain body of truth + rightness. On my own ground, I am as sure of what is necessary for man's contentment as I need to be in order to keep on living. I am curious + observant, + not too depressed (in the main) nor too incensed by stupidity or wickedness. I cannot cry out that I am wounded in my fundamental societal impulses, because in spite of the con-

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ditions I have been deploring in this letter, I am not yet unable to cope with the kind of world that surrounds me. That this is partly due to my social + my economic advantages, I am fully aware, tho I am neither what is called rich nor successful. I can do without riches when I have so much more than I deserve of my own effort + merit, + while I should no doubt have enjoyed being successful, I don't complain at being an obscure composer and a teacher who has nowhere to teach. For no one has as yet prevented me from composing what I want to compose, tho few know my work, nor from teaching, tho irregularly + with little monetary compensation.

But the point is this: that in the society in which I find myself, there is enough response to my truths, to the "eternal verities" proclaimed by Bach or by Honnegger each in his way + with all the glorious in-betweens + forerunners, by Shakespeare or by Pheidias or by Van Gogh, by bridge-builders + cathedral-builders + skyscraper-builders, by gardeners, by engineers, by wood-carvers, + so on down to mechanists + murderers of old furniture: - it is still a marvelous world that allows you to make things whether people want them or not, + I think the artist whose principal care is that he shall have some leisure to create according to his heart's desire is, + will remain, that human creature least likely to complain of being wounded in his fundamental societal impulses. To Hell with Society, - on with the job!

Also, I never forget that I have the luck to love, + to be beloved by, at least two persons who are fine + noble + true to their truths. Old Long as I need not be sundered from them irrevocably, ich grolle nicht!

You were good to write me a word of good will on the eve of forbearance, last week, + I cherish it! Now if I could only see you oftener, + talk with you, the world would be sufficiently perfect. There is much fix not reported. But my pen ran away with me. Betty is well + sends love, as do I to you both. Abel keep well! Ronald

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23 Jan 1937
Postmark

Thurs. eve.

My dear: –

This is, of course, not my response to your letter, which has reached me at a most inopportune time between engagements that I must keep because they are not merely personal ones. I wish to Heaven you were not so far away, because the comfort of being together would be so great.

George, just this now: I don't blame you. I know you so well, and yet what could I have said for you did not tell me everything, – perhaps you, yourself, see clearly only now?

For the present, master yourself. You are right, I believe, in all that you think & feel. And you must do what you believe to be right. But give yourself plenty of time, & be patient with your own nature!

This is so important, so surpassingly important that I am sending you a check for your ticket to New York, and telegraphing you that I must see you. I will leave Sunday entirely free & be in N.Y. whenever you tell me you shall arrive. Saturday evening or earlier is all right. With my deepest love, Donald

Or just write: you cannot manage this.

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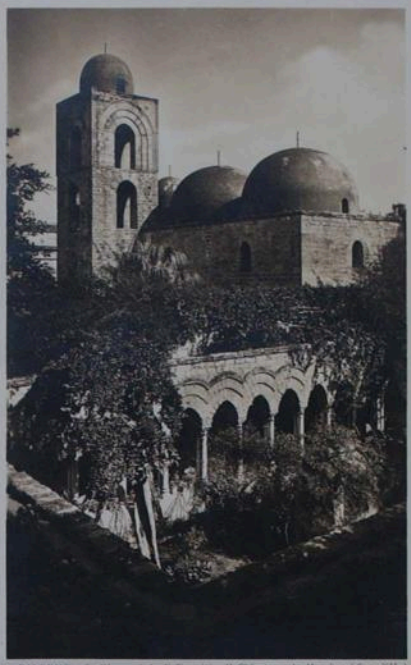
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PALERMO - S. Giovanni degli Eremiti - Il Chiostro e la Moschea (Sec. XII)

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2 Feb 37.

Dear Q. — Let's go to Sicily! Don't you think it looks more restful than either Fla. or Cal.? — I began piano classes at the Teachers' College today. I wonder if some of these charlatans will ever make women to whom one ought to entrust the young? — We are so far short in our receipts for The Mikado that we got to go begging without further delay. I hate it like it about it. I can't describe. — Hope you found your dearest Math. heat & that the powers approve it. —

Can't let another day go by without telling you how deeply I appreciate the friendliness of your coming to New York. It was a tremendous help.

My best to E. + to you always.

Donald

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1 Feb. 1937.

Dear George :—

I reached Betty at eight, & thought that while you were with Constance, Betty & I were talking of you with love in both our hearts. For Betty is absolutely at one with me in my feeling about how you should do what you have to do, & equally at one with me in assuring you that we will stand by you in whatever way you need us, that our door is open to you if & when you need to come to us, & that you can count upon our love & our goodwill & our eagerness to be of service without question.

We neither of us know any physicians well except Ward Williams & his father, & Betty agrees that if the latter is still in active practice, you could safely go to him. At any rate, neither will violate a professional confidence, & the older man is rich in experience & should prove wise & helpful. Just make sure that you are not disturbed by the attendant nurse, & tell him frankly your trouble. Doctors hear these things as often as priests in the confessional, & are as skilled in their solution and less prejudiced.

Should you need a personal friend, just

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for the solace, the comfort of human sympathy, you can trust Sándor Vas. He knows life as few know it, + even though he does not yet love you, he will if you speak to him as one man to another. And what you tell him as a confidence will be buried deep in that Oriental nature which his partly is, safe from scrutiny.

But if we are enough, Betty + Constance + I, — then be content to rely on us.

As for Constance, would it not avoid difficulty if she abstained from writing to you while you continue to write to her, by mutual agreement? This you can arrange if you agree with me that it would be best not to have to reckon with jealousy. And I assure you, it is a hard thing to have to write letters which have to be read by two persons not in full sympathy, or not in full cognizance of all the factors involved. For then you can write as often as you choose, sure that your letters meet a human need, — if what I surmise is indeed a fact, — while, since you expect no reply, you need fear no complication that might prove difficult to meet.

For once I parted from you without feeling sick at heart. I am disturbed, + I am anxious, + the trouble of my spirit is great, and yet, — it is not more than I can bear. I felt that I had done all I could, + that you were comforted + that you were nearer + dearer than ever.

So keep to your purpose, + bear what you have to. It must be so + not otherwise. Don't try to explain. Say that you don't feel well, that you don't understand what the trouble is, + make your trouble with the utmost courtesy + thoughtfulness + kindness (this will not be hard for you), ask to be treated with patience, say 'Be patient with me, don't fret. If only makes me miserable, — Wait,' — and so shar for time. But don't let anything alter your purpose.

Or say that you cannot stand the subsequent exhaustion, that for a time at least you need all your strength for your daily work + that you have not that surplus of energy then I need for both. Plead that the experience is too exhausting for you to be able to undertake it in your present state of nervous fatigue. And see a doctor who will support you if the time fails without such support.

Write to me when you can. I shall write to you often. —

Donald

P.S. Betty sends her love.

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3 Feb., '37

Dear George :—

I have your letter, & you may be able to imagine what an amount of gross tonnage it takes off my mind & spirits. Thank you, my dear, for writing so soon. I have much to think about, but since Sunday much of my thought has been of you. And while I had no real doubt of what would transpire on the other side of the East River, it is more than good to have my presentiment confirmed.

I wrote to C. myself, to say some things that I wanted to say to her, & to relieve her of all apprehensions about Saturday, if indeed she had any. — I did not mention what I suggested to you about letters from her, and indeed, the more of the correspondence that deals with this matter you can destroy, the safer you will be from a premature disclosal.

Pretense is, of course, not in you. But when I think of the important things you have in the past refrained from telling me, — to say no more about what changes in your destiny they might have wrought, — I am confident in your ability to keep your own counsel. You can always be courteous, thoughtful, compassionate, & leave the rest to time. If you have chosen June, then you can wait till then, not only because it is better so but because you will it so.

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You realize, perhaps, that I urged you to the telephone on Sunday more for C's sake than for your own. And the difference your going makes allround is already clear. We can't, alas! turn back the wheel of life, but we seem to have something to say about the next turn.

I am sorry for E. What she is, she cannot help being, but I pray she may find strength to bear the ordeal ahead of her. Whether she does or does not, — all that side of it must be left to destiny and, with all your tender-heartedness, you are now only an agent of destiny. The resolve being taken, it remains to ease the impact of its carrying-out by every possible means. Take all the blame: you can bear that; accept every reproach, — for it is really you who were at fault, tho not in intent. This is not to say that I blame you or think the less of you or love you less. You are wiser now, and I am profoundly grateful that it is not too late.

Promises, however solemn, are not irrevocable. Fortunately, we live in a time when the divine sanction of certain contracts is subject to widespread skepticism. We are bound only by our deeds, & unbound literwise, & of both the binding & unbinding we must take all the consequences, foreseen or unforeseen. — I do love you.

Donald

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FOURTH FEBRARY
1937

Do you know that your letter of the FIRST is indeed the first I have ever received from you in which you were so happy that you could not help showing it? Of course, when you are actually with me, I have a sort of sixth sense that tells me you are in a state of tolerable contentment, but generally, when you have written to me from otherwhere, I have seldom felt that you were light of heart, and certainly never running over or bursting with joy.

That absence of exuberance was what dismayed me most, I now realize, last August.

I have today a letter from C. saying that she is coming over early to the club in order to have some kind of a talk with us before Morris gets there. I told her there would be some such opportunity between the time we shall get out of the theatre and the dinner hour, - just in case she wanted to take advantage of it. We shall certainly feel like three conspirators, but since we're conspiring for your eventual well-being, we shall be sustained. So you may think of us at about five-thirty on Saturday.

As for Cornell, or any other place that expects research, why not make up your mind? Why not stick to your "subject" of the mathematics of economics, and agree to anything desirable from your own economic point of view that gives you sufficient time to pursue inquiry into that field? If you limit your "field" to what is not only possible but interesting to you, no department or faculty or board of trustees can have any insuperable objection. And get going on it, make some sort of a start at the literature of the subject, so that you can talk about it as a work already in process. If they are ready to approve your choice of field, then you are interested in their vacancy. And granted that always you have a predominant desire to apply yourself to the business of actual teaching, make that clear also. Explain yourself, as the Caterpillar said to Alice, and let 'em take you or leave you. Then you can still "apply", with your eye on your associates, and leave the rest to Destiny.

Betty and I are in agreement that it would be best not to say anything to Helen Rider. The less that is known, for the time being, to the least number of persons, the better. Helen would doubtless be discreet, but we'd rather you told her, yourself, sometime when you have an opportunity to do so, if you see her before the time.

With my love.

Donald

P.S. Don't be so darned modest about following Mac Lean!

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5 Feb. '37.

Dear George: —

I finished today John Langdon Davies's book on Spain, + I am so stirred up over it that I must let off a little steam. I hope you don't mind.

In the first place, I have been somewhat bewildered by the line-up. Both sides have been called so many names + some of them are so misleading that it is more than this particular foreigner has been able to do to keep the issues clear. So, now that at length I've got them straight, I offer the following scheme, more for my own practice than for your edification: —

Gueral Franco's side.	Largo Caballero's side.
Former Monarchists	Former Republicans
Great Landowners } Capitalists	Peasants
Industrial Magnates } + Aristocrats	Laborers + mechanics
The Roman Catholic Church	Socialists (Marxian + The Popular Front otherwise)
"Reactionaries"	"Liberalists"
The former regular army, including the "Guardia Civil"	The "Guardia d'Assalto" (republican troops, mostly untrained)
The officers of the navy.	The men "below decks" in the navy.
This side is supported by fascist Italy + nazist Germany, and by Portugal.	This side is supported by the Basques + Catalans.

Small proprietors, petty bourgeois, have gone to both sides.

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A few apposite remarks to bring us nearer to an intelligent view:

Franco's side has the further support of the capitalist press in America, England, & France. The policy of non-intervention by these countries has allowed Franco to obtain modern airplanes & munitions, thus giving him an enormous advantage. He has control of Morocco & is able to use Moorish (Arab or Black!) battalions, — a fact which makes Langdon-Davies froth at the mouth. Franco operates from Burgos (in the north) and controls most of the important cities of Spain, including Seville and now Toledo.

Caballero's side is mistrusted here & in England because of the epithet "Red." But the Spanish socialists are, as far as I can judge, socialists like H. P. Fairchild, or you or me, or Franklin Roosevelt. They are not Communists on the order of Lenin, and Moscow, tho it supports them in theory, would probably not continue that support were they really to win & come into power. L.-D. sees their struggle as really an effort toward true democracy, with social equalitarian tendencies. They are, however, unquestionably anti-capitalist & anti-[redacted] catholic, & that tends to befog the true nature of their positive & constructive policies. As in every revolution, the destructive side is what makes the newspaper headlines, & whether Caballero is a great enough man to bring about a humane reorganization of Spain were he to succeed, is a considerable question. According to L.-D., nothing but fascism in alliance with capitalism (on the Italian model) is to be expected from Franco. It doesn't help much that Franco's side are called the "Rebels" & Caballero's the "Loyalists" (because loyal to the immediately precedent republican government that replaced the monarchy in Madrid.) The latter are the true rebels because they resist the attempt to reestablish the old order, & the former the true loyalists or loyalists because they are the former King's men. L.-D. calls Franco's party "fascista" & "reactionaries," & bitterly resents the application of the epithet "red," with its Russian overtones, to Caballero's party.

The strife is desperate & pitiless, as always in civil war, & I must say I think the responsibility is partly ours. Talk about civilization! If there is so little humanity in the Western world, it deserves oblivion. And I am full of dismay at the baldness of men's hearts & the smallness of their souls when nothing effective can be done to stop such idiocy. Poor Alfonso! What must he think now of his abdication "to prevent unnecessary bloodshed"?

Well, it is a time of very great trouble, & the garnered wisdom of the ages does not seem to count for much. Our turn is coming if we cannot manage human relations in industry with more sense than seems to be being shown in the General Motors strike. And the pressure is mounting!

Yours,

Ronald

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Sunday Evening. Dear G. :- I must dash off a page to you before she

Did you ever know me to be so careless before? I think it must be a nangover from all the cocktails we had last evening at the Town Hall Club. C. came in early, as she had written me she would, and since there was some kind of a tea-fight going on in the main lounge, we took her upstairs to the bar. Betty was first involved in an attempt to run the gauntlet past H.P.F. and other idealist-realists to the Ladies' Room, so C. and I had a few, but sufficient moments of intense conversation. I think I understand why your rock-ribbed conscience wouldn't let you consider the idea or marriage with her from a commonsense point of view. Nor am I convinced that she would have made you the Perfect Wife! You could not possibly have married that woman unless you had broken absolutely with your family, because not even your father would approve of her. Nor can I say why, except that, if she were judged by the standards of the Church and the Grange, she would be unhesitatingly condemned on her surface showing alone.

Now don't mistake me. She is a fine woman. She has brains and charm, she has warmth of emotion and she has savoir-faire. But she sat in with Betty and Morris and me (after Morris arrived) and consumed three large-size Manhattan cocktails plus innumerable cigarettes plus two cordials after dinner. In other words, her standards of public conduct are, to say the thing from the old-fashioned point of view, - emancipated. I relate this not to give you my own reaction, but to emphasize that I now understand more fully than I could have done previously, why the thought of marrying her did not appear possible to you. She, I reckon, simply did not appear to be your kind of person, you could not set her imaginatively in your everyday world.

You are a domestic kind of person. I frankly wonder if C. is a domestic kind of woman? I think she has considerable fascination. She is not pretty, but she has animation, is almost electrically responsive, and obviously loves to be gay.

We had the kind of an evening that might have been described in a Russian novel. The liquid refreshments I have specified. And with their impetus we had the most continuous and animated conversation that I have ever engaged in in these my nigh forty-seven years. We discussed plays, novels, paintings, creative artists and their psychology as contrasted with interpretive artists and theirs, we quoted poetry, French and English, we aired our opinions on all sorts of subjects except that I do not think we once touched upon a subject where you would have been vocal. Had you been there, you might have started something else which would equally have stimulated the rest of us, but the conversation as it happened last night , while it would have interested you enormously, would not have engaged you in action.

We talked till we were the last persons left in the dining room of the club. Then we adjourned to Rosoff's on 43rd St., nearby, and talked till we were the last persons left in that place, and the moppers-up had appeared with brooms and cloths and almost had to sweep us out into the street. It was then after 1 A.M., and the conversation had never flagged!

Now there is no doubt that Connie is a man's woman. She can "take it", whatever it is, in the company of men, and hold her own at drinking, smoking, and talking. But before you let your imagination get out of hand and begin building castles in the air, just you let me have something more to say#. In the first place, I intend to make her my friend before I shall venture to say more. But my advice to you is to look very long and earnestly before you take another leap, supposing you are so inclined.

At any rate, you know you can now count on three of us who love you and will do everything in our power to make these next four months go by for you and eventuate successfully. And here's the end of the page!

D.

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~~Mrs. A. E. Tweedy~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

17 Feb., '37.

Dear George: –

When I had written you the other day, I had some Gewissensbissen, because the letter was so impetuous a record of our Russian evening in New York, and so unconsidered, and perhaps inconsiderate, an exercise of "brotherly" solicitousness. Were you my brother, I could hardly have written with greater assumption of a proprietary tone, + I should not have been surprised had you resented it. But you know me so well that you understand what is momentary in my feeling + what is steady + enduring. I may, at times, assume rights that I don't possess, but if I trespass, you may be sure that I shall sense the danger to you before I do you any great harm. If I had taken a more dictatorial stand when you were

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at Harvard, and when I didn't want you to marry Elisabeth, you might now be a happier man! But I should have had to be asked for counsel, and I should have had to know the principal pertinent facts. Moreover, you are now aware, as you could not otherwise have been, that important decisions should be discussed with those whose judgment one values, especially when one knows that a mistake will entail a lot of living down, and also when one has learned where one's weaknesses lie.

These things come slowly. I should never have had to leave Rochester when I did had I been better disposed to seek advice and to renounce speaking my entire mind without trying out the effect of my critical attitudes on some friendly person wiser than myself. But really, the loss of my Rochester job was a very humanizing experience for me. It needn't have happened if I had been wiser. Since it did happen, I am now wiser. And, certainly, one of the things I have learned

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as a result is to seek advice when I think I may need it, not wait for it to be proffered by someone who divines what is in my present mind + my future destiny.

I have learned also, with regard to you, that you will not always remember that I am no mind-reader. If you announce to me a decision, I will accept it and make my terms with it. Your marriage, for example, caused me greater grief than any experience I have ever had, — not because you were marrying, for I wanted you to marry + told you so, honestly, desiring for you the kind of life that I, better than anyone else in the world, knew you were fitted for. You know now why I grieved, + I need not say more about it. But I kept my misgivings, grave tho they were, to myself, for several reasons, mostly psychological. I didn't trust my feelings, for one thing. Cannot you imagine how perplexed, how nonplussed I was when you announced to me, very late in the day, that you had made a major decision? And you were so patently afraid of how I might take it (you might have known better, because I always take catastrophic things very calmly), that I was concerned to allay your apprehension before all else. I accepted your decision, and I did not see clearly why you were making it, so that it was, for me, a tremendous personal problem. I had to live in a changed world! — Do you understand how it was possible for me to fail to concentrate all my wits upon your problem when my own called for all my resources?

In the future, you must try to allow for a fact, the true nature of which will become clearer to you when you yourself experience it. It is simply that no one else in the world matters so much to me as you do. But I am, I force myself to be, where you are concerned, a reasonable human being. And you know that I am profoundly grateful for the very great deal that you have given me. But for this very reason, you must learn not to shock

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~~Mrs. A. E. Twomey~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

me when you want my unbrassed opinion, because I can be objective enough when my emotions are not surcharged.

I still want you to have your own home, a home in which you can be content, at whatever cost. Don't regard your failure to achieve that object at the first attempt as anything but an episode. It has been costly, & will cost more, but not, I believe, more than you can afford. You can live it through because you must, & you will find that you develop unexpected reserves of patience & forbearance.

Meanwhile, let's consider where you are most vulnerable, or rather, suppose you ask that question of yourself. Whatever troubles you most, you will have to be most intelligent

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do something for you. And I can assure you, he is a man worth having for a friend. Should he play again in Rochester this season, be there, + go backstage to congratulate him afterwards. Talk about the music if you can't talk about the playing. These first steps in an acquaintance with an artist are customary courtesies in the Europe where Vas grew up, + no artist with that upbringing ever disregards them. If you go out of your way to be nice to him on an occasion important to him professionally, he will never forget it. And, after that, you can do as you like about making a confidant of him. — you could probably be as direct now as you chose, because you are my friend. But once you take a little trouble for his sake, you need no longer hesitate at asking consideration from him.

As for C., she cares for you, no doubt of it. But you are wise to postpone all plans for the present.

I'll write soon to you both at 285. — With my dear love,

Donald

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~~MRS. A. E. TWITCHELL~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

P. S. I read your letter – parts of it – to Betty since writing the above. She is utterly puzzled by E. She says that if E. loves you, she must see that you need freedom from emotional + nervous strain.

I have a sudden hunch, which is that E. herself may feel that she is an inadequate wife, – that the kind of world you like to live in is not her world, – that she has married above her class, so to speak. And now the one thing she has been sure you both enjoyed together has been interdicted. Do you think anything like this is possible?

My very strong feeling is that, if this present ordeal proves to be too hard for you, you ought to make a clean breast of it + let her decide what she shall do. If she has any pride + any stamina, + any real love for you, she would then turn to + help you solve the problem.

But if you can't trust her to be intelligent + generous, don't give her any point d'appui.

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20 Feb., '37.

Dear George:—

Your letter came several days ago + I was very much interested in all of it: so was Betty. Rochester seems to be keeping you busy + giving you plenty to think about. But I do hope that you don't overdo + that you take plenty of rest. I had some thought of writing to Elisabeth about you, because my glimpse of you in New York was not exactly reassuring as to your nervous well-being. But now that you've taken the combined counsel of all of us + gone to see a doctor, I know you can be relied on to follow his directions. It seems strange that we haven't the sense, ourselves, to live more sanely. Anybody who realizes the tie-up of the nervous system with a body in good health ought to be able to prescribe certain things for himself, such as regularity and measure in exercise, sleep, food, nicotine, + the expenditure of nervous energy. If you have to run to ex-

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cess in any one department, then the sensible thing, I suppose, is to be moderate or sparing in others. And especially, to do so when certain symptoms of fatigue or certain attacks of pain denote that there's a weak spot in your physical constitution. I know that I smoke too much & sleep too little, but I shall probably keep it up till Nature rebels & puts me on the spot. A person with a sedentary occupation dare not play ducks & drakes with his physique after he reaches my age. What I need is a little character, or, failing that, a wife to send me to bed in time to manage at least seven hours of sleep & to warn me when I seem to be smoking too much! — Do take a little extra care now, because you are young & can easily correct what's wrong. Did Dr. Williams say anything about sinuses, & how thorough an examination did he give you, anyway? I am really concerned. I don't want to ring

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any false alarm, but I think perhaps you need to be slightly alarmed about yourself, + Elisabeth about you. Chide me if my solicitude is unwelcome. I hope she is all right, and that she has entirely recovered from her grippe.

Speaking of exercise, I took my first long walk of the new year yesterday. The Thurlows, our "hosts", have a police dog puppy named Double (being born in the Culbertson kennels in Ridgefield), and it is one of my means of getting out to assume the responsibility for her peripatetics. She had grown very fond of me, + is a most affectionate + intelligent little beast. Yesterday we started out in the car, which I left on the Bruskey Hill road south of town, + then walked along wood-roads through the Parks estate (Parks being a family + not a geographical description), + finally climbed the steep side of Thomas Mountain. It was the first time I had tried Double out in places where a miscalculation would have entailed a bad tumble, + she proved that she is a born mountaineer. The Thurlows baby her something scandalous, + in the house she is a spoiled nuisance. In the open, however, she is sure-footed, obedient, + resourceful. She has learned that there is always a way round a difficulty if you go far enough, + when she's stumped, she uses her brain. I am trying to teach her to wait on one side of a traffic-filled street till I call her from the other, but, naturally, I can't risk this when there is any traffic, + she is so keen to be at my heels that it will take much patience yet to get her to wait for the liberating "All Right." I have never had so much to do with any breed of dog save a collie, + there is a very definite difference. A difference in humanity, one might say, in favor of the collie.

We had a lovely walk, + the hills were beautiful. I didn't do much poking about in the leaves, but skunk-cabbages are up about three inches, + the witch-hazel is in bud. (So, to my astonishment, are the Japanese quinces at the farm, + the narcissus + peonies are poking their noses already into the hazards of a winter not yet over.) The air was mild + the sun almost warm enough for a bath.

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I think I told you that Marguerite + Jim + Barbara are going to England this summer. They have offered us their house, + we incline to take it. What will probably happen is, we shall go to the farm + open the main house about the second week in May, stay there till Marguerite sails (June 24th or so), + then go down to Farrew for the rest of the summer. Betty doesn't want the North House "ever again"; + we can't possibly stay here at 43 Main after the windows have to be kept open, – there is constant + nerve-wracking traffic, with the ensuing dirt.

As for the "constitutional crisis", – to get on to national affairs, – Jim is in substantial agreement with Dr All-Wissende, – meaning Liffman. I don't trust Roosevelt, + especially I don't fancy what may happen under a president with less good intentions. I think we need more + better social legislation, but it can be got without

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in a generation pandered to by parents, teachers, & purveyors of goods, diversion, & information for profit.

I should like to see capitalism replaced by a system of banks, which should have the sole right to obtain the disposal of what are called investments. These banks should be representative institutions, with boards of directors composed of leaders of labor & of leaders among employers, all of whom had passed through a rigorous system of training & try-out analogous to the so-called "Civil Service". These banks should have charge of the finances of the country during the period of transition between the present system of capitalism, which would slowly be liquidated, and a pre-determined system of socialism. No one, no individual, should be allowed to "own" an enterprise of an economically productive kind. Only residential property, with kitchen gardens for family consumption, & strictly limited acreage (enough to ensure family privacy) should belong to an individual. On that land he could do and build as he liked & could afford, but he could not sell a

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changing the personnel of the Supreme Court. You see, I don't trust Congress either! The type of politician we get is doubtless the type we deserve, but until we come to our senses about our representation in Washington, it seems to me that we shall continue to need a Court that has a chance of being unbiassed & non-partisan. If it is also slightly reactionary, time & public opinion may bring enlightenment to a judge, but hardly to a senator.

As for the "sit-down strike", it seems to be the first type of strike that is effective. I view it with considerable interest & favor. I have no stubborn sense of the sanctity of industrial property. I think the workers in both industry & agriculture should be encouraged to regard shops & fields where they labor as rightfully theirs in part. I do not see how good work is possible, in the broadest sense, unless they can do so. I do think a man's home is his castle, which is why I speak to interlopers at the farm in the way I do. If they were workers on the farm, if they did anything to help produce what they sometimes appropriate for their casual pastime, my feeling would be entirely different. I do believe that workers, having helped make a given property productive or fruitful, should share in its ownership, and not only in the shape of pay bonuses or increased wages. And if employers cannot learn to talk things over reasonably with their men, they must take the consequences. - But of course for this subject I could go on for pages. I resented very much being a hireling at the Eastman School, having known what a real faculty was like in a well-run college (Vassar.) I wish we could abolish the whole present function of capital, stocks & bonds & all that inhuman process whereby a person who knows nothing about a business & has contributed no actual thought or effort to it, is yet considered a part owner because, forsooth, he has invested some money in it. Capitalism must disappear because it is fundamentally opposed to true civilization. Our chief care should be to ameliorate its dying spasms & render them harmless as well as painless. But we can't do this

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single tomato or apple or piece of kindling-wood produced thereon.

All allocations of capital, for whatever purpose of production, to be arranged + superintended by the banks. Every person salaried, with salaries paid by the banks through the treasurers of companies or directly to individuals in one-man businesses. All process of buying + selling reviewable by the banks, of which there would have to be, roughly, one to every 2500 of the population (thus, ten to a city like Danbury, for example).

Oh, some day I'll take time out + see what sort of a sensible plan I can invent, but I see a future for the "Trust Company" which it doesn't now dream of, making it the custodian (and not the State or Government) of all property, ownership being then "social", at least as far as productive enterprise is concerned. And of course there's got to be a "place in the sun" for artists + for teachers!

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We've been a couple of times to New York lately, to see Victoria Regina & to hear Die Meistersinger. The first is a nice, sentimental bit of semi-demi-hemi-historical evocation greatly aided by Helen Hayes, — the first part I have liked her in since What Every Woman Knows. The Meistersinger performance was awfully bad as to production, so-so as to singing, but superbly played from the orchestra pit under Bodanzsky (there's either no z or no s so I give you both). What a score! Magical!

Next week we hear Flagstad in Tristan.

Please give the best of good wishes to Elisabeth from both Betty & me, & read her as much of this screed as you think would interest her. To you, our love, always. —

Donald

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285 Oxford St.
Rochester, N.Y.
February 23, 1937.

Dear Donald.

Your two good letters within a week have been a great boon. First - your one to me at the University. You need have had no 'gemischmaschen' - I resented nothing in it and felt no trespass - nor have I ever resented anything in what you call your proprietary attitude toward me - I welcome that attitude and in so far as it is good for me I want its diminution in no respect.

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I am sorrier than I can possibly say for the grief I caused you last summer. But, my dear, I was wholly unaware that I was causing you grief - I suspected, and feared that you were displeased, not at my marrying, but at my marrying in that precipitate and unconsidered manner; feared as much in fact, that it never occurred to me that did I speak out you would have sent every effort to keep me escape from what my subconscious mind believed to be inevitable disaster. I didn't doubt your love - I never got that far.

And once for all, you must delete from your mind all thought that I blame you in any particular. You haven't done that yet - it still worries you - it creeps in between the lines

You say that I must allow for a fact the true nature of which I shall understand clearly only when I experience it - namely that nothing matters to you so much as I do. You are right that I have not allowed for that fact, and the reason is that I simply didn't believe it to be one. Not that I ever doubted for a moment your absolute sincerity in professing it, but that I did, in some sense, doubt my own senses - I looked for a sign in myself which would make the fact reasonable, and not finding it I had to believe that my senses were somehow fooling me. I think that you have now convinced me of the truth, if not the reasonableness, - not too late, I hope, for me to make some amends.

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every now + then. You might, of course, have done otherwise than you did, - so might we all of us - but for you there was no reason to do otherwise. In my mind you are exonerated and you must exonerate yourself.

Life here has its up's and down's. Things went quite smoothly after I last wrote you until late Saturday night. The Moores were here that evening for bridge, we had a moderately good game and matters seemed to stand in good order after they had gone. And then a repetition of the preceding Saturday night. I was very tired, and after I left E. and got into my own bed I soon fell asleep, but not before I heard her crying piteously. But I took no note. Sunday I tried in every way to amuse her, divert her,

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etc., apparently with the desired effect until bed-time. Then Repeat #2. I felt myself sufficiently well-in-hand finally to take note of her crying before I left her. But I didn't dare go the whole way without necessity and merely told her that I thought she was foolish to cry and that I wished she wouldn't do it. She made no explanation but promised not to. Her promise was broken almost before I had pulled the covers over me. I kept my counsel and fell asleep - to torturing dreams full of crying. By last night the strain had brought me to the point where I was so tired I simply had to go to bed before her. She said that she wanted sit up, that she hated going to bed, for as soon as the light was out she had such

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would want to do were there no complicating relatives and the like I don't know. But she certainly fears her family's reaction at least as much if not more than separation from me.

I agree with Betty that if she has love me in any valid sense her attitude is puzzling - or would be puzzling if it were not that she does not naturally take thought for other people. She said only yesterday when I remarked that I wanted more sleep, that my necessity for so much sleep was rather silly.

I feel terribly sorry for her, for I know that she is suffering. But I'm not convinced that it isn't better for her that she should suffer this way for a while rather than to have to take the full blow at once.

horrible thoughts she couldn't get to sleep. I marvelled a bit, made a few feeble attempts at reassurance and went off to bed and to sleep. She came in shortly before midnight and so far as I could tell went to sleep quickly. I suspect that new matters will ride along evenly until Saturday again. The week-ends, when I ought to be able to rest, thus bring the greatest trial.

Your hunch that E feels herself an unsuitable wife for me has, without doubt, some element of truth in it. Her exact feeling, I don't know - I do doubt that her love for me has changed, but I suspect strongly that if by some magic the status quo of last spring could be restored she would welcome it. She must realize that our marriage was unwise. What she

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It may be that I cannot avoid the denouement until June. When it does come I am inclined to rest the case on considerations of wisdom rather than of affection & love. That is, it will be manifest that our continued living together is unwise regardless of our feelings toward each other. As a matter of fact, my feeling toward her is fundamentally exactly the same as it was a year ago or six months ago. I don't love her any less. I merely realize that I never loved her enough, and that regardless of how much I loved her, our natures were certain not to be happy together. Taking my statements to be true, and I believe they are, do you think this is sound?

I have not found any opportunity to

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take your advice that I lose my patience or my temper! It would probably be better for both of us if there were such a display of emotion once in a while - on both sides.

I am very grateful for the long letter from you which came this morning. I hope it didn't cost you too much - I think I can assure you that it had the desired effect on E. She had received no mail herself, after the long week-end and was feeling rather low over the fact, so that my reading her your letter was doubly welcome.

I can't undertake to answer it in detail. I agree substantially with your views about the Supreme Court proposal. And I feel that F.D.R. must

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he losing his mind to have made such a blunder. He may very likely be able to carry his proposal through, but it will be at more cost than he can afford - his opponent is no longer poor, weak Landon but wisdom as understood by millions of Americans, feeble-minded as they may be - and a lot of them are going to consider his proposal unwise, however constitutional it may be.

And I agree with you about the sit-down strikes, industrial ownership, etc. etc., but I won't go into that.

We heard a very fine address today coming by Dr. James T. Shotwell on 'Is Neutrality a Safe Policy?' Though he spoke for nearly two hours could have sat before him for another

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Friday evening.

[27 Feb 1937 Portal]

My blessed George:—

I have just written to Elisabeth because she wrote to me, + that she did so touched me very deeply. I replied as frankly and as sympathetically as I could, and it was easier for me than I would have believed possible before I sat down with pen + paper.

For after all, in these human matters, one must find out the truth + then face it. That is what you + I have done, + we have made something precious + fruitful out of an association that almost invariably goes on the rocks or sinks into the lower depths.

My letter to Elisabeth was for her alone, + I do not think she ought to show it to you, perhaps much better that she should not. But I am sure you would approve every word of it, because I wrote it out of my deep love for you, + wrote it both for your sake + for hers.

Now since the fateful word has been spoken,

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I must myself speak out + say what I think it needful that you consider.

I believe that abstaining altogether from sexual congress is your only possible course if you wish to separate. Under the circumstances, this, which should be a rite, is, for you, an exercise of mere kindliness. Divorced from ecstasy + complete abandon, what is it but a futile gesture? You can be casual about it, but can she?: I wonder if she will believe that you mean what you say about your marriage if in this regard you, who should desire her, merely seek to give her pleasure?

Had you not started in to be so dutiful a husband (bless your sweet nature!), it would now be easier for her.

This act leaves a deeper psychological mark on a woman than perhaps she knows. For all her state of being informed, her ability to discuss the subject with apparent dispassion, the desire for a baby is to me an indication that the depths of her being are stirred and clamant. Having waked that desire, you cannot touch her with impunity, + it is quite possible that she would feel justified in cheating you, if she can contrive to, to gain Nature's end that is a beginning. Don't regard it as an act of pleasure. Quit, unless you change your decision about your marriage, I think you would be wise to refrain from intercourse of any description. The act, if I am not much mistaken, means immensely more to her than it does to you, tho, with a woman you passionately loved, it would be another matter.

Be her friend now, + put from you the lover's prerogative. That is the kindest thing, the most considerate, if indeed you are to separate. If in the end you come to love her enough, then you can return happily to her embrace. This is now, + will be till you go your several ways, your greatest trial. But in no other way than absolute renunciation can you prove that you do not love her enough to feel that marriage is sanctioned + justified.

With all my heart,

Donald

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[March 1937 ?]

Wed. P.M.

I haven't my decent pen, so must answer you with something that doesn't annoy me to death

Of course I will see Elisabeth during your vacation-time, if she wants to see me. But I probably could not say what she desires me to say. I could only strive to help her grow up.

What babies we Americans are when it comes to controlling our destinies in the most intimate of relationships!

You are too close to the raw, now, for you to achieve detachment. You will not know till you can retire to something like seclusion, how to shape this thing wisely.

Strive for this. Go to walk by yourself, get out + away. Drive your car down to Durand-Eastman park (which, unless it has changed, will be beautiful + deserted at this time of year), and search your own soul. You must be alone, you must think, but you need not think this problem can be solved intellectually.

Of course you are right about psychology. But not

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of what is due to you, to your position, to other people with whom you must live in friendly relations. She strikes me as amazingly immature for a woman of thirty, & I wonder what sort of an upbringing she could have had to be so unaware of her responsibilities.

George, what a person can learn with his intellect is no measure of his intelligence. A Ph. D. is, unfortunately, no indication whether a person has achieved a philosophy of living. And as for love, ones capacity for it develops through loving & being loved. You have seen her parents, & can judge what love & understanding have gone into her upbringing. I take it that Elisabeth has no trust in her own people, since she fears so intensely their attitude in case you separate. I am very, very sorry for her, and yet it is quite possible that to face this crisis & live it through may make a woman of her. It is high time she grew up.

This I think is true: You went into this marriage confidently, with every loving intent. About the sexual part you were a little apprehensive, but you found that, apart from the awkwardness due to your own slight physical peculiarity, you were responsive, & gave & received

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all women can be canny about these things. And Elizabeth has no wiles – she has never learned that they are an asset. If she would show you that she loves you, and then leave you free, she would be doing a wise thing. And that she could do, without any talk about psychology, – without so much self-consciousness.

I really think you two talked yourselves into marriage, + now you seem bent on talking yourselves out of it. Don't talk so much. Find out what you really feel + let that guide you.

You have to take the lead. The responsibility for your marriage is yours. – I presume you asked her to marry you + not the other way round, – so that the situation is, originally, none of her making.

To speak frankly, it is all too artificial to suit me. You were attracted by Kenneth (but you didn't and don't like his nature). You heard he had a sister who was a Ph.D. You imagined this might be the solution for your marriage, because you wanted to be married. You are essentially a "family-man", + you married for the sake of a home, a wife, and – eventually – children. In other words, you married marriage, not a woman whom you could not live without. This is how it seems to me, but you told me so little, I may not have it right.

Now you discern that you have involved her in an association which has more than hitherto for suffering than you can endure throughout a lifetime. You have read Lindsay's Companionate Marriage, I suppose, + so you realize that this often happens.

Had you really wanted to work it out, you would have set yourself to re-form her nature, little by little, with all the determination + all the wisdom at your command. In matters where her opinion differed from yours, as in such a circumstance as her attitude toward the Book Club, where it was manifestly not in her to go at least half of the way, you have found it does no good to reason with her. You would have to order her to do what you clearly see is the thing to do, or else simply say, "If you won't do this because you feel you ought, well you don't for my sake." (But you would have to love her enough to be able to decide that the game of lifelong association was worth the candle of discipline. She is undoubtedly essentially undisciplined, else she would not permit herself to weep for hours, or else she is not as intelligent as a person would have to be to live with you. If it is merely indiscipline, you can, with all the love + sympathy at your command, undertake the task of training her, – not of course to make a doormat of her, but to develop her sense

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the necessary pleasure. If you were to love her more + more because of that pleasure, so that it became so important that, for its sake, other things would seem unimportant, you would be like many men.

But you did not marry for intercourse principally, you married for companionship, for the serenity + contentment that come from mutuality of tastes + thoughts + feelings. If you found those things, you could remain married + have your unfailing refuge, your home, eventually your children.

I think you must determine whether Elizabeth's tastes + thoughts + feelings, + so her ways, will become enough like yours to warrant a lifelong association.

Betty + I think + feel alike in so many ways that I can attribute our troubles + estrangements largely to obstinacy, which defect is in both of us. Each wants his own way, but we have returned to each other always because we knew each cared for the other, + life together, while occasionally violently disturbed by eruptions of temper + temperament, is

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of too vital importance to both of us to be irrevocably given up. We do delight in each other's company, + our companionship is usually blessed with complete understanding. The only completer thing I know is my companionship with you, but Betty's ways + mine are alike enough to warrant an association for the rest of our days.

Is this true of you + Elisabeth, or is it likely to become so? Of this you must judge clearly, putting aside good intentions on either your part or hers...

You, with your nature, — which I know so well I could predict your acts better than the Weather Man the weather, — cannot afford to sail out to sea without knowing beyond all reasonable doubt that your craft is staunch + seaworthy. Will minor repairs fix it, or should you put into port for a thorough overhauling, or should you abandon ship + make for the shore without delay? If you do this last, you can then choose another boat + try again, but otherwise you are committed to this vessel, the state of which now causes you serious

misgivings.

You have said to me (with every allowance for your mood of the moment, I want you to reconsider these things): that your marriage was a cruel mistake; that you were imbibed to it by the weight of your whole psychological background, which blinded your reason; that Elisabeth resented criticism; that this impatience with remonstrance was so persistent + so unreasonable that it awakened something which from the very first weeks of your marriage had been stirring in your consciousness, — and finally became the clear realization that you had not loved Elisabeth and should have married someone else; and then you wrote, + all these are your own words: "Had it ever been possible that Elisabeth + I could live happily together it might still be possible now. But it was never possible."

If this was the truth, do not falter. The suffering to be undergone between now and the time when time shall have told a chance to heal you both can be borne, but you cannot bear to live out your life with Elisabeth if this is true.

I will be inexpressibly glad to see you at your vacation-time, + will talk with Elisabeth tho I dread it. Betty joins me in dearest love to you. D.

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Sat. Eve. [7 March 1937 Postmk]

Dear George:—

Betty + I have been talking things over, and we both think you have got into an extremely difficult situation. It is the more difficult for you in that you have got to take the lead, and to manage another human being whose plight stirs your pity. And pity may blur your judgment more than you think possible.

Then we got to wondering how on earth you were going to manage a "vacation" with E's relatives, with this thing hanging over both your heads. — I was so relieved that it was New York you planned to go to, and not Coxsackie, nor some remoter place.

But we thereupon thought that especially in New York with the distractions of that place, + being guests of people who mustn't know you have a grave problem to settle, you would have no respite from anxiety + watchfulness.

It simply doesn't strike us as a possible place for you to get hold of yourself, nor to sleep till you're rested, nor to be free from nervous strain.

Therefore we suggest that you leave E. in New York + come to us. She will be loathe, perhaps, to have you do this, but if I were you, I'd give her no choice. She can, if she likes, explain that she is insisting that you come up to the country because you need to rest, — and you hate New York + can't rest there as in the country. Or she can invent some other half-truth if she doesn't like that one. Leave it to her to explain things to her aunt, but do not be persuaded to remain with her in New York. I do not believe that is necessary in order to preserve appearances.

There is, here, no question of appearances. My family is so used to temporary separations (Father has just spent three weeks in Daytona without Mother) that they will scarcely raise their eyebrows, tho of course they will talk after E. The guest-room at 43 Main St. is vacant + waiting for you.

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As for me, I shall certainly not "take sides" in this matter if you are still in doubt. But Betty and I are both concerned for your real well-being. We agree in thinking it would be wise for you + E. to separate during the vacation, + you know that we will help you with all the wisdom we possess. We will help you to have time to ponder this thing well in your heart.

As for E., she too will have time. And she will at least be with her own people. Perhaps they do not love her as we love you, and she may thus feel lonelier. But that we cannot help.

There is another point upon which your last letter (I've not heard from you since I last wrote you) gives me pause. I will not refuse to see + talk with Elisabeth if when the time comes I clearly see that I can be helpful. But of that likelihood, I must be convinced.

We want you to plan to spend the whole of your vacation here, + to feel that we regard you as belonging to us more than to anyone else. I would have hesitated to counsel you not to go to Coxsackie with Elisabeth now, but since you have of your own accord fixed rather upon New York, I most heartily approve your discretion. And I suggest that you still can better that by going separate ways, getting away from each other, giving each other a breathing-space.

At any rate, if you need us, here we are, — and I suspect you do need us.

With our love, and mine,

Donald

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11 Mar., '37

~~Mac A. C. Tireon~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

Well, my dear, I got your letter this morning, & I reckon by its evidence that the worst is over provided you watch your step from now on. I feel bad, of course, that you have been so desperately disappointed & unhappy. But these miseries do come to us, & we simply have to fight our way through them & resolve that through no lack of thought & determination & goodwill on our own part shall they become tragedies.

I want you, no matter how foolish and thwarted & unlucky you think you are. I love you beyond telling, & no matter how dreadfully you may fall in your own eyes, you are one of the lights of my world & I depend on you just to be. In the long run, you will

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have a good life. You can expect more than your share of sorrow until you have achieved what, for want of a better term, I call a philosophy of living. But sometimes it takes catastrophe to knock a little sense into some of us.

You know that I make no claim to great wisdom, but I have made many mistakes in these forty-seven years + from them I hope I have learned a little. I cannot mend your life any more than I can mend my mother's. But I can love you both and at least proffer my counsel, which comes both from my mind + from my heart.

Now you write that you had actually planned to go with Elisabeth to Coxsackie during your vacation. In my judgment, you would be risking too much. The worst that could happen might happen. I mean, specifically, that E., sensing or knowing full well that your mother is her strongest possible ally, will take advantage of the situation created

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and say some revealing thing that would have consequences you are not well prepared to face. Perhaps you can trust her, but do you know that so surely that you can afford to rely on her complete discretion?

I do not sense, from anything you report, that E. loves you more than she does herself, tho I have looked for some evidence of real tenderness. It generally betrays itself in women. Her letter to me is reserved, of course, — but is she reserved because that is her nature & covers a depth of feeling, or is she reserved because it is easy for her to be so, having no depths to cover? You can judge of that every hour of every day.

If Elisabeth should take this matter to your mother, can you bear the consequences? If you cannot, do not go to Coxsackie.

One thing is clear to me: If you are to live through this thing yourself, you have got to resolve to ignore the impact of the facts (whatever you make them, & with whatever intentions) on anybody else! You are not answerable for the weakness or strong-headedness of others. If I censured you, upbraided you, accused you of selfishness, or in any way strove to stop you from doing what you know to be right, you would be justified in ignoring me & my strictures. In fact, if you did anything else, you would be something less than true to yourself.

This last I think we must all be, in the things that really matter. We cannot please everybody. Once having determined what the right course is, we are bound to hold to it tho the heavens fall upon our world as it used to be.

My dear, your mother is a sick soul. You cannot make her well, no matter what you do. You know that her ideas & her convictions are warped & twisted out of all sensible relation to practical reality. Do everything you can to

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~~Mrs. A. E. Tweedy~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

protect her from herself, – to deflect the worst of the blow that impends for her, – but hold true to your own convictions nevertheless. Your father can help you here, + that is why I want you to plan carefully to see him alone + apart. He can cushion the blow for her as you cannot, + he can help her with his wisdom to accustom herself to what she will regard, poor dear, as a calamity. He too may be hard hit, but he will recognize your right to live your own life as you think best, else I misjudge him quite.

Now as to Eva. I really think you should go to Eva + tell her very simply + briefly what is impending, – very discreetly, too, + without making much of details. Don't

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going up to New Hampshire for a walking trip from Good Friday over Easter. I asked if I might bring you along, + Mr. Anderson said, "Of course." So there's your escape, if you want it. Would you like to go? Anderson's driving the bunch up in the Sherman school bus. The hiking will not be too strenuous. No women allowed. — Of course, we might be prevented at the last moment. But I would love to go, if it were at all possible.

Think it over. You know you can come here on any day of your ten + stay as long as you will. How can you plan to see Eva + Constance + account for not actually being with Elisabeth? I leave it to you, but advise the Walking Trip as being most plausible.

With our love + mine. — Donald

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~~Mrs. A. E. Tweedy~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

P.S. George, mon cher, I really think that you ought to draw more into yourself and begin to prepare E. for the parting of the ways. You can always be thoughtful & courteous, but you need not be confidential. Give her back to herself & take away, quietly, without overt reference to it, your own inner self. Absorb yourself in your work. And if emotion becomes too insistent, withdraw in every possible way from its influence. — Or, if you can "be friends", sleep in the same room without disturbing each other emotionally, & all the rest, then, still, you must help her to realize you are not there as a husband. It needs wisdom & the utmost discretion.

D.

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18 March, '37

Caro, carissimo :-

Our telephone at 43 Main St. is 2651 : Danbury exchange.

The more I think about it, the less I believe the walking-trip is feasible. I wish it were, but I don't see how, when you're to be with me so short a time, I can share your company with a group of men whom I do not know.

So arrange your vacation to suit your own needs + plans + count on us to be ready to welcome you whenever (and as soon as) you can get here, + to let you go reluctantly whenever (and as late as) you have to leave us.

I spoke to Mrs. Thurlow this morning about your having the spare room. All is arranged for your arrival. You can come up the evening of the day you leave Rochester, if you wish.

I'm relieved to hear nothing further about your going together to Coxsackie. I suppose your plans will shape more definitely as your time of

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departure from Rochester draws near, & you may have time to write us just when to expect you rather than pay telephone charges from New York.

We have not said a word here about your situation, & I do not think we shall need to. We shall receive a note or a 'phone call from you, & that, ostensibly, will be the first we shall have known of your impending arrival. The family, I must say rather ruefully, will be so glad to see you without Elisabeth, that I don't think they will delve very profoundly into the whys & wherefores.

I admire your leaving no avenue to a position for next year unexplored. I've no doubt you will find something. And perhaps between now & vacation there will be other possibilities in this region which you can look into while you are near New York or Washington. At the end of vacation it might even be possible for you to drive back to Rochester through Coxsackie, too late to spend the night, but with a stop for lunch. And somehow, sometime, you have to arrange for that confidential interview with your father.

If there is intense & prolonged inflation, your salary must be as large as you can contrive to get it fixed, tho for a single year, & without an establishment, you could probably make a little go a long way. As for your financial responsibility toward E., we will discuss it. Only make no promises.

You are right to put your Washington interview near the end of vacation rather than near the beginning. We'll do our best to see to it that you get lots of sleep & relaxation while you're here, — then you'll be fitter to be looked over!

We were in New York yesterday to see Maurice Evans's performance of Richard II, & found it superb, & a beautiful production to eye & ear. Morris was there & we had dinner together afterwards. He had been in Rochester, had not your address or telephone, & could not get them from the University Office. What's the matter with them? Suppose you call them up & see if you can get your own address! We both send you our love, & [illegible] a good hug. Donald

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~~Donald C. Peattie~~
10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

Sat. P.M.
[21 March 1937]
Postmark

Dear George:-

Just a line to accompany the two timetables enclosed.

If you do not want to stay over in N.Y. on Good Friday night, you can leave as late as 11 50 + I can meet you at So. Norwalk at 6 minutes to 1 A.M. This, as you know, would not be a late hour for me.

On Saturday morning your only thru train is the 8 15. The next is at 12 45 + reaches Danbury at 2 30. If I do not hear from you, that is the one I shall expect you on.

I can meet any train at So. Norwalk either Friday or Saturday. When you depart, a thru train from Bridgeport to Baltimore or Washington is possible.

Donald

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Monday, P.M.

[22 March 1937]
Postmark

Dear George: —

By all means go to your Math. Society convention, & take the time to see everyone you need to. That is of great importance to you for next year, so don't neglect anything.

If you can't get here till Sat. eve. it's O.K. with us. And if you must leave on Tuesday, then you must. But Eva must be sure her protector will be at home if she goes that far! I deplore the necessity for so long a train-ride, but you must do what seems wisest.

Hastily,

Donald

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606 Somerset Road
Baltimore, Maryland
March 31, 1937.

Dear Donald,

Just a few lines, at the end of quite a hectic day! I shall write Betty a note tomorrow, when I have been able to procure some decent paper - and take these few minutes now to say to you what I would rather not write in that note - although you know to what extent you are at liberty to communicate to Betty what I write. As she has probably told you I did not talk with her at all about Elizabeth - just from sheer reticence and a wish to spare her embarrassment (?) - not because I am not most grateful to her for her love and understanding.

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Elizabeth doing very little to help me out - but I covered as best I could - and the day has been lived through. E. took occasion to tell Eva about her summer job. What Eva thinks I don't know - but she carried the news off as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Both of you have been and are perfectly wonderful to me - and no words can express my appreciation. My all too short time with you was a great help.

I shant burden you with details - until we were within fifty miles of Baltimore the day went without comment on our problem. Then Elizabeth broached it - and as tenderly as I could I made it evident that what she had feared was so. She broke down and I was in a quandary. But I finally, by sheer will power, got her to control herself and we came on.

I found Eva quite nervous, so much so that I wouldn't risk upsetting her by insisting on our finding separate beds so both of us stayed here. I slept little, but enough to put me in shape for today. We set out, with Eva, for Washington shortly before noon, stopping at the Union of Maryland and George Washington Union for Eva to make some contacts. The station seemed deserted all day with

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15 April, '37.

Carissimo Giorgio :-

I am so sorry to have found no time for writing since you were here. Your two letters, one to Betty + one to me, arrived + were much appreciated. But we had first to go to Orleans. Dana Pierce's father, Betty's own cousin Laurence, died a week ago last Wednesday (March 31st) + we felt a certain responsibility with respect to Polly + Dana. They have no kin nearer than Betty, + almost no resources. That took three days.

Then last week, as you know, we drove to Washington. Next week we drive to Boston. And week after that comes the Musica Antica Choral Concert here, on May 5. After that comes the membership campaign. And then, at long last, I shall be a comparatively free man. Of course it is possible that just after May 5th I shall be able to come out to Clinton + to Rochester. We hear nothing from Shute, but he has been moving to another house, + that is an exhausting effort when everything else has to go along on its accustomed schedule. We have not heard whether Flora is back in

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Clinton, nor do we know whether her sister's condition is such that she can risk leaving for a long European sojourn.

Dana's father died of heart failure. He had had a lot of wood cut to save fuel bills + was chopping it up himself. Polly called him to supper, + when he did not come in, she went out and found him lifeless by the wood-pile. A tragic economy. They lived in great poverty, – they had so little, + it had to go so far! I had been there last summer, when they had been able to occupy the whole of the house, but in winter they shrank to the kitchen + dining-room, + slept in a loft above the kitchen, to which they climbed by a ladder. The cruel thing is that Laurence's employer owed him about $200. which he could just as well have paid him to help him through the winter. A Mr. Sparrow, whose humanity must have matched his name. Dana, of course, could not have gone to college but for the generosity of two or three good friends, + he has one suit of clothes, one pair of shoes in the last straits, one old overcoat, + no hat whatever. In your leanest years, you were better off than that. Of course Betty + I are going to do our utmost to see that the two of them keep going somehow. They must sell the house, of course, + then contrive to live near where Dana finds work. He wants terribly to continue at college, + perhaps it may be just possible, tho I have my doubts as to both its practicability + its advantageousness.

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(Oh, this is this vile 10¢-store paper on which the ink comes through! You see what my economies are! I hope you don't mind, & can find your way between blots & smudges.)

The trip to Washington pretty nearly finished us both. It rained last Friday, so we took the short route via the G.W. bridge, then down through the national dump (New Jersey, in case you don't know) to Pennsville, thence by ferry to Newcastle, Delaware, thence to Baltimore & so by route 1 to Washington, which we reached about 7 P.M. — time to dine, shave, dress, & get to the 1st concert of the festival at 8 45. It is the most uninteresting drive, after you cross the Hudson, that I ever took, anywhere, & the most nerve-wracking. 294 miles. On our return we attempted to leave Washington on a Sunday afternoon in cherry-blossom time. Apparently everyone else in the U.S.A. had the same idea. The traffic was beyond belief, & once in it, we were miserable prisoners. After taking an hour & a half to go some nine miles, I felt I would lose my reason if I could not get free. Then I saw a sign, Laurel Sanitarium. If I had to go insane, that was obviously the place for me. So I turned out of that Hell of cars, Betty protesting inanely, as one does, tho anything, immobility in a barnyard, was better than a traffic jam of such apocalyptical proportions. And lo & behold, in back of the sanitarium was a country road, which led to a paved road, which led to Route 29, which was practically deserted, tho it, too, connects Washington with Baltimore.

Now, in all that welter of traffic, with nervous drivers seeking to beat the game & everybody in a state of extreme tension, I saw no motorcycle patrols, nor any police except at the cross-roads where there were traffic-lights. And in Washington itself there was no effort to divert part of the Route 1 traffic to Route 29. In fact, Washington, from the standpoint of intelligent direction of traffic, is hopeless. But you know what it is like, though you were not there when the famous (and over-rated) cherry trees were in full bloom. As a boy at a gas-station said to me (how these Southerners gabble!), — "The cherry-trees must've been right smart busy today." They were. The line of cars passing near them moved about ten feet a minute. We parked at the Lincoln Memorial when we saw that crawling mass of machines, & walked to the Tidal Basin. Personally, I think cherry-trees in quantity should be planted on a hill or a series of terraces. I am sure they must be so planted in Japan. To edge a pond

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with them, in flat country, is to give them no background but the sky, + while the reflection in the water is charming on a calm day, the absence of green is a distinct loss to beauty of effect.

Beauty of effect we did see in the gardens of Dumbarton Oaks. This a palace, - for that is what it is, - is in the possession of Mr. + Mrs. Robert Bliss. Exactly who they are, + how they amassed their wealth, I do not know. But they invited about a hundred of the festival guests to a reception in honor of Mrs. Coolidge. I went alone because Betty did not think she could stand as long as one has to at such functions. The house is noble, + the paintings, sculptures, tapestries, furniture + rugs are sumptuous + rare. But when I had done my duty, I asked Mrs. Bliss if I might go out + walk in the garden. She was pleased, + graciously gave her permission. And, George, of all the gardens I have ever seen, here or abroad, here is the finest. It is a series of gardens, all terraced or sloping, with walled enclosures, pools, grottoes,

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fountains, arcades, hedges, fruit-trees free or espaliered, trees hanging over walls, trees spreading a mighty shade, lawns, swimming-pool, tennis-court, flights of interrupted stairs, and it extends down the hill on two sides of the house, + into a glen to the North, + the beauty of it is fabulous. There was a whole hillside of forsythia in full bloom. There were myriads of daffodils, squills, Glory-of-the-Snow, gay carpets under the great trees. And here, the Japanese cherries show to their best advantage, above gray stone or ruddy brick, + against the dark green tone of boxwood hedge, — this latter fifteen to twenty feet high. And the Southern birds! Here were cardinals + mocking-birds, the one so splendid to the eye, the other to the ear. And "our" white-throated sparrow (Old Sam Peabody) was there, on his way to the Arctic.

Whoever planned this garden is a rare artist, + the Blisses, [redacted] if indeed they did not conceive it, are to be commended for having the taste to care for it + see that it is tended. I stayed till after the last guest had left, + next morning telephoned + obtained leave to take Betty there. I did not want her to miss that miracle.

The festival had its ups + downs, as is the way of such things. If you are curious as to my detailed reactions to the music, ask Xander Voe to show you the program I sent him. I met many acquaintances + made some new ones. To my surprise, almost every teacher seems to have my Harmonic Technic + says nice things about it.

One thing is certain: no one has yet written music which surpasses that of J.S. Bach, Beethoven, + Brahms. Herr Paul Hindemith is a good craftsman, but lacks genius. And our American Yankee Rogue Sessions is what I call a musical pervert. His acoustical juxtapositions may sound significantly in his own ear: to me they are abomination.

Betty sends her love, + I mine.

Yom
Donald

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TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT



Dr. George B. Van Schaack,

Department of Mathematics,

University of Rochester,

Rochester, N. Y.

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TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

16 April, 1937.

Carissimo:-

I am not at all sure that I can do any better with a normal typewriter than your friend Coolidge of the Math Department at Harvard, but since there are one or two things I left out of my letter mailed this morning, I will add this postscript.

Since I shall probably see Raymond next week, and shall, if possible, sneak in an interview with him á deux , do you want me to tell him of your plans? Personally, I should prefer to have you write him between now and then. The news would better come from yourself. But he will ask questions, and while I flatter myself that I'm a fairly good liar, I'd rather have your explicit authorization before I reveal the state of your private life.

Another item I thought would amuse you is that Fritz II achieved 50,000 miles in the middle of the bridge over the Susquehanna River on the way home from Washington. Now I feel that he can be scrapped whenever time shall serve. I've never driven any of my cars that far without trading them in, hereto fore, so now I feel as if I'd really had my money's worth.

We had a much pleasanter trip home, thanks to the fact that we turned off Route I above Baltimore and took Route 202 to Danbury. It goes via West Chester, Pa., Morristown, N.J., and the Ramapo hills to Haversack and Bear Mt. Bridge, and thence straight home. The day(last Monday) was gorgeous, and the views magnificent as we approached the Hudson. Mrs. Thurlow told us before we left Danbury that we were leaving the scenery behind us. That proved to be a nearly accurate statement.

With my love, armfuls of it,

Donald

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[Sometime in 1937?]

I have read and read the enclosed letter. It tells the truth so far as I am able to put it down. I am ashamed to send it to you, but I have no choice. I am ashamed of the measure of my stupidity which it will reveal and of my weakness in needing you. But that I need your understanding there is no question.

Read it only if your love for me is as deep as I believe it is.

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I have simply got to talk to you, and since I don't know how to manage to get to you and I know you can't get to me what I wanted say to you were you here I must try to put down on paper. I warn you that unless you are prepared to be profoundly disturbed you will stop here and not read further.

It is going to be terribly hard to make what I have to say sound coherent But I have spoken to you in imagination so many scores of times during these past weeks that I can hope for more clarity than if I had written when I was first tempted to. I lived back during the weeks before your 'Wednesday' because I wouldn't throw myself between you and it. And as time went on it seemed that I might be able to keep silent thereafter until I should be able to see you. Even now I have to remember with weariness that last evening with

you in the studio at the end I may stay with you in July. What you suspected then, what you feared then, I don't know, but you were right in asking me to subdue my pride and come to you when I should need you. For before I mail this letter I shall have had to overcome that pride.

I am in trouble, Damned, deep trouble. It is your lot - you call it happy - to be shy. For the nearest one on earth to me, and hence your lot to know my trouble. What help you, or anyone, can give me, except in one respect, I can't guess, but in that one way you, of all, can best help. You will understand me and that I can hope from but few.

My marriage was a mistake and I don't see how to go on with it another month without its breaking my health or my mind.

How can I anticipate your reaction? You think perhaps that I am overwrought or that some little misunderstanding has upset me. I must confess that at moments it seems to me I must be only dreaming; but my abhorrence has become so continually and consistently more clearly the truth - that I cannot doubt it. ~~for months, although it was not until~~ Since early in December ~~that~~ I have not begun to I could no longer shut the urgency of ~~that~~ its truth from absorbing every unconcentrated moment of consciousness. I might not write you with such confidence, however, did I not feel that during these eight weeks I have come to see the whole history fairly clearly from a so-called psychological standpoint. I think I can see how the weight of my whole psychological background impelled me to do what I did, although I cannot realize how that background so blinded my reason.

Constance is so intimately connected with it all that I cannot proceed without bringing her name in here. I loved Constance - I still love her - I have loved her for long, since before I met Elizabeth.

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But my upbringing spoke imperiously, insisting that she was not 'safe' - it rationalized in words which I spoke to you regarding her - namely that life with her would be too lively, too hectic, and hence unlivable. And so I was impelled to seek a 'safe' wife and I found Elizabeth. Much of my misery last year was not my work in New York but the terrible struggle between love and the puritan seed in me. This latter let me enjoy few of my moments with Constance. And it had been and was ably abetted by my mother. She had known of my few meetings with Constance during my last two years in Cambridge and she knew of my fortnightly evenings with her in New York. On several occasions she took pains to warn me of the wiles of divorced women in general and of Constance in particular, and sought, not dishonestly I am sure, to bend me to her way by the use of powerful influence she had wielded over me, which is ranked in my filial love for her. And when at

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back I told her in June that I was to marry Elizabeth her chief consolation seemed to be that I had been saved from marrying Constance. Just one more of the fruits of Christian morals as we have seen.

The Puritan in me spoke on and on, and had finally brought me early in August to believe conscientiously, though I doubt subconsciously, that I did not love Constance and that I really did love Elizabeth. And on my word I married Elizabeth in that state of mind, without hesitation at the end and without so much as a thought for Constance.

What has happened since is harder to tell, for there is more of it and it is more complex.

That which had made me believe I wanted to marry Elizabeth was strong enough to make me do it, but it was not strong enough to maintain the illusion. Even before we visited you in September I had felt vague questionings framing themselves in my mind and only

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down on what she called my criticism of her. ~~and~~ When I saw that she was incurably unreasonable about these matters of behavior, speech, etc (for that was their substance) I gave in and told her I was sorry and that I would desist. And so I have with few exceptions.

About Oct 20th came a letter from Constance which cheered me for a day or two. I didn't dare read it a second time for several weeks. It was not so much what she wrote as what she left unwritten, or rather what I felt between the lines. It was a very generous letter and was full of good wishes and a bit of good advice. But she apologized for her long silence by saying that since the end of July she had, for reasons best known to herself, been able to write little by little with some difficulty repressed them. I still felt sure of myself and in particular felt that it couldn't happen to me. I thought of Constance now & then but without regret, my thoughts of her chiefly occurring as I noticed she did not write. And in this uncertain state things went on until the middle of October. In general, Elizabeth & I got along. On a few occasions we disagreed on this or that to the point of dropping the subject completely. On several occasions I criticized her by suggestion - that is she did and said things that seemed to me manifestly unwise or stupid and I suggested what I considered suitable alternatives. I admit that the points in question were essentially trivial, but they were storms before the wind of the approaching storm. [illegible] October we had a show

practically no letters. Since it was precisely then that I had written her of my approaching marriage I could not help reading into the coincidence more than may have been there. For several weeks thereafter I went from bad to worse, the previous vague questionings becoming more clear and more terrible until I was showing no affection to Elizabeth at all. She finally took me to task for it. I begged forgiveness promised, and endeavored to reform. And for two or three weeks I was again calm in spirit, almost happy & content.

But not for long. The news of Mr. Rogers death affected me deeply and naturally put Constance again in the foreground of my mind. ~~I am that time has been a long misery of regret & unhappiness~~. Several days elapsed before I realized what had

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befriend. And then it burst in upon me that a foul trick had been played – that I really loved Constance and should have married her and that I had not loved Elizabeth. From then till now has been one long misery of regret and unhappiness.

Such is the story in brief. I would have much more to tell you were I to see you. I don't blame anyone except myself. I don't criticise anyone. But I can't help measuring Elizabeth by the standard of what my spirit needs and wants.

Even granting all that I have stated, had it once been possible that Elizabeth & I could live happily together it might still be possible now. But it is now impossible. It is true that we spring from essentially the same background, but we have reached different levels. More vital however are our psychological differences. Elizabeth has many virtues, a few faults

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and are in two serious tasks. so far as being a mate for me is concerned. She has no temperament - and that to me is crucial. All my enthusiasm, all my sallies, all my nonsense, all my serious statements fall upon the same indistinct sounding boards and arouse the same minimum response. I can be nice to such a person, I can even love her in a sense, but not as a husband a wife.

Our sexual life is running a parallel course. It has dwindled until recently we have met only twice in a month. And both of these meetings have been tortures to me. I undertook them only because I knew she was beginning to notice my behavior, and I had not yet the courage to speak the truth. Now I have the courage, but I shall have to raise it before another month, for I simply cannot go to her again.

I can't say anything of the ultimate future now - I only know that the near future is going to be horrible, and I shouldn't know how to face it without your understanding. Did it affect only Elizabeth & me I could be at least more calm. But it affects our parents. You know that in both cases our mothers will be practically and our fathers soul beyond words. I shrink from the sacrifice, but ~~I cannot~~, I cannot ~~[illegible]~~ avoid it. Our parents cannot live our lives, and if they insist on trying they must pay the price.

I can't write any more. I know you will understand - I know you will be distressed. It pains me to distress you - it pains me to think

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that this is how I reward you for your affection. But I know too that you would want me to write as I have written.

I [illegible] you to [illegible]
[illegible] your love you understand
[illegible].

It is hard to go on, but it will be possible as long as I can know that you understand me and love me.

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[22 April 1937]
Postmarked

TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

Tues. P. M.

Caro: – In spite of the wrench the Dougan family's reaction must have given your pride, I had rather they would be distinctly resentful + hostile than conciliatory. Better that they excoriate you with words, however unjust, than that they should seek to hold you together by the terrible pressure which families can exert.

For of course the idea that you are a cold, distant, + selfish creature is almost laughable. I might pass for one, under certain circumstances, but you, never! Had not Mrs. Dougan been in Granville when you visited there the past two summers? Could anyone in their senses think you selfish when they see your will to be helpful as it expresses itself in all your daily acts in relation to others?

No, these people are not your kind of people, – their ways + their thoughts + their philosophy of living are not compatible with your world of thought + feeling.

If Elizabeth wants to wait till her departure can do you least professional harm, that is extraordinarily decent of her. Let us believe her motives are what they seem to be. But I am not sure, but that you might better sacrifice appearances for the sake of freedom + serenity.

Dear boy! my dear, dear friend! My heart goes out to you, + I hate to have you overburdened. I think you are quite sure of your main objective. You must say to yourself, I know the principal thing I must do. In order to achieve that, I can bear to wait, to compromise,

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TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

to live from day to day + take things as they come.

As for your experience of nervous strain, why not call upon music to heal you? For music can heal, + you have the receptivity to music which will give it access to your spirit when you are tired + sad.

Play on your phonograph the great affirmations of music, such as you must have in your collection of records, + play them when you need them most. A Beethoven Adagio or a Brahms Allegretto that you can carry with you into your dreams ought, I feel, to be a powerful stabilizer.

I will say to Raymond what it seems right + wise to say. And I will try to have a little time alone with him, perhaps in his office. And I will give your messages to him + Hilda, + also to Morris. There are quite some few of us who love you, my dear. Just think of us all, often, — that you make the world a dearer, brighter place for us, because you are you + we love you just exactly as you are.

Thank you for your good wishes for my concert. I will tell you all about it. My music will be in other hands than my own, so I am not nervous about it, — I only hope it can speak.

As for Eva, give her time, + hope steadfastly in her comprehension, but do not depend upon it. Depend upon her love, even as you know you may upon mine. —

Donald

P. S. And bless you for your birthday wishes! I'll recall 'em on Friday.

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2 May. 1937

Mio ben caro :—

Your gentle plaint of the 29th reached me on Friday, but there was nothing I could do about it immediately. I have so many little things to remember that I am really at my wit's end to know how to order my time. The milk must be brought down, the laundry must be taken up, the daffodils must be picked, the wood brought up from the cellar, the milk-bottles returned, the Cape Cod lighter filled, — it really seems absurd that such trifles can bother me as much as they do, but they bother me the more because I forget them. But the world is beautiful & there is much work to do. Somehow, in spite of my failure to organize my time sensibly, I shall manage to accomplish the principal tasks.

Your wishes for the Boston concert were very much appreciated. Betty thought that on the whole it went better than the one in New York. I haven't received the programs they promised to send me (neither of us saved a single one — characteristic!), but I'll send you one when they finally come. The 'cello sonata & the songs suffered from an incompetent pianist. Had I known they had no one qualified, I would have played the things myself. The singer was good, & so was the 'cellist. The Piano Suite was entrusted to a youngster from Harvard who was what I call a slap-dash player. No subtleties, no nuances, no phrasing, but brilliance & verve aplenty. He was so smart that he got all tangled up in the last movement, & butchered his way out. The quartet was

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the best-played item, & if they had only had more time to work at it, it would have been still better. They told me that when they first took it up, they thought it was "lousy", but the more they ironed out the difficulties of intonation, the better it sounded to them, & they ended by finding it a pleasure to play. So that was comforting.

We spent an evening with Raymond & Hilda, who had just that afternoon received your letter. Had I been able to see Raymond alone, I do not know that he would have been quite so determined not to talk about your news. With two ladies present, it most certainly was best to cut things short.

Fundamentally, I agree that this is yours & Elisabeth's own private business, & none of us, no matter how well we know you or love you, has any right to interfere or to seek to influence your decision. But Raymond would not refuse to talk with you directly about it, if you went to him. And I had an idea he wanted to spare me possible distress, knowing what you once told him.

You will, of course, find your own way out of the wood. I've conscientiously done nothing but try to add what little human wisdom I may possess to your own store. You have your own life to live, & you will be a fully mature person only when you act courageously according to your own inward conviction, "come what may." When I know that you perceive what you must do in order to go on living with the least possible burden of care & anxiety & disillusionment, then I can help you. I should, in my view of my responsibility as your friend, be subjecting you to too great a strain were I to refrain from all comment till the outcome. It so happens that you need more than your knowledge that I love you, that you can count on my sticking to you whatever you do or leave undone, undo or leave alone. You know you will never address a question to me or make an appeal but I will do my utmost to return an honest & helpful answer. And me you have

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always for a refuge if + when there is need; my home is your home. I am simply, in very truth, yours. You know that. I would never make an act of yours, positive or negative, a condition of our continued intercourse + friendship. Not unless you were to change beyond recognition + become another personality altogether.

So I can say to you, Be of good cheer! At least I can give you what many never have, – the firm + trustful devotion of my very self.

I am very much pleased by the offer from Rochester to renew your appointment for another year. I am glad the college could do that. Were I you, I should feel immensely relieved. It does for you one valuable thing: it shows that they appreciate your work to a certain degree, + it gives you at least a means of livelihood should you fail to obtain a position with promise of more permanence. Further, your own status as an applicant is strengthened by the fact that you are not obliged to take anything that offers. Use it as a point d'appui.

Ferry's resignation from Hamilton at this time is something of a surprise to me. I knew he was to retire, but Shute said, not till the end of next year. That was why Shute wanted to be absent in '37-'38 + not in the ensuing year, which would be the first of the new president, + not a strategic time to be away from the college. I've not heard from Shute for many weeks, so he must be inordinately preoccupied. I'm expecting an answer to a letter just written, because I must make my trip to Clinton + Rochester between May 6th + May 17th or else postpone it till after the 22nd Our membership campaign for the Music Centre comes the week of the 17th.

When we come, I think we will probably stay at a hotel, or

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at some such place as the Normandy, on Alexander St. Were things different, I might have come to you while Betty went to the Vases, – tho they've not asked us. But I'd rather be "free" for the couple of days we shall be able to stay, + you + I will certainly be freer to meet downtown or go for a tramp than if I were under your roof.

We moved a tree at the farm this week, – the Katsura tree that was lost in the shrubbery south of the main drive. Now it is north of the terrace, leaning over the garden wall, + I count it a major triumph of family diplomacy to have persuaded my father to go to the expense of moving it. It is a very beautiful tree, + was never noticed or appreciated in its earlier position. It's function is to shade the "dining-room" window from the sun of late afternoon, but it also shades that end of the terrace, + will do so more + more as it grows larger. It is now about 17 ft. tall, + should grow to double that height. There is one about 40 ft. high in Highland Park, down the hill near the old pansy bed, labeled "Cercidiphyllum", if my memory is correct. Go + look at it at once! It will never be more lovely than when the leaves first unfurl.

Dana completely forgot a dinner engagement we made with him for the evening we arrived in Boston! That youngster is a problem, + his cousin Betty is much worried by his lacks. But he has abilities, + he has charm, so I think he will get a job. Morris, like you, took to him at first sight. Morris had dinner with us on my birthday. Then Betty pleaded a headache, + he + I went to the Old Howard + were strip-teased into nervous, tho not sexual, exacerbation. It's a low joint + stinks both to the nostrils + to the moral sensibilities. Half-an-hour was plenty.

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Many old friends showed up for the concert, among them Florence + Frances Pray. Ned Hill wrote his excuses, but I saw him next day + left the score of Alice with him. Raymond actually seemed to like some of my music, especially the 'cello sonata. And Morris was with us all along, a corpulent tower of strength. If only he would not wear those terrible white woolen socks without garters!

Well, I must to bed! Goodnight, + bless you!

Donald

Betty is distinctly not well, + she may feel it wiser not to take the trip out to Western New York State. Her heart is troubling her, + she sleeps badly + looks badly. I don't know what to do about it except to spare her all I can.

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Mrs. Donald Tweedy
43 Main Street
Danbury, Conn.

May 5 Dec 37

George dear I'm writing for
Donald as Lee Lyon from and
still is up to his ears in work.
His broadcast concert takes place
to-night, & it opens in Hollan
Lee & Donald went last night,
all will be well. I'm sorry
but it does, for I've Lee
worked for it!! Lee puts Lee

Work himself into all that he does, & the magnificence and exact [illegible] Majesty as [illegible] Monarch, should impress [illegible] imagination. He does not [illegible] think, too, he can look back & admire to all the details connected with the concert. He did not stop to do it. And all he asked that he does them. Now George, he does not [illegible] Rochester this week end. He says he is to marry

at noon, arriving in Clinton for the train that day. We shall spend the night with Lee Lewis arriving in Rochester for the session Friday afternoon. The plan for next year is definitely settled. The United Brethren Church Conference meets June 12th, & the Germans say that the Father & Mother Abbott are to be Sunday Guests. Want to make that visit before they leave, he wants us to arrive there in time for supper. Wish to arrange matters so that Dr. Sneed is going to take us in his jit. This will put Father in bed with Sneed's & we can go Friday Night and Dr. & Mrs. Sneed return home if we could be good enough to be that accommodating. We could get the train at the Normandie. That will be a saving of expense & action in time. Would be the cheapest way for me, also, see Flumbo if it would be best

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MRS. DONALD TWEEDY
43 MAIN STREET
DANBURY, CONN.

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When we arrive in Rochester, we shall drive right to the Parsonage to see if there are reservations for us, if not we will find some place to lay our heads. B.

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Daubury. Thursday eve.
May 13. 1937.

Carissimo :-

I am greatly distressed about your father, + I hope with all my heart he will soon be better + the doctor will know what is the matter with him. Rather difficult to control or cure a disease if you can't diagnose it!

But I don't think you should be dismayed. We simply have to accept what comes. That is the only way we can go on living. Take it on the chin, + then stage a come-back.

I think you see your best course quite clearly. And, as it happens, it falls in quite well with M. Dougan's suggestion. Not with regard to counselling with your parents, of course, but in that he is willing to concede that a temporary separation is now warranted. When you don't clearly know what to do, temporize. You have made your own decision, true, + you would like to have the whole matter settled + declared overtly so as not to defer the taking of the consequences.

Now comes a condition which warrants your sitting tight. All right, - sit tight, that's all. You can't declare yourself to either parent till your father is well enough

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understand me when I say that we must live in accordance with a fundamental principle of being to which we give various names but of whose existence we can never doubt + retain our gladness in life. I am glad to be alive, + when I try to explain to myself why I am glad, I find I am describing my awareness of an inward principle which permeates all forms of being, terrestrial and stellar, from the midge that dances in the evening air to the spiral nebula that dances millions of light-years out in space. Animating all this life is a creator of whose being I am conscious, not because my reason comprehends, but because I recognize that I and all forms of energy are a part of a process. I can perceive that a process is going on, + I sense that it is directed when what I do makes me glad. When the compass-needle feels at rest in the magnetic flow, must it not, if it is sentient, be glad? I am sentient, + it is therefore my own fault if I err or deviate from the process of which I am a part.

Oh, George, we can be wrong, but at least we need waste no time setting out to be right. And we must rely, at the last, upon our own inmost sense of the right. And when I use

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to bear his share at least. So, as far as they are concerned, you have not yet made your decision final.

George dear, do not dread the outcome, whatever it may be. Be content to meet + solve as you best can the problems of your own existence, + let your parents solve theirs. If you are wise, you will know that every step in the process of your own living has conditioned the next one, + that the next. The same is true of all of us. You may regret desperately having to present to those who feel responsible for your well-being a fact which they will face with difficulty. You would spare them if you could. But you cannot allow your sense of the misery your own mistake will cause others to prevent you ~~xx~~ either from rectifying it or confessing it.

And now I am going to use deliberately an ancient way of speaking which may seem strange to you, coming from me. I am going to say to you, Trust in God. There is no better way to say what I mean. Trust in the spirit of truth + righteousness. If we are fit to live at all, we can face truth and we can recognize a man's claim to be following what he verily believes to be the right course for him.

I say this with special regard to your mother, because I want most earnestly to pluck out from your heart your fear that the truth of your marriage will be more than she can bear.

If, in the end, you have to say to your mother, 'Mother, what I am going to say will perhaps hurt you as much or more than anything you have ever had to endure. If I could avoid hurting you, I would. I have had to rectify a mistake which I made. If know I am right, that I must do as I have done. Nothing that you can say will alter my decision, which is already taken.' I have spared you as long as I could, but now you must know." And, with the truth, you must trust in the spirit of truth to sustain your mother.

Often people face the really great trials of their spiritual strength with more bravery than those who judge them by their reaction to smaller things would have believed possible. I had hoped your father might break his news to your mother, because, through his long knowledge of her temperament, he might have known better than you how to soften the stroke. But should events so shape themselves that this plan cannot be carried out, then you must be ready to go to her yourself.

We have not talked much about God. But I know you will

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the old, worn, + misinterpreted words, + say 'Trust in God', I mean that we must be prepared to acquiesce in whatever happens. Our part is over, in any given case, — I mean, as far as we can think it out with our mere human brains, — our moral duty is done when we have lived and spoken in accordance with our conviction of what is right + what is true. There our responsibility ceases. What will follow, will follow. Let us therefore not fear it. I think we must be like all Nature: when our principles are involved, we must be ruthless. We cannot spare, we cannot afford to spare, those to whom the truth, our truth, and the right, — our rightness, — are in their view deplorable + a source of grief. Not any more than a landslide or a river in flood can spare an exposed human habitation.

Only so can we really live. Anything else is petty, and, I think, properly despicable. Those who

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dare not meet life on these terms risk becoming the prey of life.

I want you to live, because I love you, and because I see in you beautiful + comforting qualities that help me in my own living. This feeling is intensely personal + passionate, and I know that our friendship, just as it is, is right for me.

But I have no right to advise you as to your own way of doing things, + you must not construe anything that I have here written as signifying that I expect you to be as like me as you can contrive to be! No, I want you to be as like to the essential you as you can contrive to be. I want to urge you to complete self-reliance, to confidence in your own best judgment. I should be best pleased if you quietly + resolutely made your own major decisions according to your own principles + convictions. I only say that

I will do my best to help you in every way I can, + more, — I will continue to try to prevent your making the mistake of accepting a mistake + living in accordance with its premises through fear of causing pain, or through any false notion of euphoniousness to others, or of what it is to be "mature." Heaven help us! Don't be afraid of making mistakes, else nothing would ever get made. It's not easy to throw behind human relationships into a kind of social wastebasket + begin all over again, but something of that kind certainly ought occasionally to be done.

Anyhow, it's midnight + I'm tired to death. But I simply had to write you what was in my heart, even if I had no time left to tell you of my doings. I love you steadfastly, what'er betide, + will write again when I can. So gird up your loins + defend your own citadel. You know where you can safely retreat, if retreat should be good strategy!

Donald

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Danbury, 14 May, '37.

Dear George:

Several postscripts:-

We move to 10 Terrace Place today. No more letters to 43 Main. My family have gone this early to the farm.

We go to Hamilton in the Fall. President Ferry very courteous + expansive. Salary sufficient. Students seem a nice lot, - I met about a dozen specially interested in music. Actual musical gifts probably small, but level of intelligence and family tradition in achievement probably high for the U.S.A.

Letter yesterday said nothing about E. because I have absolutely nothing to add. Think you have talked too much about yourselves + worn each other out, nervously. She looks very tired. Therefore separation probably best prescription, to be taken as soon as possible. Think your tack is utmost courtesy + impersonality during days remaining. Wouldn't talk

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about E. with anyone. Spill over to me on paper if it helps. Seidel probably awfully good for you because not intimate.

Think you are right about your father + the mail route. If his condition continues serious, would you not better take car + run home for week-end, alone? Especially if such absence could be planned to coincide with E's packing up to leave? More delicate of you to leave her to do that alone, + easier on both of you.

Being at home probably a trial, but no one need make you say more than you determine upon saying. Use your judgment, which is good + sensible, + deal with things as they come. Have some college work in hand which must be done. Show you are tired + go to sleep when + as you can. Insist on talking about your father, about Eva, about Harold, about finances, when you must talk. Explain E's summer job on financial grounds. Your mother will be much more worried about your father than she will about you.

Will they think that you ought to take the mail route? If so, you must of course be prepared to deal with that matter as seems best to you. If you don't want to do it, don't. Of course, in a perfectly practical sense,

we have a job for you here, + you can use that fact as you choose.

Enclosed find usual garbled version of what was said at the Boston forum. I submit it to you merely to amuse you. Throw it into the waste-basket when you've looked at it.

Betty not very well. Your presence an immense help to her this summer if you can manage it.

Love from her + from me. —

Donald

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[Sent to US 14 May 1937]

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Dr. Nikolai Sokoloff
National Director

William Haddon
State Director

Dean Winslow Hanscom
Supervisor Composers'
Forum-Laboratory

COMPOSERS' FORUM-LABORATORY

Composer: Donald Nichols Tweedy
Date: April 22, 1937
Place: Repertory Hall
Attendance: 100

Mr. Hanscom: I have had the pleasure of introducing friends and acquaintances at these meetings, but this is the first time I have had the great satisfaction of introducing a classmate: Mr. Donald Nichols Tweedy.

Mr. Tweedy: The purpose of this introduction is if later you wish to address any missels to the composer about the music, you may recognize your target. I feel very hopeful that you will find something definite about the music. A friend of mine said that all music in the modern idiom is as incomprehensible to him as conversation addressed to him is Greek.

I am very grateful to the members of the Forum in Boston who have devoted their time to studying these compositions, and I shall most certainly take an opportunity later to thank them. I want you to know for all of us who are writing that it is a most valuable experience to be able to hear our own works not only in performance but in rehearsals. We value these experiences highly and we are grateful to the WPA and the Composers' Forum Laboratory and men like Mr. Hanscom who are devoting themselves to the task of aiding the American Composer to become a better craftsman.

Thank you, very much.

I. Sonata for Violoncello and Piano
Moderato
Lento
Allegro non troppo

II. Group of Songs
When I am Old
The Little Angels of Heaven
A Late Lark

III. Suite for Piano
Skip-Step
Adagio Dance
On the Green Grass
Interlude in Waltz Time
Finale

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Tuesday noons.

[18 May 1937]

I do hope you have had better news from your father.

Dear G.

I'm busier tah the proverbial one-armed paperhanger with the hives, as you may see from the curious way this machine has insisted on thwarting my commonly superb habits of typing and spelling. I wanted you to see the enclosed letter as soon as Mrs. Merchant receives the original, and I'd be much obliged if you would call her up at once and inquire about her health. Health first and foremost, and then whether you can be of service. I want her to surmise that I am scarcely pleased with the way she and Ruppert between them have handled the Girton Place agency. But I shall make no immediate change unless she withdraws in a huff, and I think the tone of my letter scarcely warrants that reaction. The English style of it may be bad, - it was written in between telephone calls and household interruptions, if anything may happen in the time between successive interruptions! - but I don't think I've really been as hard on her as she deserves. I'm feeling perverse today, had a violent altercation with Betty, the truth being that we're both worn out and our nerves are in a raw state. My Executive Board did:t get a damned thing done while I was away, and I'm sore as Hell. But I smile and laugh and joke while underneath I think Dow and Perry are a pair of buck-passers. I hate to think my actual presence here is as vital to the Music Centre as this experience seems to indicate.

I love you and my thoughts are with you constantly.

Your Donald

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20 May, '37.

Dear George:-

I read your letter, - and then I came upstairs + read in a book: "It was what people intended to do that counted - not what came about because of anything they did." Will you please preach yourself a little homily on that text during the next few minutes!

I can't, of course, say anything about Mrs. Merchant till I hear from her. But thank you, dear G., for doing what I wanted you to do. I'm not satisfied that Mrs. M. earns her commission. And if she wants to give it up, that suits me very well.

As to the stove, it must stay as it is for the summer. I gather that the defective parts have been replaced + that the stove is functioning.

It looked to me as though the time might be brief till I should have to install a complete new hot-water unit. Till then, the present one will have to be patched. I shall so instruct Mrs. Merchant if she sticks.

I'm afraid the old ice-box will just have to be junked, but the motor may still bring something. If you can get it out of the house without having to pay for its removal (ice-box + motor,) you may keep whatever it brings. I shall not make this offer to Mrs. Merchant!

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I do not want the ice-box stored either in the attic or in the cellar.

What you have done is of some comfort to me, because I think Mrs. Merchant's interest is in selling or rental, & the maintenance side of her job is a headache to her. Most other owners of property she handles probably reside in Rochester, so that she can telephone about repairs, etc., whereas she has to go to the trouble of writing to me. The house should be checked up on at least once a month while these tenants are in it. If she is unwilling to do that much, her practical use to me is not very great.

It is too bad the idea about the loss of heat from the oven was put into Mrs. A's head by the man from Sears, Roebuck. (It was of course to his interest that there be a new sale.) There will be no new stove this summer.

If Abramow doesn't cut the grass, I shall go up on the rent before June 1st! He must realize that a place like that has to be kept up. Did he think a lawnmower went with it? Please report it to me if the grass is not taken care of.

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I don't like this business about Cambridge. I don't see the necessity for it. I hope something happens to precipitate the clearing up of the situation before you have to go to any expense to give color to a fiction. But I would rather talk to you about it than write, so I hope you can come here before you are too deeply involved. I'll say this only: Nothing can affect my love for you, nothing that I can imagine. But my admiration for you would increase greatly if you would just make up your mind to get the whole thing off your conscience, make a clean breast of it, & brave the ensuing storm. Some time it's got to be done. When you've done it, you'll feel a load slide off your shoulders. Consequences there will be, but they are not fraught with the same psychic load for you as is a deliberate & prolonged deception. I beg of you to get this thing out into the open just as soon as you possibly can. The world is too full of Hamlets, who cry "The time is out of joint, – O cursèd spite That ever I was born to set it right!" When no time is right for an unavoidable action, when one time is as unfortunate as another & deferring the moment waits on a combination of circumstances which

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will not come right, my diagnosis is, that the Gordian knot should be cut, & the sooner the better.

But you've your own life to live, & you must live it your own way. My concern is that there's a limit to what you, yourself can stand.

Betty joins me in love to you. —

Donald

P.S. I rejoice that your Father is better, & hope earnestly that he will continue to improve.

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10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.
24 May, 1937.

Dear George: —

You were certainly a sweet peach to take all that trouble & go into all that detail. I'm grateful as can be.

I have not yet heard from Mrs. Merchant. It is a pity she didn't call me up at the Normandie & ask for an appointment, so as to discuss this matter of her percentage with me while I was on the spot. I had no notion of how little she, personally, was receiving, nor do I yet understand why she is getting but 25% of the commission paid, when she does all the work except the accounting & the actual signing of checks. It looks to me as though Ruppert were "gipping" her.

I have never had a direct letter from Ruppert, but when she first took the agency for the house, Ruppert wasn't in the picture. She was then something of a

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free lance in Mr. Karl Quelich's real-estate office. When Quelich died, I made arrangements to receive my rental check direct from the tenant at 48 Girton Place, but later suggested to Mrs. Merchant that she manage the estate as my agent, supervise repairs, pay for them, + collect rent. Of her arrangement with Ruppert I have never been fully informed, + contemplated dealing with her alone when I made that suggestion. I'd have to look over a lot of correspondence to give an accurate picture of what actually transpired, but that is not necessary.

80 ¢ a month is of course too little, but I should say it is her fault for not having a proper business arrangement with Ruppert. She makes the request that she receive 10% as agent-in-charge, and how much of that goes to Ruppert ??? I'm not clear on this, + till I am, I prefer to think of some other way to take care of things. If she is an employee of Harry P. Ruppert, she is not in a position to demand a change of terms. If she is a member of the firm, I have not been so informed. If her position is independent, I still do not under-

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stand why the accounting is done by Mr. Ruffert's office, + why she does not represent to him that 80¢ per month is an insufficient proportion of the total commission.

Now, what I should like to do is this: In view of the fact that the house has not been sold or even bid for more than once in all these seven years, I want to put it into the hands of another agent.

I could fuss around + write to Mrs. Merchant and to Ruffert + get an explanation, maybe, of their business relationship, but I'd prefer to find out what the customary procedure is, + follow it. I have paid Ruffert a "Service Charge" this month of $21.60 (4% of a year's rent @ $45. a month). That, I believe, is the usual commission paid for securing a new tenant. There is also an "Office Commission" of $1.35, or 3% of the monthly rental.

Now, of course, this adds up to 7%, 4% being collected in advance. But I still don't understand how Mrs. Merchant would receive enough, if for the month of April, out of $3.50 collected (7% of $50. - Mrs. Van Hoesen's rent), she was allowed only $.80. Her share of $4.50 on the same basis would be but $1.12, so that her care of the house, I mean, attending to repairs + all that, would bring her in only $13.44 a year on a 10% basis. There is an Ethiopian somewhere in this lumber-yard.

You know, I'm a Hell of business-man. My attention + my interests are not easily bent to the examination of accounts. I don't want "profits". But I do want that house to pay for itself till it is sold. And I do want tenants who will take reasonable care of the house + the property.

It seems to me that a levy of 7% on the rent, or $37.80 for the current year, while the rent will be only $540., ought to be sufficient to pay for the agent's total work. But I think Mrs. Merchant's share of it ought to be

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larger than $13.44, and certainly larger than $9.60 (12 x .80).

So let's find out what another agent would charge for complete management, including collection of rent, supervision of repairs, handling of accounts, regular inspection of property, + all the things Mrs. Merchant is supposed to do. Then maybe I'll find out whether I've been fair or not, fortunate or unfortunate. Could you get this information for me in a general way, without being specific, as if you yourself owned property, ~~&~~ expected to be absent from Rochester, + sought to ascertain what an agency would charge to handle it?

And will you please send me the advertising section of next Sunday's Democrat-Chronicle?

I want to change my agent, but I don't want to do it before I've made inquiries + found out what is customary. And, since I can myself oversee the property beginning in September, it would be more

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You were mighty good to bother about the stove, + my answer to your Special Delivery is that whatever you decide as to stove, goes. Just let me know your decision, + the amount to be paid. It is probably better to pay $20. for a good second-hand stove, installed, than to pay $7. to $10. for repairs on one that will be unsatisfactory.

I'm delighted that your father is so much better, + delighted even more that you are planning to see your parents during their vacation + break your news to them. Betty has told Helen Rider + my mother, because otherwise she could not explain why she did not meet Elizabeth. But Annie + my father did not ask the direct question, + so do not yet know.

We had two sunbaths, + have most of my seeds planted. But further news must await another day. Our love to you, + mine.

Donald

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sensible to have the Ruppert-Merchant combination carry on through the summer.

Who is Mr. Garaline or Gorsline (your a's can't be distinguished from your o's – did you know it?)? Is he an authority on real estate, or is he a member of the Ruppert firm?

If that house rented for $90. a month in 1930, – and it did, – $75. is not too high a figure for it now. $900. a year is 10% of $9000. which is approximately its assessed value, and 10% of the taxable amount that property is appraised at is supposed to be normal & fair rent.

I do not care what Mrs. Merchant thinks about Mrs. Van Hoesen & the fireplace. If that lady admits scorching it, the bill goes to her. I should think she would have the decency to repair damage obviously due to her carelessness. And how about the screens she left on all winter, the roof-gutters she neglected, & the gas stove ruined? Of course I know it will probably be useless to try to collect, but I'm going to give myself the satisfaction of telling her what I think is right & proper. She used the house Rent, & she paid a small rent for the value.

I want the Abramowitz out on Sept. 1st because I want other tenants in on October 1st & Hans's painting & other repair work to be done. I don't approve of the Abramowitz & I think a landlord should have some regard for the quality of the neighborhood. The Abramowitz are tenement-bred, in my opinion, & they pull down the tone of the street. I should be interested to know whether the Moores have said anything to you about them.

I shall wait to hear about the stove from Mrs. Merchant, but I am really very much annoyed by her failure to inspect the house during Mrs. Van Hoesen's occupancy. However, we were certainly fools to buy the house in the first place, & every aspect of the matter makes me rueful. Next Fall I'm going to make a determined effort to get rid of the place. I'd pay $2000. to any agent who could get $9000. for it!

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27 May, 1937.

Dear George:-

I have not yet heard from Mrs. Merchant. But I have written Ruppert to find out what he has to say, and I have made inquiries here as to what is customarily paid in Connecticut for management of an estate. Mr. Skinner at the City National Bank does that job. He says that here the commission is 5% on the gross income from the estate. In my case, that would of course be applied to the rent. It covers all the duties of the agent in charge, including the securing of new tenants & supervision of the property. Skinner said it might be a little more in case of property which required a great deal of attention, but certainly should not be more than 7%! which is what I thought I was paying Mrs. Merchant.

I conclude that her arrangement with Ruppert, whatever it is, is unreasonably to his advantage, since she does all the "field work."

I conclude also that I need not pay more than 7%, & if she insists on more, she will oblige me to get someone else. I think she should have the matter out with Ruppert, but I don't know what her relationship is to his office, & she may not want to jeopardize a ticklish position for

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the sake of one job alone. If she cannot straighten this out with him, + will not continue on the present basis, I think what I shall do is this:

If you are willing, + if you have the time, I shall ask you to supervise the immediate work that is necessary. This can probably be accomplished before you quit Rochester for the summer. I can supply you with the names of all firms who have recently done work at the house.

Then, in June, Abramow can be instructed to mail his check for the rent direct to me (I will send him a bill for the same), + I will pay all bills for repairs authorized by you, which bills should be O.K.'d by you + sent to me. The first check from Abramow to me can be the July check, but if Mrs. Merchant wants to withdraw immediately, the June check can be collected by you and either mailed to me or applied to the expense of current repairs + the balance sent on by you later.

I am really fed up with Mrs. Merchant. I must know at once whether she will carry on this summer, + why she hasn't written me is more than I can comprehend. Therefore, if you will help me to get this matter settled before you pull out, I shall be most grateful.

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During the summer, as often must happen when people are away on vacation, I can authorize emergency repairs (such as plumbing) by letter to Abramow himself. Or I can instruct him that after I have done the things that I shall have agreed to do, he must himself pay for minor repairs that may be urgent during July - September, in view of his extremely low rent. But he must be instructed that in no case is he to allow any condition injurious to the house (such as a leak in the roof or a defect in the water-system) to persist without reporting the same to me.

Will you telephone Mrs. Merchant at once, tell her 7% is the outside limit, & get her yes or No on remaining in charge of the house this summer. If it is No, telephone or see Abramow & have the June check made out to D. H. Tweedy. Meanwhile, I am awaiting a letter from Ruppert. It may take a few days to clear up matters with his office, especially if he has any bills outstanding, chargeable to me. But since he has already made me a charge of 4% in advance on a year's rental, plus 3% on the May rental, the month of May is certainly paid for. If Mrs. Merchant's answer is No, her job is finished with this current month, and any mopping up that has to be done with Ruppert is her affair.

Please also (if the answer is No) telephone Ruppert's office, or better still, ask Mrs. Merchant if there are any bills outstanding, have her hand them over to you, & then we'll be clear. Clean up everything possible before June 1st. Then ask Mrs. Merchant to inform Abramow that she has given up the agency & that the June checks is to be made out to me & collected by you. I will write Abramow confirming this, & enclose a bill for the rent, directly I shall have heard from you.

Remember, George, that I have never authorized the Ruppert office to do what it is doing. All my dealings have been with Mrs. Merchant direct. They do her accounting, & apparently they soak her handsomely for doing it. I am the more satisfied to have Mrs. Merchant out of the picture, even at this rather inconvenient time, because I don't like having to deal with two people to get one thing done. It has of late been done so badly that I'm at the end of my patience. But at least we have a tenant in the house, & if we can keep him there for the time being, we can manage the transition to my own personal

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supervision (with your help, I hope), which can begin in September. As for the raising of Abramow's rent, forget it. I'll attend to that when I get ready to. But I shall certainly instruct him as to my understanding of the conditions of the rental. Since he has no lease, he has a rather shaky legal position, but I shall ask advice before I raise the rent.

As to the back porch roof, + any other repairs that may not already be in progress, let's get the agency matter settled before we begin anything else.

I am sorry that this "business letter" has taken all my available time, but I must get it off to you. You are constantly in my thoughts, + you know how I hope for your well-being. We are getting along all right, the Music Centre campaign is over, with about the same membership as last season, + the farm now claims much of my attention. It's a solace + a place of beauty at this season.

With my love,

Donald

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Friday morning

[28 May 1937]

No direct letter from Mrs. M. has yet arrived. My Special Delivery to you yesterday was so sent because I wanted a decision before June 1st. I didn't ask you to use your own discretion, but I meant to. I say now, & mean it for all occasions when it is not expressly withheld, that there is a tacit understanding between us that your judgment & counsel are invoked & desired. Therefore my telegram, just sent.

Your letter of the 26th came this morning, and I am most deeply obliged to you for your explanation of the factors in the Merchant – Ruppert combination which have been bothering me. It is lucid, far more clear than Mrs. M. has ever put things, herself. Thanks you, dear George, for being so patient & painstaking with your old numbskull of a Donald.

I see, from your explanation, that we need not take the house off Ruppert's list just because Mrs. Merchant wants more money for the 'management.' You say that the service charge of $21.60 pays for collecting the rent for one year, etc. I should think we might get everything practically set for a summer of no 'management,' provided the rent is

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collected + forwarded to me by the Ruppert office. Then, if Mrs. Merchant refuses to go ahead + 'manage' the property, the additional commission of 3% monthly will simply cease.

Today it is pouring with rain, as the British say. Therefore I cannot do any work at the farm. Yesterday I managed two sessions, between which I wrote my letter to you. In the morning I got George Clausing (the new 'Superintendent') + Mother started on the Gladiolas. George plants them touching each other in the row, says they support each other better that way. I have always given them about 6" leeway, but I'm willing to try this way, especially since he assured adequate 'feed' by digging a lot of spent manure into the beds. Gladiolas, as you know, are Mother's pride + joy. Mother stripped the basketsful of bulbs of their old dry foliage + the numerous bubblets. How fecund those things are! They not only would produce seed, if let, but replace the main bulb by a new one, to which sometimes 20 or 30 bubblets are attached! It would take these 3 or 4 years to reach flower-producing size, therefore one throws them away.

It is somewhat disconcerting to have another George in the

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family conversation. I now have to pause for a moment before I can get over the inevitable reaction that 'George' means you. The German pronunciation (Clausing was born in Pomerania) is impossible for the family, + while they called Les' "Hayes" during his first years, + often "Mr. Hayes", they have begun by calling this man by his Christian name.

He is very good with the dairy + the chickens, — we now have chickens again, — but he is unconscionably slow at the work on the soil. It has taken him days to weed + spade up the long beds north of the garden, where Les' would have gone through them both in one day. Of course, we have had a great quantity of rain this Spring, + our clay soil gets very heavy + hard to work. And Clausing is not a young man, — he must be considerably older than Hayes, + has grandchildren eight or nine years old. He has a man from Danbury to help him, at 50¢ an hour. This latter has been kept busy cutting grass, for the rains have kept it coming strong + fast.

But the place looks lovely, + it is lovely also to the ear. The bobolinks are nesting, + the air is ecstatic with their song, plus the gay trills of the wrens, the songs of purple finch, oriole, catbird, yellow warbler, + song-sparrow. The robins disturb this symphony with their nervous staccato objurgations + adjurations, but in the main the "bird-counterpoint," as Vas used to call it, has been harmonious + exhilarating.

I have stolen time for four sunbaths, + got a very slight burn on my back the day I anointed myself all over with cocoa-butter. While I was at that, a bobolink lit on a branch of the privet just over my head + sang his indescribable rhapsody within ten feet of me. Heard so near the bird's throat, the sounds lose their silvery quality + become more basely metallic. The family song-trait (the bobolink is, of course, a blackbird like the crow + the starling) then comes to the fore. The "rusty-hinge" tone was not in the repertory of the Mastersingers!

At Terrace Place we hear one bird who never comes near us at the pond: the wood-thrush. These dense trees on the steep slope down to the brook are just right for him + his mate, + he sings all day long.

Golly, I wish you were here! The world is so beautiful, + I love to share my contemplation of it with you. I'm looking forward impatiently to the time when you can be here. Faithfully + Donald

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31 May. '37. [1937]

Dear George: —

If the Thursday letter was lost, then let it go. The Ruppert office is obligated, on its 4%, to collect rent + to secure a new tenant if there has to be a change. Following my Friday letter, which I judge you did receive, we can, (can we not?), get everything ready for a management-less summer. Then we can stop the 3% extra commission + I can deal directly with my tenant regarding extras + repairs.

I wrote a letter to Mrs. Merchant on the 26th but before I mailed it, I had my talk with Mr. Skinner at the City National Bank + decided not to send it at all. I was the more content not to send it because Mrs. M. has still not taken the trouble to write to me.

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I think she must consider that there have been months during which she has done nothing at all for me. Also that during her illnesses, no one at all from "the office" has, so far as I have any information, visited the house or made any inspection. To Mrs. Merchant's failure to inspect the house during Mrs. Van Hoesen's tenancy are due: 1) the failure to repair the leak in the roof in time to prevent damage to the plaster in the 3d floor room below; 2) the irreparable damage to the stove; 3) the rusting out of the screen doors left on during the winter. To her failure to check up immediately upon Mrs. Van Hoesen's departure is due the damage to the woodwork above the living-room fireplace. Furthermore, I think her attitude toward Mrs. Van H. is absurd when she allows her to get away with a disclaimer of liability for that last item.

In short, I think Mrs. Merchant has rather seriously come short of proving that she is worth anything like a 10% commission, & since during this coming fall & winter I expect to be on the scene myself, this is as good

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a time as any to wind up arrangements with her & prepare to put the house in the charge of another "office"? What do you think?

I wrote to Ruffert to ask about Mrs. M's relation to his office before I had your letter clearing the matter up. I asked him specifically if Abramow had been informed of the conditions under which I authorized the rental of the house this spring. I have not yet had a reply.

You were in error as to the amount the house is "worth". I paid roughly $12,000. for it. For all purposes of tax valuation I set the value of the property at 3/4 of its actual cost (as in the Income Tax return) which is $9,000. The figure used by the Rochester assessors is $8400. On this basis, the rent would have to be precisely $70. a month to yield a 10% return on the assessed valuation, since 12 X 70 = 840. $70. is therefore the normal rent for that house. If I can't obtain it, I must set to work to have the assessment reduced. But we can discuss all this during the summer.

If I do not hear directly from Mrs. Merchant or from Ruffert within a week, I shall proceed to instruct the Ruffert office to stop management charges. This will now have to go over to July 1st. If management commission is deducted for June, Mrs. Merchant is still on the job till July 1st & it is her own fault for not securing an agreement with me before June 1st (this was the subject of my letter of Thursday last.

I received your telegram, but since the P.O. was closed from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning, there was nothing I could do before tomorrow in the way of inquiry from this end. I will put them on the trail of the letter tomorrow morning.

We had a long talk about you Thursday, – no, – Friday evening, with Helen Rider, who is as distressed as we are about your flight. We are all agreed in thinking that E. shows astounding lack of comprehension, to say nothing of lack of ordinary pride, in insisting on remaining with you when it should be quite clear she is not wanted. The strain for you both is unfair & unnecessary. We think

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– but what does it matter what we think. We know you are so sweet & so patient that you will never "take arms against a sea of troubles".

I must stop, at once!

All send you love, as do I.

Donald

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1 June, 1935 meaning
1937.

It seems I have a funny brain
The queerest this side heaven:
I write 1 June, 1-9-3-5
When it is 1-9-3-7.

No letter from Grace Merchant in the first delivery after the holidays. So, since Abramow's check is due today, + the office will doubtless deduct the usual commission, she is bound to carry on on the old terms till July 1st. That suits me O.K., provided she does carry on. I did not want to ask you to take the onus of the various + sundry arrangements for repairs. Now I feel that she is obligated to continue for the current month, + shall myself initiate the change if she does not. I had rather write direct to Abramow for the rest of the summer.

Now, with regard to the rear porch roof. Could you telephone Mrs. Jefferson at the Vassa + find out whether her husband is

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able to do a job like that? I'm not at all certain that he could do it economically, but with the shingles delivered (he has no car), he might manage it. We could come over + look at the job + make an estimate. Then an estimate could be got from the Bowerman Builders' Service at 1307 E. Main St., Tel. Culver 3878, if they do roofing.

It is hotter than Hades today, 86° at noon, and humid to boot. I'm hurrying up with this so as to get to Ball's Pond ausi-tot que possible. I had a grand sun-bath yesterday, + am pleased to perceive that I thickened my skin (apparently) enough last summer to be able to take more sun than previously, so early in the season, without a burn.

Of course I approve of your seeing your friends in Cambridge, but as for working there for the sake of providing an alibi in the home court, I hope with all my capacity for

hoping that that will not be necessary. I most certainly think you need a rest. And one can get a rest with a radical change of occupation. I do most decidedly approve of your relieving your father during his vacation if you can be at home alone. You can get along, getting your own meals, I suppose, or walking into town for one meal + getting the other for yourself. But if you can enable your father to go away for a complete change, by all means do so. If you want to stop here on your way from Boston to Coxsackie, by all means do that, + then return for August.

We have a woman who comes 3 hours each morning except Sunday (when we go anyway to the farm), + she does all that needs to be done except the cooking. But we go downtown for lunch + Betty only has our simple breakfast + I am equally simple supper to prepare. We are managing quite easily + cheerfully. There's a lot more I have to write about, but my time is up. Our love to you, + mine.

— Donald

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2 June, 1937

You poor, faithful, painstaking Being!

I am dismayed at causing you so much trouble, + deeply appreciative of your steadfast effort to keep things straight + to maintain good feeling with my cantankerous agents.

In the first place, I want you to see the letter I am enclosing — the one I wrote to Ruppert which so riled him. If, after you have read it, you can guess why he is "through", you will perhaps perceive, as I do or think I do, that he can be motivated only by what is called in ethical terms "a guilty conscience". For I cannot for the life of me imagine, — nor can Betty, — why my letter should rouse ire, or why, in a business office that is 'straight', it should be treated as anything but routine.

It has not yet been answered.

Now, for Mrs. Merchant's sake, + because I like her + think she is square, I am going to disregard what you report of Ruppert. For the

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time being. I shall leave him to her. If you think it will help, you may show her the letter of May 25th to Ruppert, in case he may not have let her see the original. I have no other copy, but you may retain it as long as is necessary.

I wish you would tell Mrs. Merchant that for the month of April, Mrs. Van Hoesen's last month, the office deducted 7% of her rent of $50., which amounted to $3.50. If Mrs. Merchant received only 80¢, the picture looks a little different than it did in her report to you concerning her share of the commission.

4% was due to the office only during the first year of Mrs. Van Hoesen's tenancy, as I understand the matter.

I confess I haven't myself been very "business-like" with respect to the allocation of the commission, but I did not know, till she told you, that Mrs. M's share of $3.50 a month had been only 80¢.

I don't want to create any difficulties for Mrs. Merchant at the Ruppert office, but if the office is technically the actual agency both for rental

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+ for management of the property. I do not understand why Ruppert should go up in the air over a few direct enquiries, do you? I ought to add that I marked the original letter "Confidential" in my own handwriting, so that if there were any special + private arrangements between Ruppert + Mrs. Merchant, the letter might not be read by a secretary. I further sent it Special Delivery. The non-arrival of an acknowledgment leads me to think that Ruppert must be either a knave or a mucker. I wish to Heaven I had taken the time to go + see him when I was in Rochester, but I am such a weak character! I should have allowed more than two half-days for the transaction of business in connection with the Girton Place house. But let's look ahead!

First, as to Mrs. M's continuation as managing agent this summer. It would be an advantage from the standpoint of supervision, of course. I'm not averse to having someone in Rochester who will take charge till I get to Clinton. This is all the more necessary if the Abramows are to move out on the 1st of September. But Mrs. M. seems to be squeamish about raising the rent. She says they cannot pay $ more than $45. But I notice they have a very handsome new car. (Does it ever occur to anybody, these days, that if their available cash is limited, they could get along without an automobile, especially in a city of trolleys?)

As to the ethics of the rent-business, I feel that it is fair. I shall write immediately to Abramow to advise him of the conditions I instructed Mr. Ruppert to make clear. New York law may be different from Connecticut law, but the rent was fixed, not at $540. a year, but at $45. a month. If Abramow should lose his job, he would have to quit the house, + lease or no lease, I should have no redress. It seems to me that 90 days' notice of a raise in the rent should be more than considerate. Abramow has no written agreement with me,

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but of course I shall try to be fair to him. If my instructions as to the verbal agreement whereby he took the house were not followed, I cannot unduly penalize him. We've been trying to find out whether they were followed, + neither Mrs. Merchant nor Ruffert has, to date, answered my query direct. I do not know what virtue lies in a period of 6 months. It seems to me, if the A's have to move, they can do very much better for themselves househunting during the summer, + I intend to give them the choice, unless someone advances very cogent reasons for doing otherwise. I certainly don't expect Mr. A. to let me know when he has a raise in salary. The best I can do is to give him plenty of advance notice of a raise in the rent, so that he can ask for a raise in salary.

Furthermore, coal or fuel is an item the tenant must consider. If he were allowed to remain 6 months before the rent should be raised, it would hit him on October 1st (for November 1st),

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by which time he would certainly have planned to have his winter supply of fuel in the cellar, + it would be most inconsiderate of me to fail to allow for that contingency.

Now as to the listing. What you write surprises me. I had supposed the house was still listed, + most certainly it should be. But, if it is not to Mrs. Merchant's, or Ruppert's, interest to sell it, — if, in short, they don't care to work for a sale + the resultant commission, — what are they in business for?

George, I don't like the way this business has been handled, but it is probably my fault for not staying on their backs. I must find an agent who is wide-awake + whom I can trust to look after my interests with a reasonable degree of zeal. I'm half tempted to jump on a train + come out to Rochester + stay there till I get this affair straightened out to my satisfaction. I should, of course, scrap both Mrs. M. + her 'office' pronto, find another managing agent, make a clear arrangement with him, + then hold him to it.

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But I have been so dilatory for so long, and I do so want to give the situation time, right now, to clear itself a little, that hasty action, while it would suit me emotionally, seems less than well-advised. Better worry along till I am within easy distance by train or motor, + then take plenty of time to make adjustments.

I note that arrangements for a carpenter had already been made before you received my letter about Mr. Jefferson. That's O.K. with me. Also, certainly leave those shingles on the siding of the front porch as they are for the present.

What Mrs. M. says now about my objecting to Jews + my being willing to rent the house for $45. when she had hoped to get $60. makes me cross. She did all the writing of letters. If she had said she thought she could get $60. in March, + could have

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hustled round to get me a tenant at that figure for May 1st, I should have been delighted. Moreover, I do not object to Jews. There are Jews + Jews. I don't object to Abramson because he is a Jew. She wrote that she had dealt with him at his store, + liked him! If she had given me one word of admonition, if she had even hinted that she thought, with time, she might do better, I would have been willing to rely on her judgment. But if she doesn't tell me what her judgment is, how can I defer to it?

George, I feel that I must have that house in shape for a new tenant on October 1st Or else I must have enough rent from the A's so that I can afford to keep the place ship-shape. The rent during 1936 was $587. The expenses were,

Commission to agent:	$ 16.65	587.—	
Repairs:	71.19		
Int. on 1st Mortgage:	100.00		
City tax:	229.39	$	
County tax:	58.06	Total	475.29
		Balance $	111.71

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Now that was a year when there was no change of tenant, no major repairs or re-painting, and the cost of a new refrigerator, $115., is not included. Actually, since I had to put in a new refrigerator, I lost $ 3.29 on the house! And I am satisfied to come that near to breaking even. But unless the tenant will attend to lawn + shrubbery, take some pride in neat grounds, + wash off unsightly dirt, the place soon gets a run-down look. Will Abramow do this? What do you think?

Mrs. Van Hoesen started in at $45. a month. This was raised to $50. on the first of last October.

I am puzzled by an anomaly. Regularly, during '36, till September, the monthly commission was $1.35 (3% of $45.) Mr. Ruffert, in a letter to me dated May 29, 1936, refers to this sum as "commission paid Mrs. Merchant". No ifs, ands, or buts. According to my calculation, the total commission paid during the year was $16.65. This is 3% of $45. for 9 mo's. (12.15) + of $50. for 3 mo's. (4.50). That is how I calculated it without reference to the actual bills. It now appears (now that I'm really checking + not making out my income tax return at the eleventh hour!) that full 7% has been charged every month since last October. Not only on the house rent but on the rental of half the garage ~~($64. a year)~~ ($4. a month, $16. a quarter). Therefore the total commission paid last year was, on the house alone, $22.65; with, I suppose, tho at the moment I can't check, three quarterly levies on the garage rent amounting to $3.36, roughly $26.

Now if, of $26. in the year, Mrs. Merchant has been paid but $9.60 (or anything like it), her agreement with Ruffert favors his office rather fantastically, doesn't it? Or maybe my notion that the fellow who does the work ought to get most of the

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money is just utopian.

But don't mind my vagaries of calculation. Your idea is, that Mrs. M. can contrive to stand by through the summer. And, as I've said in my more sensible moments, that would probably be the best thing that could happen.

I don't want you to spend any more of your time helping with this mess than you can manage easily, & I'm afraid your desire to be of service has made serious inroads on your leisure. Since I'm not where I can sail into the fray, suppose you pass things over to Mrs. M. & suggest that she write to me. She hasn't done so as yet.

I am writing Abramow a simple letter of inquiry. According to his answer, I shall proceed to be specific about when the rent is to be raised, & how much. I really ought to get this information from Ruppert, but the thought strikes me that I certainly ought to try Mrs. Merchant first of all. So that's

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what I'll do.

Have the fireplace refinished, — a perfectly simple job, + it should match the old paint as nearly as possible. I want that item kept separate, to be charged to Mrs. Van Hoesen; if that lady refuses to pay it to me, I'll hire a professional dunner + pay him all he collects, but, by Jesus, I'll have my bond! Entire living-room woodwork must wait, but the cleaning of the paper is an inexpensive job, + if Mrs. M. thinks it should be done, that is all right.

I think water rent can be billed straight to tenant by city. Can Mrs. M. find out? Mrs. Van H. might be impressed by direct contact with city treasury. For the present, I'll leave Mrs. Van H. to the gentle diplomacy of Mrs. M., but if that fails, I'll take action through a lawyer. My dander's getting up.

I am relieved to hear that Elizabeth departs next Tuesday. I don't need to tell you how relieved. Her actual withdrawal will free you

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in many ways. You have certainly been patient, more so than I could have been.

I haven't yet mentioned, have I? that I am perturbed about the return of the eye-trouble? I have thought of those eyes of yours many times since your letter came. I think you must contrive to find a means of relief, somehow. Good, reliable, sensible, experienced, resourceful physicians seem to be hard to come by.

So your father's trouble was bladder-stone! Terribly painful, I'm told. I do hope the worst is over + that no operation will be necessary.

Well, I don't know what definite help this screed will be to you! I must hear from Mrs. Merchant before I decide about Abramov. I'm inclined to make the best of him till next Spring, give him a fair try-out. It is an advantage to have some rent coming in while we settle the question of agents + reagents.

My thousandfold thanks, + my love. —

Donald

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Tuesday, June 8th, 1937.

Carissimo:

No use to try to tell you all the thoughts that are passing through my head today. I expect to hear that Elisabeth finally was able to tear herself away. My conviction is that she should have gone long since, when first she knew she wasn't wanted, if indeed you made her realize that. I am relieved for you that your "companionate marriage" is at an end. I think it was undertaken too hastily, on a basis of hope rather than of a mutual knowledge of your hearts. The chief trouble was, I suppose, that in spite of your intuitions, you knew what it is to be passionately loved. Nothing less than a true approximation of that condition will, or ever can, satisfy you. Therefore, don't seek to marry again till you find a woman whom you cannot bear to live without. Marriage, for you, must be founded in romance. — I don't think you are too fussy + exacting. You just happened to pick out a woman without charm, without animation, + without savoir faire, a social liability, a person incapable of learning how to adapt herself to you. Had she loved you, she might have done better. Had you loved each other, we who care for you might have managed, by a determined effort, to conceal our disappointment in your choice + made room for her because you were happy with her. I would have cut my tongue out rather than tell you what I thought of her. In my one slip, when I asked you, after that evening in the studio, if she were always so silent, you flew to her defense so hotly that I was sorry I had spoken. But I spoke out of deep dismay. And now I am simply glad that you realized your mistake before you had a child with her. I consider you would be doing a wrong, not only to yourself but also to her, if you continued to live with her.

You are so made that you will do what you consider to be your duty in regard to her. But don't overdo it. Don't be more than just. What you cannot help, you must be content to let life work

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out in its own way. Elizabeth has a family, & she has a profession. She even has a label in that profession, so that she should be able to get the position which her capabilities warrant. Her professional success, or lack of it, will be according to the way she goes about utilizing her opportunities. But in my opinion the disadvantages of a most unattractive personality will always weigh most heavily against her. That is her problem, & you have nothing to do with it. In certain schools, the fact that she is separated from her husband may count against her. You cannot do anything about that, so resolve not to let it trouble you.

You don't need to be selfish George, & you won't be. That I know. But I think you do need to be firm. I think you must, now, for the sake of your own peace of mind, shut the door resolutely behind you and go on into your life as you wish to live it. The chapter of your marriage is finished. Turn to a fresh page, & begin a new part of your life in which one principal character does <u>not</u> appear again.

I think you should see just as much of your friends & acquaintances as you can possibly manage in the days that remain before you leave Rochester. Be sociable.

You will have heard from Mrs. Merchant the result of her letter to me. I finally decided to make the best of the Abramows for the time being, & to pay Mrs. M. what she asks, since it is only for four months. You need not do another thing with regard to 48 Girton Place unless you truly have the time & the inclination. Mrs. M. is supposed to take entire charge till I arrive on the scene in person.

Betty sends her love to you & I, mine. —

Donald

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Daubney.
1.35 P.M.
Friday

[Postmark 11 June 1937]
2 PM

Dear George: —

P.O. pen + P.C. paper.

Will meet your train in Be-rooster on Monday evening + it will be a joy to see you.

Donald

Am sending congrats to Eva.

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10 Terrace Place,
Danbury.
Thurs. eve.

[June–July 1937]

George, my dear: —

The first thing you had better do is to find out for sure whether or not you have appendicitis. For if an operation is going to be necessary, I want to be with you when it happens, — not that that is the important thing, but, still, I should have a terrible time + grow more gray hairs on my chest if I could not be as near to you as the hospital authorities would permit. So I say that right now, just in case.

My own hunch is that, if it isn't appendicitis, it's probably a condition due to unusual diet. I suppose your German + Swedish menus were all very well, but you are not used to that

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kind of fodder, + it may be your system has simply rebelled against the infraction of dietary custom. Let's hope it's no more serious than that, but if an emergency occurs, have a telegram sent to me p.d.q.

I am glad you were at Morris's when the indisposition occurred, + if it took that to send you to bed for a rest, then some good came of it. I take it that Mo is well + flourishing. I wonder if he would come down to us while you are here? Would you like that, or would you rather we had ourselves to ourselves. To me, every moment that I have with you alone is precious, + is likely to be for the rest of my days. And, while I'm very fond of Mo, I can enjoy his society just as well when I don't feel I'm making the sacrifice of your companionship. I don't suppose Mo could make much of a visit, + it might be easier for Betty to have him while you are here. Still, on second thought, we've only three beds inside the house, + the weather might be such

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that Betty couldn't sleep on the porch. And while I, or you, doubtless could, it would mean switching sheets around. I reckon that settles it. We'd better have Mo after you leave us, or wait + ask him out to Clinton.

I am sorry you cannot make a longer stay, but I understand perfectly. You must always feel free to come + go as you will; you have a "standing" invitation, + we're so glad to have you that your stay would always be too short.

With regard to maps of Chocorua + the region, of course I inquired at both stores in Tamworth. And it was only at a new "café" by the side of the Swift River that I was able to get any map detailed enough to be useful. Tamworth has absolutely gone to pot, the Inn is execrable, + no one seems to expect that the present-day tourist, with his automobile legs, will want to climb the mountain. My map was without contour lines, + Chocorua was in the extreme N.E. corner of it, so I could not find out where the Piper or Weetamoo trails began. — I'll wait till you get here before I write about maps of the Adirondacks.

Did you read that two boys were killed last week in a slide in the Rockport quarries? I had a shock when I saw the headlines, + made haste to read the names of the two unlucky lads, with a sigh of relief that they were unknown to me. I knew you + Raymond would get there, — you don't mean to tell me you didn't get to L-Street also?

Before I get off this page + forget Chocorua, — how come, Boy, you been up that peak three times + yet you found Wanzer steep the last time we clambered up it? I hadn't realized you were such a hardy mountaineer.

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you've been holdin' back on me! Here I've been sparing your delicate little carcass for years, & you tell me you've been up the Brook trail to Chocorua. From now on I'll walk the laigs off'n you, – if I can stand it myself!

If "No More Ladies", which you had seen as a play, seemed to you "equally as good as a movie", you had better review your rhetoric. I can't have any friend of mine who claims to have got his Ph. D. at Harvard (of all places!) using a locution so ungrammatical. I don't pretend to perfection, myself, but it's expected of Harvard Ph. Ds. "Equally as good", – my Hat!

What you report of Dana fits in with our observation. And if it proves true after you've seen him & talked with him, we shall certainly feel that our responsibility concerning his future is considerably diminished. I don't think I shall continue to spend my bonus on his education if he will not take the trouble to ascertain

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the comparative values of an apprenticeship with wages as against the completion of his college course. We both have the impression that the lad lacks stamina, + that he is lazy. If mathematics troubles him, + he must have it, there is only one answer. Well, he is obstinate enough to be able to hoe his own row, + he's a good taker. I don't think we misjudge him. Betty was astounded to find that he smoked so constantly, + I think that his spending other peoples' money for cigarettes was, more than anything else, what cooled her desire to help him. She says, "It simply isn't ethical" — can't you hear her?

I agree. He needs every cent for necessities, + if he has anything over, it would be more seemly if he spent it on books, or the theatre, or concerts, — anything but self-indulgence. From the rate of consumption as we observed it, he must get through a packet of cigarettes a day, which is over a dollar a week, or $52. a year. And that's half a hundred, or better, of the money he's being given him for his education. Father assures, I think, if ever he puts himself in the position of asking for assistance from us, I'm quite sure his Cousin Betty will let off a little hot steam on this subject.

He has never sent us any record of his marks. I should like very much to know what his record is at the college office, + we hope you can find out.

We shall expect you on the 17th. or 18th., — just let me know how best to facilitate your arrival.

The enclosed $5.00 is for a pair of dyed frigaleen gloves for my father. Will you buy them in Boston + have them sent to him. He wants a pair exactly like mine, — reddish brown. They are. Name of store, + size are on inserted paper (if I remember to insert it!) — Mother + Annie are back

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from Squirrel Island tonight, having had a good time + got well rested. Jim leaves Tuesday on the Europa. Marguerite has written from England, where they landed at Plymouth, got their car all safe, + are trying desperately to remember to keep to the left. She will have a beautiful time.

All send their love, – Annie too, – and we hope it isn't appendicitis! –

My love to you. –

Donald

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10 Terrace Place.

22 June, 1937.

Dear George: —

Your welcome letter arrived this morning & I hasten to tell you how relieved I am about the situation in Coxsackie. It is quite possible, I think, that Eva did "tell all", but if she did not, there is at least a notion in your mother's head that you may separate from your wife.

My desire to help you if I can must now express itself in the one caution: Be steadfast. You have worked out your own solution to a problem which is principally yours & Elisabeth's. Don't let anyone interfere, & don't discuss it at all. It is not wise to give anyone a toe-hold on the ramparts of your self-defence. Your principal remaining task is to let Elisabeth know, without any possibility of a doubt, that you do not want her back. If she understands the English language, this ought to be possible. If I were you, I would write this fact to her plainly & at once. Don't be sentimental, & don't think you

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must [redacted] retain her "friendship" + good-will. The best thing you can do is to indicate that you are willing to help her should she be in financial straits.

Some women are capable of a deep resentment under these circumstances, + will cause all the trouble they can. You know that Elizabeth is not vindictive. So the best tack would seem to be to avoid entirely any further discussion, explanation, charges or recriminations. This marriage is finished as an intimate association of two persons. If she can take that fact philosophically + re-orient her life with some serenity, then so much the better for you both.

You have not been hasty, + you have tried living together for ten months, starting with the best of intentions. It has'nt been a go, + you on your part would be miserable to be obliged to continue. Your mind is made up + your decision is taken. But your associate does not concur in it. Therefore you must make clear your declaration of independence. You must, if need be, be ruthless. You need not be violent, you can be very matter-of-fact, but you don't budge an inch from your ultimatum. And my counsel to you is simply to sit down + write that ultimatum + send it off, + after that become very difficult to communicate with. Of one thing I can assure you. If I have any

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knowledge of human nature whatsoever, Elisabeth does not care for you deeply + with tenderness. You are not hurting her too much when you withdraw from mutual association. She will not be heart-broken. Her reason for wanting to remain with you is not because she loves you, because being deprived of your personal presence would be a calamity. — But should she be obstinate, insistent on returning, if she will not understand that she is not wanted, then you must take what seem to you to be the best means for forcing her to understand. But you must forestall any attempt at a reconciliation by telling her plainly + without rancour that under no circumstances will you consent to live with her again. Say Goodbye once + for all, + after that, limit your correspondence strictly to the necessary + unavoidable business of settling the disposition of what has been your common property. If never before you have proved yourself to be a mature man, you can prove it now. Do what you know to be right for you, + do not let that action be modified or shaded by compunctions.

There have always been myths + tales about men who were set to do a certain task, no matter what claims were made upon their compassion. Lot + his wife were to depart from Sodom without looking back; Orpheus was to lead Eurydice from the Lower World without looking at her face; it was understood always that the gods had set these tasks to prove + test the man's steadfastness of purpose. He had sometimes to be deaf to pity + unmoved by pain.

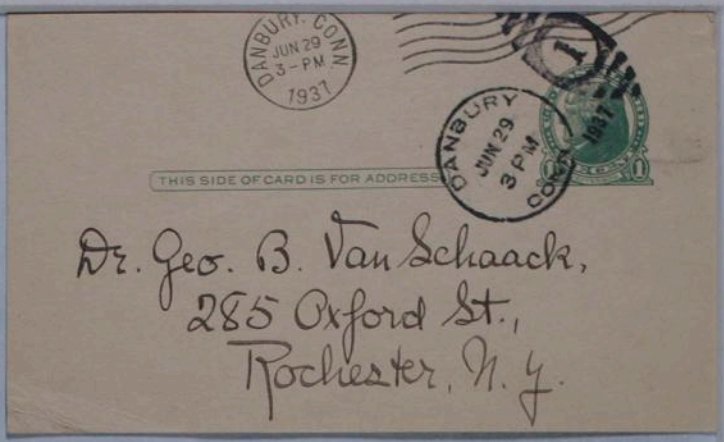
Well, it isn't often that we, in our protected existences, have to discipline ourselves so inhumanly. But it is, + always has been, the true measure of maturity that a man could do so if his object could be gained in no other way. Hamlet is the classical example of immaturity of will, of the man who, for all his fineness of feeling + distinction of mind, was yet so thrown off his course by considerations of sentiment, that, though he finally got his man, that end was achieved only by involving the deaths of Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz + Guildenstern, Laertes, the Queen, + Hamlet himself!

I don't suggest that the consequences of temporization, in your case, will be tragic, but I think they can be. Only a clean cut has a proper chance of healing. Therefore, when you must cut, cut clean!

We shall be glad indeed to see you on your way to Cambridge, + later for as long as you can come. We have no plans that you can interfere with, + since we shall be here all summer, come when you can + stay as long as you can. Betty sends her love, + I mine. —

Faithfully, Donald

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mardi midi

B. m'a demandé de t'écrire au sujet du moulin à café. Si tu as fini avec ce machin-là, veux-tu nous l'expédier aussitôt que possible? Nous le voulons ici pour cet été, autant que pour Clinton.

Milles amitiés,

D.

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Danbury, 8 July. 1937.

Dear George: –

Your letter was a relief, and most welcome. I think the situation in Coxsackie is perhaps what you might have expected, tho from certain points of view it is unsatisfactory + disappointing. I confess I do not see how people can live such loveless lives, but some can + do + apparently are self-content. I couldn't be, but there is no use judging. If there is no unselfish love, there cannot be understanding + compassion. There is talk + talk of Christian principles + precepts, but the simple truth of the Golden Rule seems to be of little avail when the natures of human beings are incapable of loving "neighbors" as themselves.

Don't grieve over this too much. Take your people as they are, be to them all you can, but in the inmost need of your heart it is proved, is it not, that neither they nor Elisabeth can ever come close enough to help you shoulder the burdens that weigh most? That Eva should also fail you is, to me, a bitter disappointment. Should no change occur in her view, you must make up your mind to live, when with your family, a surface existence, expecting a rebuff or a blank refusal to face truth every time you attempt to go deeper. When you can be of service, when you can help them actively (so that you are busy + preoccupied) you can risk being at home. But your nature is so different from theirs, your ideas of life, the springs of your actions + reactions, that you must see, just as I see with my family, that you are a spiritual alien in their midst. Thus you must be self-sustaining, self-reliant, wholly, when with them, + expect no real sympathy. I feel bad that this should be so, but if there is nothing you can do about it, it is better to recognize the fact squarely + steel yourself to endure it for the length of time that you are under the same roof with them.

I think this is a crowning test of personal maturity. To

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learn that in order to go on living at all, one must be strong enough to dispense with the support of those one feels a duty toward, even of those one loves. To learn to keep silence when every spoken word is mis-interpreted or completely un-understood. To learn to speak within the orbit of comprehension of those toward whom one has a filial, or brotherly, or friendly desire + affection. Husbands + wives have had to learn it too, but with respect to marriage, I think such a necessity is too much to expect compliance with from any human being. A marriage without mutual sympathy + comprehension in the matters that count most is, to my mind, simply no marriage at all.

We have just heard, through Helen, that an old friend of mine in Paris, Emmanuel Paré, was re-married on July 1st. He was a friend of the Curé de Meillant, + I met him when we were stationed there during the war. He married first a young girl of Bourges, + soon regretted the alliance. It was never a "match", but he hoped against hope. They had a son, Jacques, the one who slapped Morris's face when he went to call on the Parés in Paris. She spoiled the boy, + grew to be so completely selfish + so exacting + resentful that it was a humiliation for Emmanuel to receive his friends in his own home. He left her about six or seven years ago, + has for two or three years been living with the woman whom he has just married. Betty + Helen have both "received" her socially, knowing the facts, + now he has obtained a civil divorce + has made a civil remarriage. Helen says he is blissfully happy. I wonder what would be thought of that in Coxsackie!

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I don't know, + shall probably never know, what arrangement was made about Jacques + Madeleine (the first wife), except that they are together, – she has the boy. I suppose a financial settlement was inevitable. And Emmanuel would not invoke the Church, tho he was nominally a Catholic. But I held him fully justified in his separation, + fully justified in remarrying as soon as he could afford a second ménage. He is a lawyer, + should be a brilliant one, so that his fees are probably considerable by this time.

I tell you this to hearten you! People are divorced nowadays, for less cause than Emmanuel had, people do remarry, and, with the first experience to guide them, they are apt to know what they are doing the second time. I'm speaking of decent people, of course, not the kind who marry for lust or lucre.

I was interested to hear about Constance + the new car, + hope to see you arriving in it, before or after the 19th. It is incredibly hot here today, + I'm sorry for Betty, – she minds it so. But we drive out the county roads after supper + get cooled off before going to bed. We have the Packard, – did I tell you?, – + we're ever so pleased with it. It will spoil us, I'm afraid, for a cheaper car.

Now I must stop + go to the farm. Betty sends her love to you, + you know you can count on mine. Do run over soon, I'm longing to see you. –

Faithfully. Donald

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Friday P.M.

[16 July or Aug 1937?]

Dear George: —

Just a line to acquaint you with the news that Mother plans to go to Squirrel Island on Monday the 19th & will take Annie. She wants Betty & me to drive them to Wiscasset. If this plan works out, we shall be absent for several days, beginning the 19th, & during Mother's absence we shall stay with Father at the farm. That may be for the ensuing three weeks, should Mother decide to remain in Maine that long.

Marguerite & Barbara sail for England next ~~Monday~~ Friday (the 16th) on the Cunard S.S. "Alaunia". The other children are all at camp for two months. Therefore Jim will also be at the farm, tho that is not certain, as I think, from what I hear him say, that he would prefer to sleep in his own house & go up to the farm only for the evening meal & attendant relaxations. After Mother returns, we shall have to decide whether to accept her invitation to ~~stay~~ stay at the farm for the few weeks remaining till our departure, or to decline it & return here. Personally, I incline to the latter decision.

Now, except for the period of our actual absence, this need make no difference to your plans. There are 4 bedrooms at the Pond beside Father's, & there are 4 people with you & Jim. My hunch as to the duration of our stay in Wiscasset is that it will not exceed 3 nights, & if we leave here the 19th we should be back for supper on the 22nd.

So come over, if you can, for a short stay before the 19th.,

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+ then plan for a longer stay any time between the 22nd + September 1st If we could pick you up in Exeter on the way back from Wiscasset, we could save you shekels, but that would probably not allow you enough time.

Mother has not yet received an answer from the Squirrel Inn. They may not be able to give her the accommodations she desires on the date she has set. But I wanted to let you know what is in the air so that you might allow for our absence.

I said nothing yesterday about the Abramowz, but shall writ Mrs. Merchant tonight. I am simply disgusted, + as soon as I get to Rochester in person, I shall dispense with her services + find an agent I can trust to do the decent thing.

Did I ever thank you for sending me the Rochester papers? I do so now, heartily.

Ball's Pond is a godsend, this weather. I can't get up there usually till mid-afternoon, but how delectable that water is then!

Please give my cordial regards to your family. I suppose they think I have aided + abetted you in sin, — But I have to act according to my own principles, not theirs, sorry as I am that they differ. Eva did not acknowledge my letter, but at any rate she knows where I stand, + that's squarely behind you, my dear.

your Donald

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