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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.

Friday, 30 Sept., '38.

Eight months today since the "accident", and now I can well believe that all I have to do is to go on from day to day exerting myself a little more.

I had a delightful visit in Clinton, — the minimum of social contacts, for of the three professors I picked to call upon, only Mr. Carruth was at home, — + the maximum of talk with Berrian. Flora was cordiality itself, + the children are both charmers, each in her way. Margaret is not yet fully recovered from her attack of inflammatory rheumatism or whatever it was, + is still in bed. Alison is a witch-cat, but they are being very sensible with her + have already done a good bit toward making a lady out of a whirlwind. I attended one class on Monday, + the boys seemed genuinely glad to see me + one or two declared immediately, with rather baffling naïveté, that they learned nothing whatever

I were royalty. I made out a suffer, + then called your mother from the Cobblestone, as every ear in the Park would have been cocked at me had I phoned from there.

The fact that your father + mother were going out was really providential, because I can't yet talk for a long time, + I was tired. So I stayed only a little over half an hour. I have never seen your mother look better, — your father looks just the same. It was the first time I had seen the living-room with the big fireplace. It makes a nice room for them, doesn't it. —

We discussed first the international crisis + then the New Deal, your father's ideas being no doubt familiar to you, — and of course the damage done by the hurricane. I wanted for them to speak of you, + your father did so when he got ready. I think they both seem to be taking very well what must

during the second semester last year. My only possible retort was, "Well, when the student learns nothing whatever, I have always supposed it to be his own fault." Whereat they grimaced + forbore to press the indictment. But Ferriss says that they really seem to have felt cheated.

He wants very much to be able to persuade Cowley to engage me ~~for~~^{for} a part-time basis beginning the end of January. He thinks Cowley wants to make music courses available to Freshmen + Sophomores, + in that case there would have to be another teacher. I hope he succeeds, for I should like to return to Hamilton, but I doubt if the necessary adjustments can be made before next Fall. I have urged him to consider well whether a young assistant on a full-time basis would not better further his ends. I think he wants a congenial spirit to talk with, + perhaps his desire for a companion may over-balance his judgment of what is best for the college. However, if they make me, I shall probably go, - as the combination of opportunities is too good to be missed, + Hamilton is a suitably

reputable college.

I left there about 3 on Monday afternoon, the time being changed back to Standard, + had a beautiful drive in late sunlight to Coxsackie. The Catskills were enchanting - I stopped + got out + saluted them at a point west of Oak Hill where a great blue line of them filled the southern sky. I reached Coxsackie shortly after six + chose the Park Hotel as the lesser of two obvious evils. The bartender seemed to be in charge, + was almost affectionately paternal. I said I'd not go upstairs till later, + he inquired solicitously "What's a matter? somepin wrong with your ticker?" + was most sympathetic when he found there was - ran round + fetched a clean towel + a virgin cake of Palmolive (why is it they all dote on that nasty-smelling soap?) + bowed me into the dining-room as tho

have been a mighty hard blow, + the thing that spoke out from everything they said was their steadfast love for you and, more than that, their appreciation of you. They realize that they have an exceptionally unselfish son, + I'm convinced nothing is so important to both of them as that you shall remain in a relationship of confidence + affection with them.

I spent the night, not in Coxsackie after all, but at the Sauffaugh in Catskill, ~~and~~ ^{next morning} ~~crossed~~ the river for the first time by the Saugerties - Tivoli ferry (the causeway ~~was~~ ^{had been} a wreck, - hastily revamped to permit resumption of traffic) + met on board a youngster who reminded me so much of you that I accused him of being Dutch + initiated a rapid-fire account of his forbears, upbringing, political news, + present circumstances - he was one of the crew, + as engaging a

so, but I feel very uneasy and unhappy.

Perhaps the only solution for me is to do my utmost to become what your father calls "philosophical." Not to care so much that other people shall behave as I want them to behave. My concern is to protect my mother, who needs to be spared any addition to her troubles. Several weeks ago - in fact, before you + Constance were here, - a bloodvessel burst in her eye. This has added to her troubles with a vengeance, for now she cannot read easily + she finds that, as I should, a great + a trying deprivation.

To resume my odyssey, - I found my way into that beleaguered region below Tivoli where Bard College exists as in a vacuum. I had half-an-hour's chat with Dean Mestre. He is a nice fellow, but the college, for me, is "homesick" - like Exeter. I should hate to feel that an appointment there were all that stood between me + starvation, + I shall not seek one.

youngster as I've encountered in a long time. (One of his grandmothers was Dutch.) His job sucks today, + he'll be out of work. He's married, + seems to go on relief. If I'd had a little more time, I'd probably have hired him to come + work on the farm!

October 1.

Betty returns this afternoon. She has engaged a room for herself at Mrs. Bulkeley's on Terrace Place. I suppose she thought the family would already have returned to town. Since her letter telling me of this arrangement arrived during my absence + she left Nisacasset early Thursday morning, I was unable to suggest any modification of what seems to my family a rather unfriendly move.

I do not know all the ins + outs of this. I do not know what went on last winter at Terrace Place outside the door of my sickroom. But I am very much distressed at the coldness + hostility that developed between Betty + the members of my family.

I should like to have my father + mother finish their lives in an atmosphere of good feeling between them + Betty + me. If Betty is harboring any resentment against them, then she must, I shall insist, get rid of it. If her resentment is against Amie, then she must, for the sake of amity, disregard it.

To mark her feeling of disaffection by deliberately engaging a room outside without consulting any of us was a piece of strategy which I find irritating to a high degree. I think it called for an explanation to my mother, who had nursed Betty here weeks ago. There was no explanation - I have had to do all the explaining.

In short, I am deeply displeased with Betty, + this spoils her homecoming because she is in no sense coming "home". However, I am resolved not to precipitate an altercation. I want you to understand, thus early, that a situation exists which, with the best will in the world, may develop into a crisis. I shall certainly do my best to prevent it from doing

As I neared Ball's Pond, signs of the tempest became more frequent. Especially in the valley-bottoms, which had been awash with so much water that the ground was softened + undermined to an almost unbelievable degree, trees were everywhere thrown down. Not broken off as by a great wind, but with their roots pulled right up out of the soggy earth. So I climbed the last hill from Putnam Lake with trepidation. A glance at the studio showed that a limb had been ripped off the old, dying red maple, but the other trees all looked normal. Round the corner at the Pond — every tree in sight was just as usual, so were the elms before the house + I could not descrie any sign of unusual destruction!

Later I found that one ash-tree near the barn, + two of the Japanese larches had been partially blown over, but had

been righted again. The electric power had not even been off all night on Wednesday! The farm had been very lightly touched. Even the castor plants in the garden were salvageable, & are still topping these elephantine ears over the stone parapet.

Later, - evening, Saturday.

Charles & I met Betty in Bridgeport, & drove back to Terrace Place. I think the poor dear looks both ill & wretched, & I could not find it in my heart to chide her. The part about her engaging a room is not so surprising when you consider that she had understood from something I wrote that the family were all to have moved back to Terrace Place, & of course she knew that, with two servants on the 3d floor & my study turned into a store-room, there was actually no place for her to sleep. But there is also no doubt of her feeling toward Anne.

Your postcard & letter greeted me on my return home. I'm glad you were designed forthwith to a job you will shirk at! I'm eager to hear more.

So perhaps, on the whole, & as a temporary expedient, it is as well they are not under the same roof.

Constance is the Compleat Letter Writer. She has written to Mrs. Webb, to Betty, to Mother, & to me. She seems to be more successful in combining business with epistolary activity than is her husband, - but I recollect that schools in the vicinity of New York do not start till about now, so I'll withhold my higher degree of admiration.

I do not now expect to see Raymond before we sail, if we sail. I had intended to meet Betty in Boston, but I could not plan the trip so close after my first one. I shall not write him till you tell me that you have done so, as now time does not press.

We move down to Terrace Place early this next week, so please address me there.

My dear love to you, always. -

Donald

20 Oct., '38.

O my dear, you have done me a great favor in writing this letter that came this morning by air-mail. For I am simply heart-sick when I think of going so far away from you. You know, don't you, what your accessibility means to me? And I feel that an ocean plus all the miles between Michigan + the coast is a very wide space indeed.

Talk about my being in your mind constantly! you have most certainly never left mine. I love you, I love you, + I shall be desolate without you. The thought of you waits behind all the other thoughts + preoccupations of the day, + waylays me in all sorts of company, + wherever I go.

I am worried about you, for usually when you put off writing to me + send messages + substitutes + announcements

of something to follow, — well, I fear the
repetitious + alternations of history. But
I want the truth, whatever it is, + you know
you can be sure of my response.

Betty is exceedingly difficult. I hesitate to
say more than that, because I am so sorry
for her + it is so much my fault that we
are so often in disharmony. But there it
is, + I can only pray for patience + wisdom.
Somehow or other, Heaven knows how, we are
still married after more than sixteen years
of trying to see how independent each of us
can be. But I begin to feel the wear + tear, +
I'm getting to the point where I must have peace
+ tranquility. If ever I make a decision to
quit, don't think it was hastily arrived at.
You know + I know what should be at the basis
of marriage, + that basis becomes all the
more vital when there are no children + when
both parties have difficult dispositions.

But this note is really to say that if you expect a
response to the "long talk?" you promise me, it must
come soon. We sail next Friday, the 28th, on the Île-
de-France, which leaves New York at noon. We are
going Tourist Cabin, of course, + Helen sails with us.
Our address in Europe will be % American Express Co.,
11 rue de la Paix, Paris. We are talking of spending the winter
months in Paris, on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees,
where it is said to be predominantly sunny, + where the views
of the high "hies" is glorious.
I now walk regularly up hill + upstairs, mostly going
understands instead of pulls. We have round Ball's Pond, +
up Strawberry Place on foot, + I've dug + spaded in the garden,
all with more but good effects as far as I can tell. I'm all
right, but I shall feel immeasurably better when I had a piece
of the real you in a letter that has had time to cook.
My own are about you. —
Donald

10 Terrace Place
Sambury, Oct 30th 1938.

George my dear, In your letter to
Donald this morning, you mention that
you have rather changed your mind
on going to France on the winter and
don't want us to go. It is nice in you to
feel that way and certainly wishes us
well warm around the coals of the
hearth, but George I feel that it is
the best thing that could happen to
us and best for everybody concerned.
For Donald to get away from any
thing here is what I want for him
for a while anyway. Of course, if
that will give us that Hamilton College
could have developed into a more
thing for him it would be a gain

wonderful, and I would have much
preferred it to going away to for
for there isn't anything I want more
than a home of my own again, but
as conditions at Hamilton are too
uncertain for us to bank on, they
was no alternative for us. I was so happy
and relieved when I got back here
to find Donald not only willing to go
with me but almost eager to,
and that instead of a bit of argument
my part or even one word from me.
I had made up my mind that
wasn't going to say one word regarding
it: that if he didn't want to go of
his own free will, why that I would
go without him, but I think, George
dear, that the few seeds you sowed
for me didn't fall on stony ground,
and I am sure that you
when Donald realized how things out
side his family, though I felt about

our situation, it opened his eyes. His mother
has been very smart about our going. Although
she says she will miss Donald terribly, she
realizes that we should be together,
and if that isn't to be possible here,
why, that then we should go home
it will be. His father though doesn't seem
so nice. He's been trying his best to help
Donald here, saying to let our go over
with Allen. You see my state of being
hasn't a feather's weight with him
but Donald got right up in his ear, saying
that he was going with me. That he wouldn't
be home if I didn't go for a while at least.
I think they were almost to go
about it but in the end Donald triumphed,
& no the troubled waters were calm
again. But I should from now imagine
I'm all this can be acted on rope!!
It's our new summer and we're all
set for France! (Gonna jump down that

is necessary to be done except the packing and
the Dr. M. Laboulaye's case only, it will be to
land because New Orleans has only a limited
amount of space on her to ship all.
We're taking ^{some} few French, George, no
books nor public, which may make
by paper being, I could take up with a
few note books, and as to French
paper, as we can buy all we want
on there, we're not going to
bother with that. There's always a
good supply on these boats, you
know, George, even including foreign
books so there'll be plenty for us to
read. New Orleans want to, but we
want to make sure, with New Orleans,
there'll probably be a good deal of
Contract played on it's was difficult
to find a fourth. Our boat sails
just at high noon on Friday the
28th, or so it says, but New

Very much that the Western land was
scheduled to sail at 11 o'clock in the
morning, and I was at Wash. D. C. and
saw all our friends being around for
hours until they were from a juggle,
and some included, and I was in a
boat was budged I was in a boat until
ten o'clock that night, I lost all
my faith in the scheduled sailing
time of the morning. "Hais nous verres
ce que nous verres"! George Van. from
account of your students, you work to
your commitment in East Lansing
founded so good that it just re-
joiced my heart! You found more
entirely much happiness from you
did in Rochester, and I am that you
say I should say that if there is
any commercialism about it, it would
be Rochester that is it, not East

Hausing. I'm so happy that you really
like it here, for the like the place
one is in mind to be happy in it &
it is from souls of the battle.
If it really is a good position hope
it will prove permanent for you,
- for a while, may say, - and that
by your own dear you & instance on
your own own home. In winter
the other day life is much too short to
live it away from the one or the other
most dear. My blessings upon you
dear head, and may your things work
out for the best for you both!
Write my love always to my boys,
Gone affectionately
Betty.





220261737

Post Card

ADDRESS HERE

Dr. Geo. B. Van Schaack,
247 Delta St.,
East Lansing,
Mich.

Down here today for tea with
Moses Merritt. Mrs. Bow-
don says your copper
"object" is a Russian
cooking utensil from before the
Revolution. I advise you to put
some pebbles in the bottom, fill
up with soil, + plant miniature
ferns. Some very decorative +
interesting ones. Can use char-
coal if feels too much moisture.
21 X 138. D.

THE LITTLE GALLERY
Route 202 (Dodgingtown) Bethel, Conn.

HOTEL POULARD

MONT-ST-MICHEL

R. C. GRANVILLE 3639

Telephone: 1

4 Nov. '38

Dear George: -

This is just the kind of a place you would wag your tail over. The front room one-quarter occupied by an immense chimney where the descendant of le Mère Poulard makes your omelette in a long-handled copper frying-pan over an open wood fire. Various objects of copper + brass throughout the room, including what looks like a foot-bath of burnished copper hanging in the window.

I have only seen St. Michael's Mount in the dim of the evening. We landed at Havre last night + Betty + Helen went straight on to Paris while I started for this place, having a look at Caen + Coutances on the way. I shall start back tomorrow, stopping at Chartres en route!

I should have written from the boat to thank you for your letter + for the gifts of champagne + literature. My dear, the letters were enough! You overwhelmed us. Betty has written to Constance + will no doubt write to you.

I stood the voyage very well, but we've been "land-sick" for the first time in my life, — got so used to the motion of the boat that the motion of the land has upset me all day!

If you do not hear from me often, do not think that I ever cease to hold you in my mind + heart. —

Donald



CARTE POSTALE

Certains pays étrangers n'acceptent pas la Correspondance de ce côté (se renseigner à la poste)

CORRESPONDANCE

ADRESSE

(Demandez un Porto "Quinta")



RED CROSS
ROLL CALL
JOIN



Dr. Geo. Van Schaaek,
247 Delta St.
E. Lansing,
Mich.

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

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

Nov. 10th '38

My dear second son:-
Your very
nice letter deserved
an answer long before
this, but with moving
down from the farm,
getting settled here
then packing Don's
and Betty's belongings
for their journey

abroad I have been
too tired for writing.
They left on the 27th
of October, as you know,
I accompanying them
to New York the day
before, for over night,
and the pleasure of
seeing "Maurice Evans"
in "Hamlet" a fine
portrayal. I had never
seen the entire play
before, without cutting

and was enthralled
by it. It started at
6.30 and ended after
eleven with forty
minutes intermission
for refreshments
between. Our seats
4th row orchestra were
splendid for seeing as
well as hearing, and how
we did enjoy facial ex-
pressions, pleasant voices
and lovely costumes.
It was a treat to me

after stagnating in this
uninteresting place. I did not
go to see them off next day
for it rained hard when we
were ready to start, and as I
was without umbrella and
rubbers, Donald thought it
better to say farewell at the
hotel. We miss them terribly
but I am happy to think they
are together again after their
enforced separation. The dear
boy looked so contented and
happy, and I really feel
the change of air scene and
new faces will be a tonic.

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

to both of them. We haven't
heard a word yet, but
hope to soon, as it is two
weeks to-morrow since they
sailed. Alice and I went
over to Manchester yesterday
to visit Louise in her
new home, and were quite
delighted with everything.
Of course the lunch
was most appetizing,
while the house itself looked

epic and span, everything in
order and good taste. Ed
seems very happy and
looked to be so good to me
who really loves the child.
Charles drove us over and
we were surprised to see
the havoc caused by that
terrible hurricane, hundreds
of trees torn from their
roots, while many barns
sheds and outhouses were
completely demolished.
Came back the shore road
along the beach finding

many cottages weeks in
deed. A terrible sight even
after weeks of trying to
patch things up! We, in
Connecticut, that is our East
were saved an awful beating.
I am so glad you like
your work out there, have
met interesting people
on the faculty, and are
not too lonely. I received
a very nice letter from
Cousance telling of her
pleasure in meeting
us all. We liked her

too dear, and I feel that
she loves you enough to
be the right kind of a
helpmate. You deserve the
best, life can bring, and
may she be the one to
supply that happiness.
All the family join
me in love and best
wishes for your life
out there

Most aff.

Mother Luedy.

My eyes are not very good cannot
read, as yet.

Wiscasset Maine

June 26th 1838

Dear George, I indeed I am glad to have
such reassuring news from you!!
No I didn't know that you had ever
before had your tonsils out - but
that the job wasn't thoroughly done,
at that time, so that you had to go
through that most unpleasant operation
again is a little too much. I think!
That you pro-dear, also had to
bite your tongue in coming out of the
rather narrow land lock, - I am

imagine just how far it was
and when I told Elizabeth about it,
she said that that ~~what happens~~
I am glad however, that you got out
of the woods now, and earnestly
hope that the disease that you will
get from your previous travels,
and will be better in any way.
Do you remember Kay Torrey? She is
her mother Torrey's daughter (Raymond's
brother) and sailed with Raymond
& Hilda on the Westernland in 1935,
the same I crossed with them? We
recruited her during our stay in
days ago, and I'm sorry I

I can't go. She's to be married in next Tuesday.
The 28th in Dighton, Mass. She's to be
to find if she'd love to be there. She's
an - cut - up - little girl, & I only hope she's
close & warm, mostly to her. Whether she
future - and - and - is the same young man who
was worried about her the day she was sailing,
I don't know. I don't remember his name,
but the name of his town is Read. So you
remember his name? I imagine that because
& she'll go on to see what she can do
or just that I wish I could go too!
I'm sorry George that you have to stay in
Rockport until into July, & hope for you
I am that Rockport will be just as well as to
Boston & that you will be wanted to be there.
So you know something about the name? What
did you mean to do this summer? They were
to go back in May. That they had had
intended to visit in Norway this summer,
& that they would love to go, as a complete
change of scene & air & environment & would
have more than anything else, but that they
hadn't yet decided what they would do.
I answered the letter and advised them to
go to home but not a word from them from

Ken since, & that was on the way
ago. If you can't come, would
you mind calling them up to see how
they are. Who that day intend to do
report to you? I shall be so glad to
of you will. Please give thanks of love
from me, too. If you are not to go out
to Indiana before you cross the river,
won't get up to the Farm camp soon, that
is true but I do hope you'll say to be
with me in a little. You're kind
were surprised. Did you know that he
had been driving the car? I didn't
know it until ~~the day~~. He spoke of
it in a letter to Alice. Cyril

Friday) I hope he had been driven pit
ermy day for some time. You can
certainly see management and con-
sideration still & see how do that he
must be very much better. The same
is almost the good to be true.
I earnestly hope George sees that you
will be able to manage it so as to
get up here before you leave for Indiana
for the winter; realizing however that
you have made to think about
and plan for, but I shall live
in hope. I need not that we have
a taxant for our horse, a man &
his wife and six children. When

under the sun and under the roof of a
house that says they will also support a family
of that size in England 2002, still if they're taken
care to one they know probably that they 2002
Acis. I would not trust that Mrs. Merchant says
the man is reliable & dependable! I hope to
know he is! That type of lawsuit will be a relief
than that case in England. If 2002 could
once get rid of that home, no more real
estate for 2002 ever again!! No real estate in
United States as it is to-day! Once real
estate was an asset, now it is liability.
Hoping Elizabeth & my Helen and you take
the love & hope to see you here & soon to me
before the summer is over, & with my love to
you, dear George, always affectionately,
Betty.

Maison Martus,
9 Place de l'Atalaya,
Biarritz, France.

9 Feb., 1939.

Well, my dear, it seems to have become a matter of three months since I have addressed a full-length letter to you. Thanks for showing no signs of impatience or wonderment

The first year of my reprieve is now past, + having got this far, I feel I am learning how to get a little farther. You understand, I feel sure, that it does things to one's spiritual *mise-en-scène* to be brought back from so near the border. If I have caused you pain by my being difficult, I am heartily sorry. But you know that all along, underneath goodness + badness + indifference or what you will, there subsists the bedrock of what we are to each other. You are so often in my thoughts that in a sense I feel no separation, + since I know

you so well, I feel assured that you are only waiting for me to get hold of myself. I have never in my inmost thoughts been anything but hopeful in the real sense, & I too have been waiting.

If you had had all the letters that have been composed for you, you would have heard from me every day. I have really given up writing to you out of sheer inability to cope with my desire for communication. It has seemed that a reasonable, sensible correspondence could not possibly content me. ~~But~~ I have realized all along that such an attitude was foolish. We have to do the best we can with the material we've got & the situations that have supervened. I am ready to do so, now.

First, I hope you're all right & better in health in East Lansing than ever you were in Rochester. That you're being decently well-fed &

I can face living under a sword of Damocles if I'm reasonably certain that when it descends, it will make a good, clean stroke. And meanwhile, I can try to justify my existence. — All the same, one is not as free from anxiety, + I'm sure I don't need to labor the point with you. I've honestly tried to stay on the inside of moderation, + at the same time "resume my normal way of living." I can't do much better than that.

I've written three choruses, one for men's voices unaccompanied, to words by Arthur Guiterman, called The Coming of the Trees; and two for women's voices with an integral (and difficult) piano part, — Running Water, a charming poem also by Guiterman, + Pan, Blow your Pipes, with text by Leonora Speyer, into which I've put as much Hellenism as I'm capable of. Now I'm beginning on Cole Rice's Chanson of the Bells of Osney, + wondering whether I can get the sounds I want by sheer vocal

means. I want the piece to sound medieval + to suggest the overtones of bells, in places, + I do not want to write an accompaniment or to make the voices imitate instruments. I want to do it all on the sounds of the words in the poem, + that's a nice problem. I'm also absorbing Quinterman's fine poem, Blessing On the Woods, + that I want to do for full chorus + orchestra.

We have been quite comfortable + happy in this little hostelry. - hôtel is far too splendid a name for an establishment where they lock the doors + put the hall lights out at 10 P.M., - + our rooms are really grand. Every window is a complete French door ~~two~~ nine feet high + leading out on a balcony, + there are three of them. Mine gets the sun all day + Betty's the sea to the horizon. The hotel is on a bluff that overhangs the fishermen's port on the north + the "Old" port

on the south, + stands so high that there is always plenty of light + air. It is well away from the fashionable beaches, which have only now, with the coming of spring, begun to repopulate themselves with children + nursemaids + people in sun-glasses. For spring is here! Pussy-willows, garden peas four inches high, Japanese cherry trees in bloom, + the air mild + fragrant.

We are now having our twelfth consecutive day of superb weather, sun brilliant, sky blue, ocean ultramarine + every other shade of blue or green you can imagine, - and we deserve fine days for we lived through two months + more of vile weather. Even now, with the last 12 to swell the total, I don't think we've been blest with more than 20 days of bright sunshine since we left Danbury. We've had tempests + hailstorms, + even one or two snowstorms, most unusual for Biarritz. And we've been grateful for our open fireplace, before which we've sat, evenings, while Betty read aloud. It was thus we read Belly Fulla Straw, + I thought it might interest you. It does not seem possible to me that a whole cityful of Dutchmen could be so pious - so poisonously pious, - as De Jong pictures the Dutch population of Grand Rapids. Do you hear tales of that place in East Lansing that would tend to verify the account?

And did you by any chance receive 1) your own old letters, mailed to you from Danbury, first class postage, before I left? 2) a shipment of shaving-cream from Paris? 3) An engraving from Associated American Artists with Christmas note enclosed? 4) the copy of De Jong's book aforementioned ????

At least, I've tried to keep you from feeling there was anything sulky or resentful or bitter about my silence. But now I'm getting a longing to hear from you + about your work + how Constance is + everything.

Betty is pretty well, - a little heart-pain all her own keeps her from being too sly on these hills + promontories. She joins me in love to you + to Constance, + in the desire to hear from you.

Faithfully, Donald

% American Express Co.,
11 rue Scribe,
Paris.

Biarritz, 23 March, 1939.

Dear George: -

The Vernal Equinox is past, + already I feel the better part of the northern year is begun. I imagine we are at about your latitude (this is between 43° and 44° N.), and now the days will begin to run rapidly ahead of the nights. I always rejoice when this is so.

Helen Tufts arrived from Paris day before yesterday + was welcomed by a spell of bad weather such as we have not seen equalled for wildness since we came here. Last night I woke up to such thunder in the chimneys, such a sense of pressure that I felt certain we were near the centre of a hurricane. There were loud reports in the street outside, + the wind larded it over the gasping world.

Somehow the roof stayed on, but the tempests have continued all day + all the evening. You would think ~~the~~ ^{the wind} would wear itself out. The sea has been an awe-inspiring sight from our windows, — we've not ventured to put our noses outside the door, — but if one were out there on it, the waves would be terrifying. The bay is all one streaked, streaming lather, + the spray bounds up at different intervals from a hundred crags + rocks so that there are moments when the wild welter looks like a terrain of half-submerged geysers. The power of it is prodigious.

We are, of course, much distressed over the situation in Central Europe. I only hope that the treatment meted out to the Czechs is not as bad as my imagination paints it. As for the Jews, they will of course suffer the usual martyrdom.

It is strange that nowhere except in the despotisms of the East, including Russia past +

present, does one find that tendency toward brutality which Germans show when they get the upper hand, — toward sheer cruelty both physical + mental. The things they do in cold blood! I find it sickening.

War itself is not a pretty thing. But when you have said the worst you can say about Britain's methods of keeping order round the globe, it must be conceded that no other nation except the Dutch could have ruled so many alien peoples ~~with~~ with such sympathy + forbearance on the whole. If we had to have one nation in control of so much of the world's surface (I don't see that it was either necessary or beneficial to the world, but it is an undoubted fact), then Britain has done the job as well as it could probably be done under human conditions, + Britain has never been charged with racial or religious intolerance, tho she has had constantly to deal with the manifestations of such intolerance.

The Germans are starting out to prove again what we felt about them during the war, — that they are egomaniacs. They are the holy people, their way is right, + those who do not see eye to eye with them will get their eyes ruthlessly plucked out. I hope they can be turned away from France + that this conflict may be fought out largely between the Rhine + the Volga. Because I am afraid that it has indeed to be fought out. And while I pity any population that has to endure a war in its homeland, I want the cities + the cathedrals + châteaux of France, Belgium, Holland + England to be spared. I hope that Chamberlain's apparently Fabian tactics mean that he is attempting to shunt the German war-machine off in an Easterly direction. It can do the least harm there. And eventually I believe the effort, if it is directed East, can be dissipated.

France is anxious, but nobody seems to know very surely what may happen. I reckon most of them feel, as I do, that with that crazy man prophesying in Deutschland, anything may happen. The more fools they ~~are~~, this side of the border, if they are not ready for the worst (as Germany + Italy are), with gas-masks for all the population + bomb-proof shelters as well. It seems so stupid, but it is not so.

You may ask if we have our gas-masks? Well, I doubt if they are procurable, but I do intend to make some inquiries, especially before we return to Paris. Paris will be the unfailing target on account of the psychological effect of calamity there. Pity that so much of the essential life of the nation is concentrated in one single city.

We are not suffering from acute anxiety. No one has yet tried to invade France, nor

is likely to. Air-raids would come first, of course. When they begin, we'll commence to be frightened.

Our present plans depend on how noisy this little hotel becomes. They expect guests for the Easter season. Should these prove a deterrent to work, we would then start our roundabout return to Paris, for there are towns + buildings I may never again have a chance to visit, + I see no reason for not taking ~~the~~ the temporary geographical advantage. I expect we shall reach Paris in any case by the first of May.

We may not return home at all this summer. I have heard nothing definite from Shute, + since there is (as yet) no other call of a professional nature, we think we had better stay where our small income will go farthest.

I have finished five choruses + am at work on the sixth, which is distinctly in lighter vein, but is a cycle rather than a single piece. It will have to be called Echoes of a Southern Childhood. The words are by Alice Corbin. Cole Rice's Chanson of the Bells of Osney (Thirteenth Century) came out rather well, tho much too rich-sounding for authentic 13th century. I'm still fiddling with it a bit, but I like it fine.

As to my professional future, I have been thinking about it. And my conclusion is that, were I to satisfy my own strongest craving, I should simply continue to do what I am doing now. I should devote all my available time + strength to composition + none of it to teaching. I like to teach, + I respond to the appeal of youngsters. They + their problems interest me. And ~~that~~ teaching is, I fear, the only way in which I could earn our living if it had to be earned, + certainly the only way in which we could have a home in America now.

But, George, even if I am never a "successful" composer, I have the desire to compose, + of late I am not sure that I shall have the nervous reserve necessary for teaching. You know that I cannot teach half-heartedly. But now I do not think I shall be able to spend my energies as prodigally as I have in the past. And it takes vitality to teach.

I am put in a quandary by the fact that, though I can do physically what I dared not do last summer, I am brought up short, whenever I am called upon for prolonged nervous effort of any sort, by the gradual loss of my voice. I tried, the other day, to play the Franck sonata at Mme Ducoudray's, - and at the end of it my voice had completely lost its resonance. Yet the group there were amateurs without pretensions, most indulgent, most unexacting. I played badly, was in a bad state of nervous tension, + chilled to the bone. There is no explanation of it, I hazard a guess, except that I have suffered some psychological injury which is unable to

record itself from the usual clinical standpoint.

I was not tired, I had plenty of physical energy left, we walked home all across the town, but — I could not speak above a hoarse whisper.

Now I had thought this phenomenon to be temporary & that it would gradually disappear. But it has never been worse than it was last week. I do not see how I can dare accept a teaching-position under the circumstances, even if Shute is able to make a place for me at Hamilton. (I have still to hear anything definite about that.)

On the other hand, it does not tire me nervously to write at my desk, nor to remain at the piano for long stretches of search for the right combinations of notes. Composition, composing is the next easiest thing to lying back in a chair & reading! So I am rather driven to the conclusion that the Fates

have a certain indulgence toward my engaging in creative work which they stubbornly refuse to show in other regards. The other thing that floors me is social intercourse (sexual is much less debilitating!) — and if I have to sustain an argument or a protracted conversation, I am increasingly conscious of ~~the~~ vocal strain.

Perhaps lots of sunshine (if ever we get it,) + more life out-of-doors will eventually turn the trick. At present, I feel that it is difficult to make plans. We talk of spending the summer in Concarneau. I should like to visit my father + mother before too much time goes by, but the trip home is expensive + I hardly know what to do about that. At present I'm sitting tight + saying "No" to almost every suggestion from anybody about anything! The only thing I'm definitely determined to do is to get more notes on paper.

Your news sounds good, + I am glad you are busy and not discontented. You do not make East Lansing out to be an attractive place,

nor do you seem to be lost in admiration either of your students or of your colleagues. But at least you do not complain in c# minor.

As for your eyes, I am ~~am~~ glad they have responded to First Aid + hope they will give you no further serious trouble. My mother is only now beginning to notice an improvement in hers. You know she burst a blood-vessel in one of her eyes last Fall, + it apparently takes forever + a day to absorb the blood-clot.

It is some satisfaction, too, to note that you are fairly certain to remain where you are for another year. I won't ask whether Constance will join you, but I hope conditions will be such that you can have a home. I think you are quite right to pass up summer-school.

You speak of the Bach choralgesänge as if you had the impression (as many have had) that the tunes were original with Bach. All but one or two were not. The attribution of Herzlich thut mich Verlangen to Hasler is usual, but the tune is probably older still, - in fact, I think it has been identified with the folksong Imbrück Ich Muss Dich Lassen in its pre-17th century form. Of course the arrangements for four voices by J. S. B. are original harmonizations, + sometimes the tune is changed quite radically in spots. I don't see why Hasler should be dragged in unless it is Hasler's harmonization which is used. Neither of them composed the tune.

I knew neither Kimmel nor Ellinwood, tho the latter may have been a Freshman in '28-'29. I taught only specially qualified first-year students in my regular courses. The programs look dull as ditchwater, but sometimes one finds jewels hidden away in those repellent academic libraries.

You have my love, always. Betty + Helen send theirs, + we all three send our best wishes to Constance. -

Faithfully,
Donald

Paris.

Sunday, June 4, 1939.

Dear George: -

This is, I suspect, the last chance I shall have to send you a word before sailing. It is very hard to write letters when one is in Paris in the spring.

We have had much to do & our friends here have been attentive & solicitous. We have both contracted severe colds at just the moment when the hot weather pounced upon the city. And between trying to keep going & trying to be sensible, most of our time has been allotted.

The best news is that Maurice Eisenberg really seems to like the 'Cello Sonata & if he means all he says (and I don't know why he should go out of his way to say anything to me but what he means), he will very likely play the work on tour.

He is a superb artist, the like of whom we seldom hear. He has everything, brains, heart, & brawn. His playing is poetic & passionate, he always "means" every note, & for technical facility & sheer beauty of tone probably only Casals can surpass him.

We seem to be living in a time of great 'cellists. Certainly it would be hard to find musicians in any branch who can play more beautifully than Casals, Eisenberg, Cassado, Tzigorsky. So why isn't this the time to have played & published a Sonata for Cello & Piano?

I am able to play the piano part now without strutting, having worked at it all winter long. I'm doing it with Gerald Maas this coming Saturday at the apartment of Mrs. Joseph Press, & Maas is getting together four string-players to read my two quartet-movements.

We have had some grand times at the Eisenbergs'. He has a skylighted studio in a huge apartment-block out at the Porte de Champerret, & he & his wife are both cordial~~ly~~, sociable people & turn themselves inside out to assure the enjoyment of their guests.

Russell Kingman & his wife are in Paris now, staying at the Hotel Lancaster, a charming hostelry with the atmosphere of nineteenth-century royalty. Torcanini always stays there, I'm told, & Horowitz is there at the moment, - these being twentieth-century royalty. Russell knows the musical world & has some influence in it. He too likes the 'Cello Sonata. So I've 'opes.

Our friends the Parés invited us down to Bourges to spend the week-end of the Pentecost (Whitsunday: what is that to a backsliding Reformed Dutchman?) — & we had our first experience of staying in a French private house that was not a pension de famille. Helen went too, & it was rather hard on the ladies, — no running-water & all that that fact implies. But Madame Paré mère & her sister were so sweet & so pleased to have us come that I was very much touched.

Emmanuel has waited twenty-one years to bring this visit to pass, according to his courteous account, — it was in 1915 that we met through M^{re} la Curé de Meillaut, & he has been a faithful friend ever since, tho' not a very communicative one.

On Sunday he hired a car & took the household on a hunt for old churches. The most remarkable was the abbey at La Charité-sur-Loire ("la fille aînée de Cluny"), of which the transepts & the choir still stand & have a character especially interesting to amateurs & professionals alike of Romanesque architecture. Beside this, we made about

seven other stops, for churches or châteaux or views of one sort or another, & I had cause again to reflect on the beauty of the background & the traditions of France. Emmanuel is an amateur enragé of architecture, especially ecclesiastical, & so he & I had a particularly lovely time.

Of course there was nothing more glorious than the cathedral of Bourges itself, which is my favorite Gothic structure after Chartres, on account of its magnificent glass and its lofty & nobly proportioned interior.

We have heard only a little music, as the season is over. But I was disappointed in the Budapest String Quartet. I had expected greatness from what Helen had said of this foursome, but while their playing is technically admirable & their musicianship has distinction, they have not a leader whose interpretative virtues are in any degree extraordinary. They are an exquisitely balanced ensemble, but nothing that they do seems as important as ~~every~~ phrase used seem under Adolfo Betti. You don't get great playing till you get a great soul in control.

We have been once to the Opéra to see Ravel's L'Enfant et les Sortilèges (The Boy & the Things Bewitched is as near as I can get in translation) — an extraordinarily subtle & fascinating score, carefree to the general, of course. Orchestra, chorus, soloists, & ballet are combined in an unusually crafty fashion by a master whose technic is delightful even if his actual musical ideas are often banal or insignificant. I like to listen to Ravel, as to Massenet, when either is being presented through the medium of the orchestra. But put the same musical ideas, the same notes, into a piano transcription, & much of the charm evaporates.

The opera was preceded by a ballet called Alexander the Great, with Serge Lifar officiating as choreographer & premier danseur. I was taken aback. I had not expected anything

quite so infantile at the Opéra, where they have a long ballet tradition. As far as I could see, the choreography was devoted to the display of the mostly naked body of Serge Lifar. And the man is all right to look at, but is this art?

After enduring this, + the posturing + posing in Ravel's work, for which Lifar was also responsible, I decided that as long as he reigns at the Opéra, there is no use my making any attempt to acquaint that institution with Alice in Wonderland.

The evening finished with Le Festin de l'Araignée, an old-fashioned ballet by Albert Roussel, danced in the old-fashioned way, i.e. "sur les pointes", but at least it was dancing + not all miming + posturing. It was charming + we loved it. I do like nice dancing!

We have also been to see Emmett Lavery's The First Legion, done into French & acted by a group of men whose technical excellence surpasses anything we ever see on the American stage. The Jesuits & the Catholic faith make dramatic subjects for the theatre. The author's psychological insight is not impressive, but the characters are the result of keen observation, & they come to life readily in the hands of such capable actors as are doing the play here.

Well, I shall be sailing for home on the Statendam of the Holland-America line & landing in Hoboken about June 21st, I presume. I'm glad you're to be "in & out" of New York this summer, & I hope we can sometimes manage to be "in" at the same time. I do not know what my immediate plans will be after landing, but I shall go after the Mordkin people without delay, so I'll be "in" within a very few days of my arrival & we can get together.

Give our friendliest greetings to Constance. Betty & Helen send you their love, & I mine. —

Faithfully,

Donald

P. S. You know Betty is staying the summer in France, & she & Helen will go to Concarneau. I shall be at R. D. 4, Danbury, as usual.





BIARRITZ
BOITE DE
2-17-35
SOLIC. SPURTS
MICH.

Dr. G. B. Van Schaack,
247 Delta St.,
E. Lansing, Mich.
U. S. A.

Feb. 17. - Your letter arrived today + was more than welcome. Will answer in a few days. Here is a view of one of the things that makes a stay at Biarritz endlessly fascinating. The sea is constantly putting on a herent spectacle. - This is practically one corner of the view we get from our front windows, only we are about as high above the sea as the lighthouse. Beyond that object, we can see up the coast to the mouth of the Adour + farther, then ocean horizon all across the East till the Atalaye intervenes + cuts off the mountains of Spain. Donald





PARIS
FRANCE
POSTAL
PRIT
OT
BASQUE
V-3-31
VERVOLG

St. George B. Van Schaack,
247 Delta St.,

E. Lansing,
Mich.
U. S. A.

This is the country of the Basques
fishermen, shepherds, smugglers of
contraband, pious Catholics + de-
voted adherents to the folkways of
their fathers. You are looking down
the cliffs just south of Biarritz toward
St. Jean de Luz across a corner of the
Gulf of Gascony. The mountain at
the extreme right is La Haye in Spain.
We have been to the border at Hendaye,
but our passports forbid entry into Spain.
We think to leave here shortly after Eas-
ter + return to Paris. Our best! JF..





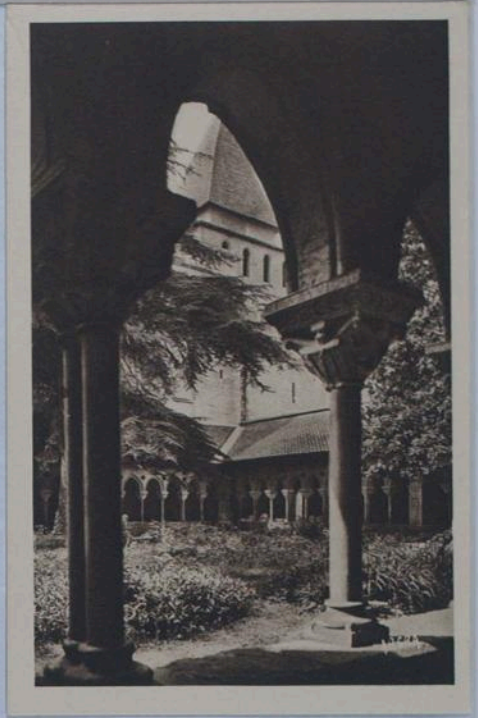
POSTES
16
10
4-9-37



Mr. G. B. Van Schaack,
247 Delta St.,
East Lansing, Mich.
U. S. A.

Your book + card + letter arrived yesterday
+ I am enjoying the whole month of
April as my birthday festival, as
four other greetings came with yours.
I am hastily writing this to apologize
for returning the book, but you said
you would like it for your library if I
had it already, and I have. I almost
think you said it at Clinton last Jan.
But I am none the less grateful to be re-
membered. — We saw some grand dan-
cing at a town hall in the Pyrenees on
Monday. Fine folk stuff. The trip was
beautiful. We leave here the 18th + expect
not reach Paris till May 1. It.

TYRAN HANCOCK
96 Delta St. Lansing, Mich. U.S.A.
to be in de Puy on the 23d. Do



19 April. Left Biarritz yesterday morning +
journeyed through Pau + Lourdes along
the Pyrenees to Toulouse. Lourdes has
a magnificent situation, but religion is
so cheapened there that one is appalled.
You would be curious to see the shops
which deal in objets de piété, everything
from 2¢ rosaries to pipe-size plaster statues
of Jesus, Mary, + Saint Bernadette, who
is the peasant girl to whom the Virgin
appeared in the famous crutch-bedecked
grotto. After seeing the great art of past
ages in the churches of France, it is sad
to see such bad stuff as is collected for
the consumption of the faithful today.
And not only today! For at least
three centuries past. If an altar
or a carving or a piece of iron-work
or a stained glass window dates
later than 1600, you may know
it's bad art. — Today we went out
from Toulouse to see this old abbey
at Moissac. The little of the main
structure that is left is beautiful, +
the detail of this charming cloister
is endlessly fascinating.

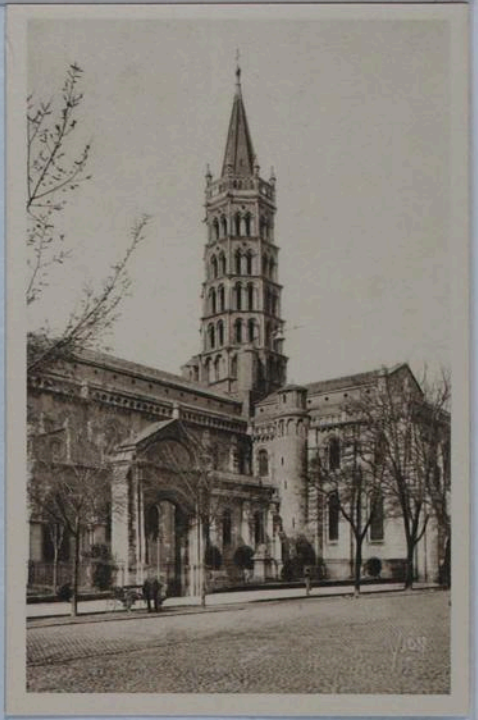
305. - ABBAYE de MOISSAC. - Le Cloître (XIII
et début de l'ogive (XII-X))

[43-1]



20 April. We went through a country-side all gay with blossoming fruit-trees that made me think of Van Gogh. Apples, cherries, + pears seemed to be all out at the same time. Yesterday the effect of these against the grim snow-peaks of the Pyrenees was startling. Around Toulouse we saw lilacs, tulips, wisteria, + Judas trees, garden after garden in the villages, + sycamores bursting into leafy avenues along the highway.

One of the fascinations is the local use of brick. I send you this photo because its the only colored one I could find, + it shows you one of the characteristic octagonal towers of brick (and a little stone) that rise above nearly all the little towns + villages on the road to Morsac. The brick is really angleworm pink, all shades, angleworm earthy, a. subaqueous, + a. en flagrant délit.



No. 3. | Also 20 April. (1937)

This is the prototype of all the other towers, that of Saint Sathurnin (Sernin, locally) at Toulouse, the finest Romanesque structure in existence. I have spent the day studying it + regarding over its sturdy masculinity. You must imagine this in all the angular, round arches except the last two stories of the tower, + delicate slender pillars.

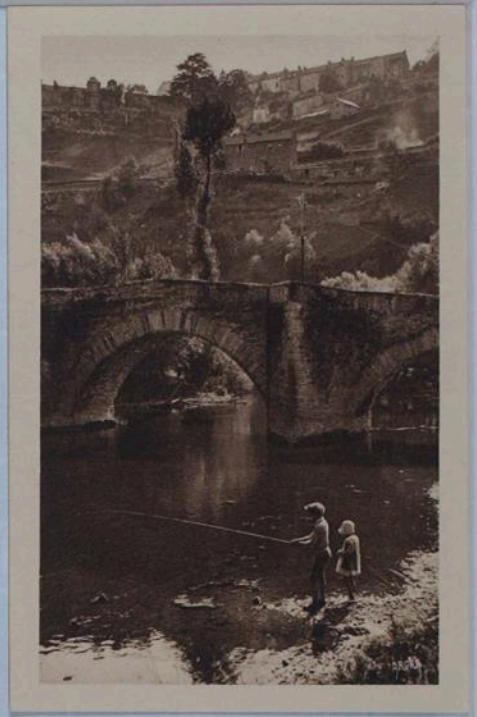
I am so sorry about the book Science + Music. There was so much to be done just before we left Biarritz that I had to do it up almost immediately + send it back to you. + along with it an all-too-brief card to explain its return. But I am full of appreciation of your dearness + thoughtfulness in sending me what would have been a three-welcome gift if only I hadn't anticipated it.

Faithfully, Donald

LA DOUCE FRANCE

TOULOUSE (Haute Garonne)

Epine Saint-Saturnin



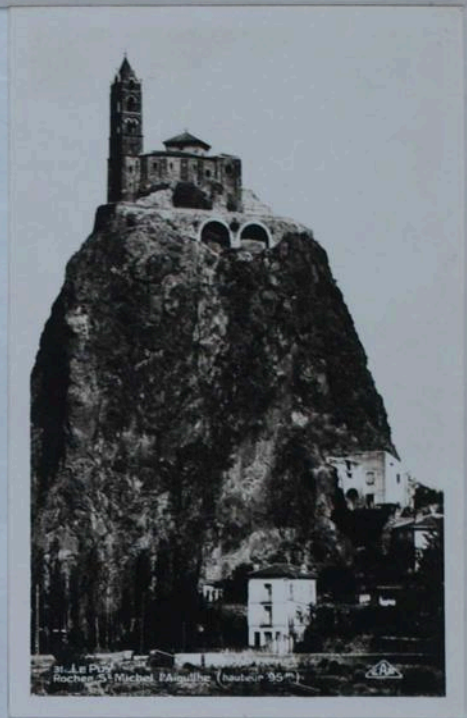
22 April. - Very characteristic of the country of La Fougère, where we are now. Beautiful stone or brick bridges over clear, rapid streams, - steep hillsides (we'd call them mountains in Connecticut) with often a series of vineyards terraced ~~down~~ to the top + then ~~the hillsides~~ a village gone into a huddle against the sky.

I have often thought, in these last days, of the troubadours at the court of the counts of Toulouse. No wonder they sang of Spring + of love when the whole countryside smiled as this does now.

There are peasants in black cape-shaped blouses + felt ~~or~~ yellow hats, round + down-brimmed, as on that blue-eyed fellow with the blond moustache in the painting by Van Gogh. There are tiny pear-trees like his, + the green of the grass is brilliant like his. - Then, again, there are grimmer phases of the land, where the red-brown stone comes to the surface, + there are quarries like Cézanne's.

One does not wonder that painters love France. What the peasant does with his land + his trees always has so much character + fits in with the landscape. I wish I could paint!

L'Arrivée au Parc de Miravalles
L. 1
18. - RODIEZ
L. 1
16617



St. Michel
Rocher de St. Michel, Annully (hauteur 35 m)

24 April. - We spent my birthday coming over the mountains between Rodez + Le Puy with a stop at Brioude where we hired a room + went to bed during our 6 1/2 hour wait between trains! It was at times a hair-raising journey, with French railway engineering at its most daring. We reached a height of 3465 ft. + crossed the famous Garabit viaduct built by Eiffel (him of the tower) back in the 80's. The day was perfect, + the peaks, tho' not as spectacular as those in the Pyrenees, were snow-clad + impressive.

Now we are in the region called the Delat (with the Cevennes stretching south to the Mediterranean ~~coastal~~ coastal plain) + are having an embarrassment of choice of places to visit, for we cannot see everything. This hill, just outside Le Puy, is the most romantic thing in sight. I think it is even more exciting than Mont St. Michel, - it is so unexpected, it takes your breath away. We wonder if our hearts will stand the climb.



LL 68 LE PUY-en-VELAY - Les deux Cornards - Figures grotesques d'un beau travail de sculpteur, ornementant une Maison de la Rue Panessac

25 April. Well, the hearts came through all right, & it was worth the climb. We took an hour to do the 274 steps. The chapel is a beauty, but frightfully desecrated & scribbled upon by visitors, there being no guard & a charge of only 50 centimes (= .0135). We have found other distressing instances of vandalism, notably at Moissac. I should think some of the unemployed in France might have been put to work taking care of her historic monuments.

The general European situation seems to have eased off a bit. People here seem to have concluded that "ça s'arrange maintenant." We are not apprehensive.

But it appears to be going to be necessary for me to return in June & to leave Betty here to spend the summer with Helen in Concarneau. There is no mutation from Hamilton. Alice is being looked over by Mordkin, & they don't say No so I must return & try to make them say yes.

You know I like to see as much of you as possible this summer. It's up to you. You make the plans & I'll collaborate. IP..

R. D. 4 -
Danbury, Conn.
23 June, '39.

Dear George : -

I am right grateful for your letter which was handed to me on the pier at Hoboken. I think it would have reached me on the ship had it been marked "Tourist Cabin", but how could you have known that the Tweedys don't travel 1st Class? We prefer to spend our money for other things than luxury on a liner.

I am thinking that you may have reached the greater part of Greater New York today, & I trust you will have found Constance in excellent health.

semi-invalids together.

I got up at 7³⁰ this morning + was shaved + down to breakfast before Father appeared. Then I transplanted a bed of Zinnias + found the unaccustomed posture + exercise a little dizzying, but persisted till the bed was completed. Then I had a business conference with Tweedy + Biggs at the factory + returned to find the Kremers here. They stayed to lunch + it was good to have them. I had an appointment with Dr. Brown + 2, — he is very sure I can do anything which doesn't get me "puffing" — + the Lawrence Perrys were coming at four, so I streaked back to the pond + managed a nap before they arrived, — actually dozed off for a few minutes. I played

Give her my best wishes.

I am planning tentatively to come down to New York on Tuesday next. Should the day promise to be extremely hot, I might not come. But I'm afraid there'll be mighty little chance of a good talk with you (which is what I'd like) unless I stay through till the evening, & if I do that, I should have a place where I can relax & rest. So if you are free on Tuesday evening, you & Constance might plan to meet me at the Town Hall Club about 6³⁰ P.M. & we'll have a cocktail (you can have milk!) & then dine there or elsewhere. Then I'll take a late train for Danbury, or stay the night if I'm tired.

If you would like to modify this plan in any way, you might meet me in the Grand Central on the arrival of my train, which leaves So. Norwalk at 9¹⁶ & arrives in New York at 10¹⁵. Then we could see how to combine, eliminate, & contrive so as to have the unengaged hours of the day together. With an hour's complete rest in the afternoon, I should be up to almost anything, but I cannot tell how the earlier part of the day will average itself.

I had an uneventful & a restful voyage & slept much. As you probably saw, we didn't get in till Wednesday morning. ~~My~~ ^{My} ~~arrangement~~ ^{arrangement} & father met me, with Charles driving. The former seems heavenly. Mother is not very well, poor dear. Alice & I can be

some of my new choruses to Larry & Ruth, & they seemed pleased.

After supper, Marg & Jim & two friends of theirs arrived, & we had an hour's visit with them. They have just gone, & I do not feel more than pleasantly tired. So I think I'm coming along nicely, as this is the hardest day I've had in many a week.

I have made no hard- & - fast engagements for Tuesday, but I want to get acquainted with the Mordkin people & can't promise to be free for lunch. That is why I suggest dinner, & I hope that will suit Constance.

P.S. All the family send much love.

Should you not appear at the train, you can reach me later (especially at lunch-time) at the Town Hall Club, or through it. If I find a room at the Seymour, I shall probably go there about 5 P.M. to rest + bathe.

Let me see, - one more tentacle:

If you're not at the train + I want to get in touch with you, I'll call L.I. City by phone between 12 noon + 12.30 - probably near 12.30.

Failing all earlier contact, I'll expect you + Constance at the Club at 6 30.

Yours ever, Donald

R.D. 4 - Danbury.
Sat. July 1, 1939.



Caro :-

Many thanks for your letter. I shall come to New York on Friday. Same time, same place, m'eat-ce pas? I'll try again to see Eric Clarke, but that will probably be my only business appointment.

Mother thinks she will go to Squirrel Island during the last two weeks of July + the first of August. So, since you will be "available" till the 25th inst., you might plan to come here between the 18th + the 25th for perhaps the week-end or an equal time. At any rate, keep that time open if possible + we'll talk it over.

Please give my cordial regards to your father + mother, + to Eva of course, if she is to be at home. And take it easy, Boy, + get rested. (I'm O.K. Heard Lily Pons at Ridgefield this P.M. A charming person + a lovely voice. Not a

great artist, but has taste + sings things
that suit her voice.)

My best to Constance + my love to you. —

Donald

Danbury, 16 July, 1939.

Mon cher :

Can you + Constance come up on Thursday in time for a one-o'clock lunch + spend that night + the following instead of a week-end ?

Mother is not well enough to go to Maine, so we are all to be here. She has some sort of rheumatic condition in her hip - or it may be neuritic (if that word exists) - and since she can neither see well nor walk without difficulty, there is no use her going to a summer resort. And especially to Maine, which is likely to be cool + dampish on the coast.

I think she should have people here as long as she does not feel fretted about their entertainment. Both Annie + I read to her, + she putters a bit in the garden, but she is easily fatigued, easily discouraged + depressed. Therefore some 'company', some gaiety as long as she can join in it, ~~but~~ would seem to be the best antidote.

Should Thursday - Friday be impossible, we could change certain plans here so as to have you on Tuesday - Wednesday, but you would have to 'phone.

Faithfully,
Donald

THE TOWN HALL CLUB
123 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK

Thu. Sept. 7, 1939.

Dear George:- I've no idea when you'll be back in town. This is to tell you that I'm going to try to be in town myself for a large part of next week. I'm staying at the Seymour, or shall be. The Musicological Society is convening, with meetings + programs all week long.

Sándor Vase + his wife will be due to land from the Kungsholm on Monday, + I've put my room at their service for that day.

I will call you soon after I reach town, or if you're back, you can leave a message for me at the Seymour. After I find out when the Vases will be taking the train for Rochester, I can better plan the rest of the week, - but they expect to leave sometime on Monday evening. I have two tickets for the Roth Quartet that evening, + I want you to go with me if you can, + so save the evening if possible.

Faithfully, + with my love,
Donald

Regards to Constance, please!

Danbury
7 Sept., '39.

Well, my dear, the world is a less hopeful place since last we met. I've not the heart to write about it. My only curative is to stick to the things I believe in, to hold fast to all that seems decent & good.

I shall be glad to see you, & I hope that may be on Monday evening. I'll not be equal to much social effort after a day with the Vases, but I'd like a quiet talk with you at the Seymour if you can spare an hour or two. Then I'll explain why I had the Musicalological Society mail you an invitation for things you may not want to go to! By the way, you will note my error about the Roth Quartet program. (You wouldn't like it anyway). And when you come in, please bring your invitation, n'est-ce pas?

Betty & Helen are at Concarneau, & I'm quite sure they'll stay there for the time being. I'm not worried yet, but I'm not exactly easy in my mind, either. They are as safe there as they

would be anywhere. It isn't their physical safety that concerns me, but rather their liability to panic - especially Helen's - in case unforeseen calamities occur. But one has to leave some things to le bon Dieu. They are with friends, + the Maasses are there, too. And if they get into difficulties, they will just have to contrive a way out. Postal Money Orders are still being accepted for France! all is not yet chaos + confusion.

I telephoned you this afternoon, having a notion you might have returned, but no answer, so I wrote a note about Monday, + did not know for certain you were back till I arrived at Ball's Pond + found your letter mailed last night.

If I do not hear from you, I shall expect to see you on Monday evening, - I suggest after dinner because I don't know just what time the Vases will be leaving.

Faithfully, + with
best wishes to Constance,
Donald

17 Sept., '39

I have thought of you frequently today, mon cher, & speeded you westward in my thought. Since you have to go so far away, I will give up my selfish desire to keep you near me, though it is harder to conquer my vexation at finding I could not go with you, not for any of the way.

I am vexed with you, though I suppose it is silly. After all, there is no earthly use my asking you up here with Constance: it simply doesn't work. And therefore I think you ought to have made it possible for us to plan something. There was no possibility of cutting in on Constance's time, so to speak. Another year, remember that it is you who must take the initiative. If we are to have any adequate

time together, - time to walk, to talk, to go to museums + theatres, to have some of the companionship that is due to us as close friends, you must be the one to manage it.

I don't blame you at all, really. Your position is somewhat difficult. I think, though, that we have to think a long way ahead, long enough to keep the Warshawskys waiting till we find out about each other. I would not make a single summer plan, did not make one, till I had heard from you how your summer was to be arranged. And then you came back to New York without letting me know when to expect you, + were actually in town again without my knowing it!

This you might, I think, have avoided if you had given me any thought at all. I would not reproach you if I thought you did not care. But I know you are

not very far-seeing.

It is, I hazard, true that neither of us lives so fully, so profoundly, so joyously as when he is in the presence of the other, & no third person can be admitted, with whatever claims. It is only necessary to behave so as not to hurt any third person. If you had thought a little farther ahead, you could, I think, have avoided the complication of this week just past. I am grateful for my share of it, but I sensed that I got it at the sacrifice of some goodwill.

I am troubled about it, but there is really nothing to be done, now. We had to be snatching hours during a week when I already had a larger nervous load than I have carried at any time since the "accident." But, while the immediate effect was upsetting, I hope I was reasonably normal in conversation & manner, & that the strain wasn't evident in a certain quarter. I am thankful I remembered that remedy called "Three Bronzedes." It brought me round nicely, - and if only I'd recalled it earlier still!

Is it mean of me to fret you with all this now, when all the milk has been spilt? I don't really feel anything as strong as rancor. And I am truly grateful for those hours together. Only I feel, on your part, a disposition to leave all the planning to me, and we can't salvage much of time together, à deux, unless you are actively interested & will give thought to the planning of it! It can't be left to chance.

I will try to write you regularly, & as often as you will respond. It is either that, or a complete failure to keep in close touch, such as we experienced last winter. To me, a correspondence is a correspondence, & if too much time elapses between letters, I lose momentum & eventually don't care whether the exchange continues or not. Now what shall it be? Fortnightly, I one week & you the next? Because anything less frequent

means that I'll not care. I don't in the least mind not hearing from you at all, because nothing ~~is essential~~ ^{is essential} except our being in each other's presence. Your personality is quite different in a letter from what it is in direct association. I feel that you write under a certain nervous strain, a certain sense of duty, a certain compulsion which is not particularly sweet. I can contemplate the absence of any communication between us (except to arrange an actual meeting) with equanimity. — If I should need to write to you, that I could always do. Should you need to hear from me, you have only to make that need felt.

In other words, I feel we are not equal to the demands of a correspondence that should keep us informed of each other's day-by-day thoughts + activities. You are already writing two series of regular letters. It is much better that you should continue those + let me go by the board.

If you loved writing to me, that would be different. But the year just gone by seems to me to indicate pretty conclusively that you don't even care whether you hear from me with any frequency!

Perhaps I shouldn't put any exclamation-point after that statement. And perhaps I'd not have made it had you not gone to Maine without giving me an address.

I must ask your indulgence, because I have had to write this important communication against the competition of the insistent war-news on the radio. Kalkbrenn has been & gone, & reports of troop-movements in Europe. Poland seems to be done for. What further calamities are in store?

There was no letter from Shute awaiting me on my return home. I rather think he must have struck some sort of snag.

And now I am too tired to write more, & sorry that I have written so much. Yet since it does represent rather accurately, if not factfully, the state of my feeling

about our correspondence, I'm inclined to let it go. About my fundamental feeling for you, you cannot be in doubt. I do not need to say I love you, but I do say it, with much thankfulness for all that you are to me and have been. —

Donald

P.S. Mother seems about the same, & was pleased that you sent her a message. Marguerite & Jim had returned from Colorado. I think I told you that Jim's mother died while they were there. It was Small James's twelfth birthday today, & he is really a sweet boy. He was troubled all day because a pal of his died last night at the hospital of a gun-shot wound, "playing" with a .22 rifle, or with other boys who were shooting with it. He looked woe-begone when

he sat down to supper, but managed to brighten by the time he got his presents, & opened them with some relish.

II..

10 Terrace Place,
Wed. Oct. 4. '39.

Your letter was waiting on my return from Clinton + Rochester. I have not time this morning to do much more than acknowledge it. I will write you about my trip later.

The little that you say of yourself is enough to disquiet me, yet I think + feel in my heart that you must be of good courage + live this thing through bravely + uncomplainingly. Make up your own mind what to do, + then do it. I feel, George, that I could not help you much even if I knew just why and how + in what detail your summer was difficult for you. And that would not be the result of lack of love or of caring. I can guess at everything, without your being explicit.

And so I say that you must live according to your choice, + that you made your choice under circumstances that should have checked you had you been capable of being checked. If we cannot learn from life, then we must go on living till we can. Living inevitably with the results of our principal decisions + choices, be they happy or unhappy.

Don't be disheartened. Make a compact with life.

Of course I don't mean that I shut my ears or my heart to you ever, + I know that as long as you are in this world, life is worth living for me.

Faithfully,
Donald

10 Terrace Place

Friday, October 13, 1939.

Dear George: -

You have been in my thoughts so constantly since I last wrote, — ^{so} almost on my conscience, — that it has been sheer lack of leisure that has kept me from writing again. My justification has been that, after all, you did have a white-hot signal, + my "news" was not nearly so important. I am still disinclined to write, except to blow off steam or to share something precious, + the tempo of our exchange is too sluggish to keep me in trim. However, don't think I complain. Anything rather than to have you feel compelled to write when you are too tired. You have enough discipline as it is, + should you feel bound to make an effort from a sense of duty, I should know it, + it would make me uncomfortable.

I finally decided to go to Clinton + Rochester by train. John drove me to + from Pottery, + Bervan met + delivered me at Utica, so I had a repose for my eyes + nerves instead of the strain of the highway.

The musicale took place at the Shutey on Saturday evening. I arrived Thursday the

28th & worked with Cresswell, the 'cellist, that evening, a long time Friday morning, & again on Saturday afternoon. He played the sonata eventually very well indeed, being both musical & intelligent! And he loved it, & said so repeatedly & emphatically.

I must confess that I was miserable with shrieking nerves as the hour of the performance drew near. But I managed to get through the ordeal without any sedatives, & didn't do badly.

There were forty people in that house, — mostly Hamilton Faculty, — with the members (the surviving members) of my student String Group, four in number, & a few people from Utica with guests of this one & that one. President & Mrs. Cowley came, but the Carruths had colds & telephoned their disappointed regrets, or their disappointment & regret. The Saunderses were there, & a pianist from Boston named Felix Fox.

We were to play the sonata & then Cresswell & Shute ~~we~~ were to join forces in a

group of solos, mostly in lighter vein. This happened, & still the audience remained seated. Emissaries were sent to Shute & to me. Could they please have the Sonata a second time? Cresswell was willing, & it would have been ungracious of me to have refused, tho' Heaven knows I was weary enough. I tried to get by with an announcement that we would play the 2nd & 3^d movements, but they cried out in protest that they wanted the whole thing. So we played the entire work again, — not quite so well as the first time, — Cresswell was not so fresh, & I got off the sound-track once in the last movement, — but that group took its punishment manfully & said it had enjoyed it.

Saunders seemed really pleased & said kind things, & Felix Fox was throwing superlatives round most unconstrainedly. In his opinion, it was the kind of modern work cellists are looking for, & he thinks it ought to be published.

I have gone into the matter of publication, & shall have something to say about that later on.

On Sunday I proceeded to Rochester & stayed at the Normandie, but the place has been ruined by radios & I shall avoid it in the future. I was at the Vases both evenings for dinner, & they kept me from feeling too lonely. Mrs. Jefferson is a fixture with them, & it was good to see her & to taste her cooking again. On Monday I talked with Mrs. Merchant by phone, & visited the office of the Real Estate Board & the Monroe City Savings Bank which holds the mortgage on the Gulston Place house. In the afternoon I saw Mr. Porter at the house itself & went all over it with him. He is taking good care of it, & it looks very different from what it did in the Abramow days. The result of all my inquiries was that I'm determined to keep matters as they are, & wait for conditions to improve.

Mrs. Merchant asked for you, & sang your praises to my attentive ear. I found time on Tuesday morning to take the Park Ave. bus to Miss Dalmage's. She was to send you a package of chocolates. Did you receive them?

I invited the Refers + Miss Call to the Sagamore for lunch on Monday, but I thought the cooking poor. Nettie talked a lot about the school. They are all fed up with the way it is run, but they cannot argue with their bread-and-butter. There was just one Faculty meeting last year! And the elevation of that oaf, Mac Hose, to be Ass. to the Director (my abbreviation), fills them with suppressed ire.

When I reached home Tuesday evening, two letters from Betty were awaiting me, as I probably told you. But none has arrived since. I am not anxious about her safety. I think that Brittany

is far enough removed from possible warfare to be a reasonably safe refuge, certainly safer than a steamer on the Atlantic. My chief worry is how to send her funds and communication is damnably uncertain. I'm using transatlantic air mail for all important letters, but she has not yet reciprocated. From her letters, you would conclude that to return home was the last thing in her mind, in fact, she seems for some unaccountable reason to think that now that war has begun, she cannot get home.

Last week-end Helen Rixey helped me give a house-party at the farm. We invited Berrian + Flora, Marion Bauer, + Yves + Rosamunde Tinayre. John butted for us, Helen did most of the cooking, + we got along fine. We had medieval + renaissance music, talk about every conceivable subject (it seems), and I read Whitman + Lewis Carroll for Tinayre, who knew neither. He kept

saying: you cannot imagine what this means to me. It is an étape in my life. You will see, I will write it in my Journal. I had hoped to love America, but I had not expected to find this!

We found a beautiful wood-road, the other side of Brookfield, on the edge of the Housatonic valley, where you & I have never been. Tinsyre's delight in the woods was that of a man who finds spiritual food for spiritual hunger, & he has an eye and an ear! He heard wood-frogs jump where I heard nothing, & spotted them almost instantly in spite of their protective coloration. And mushrooms, - he & Rosamund saw them everywhere & identified them for us, - and we ate mushrooms on toast for supper & lived to tell the tale. I must say that New England was doing her best in the way of autumn splendor, & every hill & every valley ~~was~~ declared the glory of Creation in one of its loveliest forms.

John & Elisabeth have gone, & we have had four days of frenetic housecleaning & cookery followed by nervous exhaustion. And now a new girl, Susie, also German, has arrived, & proves to be intelligent & tractable, which is more than Elisabeth was. John's virtues were many, but neither of them was up to this family's standard of cleanliness, & they were not amenable to training.

I was very sorry to know that your mother's condition is so much more unsatisfactory than the "general practitioners" had declared it. Naturally you are anxious. I hope further news will be better news.

I am writing a chorus for women's voices & solo 'cello & piano, to be called Goodbye to Vienna, more or less commissioned by Russell Kingman for Eisenberg's use. It's distinctly a hybrid, & what metamorphoses I discern ahead! I may throw the whole thing into the waste-basket before it becomes, or left it become, too great a plague.

Well, here I am at my covering sheet, & I've not told you yet how dearly I love you, how desperately I miss you, & how unhappy I am about the chances of being in your beloved company for a long time to come. If you want to lay any schemes, I will connive. Of course I will plan to stay in New York while you are there at Christmas time, but I almost think that a meeting at, say, Poughkeepsie, or a country inn in the vicinity, before ever you reach New York or on your way back from New York, might be preferable, if it could be contrived. I'd rather not double-deal if it could be avoided, & perhaps so meagre a drop in the bucket would not be worth taking a risk for. But I would dearly prize the boon of an unhurried day with you. *Qu'en pensez-tu?*

your
Donald



16 Oct. '39.

Today went to World's Fair for first time & wished we might have gone together while you were in New York. Spent most of time at the Masterpieces of Art Exhibition, which I think is magnificent. It is certainly the educational equivalent of a trip to Europe. I went with Helen & her mother & a medical lady, Dr. Pierson. But I missed the special joy which your companionship always gives me in a museum. It seems to me a grievous thing that so much of my life must be lived apart from the person most sympathetic, most good to have within reasonable reach.

I have seen better paintings by some of the masters, or paintings I have liked better, but never a better Ghirlandajo, or Raphael, or Van Dyck, or Rembrandt, or de Hooch, or Holbein, or Chardin. Most of the English & French paintings leave me cold after the glories of Italy, Spain, & the Low Countries. But it's a great display, & I'm surprised you didn't say more about it. — We're having superb autumn days, & the foliage is particularly notable for its variety of yellows. With much love, Donald

MASTERSPIECES OF ART EXHIBITION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
2nd Catalogue by Max Jell, Vienna Germany

Portrait of a Man
Barred van Oort (Dutch), c. 1600-25 (1540)
The Cleveland Institute of Art

I'm glad to have the good report of your mother's health + Eva's.

10 Terrace Pk.

22 Oct., '39.

I was disturbed, of course, to have my imaginings, - my prophecies, if you like, - verified by a hint. But of course, on the side of reason, I am all for Constance. I want you to realize that, while you have my love + the sympathy that springs from it, I shall, I fear, be constrained to blame you for the difficult days, not her. She is what she is, + certainly she never attempted to fool you. Therefore I would rather you did not make me your confidant in what concerns you + her. I do not think I could be helpful.

As for us, we have got along before on slim rations, + we can, - indeed, we must, - do so now. If I cry out to you now + then from sheer loneliness, don't think that I shall lack the will to prevail against it. If I thought you were content + happy, my whole feeling about you would be on a

different scale, in a brighter mode. Since you matter so much to me, I hope that you can make the compact, or the compromise with life that will enable you to endure with some stoicism the slings + arrows of outrageous fortune.

Perhaps you think this is vague + confused counsel. And I cannot make it clearly explicit, except to say what I mean in several contrasting ways.

It seems to me that fellows like you + me, who are utterly out of sympathy with what is called religion, are yet dependent on a conviction of the essential goodness of existence. Life without an underlying ethos would not be worth living. Therefore, if we are baffled along one way of life, we must convince ourselves that there are others to be taken. To be checked is not to be check-mated.

We can see more + more as we grow older that life is largely what we make it

by our choices, conscious or unconscious. And one of the principal determinants is the state of our own powers, what we "can-do", to quote jidgin-English, — so that Know Thyself is still a prime desideratum, as it was with Thales + the ancients.

To renounce what we perceive we cannot compass may seem not very valorous, but it is the first step toward contentment. For to discover, ~~the pursuit of~~ a dear desire, that we have made a choice that cuts us off from the full attainment of that desire, yet involves us in responsibilities which, for sheer self-respect, we cannot disclaim, — that is the typical, the arch-typical human dilemma. We perceive that we shall not have our desire, yet we may not renounce the means to attain it which we had committed ourselves to, earlier, before the evidence was complete. ~~And so the sensible man compromises, + lives with his mistake as best he can, + the obstinate one kicks against the pricks, to his own hurt, + must still live with his mistake because that is one of the rules. ---~~

And so the sensible man compromises, + lives with his mistake as best he can, + the obstinate one kicks against the pricks, to his own hurt, + must still live with his mistake because that is one of the rules. ---

Four letters came from Betty on Tuesday. Apparently there is as yet nothing like a regular postal service between La France + L'Étranger. One can only hope it will be re-established soon.

Betty is apparently well + unperturbed, steadfastly maintaining there is no reason for her to change her plans. She merely states that if Hitler wins, she will take cyanide of potassium, as she could not live in a world where the Nazi ideology were triumphant. Meanwhile I presume she would cheerfully feed a little deadly poison to Lindbergh. — Gerald Maas + his family are staying on at Kernako, and he has offered his services to the French army as interpreter, since he speaks three languages, including several of their dialects, with

amazing fluency. But the offer has not yet been accepted.

I went to New York on Wednesday of this week to see Sprague - Coleman, the firm of music-publishers to whom Laurence Perry introduced me. They incline to accept all but two of my choral pieces, & have much better terms to offer me for the printing of the 'Cello Sonata. It's all one to me as long as my music becomes available in print. I think it is sensible to adopt a policy of "publish wherever possible", till the deadlock of rejection-slips is broken & my work begins to be known.

The Musical Art Quartet played on their new strads in Ridgefield Thursday night, - the 2nd Beethoven (not too well done), a couple of Glazounov movements, & the Debussy, which they played with much beauty & delicacy, tho the intenser mo-

ments lacked fire. They are a nice foursome, not very temperamental, but thoughtful + musicianly. — Jascha Heifetz sat a couple of rows back of us, + I marvelled again that all that artistry could exist back of that unromantic facade. I must have his + Koussevitzsky's recording of the Brahms Concerto. — Have you seen They Shall Have Music? I went twice last week, + in spite of Saint-Saëns + Mendelssohn + "Estrellita", I was fascinated by the consummate mastery of his instrument which this man has achieved, + by the beautiful recording by the camera of the fingers + the bow that produced the sounds we were hearing. If you've not seen it, do go: you'd love it, + the boys + girls of the Music School will delight you, as will the charming youngster who plays the lead.

Of course you'll not forget to send me Doctor's Oral when your friends in Michigan shall have read it. I'd love to know what it is that you call

'smut'. And who is John? I know what he means when he 'denominates' smut 'aa' definitely bourgeois, (no 'aa' after 'denominates', Professor) — because well-bred people do not talk smut, + peasants + workmen are presumably too healthily earthly to leer at sex. Barbers + soldiers are, doubtless, undoubtedly bourgeois.

I saw 'The Old Maid', but I do not share your rapture over Betty Davis. She's a good enough actress; — oh, better than average; — but I find her most unwhimsical. I'll bet she's a showier in private life: it seems to me to show up in her every word + gesture. This, I admit, may be just a personal equation. — He missed the Curator, worse luck! If you "cosmic sheet in a cosmic breeze" ~~is~~ all your own, it's a fine specimen of mots justes. My love always. Ronald

HOTEL DU DANUBE

58, RUE JACOB

PARIS

CHAUFFAGE CENTRAL
EAU CHAUDE ET FROIDE
ELECTRICITE

TELEPH. LITTRÉ 42-70

Monday 1938.

Dear my dear, I'm since you
my dear letter to our boat to
the boat it has some intention,
to write to you, but I put it off,
(I'm too busy my things, come
up in door to do) and now
I'm your letter just at but I'm
getting to our always to read
and thoughtful you now,
George!! which has put so much
all in my intention,
that I'm sitting right now
and answering it. What time

just how much you know about
all since we last parted for about
our "doings" as you know how
much I read but will say
so, sleep you in the supposition
about how much I tell it all,
perhaps that would be best, if
it were made possible. First, let me
tell you that we work both day &
Sould good but not plentifully, and
since we are in an area which is
now about the same as
our principal work. It is impossible
himself too. George! I am not
his letters & books, but I have
the books of the people, and
do not know how many which is a
great pleasure. The books are so
full of the most charming, fascinating

Things, seeing his medals & being invited
out to the luncheon and
dinner, also coming down to
the room, and going to a meeting
at his home, to three a party with
to Mr. Emma Blanche Dreyfus.
He wasn't able to go to it because it
was being given at a room to which
he was not admitted. Some people
would go to the party, going with them
although I had already seen it.
But I am so glad he did see it,
for I had a big enjoy it. I would
honestly think I enjoyed it more than
second time than I did to find
the only out was that it was given in
French with English captions, and I
could easily see that see more words
the sign wasn't either the French left
word. I don't like that. This
will do. I like very much indeed

HOTEL DU DANUBE
58, RUE JACOB
PARIS
CHAUFFAGE CENTRAL
EAU CHAUDE ET FROIDE
ELECTRICITE
TELEPHONE 42-70

Mr. McLean has a great deal of sugar
here one of the winter it was fine
coming down to the back to it.
Mr. McLean says in the morning I hope
to find you here you should climb
& they're on the court to the
quiet. Mr. McLean says the
which means that Mr. McLean
some other word either lunch or
dinner and the evening the morning
the day Mr. McLean says it shall be
to-day it was dinner from the
see it in your hand that they
wonder how that was Murray and
deliciously cooked. The coffee though
is poor. I can't think it because they
put chicory in it. (I don't think
that and what do I detect chicory,
to show you in the morning and
Donald has chocolate. There is
more, there's a very fine and

popular café where the coffee is
 HOTÉL DU DANUBE
 16, RUE JACOB
 PARIS
 CHAUFFAGE CENTRAL
 EAU CHAUDE ET FROIDE
 ÉLECTRICITÉ
 TÉLÉPH. LITTRÉ 42 70
 I'd do that & told
 from morning there they take in the
 evening at the Café. I don't think
 they are closed. I don't think
 it is great fun to go there and
 watch the people and if you
 don't like to go there, don't
 get there. They ask 15% for service,
 which is added to the bill each week.
 (That is a custom like as it was
 many years ago) and you
 might that you pay less than 15
 dollars or grab off the top of it.
 Helen is in the picture. I don't know
 how far so many and walk there
 over a day if you like as it isn't

far from us. But now to go back again!
We had a very comfortable crossing, and
in three days we had passed nearly 40
miles in tow and 70 in cabin, we felt almost
as if we were in the boat. We had a
large cabin to hold plenty of provisions
which we took about 1/2 of the load
was just like it all to be left right
off to us. The talk was excellent,
and how good it did seem to get my
tells into the room. French bread was
the so delicious. I seldom touch bread
at home and can't bear the stuff that
our bread factories turn out, but this
bread was so good that I could have
made my meals if just bread & butter.
I think too they must have made it
every day in the boat, it was always
so fresh & crisp. I such a marvelous
talk! But then I say this was good
the mats in particular they were
so soft & tender & cooked to a
ch. with too much all the time.

We left New York in October. But a storm
 which started from the Atlantic
 hit us on the way. And we
 see the sea! But it is not
 that we think it is much lower than
 the sea. The sea is the water. With
 the exception of the highest of any place
 we have pitched the sea at all quite a
 bit higher than any individual
 it seems that there was a storm
 on the Atlantic coast of America
 order to avoid it. We took a
 route, but we got the sea rollers
 from it. I did not go to the sea
 about the sea. I did not think it was
 from lower than the sea. I did not
 think it was much. I did not think
 we did the usual things on the sea
 slip. Read, with letters, with the
 things and go to the sea. I did not
 think that, however, we had that
 it was enough for us. The apparatus

MOTEL DU DANUBE

58, RUE JACOB
 PARIS
 HOTEL CENTRAL
 EAU CHAUDE ET FROIDE
 ELECTRICITE
 TELEPH. LITTRÉ 42-70

Optimistic about it, but as it turned out
I should have gone with you. There again
though, no doubt you out of my sight
under the perfectly real. I would have
do I tell you that I am. I would have
much from letter to I need. I would have
just time in a long time than I would
you found happy & content and
that makes me so glad for you.
I am really happy & content with
the day but for you. I would have
from message to morning. I would have
said to you really happy. Donald tells
me to tell you that he is fine & sends you
his love. Do expect to hear from him & his
Dachau. I am from you & I would
you know things. I would have
love to you, I would have. Always affectionately
H. Betty.

Danbury, 3 Dec., '39

Dear George: -

I have been trying to write to explain why I haven't written before. But it is too difficult. All I can say is that it is certainly not that I love you less, or that you are less a part of me, of my thought + my deepest caring. Or that I am less interested, even superficially in you, your life, your fortunes. So I've torn up one beginning + I shall simply rely on your usual understanding + charity toward me.

As a matter of fact, I've got a wonderful excuse, so completely absolving that I wonder I don't advance it as the real reason. For I've been having trouble with my eyes. I've been to Dr. Hand bet Wilson's (a jewelry store) + he has given me new + stronger lenses which I am now trying out. But my eyes will not yet stand up to a day's work of the sort I'm accustomed to, even with an hour in bed in the late afternoon which, added to the suffer-hour, gives me quite a long respite. I find it "aggravating" to be unable to write + read as much as I please. And there is so

much work I must do with my eyes that I can justly claim that letters to friends have had to be deferred.

Let me say at once that I will (of course) arrange to arrive in New York on the morning of the 18th on the train leaving South Norwalk at 9.38 which reaches Grand Central at about a quarter to eleven, - just my speed. And if you are not at the train, I'll proceed to the Seymour, where I'll await you or word from you. And I'll stay as long as there's any likelihood of a few hours of companionship with you. You might plan to include me at such plays as you have chosen to attend in the evening of those red-letter days. On second thought, perhaps that would be too complicated. Suppose I invite you both to a play on the evening of the 18th & let that be my Christmas present to you? What would you like best to see? We've not seen a thing that's in New York now except the Evans Hamlet. How about the new Maxwell Anderson play, Key Largo, in which Paul Muni is acting? I think I'll find out from Constance whether that

would be acceptable.

You know, I presume, that Constance asked me for advice regarding the purchase of a new piano by a friend of hers. I was very busy at the time, but I put all the essential information on a postcard & sent it straight off to her. I hope you've taken pains to tell her you've not heard from me, so that she'll not think what she shouldn't.

Our friend Yves Tinayre gave his Town Hall Concert on November 18. Helen Rider & I had lunch with Marion Bauer at the ~~Phillips Hall~~ Beethoven Association, & then proceeded to the concert-hall which held more people than I knew than I had believed possible. Walter Damrosch had the other half of Miss Bauer's box, on the other side were the Manneses, the Saunderses were there from Hamilton, & Mrs. Eric Clarke, safe arrived from England. And the Elzers, & Arthur Hartmann, once 1st Violin of the Kilbourn Quartet, & some other people you wouldn't know. It felt like Old Home Week, because Helen had Michael & the Douglasses & Helen Chase & my old friend, the painter Stewart Reinhart in her group.

Tinayre is a wonder. With a voice in itself of no great distinction, he yet so magically uses it that you share with him his feeling for the sacred music that he sings. His Schubert & his Brahms were not right. They were too carefully done, & the lyrical element, the emotional intensity was neither felt nor conveyed. I whispered to Miss Bauer that it is evidently the love of God to which he kindles, & not the love of human kind. The Romantic mood is not in him. But the Perotin Beata viscera, the Grand motet, the Kriedel cantata (which I have now heard for the third time) are sung with consummate understanding & exquisite sensitivity. I think I told you, after the program at the cloisters, how he illuminated for me those pages of music history which have always been the driest, - how he proved that the music of the church in the Middle Ages was as gorgeous & as mystical & as lovingly designed as the stained-glass windows or the illuminated missals & Book of Hours. - Then he turns to French folksong & does that with much verve & vivacity. I advised Shuk to confine him to those things in which he excelled, & the Hamilton program was the result.

Tues., 5 Dec. Eisenberg had arrived in this country + had settled with his wife + two children in Maplewood, N.J. before I knew anything definite about his being expected. However, the 'Cello Sonata was in the hands of the engraver + the proof of the 'cello part has already gone to Eisenberg. The piano part is supposed to be ready this week. Eisenberg plays here on Jan. 24, but he wants to use the sonata before that date.

We had Charles Kullman here for our first Music Centre concert. He has some bad vocal habits, but he is intelligent + possessed of good taste. His program ranged all the way from Handel's Where'er you Walk to Verdi's La Donna e Mobile (and how cheap that sounds with a tummy piano + the tum-tee-tee of the accompaniment). He revealed a side that I had not suspected, - a talent for comedy which his rôles of heroic + romantic tenor do not give scope for. In songs demanding humor, archness, jollity, he is at his best. The audience warmed to him as they seldom do here, - our applause is always a bit reserved. - I had to make a little speech before the program, + am sorry to say I suffered quite a bit afterward from nervous reaction. George, dear, I ain't what I used to be.

If you listened in to Toscanini's broadcast of the 8th Symphony, you probably heard me chuckling with delight, for I was there, invited by Professor Shute of Hamilton College. The orchestra does not sound well if one has to sit far on one side of the studio, as we did. The best places are upstairs, & those are reserved for a very special body of the elect. I cannot conceive what the qualification may be for admittance to that seventh heaven. I must try to find out.

But it is intensely interesting, for once in a season, to observe Maestro Arturo in action. It proves that nine-tenths of the work is done at rehearsal, & then he only has to remind them of what they already know.

I think Master Arthur is at his best with the lighter symphonies, the serene moods, - the Elysian atmosphere of the Sixth suits his powers to perfection. I cannot imagine a more beautiful interpretation of a work of musical art. The Eighth is also right up his alley, tho it is not so great a work of genius.

I was interested to see that Toscanini regularly doubles the bassoon parts that are not solos, & that I approve of. It takes two bassoons to carry, especially in the upper middle & top registers,

against one oboe or clarinet in the forte. But most orchestras cannot afford four bassoon players.

As for our trip to Clinton, Helen + I made it in record time last Wednesday + got home even faster on Friday, - 207 miles in four hours 50 minutes' driving time. If it were not necessary to go through Pokypoy, we could cut that down another 15 min. When they connect up the Westchester parkway with 9 G to the Rip Van Winkle bridge, from Danbury to Clinton will be an easy drive. It was good to see again some of my friends on the Hamilton faculty, + Tinayre was a most successful social lion. We had Thanksgiving dinner Thursday evening at the Shutes', with the children making seven. Mrs. Lindyre + Marion Bauer could not attend.

I have concentrated on doings rather than on reactions to the war, for the reason that a mere pawn in the gigantic game feels so helpless. The unprovoked attack on Finland disproves the claim advanced that Russia wants no more territory. I tell you, our leaders have got to use their wits. We may be safe now from hostile attack over our cities, but we shall certainly not remain so if Russia + Germany win this war. For we cannot trust the friendliness of the South American republics. There is a lot of steam I could blow off, but I'll spare you.

Letters from Betty come in batches at two- or sometimes three-week intervals. All quiet in Concarneau. It is like you to send a Christmas letter, + the air-mail should get it there long before the 25th. French postal service is really justing itself + is more nearly normal now. We've mailed about eight books to Kermato, each in a separate package, + are hoping all will eventually reach there.

We heard at long last from Morris. He is on the Cape with his parents + has been doing odd jobs but has failed to find a permanent one. He has my sympathy.

I'm so glad to hear you are getting some work done for yourself. May it prosper! - Annie + Mother send their love, as do I mine.
Your Donald

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY

of

Hamilton College

presents

Yves Tinayre

Master of Vocal Art

At the Organ and Piano, Berrian R. Shute
Violins, A. P. Saunders, Armand Hoch, '42
Trumpet, Frederick Deyo, '41

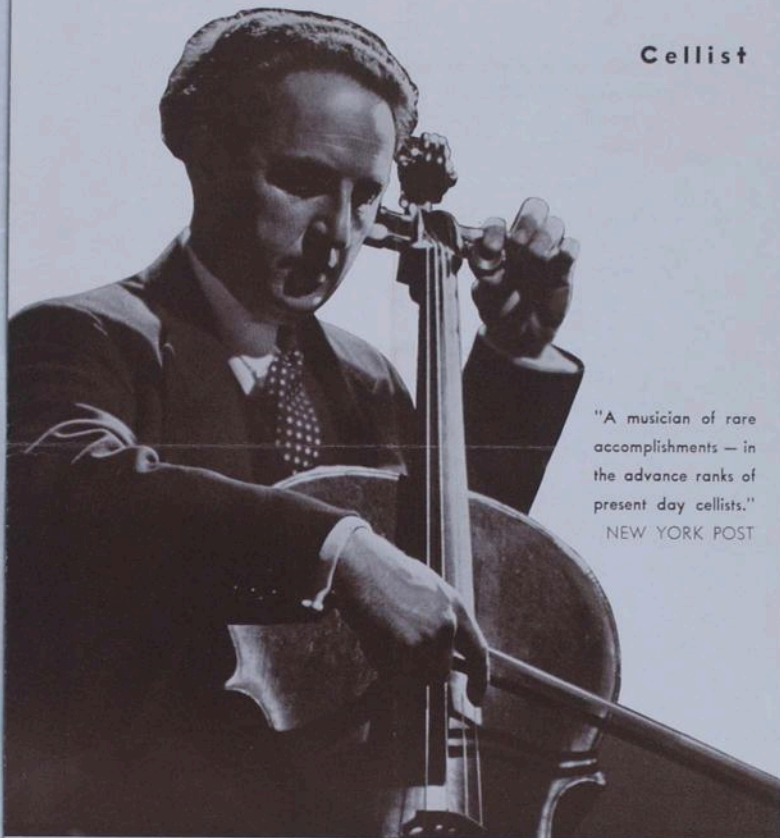
Hamilton College Chapel
Wednesday Evening, November 29, 1939
at 8:30 o'clock

A letter to you is in process of composition.
I'm all right. Helen Ruder + I drove to Clinton for this
concert + for the advertising. I'll see you in
New York the 15th.
A...

MAURICE

EISENBERG

Cellist



"A musician of rare
accomplishments — in
the advance ranks of
present day cellists."

NEW YORK POST

Presented by
DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE
Benefit Chorus and Orchestra Fund
HOTEL GREEN BALLROOM
Wednesday Evening, **JANUARY 24th**, at 8:45 o'clock
Invitation may be applied for by mail
Address DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE
Admission \$2.00

Herrnako
George Cong. Finistere [France]
Dec 10th 1939.

Dear George: When you receive
this letter both of holidays and
New Years will be so long passed
so all I can wish you is that
I earnestly hope you had some
bit of joy in your Christmas and
that this New Year will be a joy
not only to you, but to all of us and
for this year you will be well.
Neither you nor I, dear George, are
lovers of Norway in Norway's sake,
but we both of us would do for
quite enough now if it so that
we could at least live with
those who are nearest to us.

I know how hard it is for you and
Catherine to be separated, and my
heart is full of sympathy for you,
at your situation. To improve your
health. The exigencies of our
budget make it impossible for
Donald to go to London, and
that if a room is reached, and
so things go on as they are, and the
time passes. Life is not enough
at the best, & he is in danger to
lose to him it about you in the
one holds cannot do but make of
life a proper thing. But I must
stop on this. I cannot be
able to write at all. From Donald's
letters he seems fairly well and quiet
& his time is fully occupied.

I'm glad of that. In a full schedule
given on less than 10 minutes. Besides
it is work that the sup. is pro-
fably provide is having in cell mate.
I'd like to see you to help you at that.
And isn't it splendid that a fine
what like given back is going to launch
it on the world of music! That
I would help I would a good deal for
it as I'm work it with giving
and fine music for all. I only wish
that I could myself could play
the piano & sing, but I don't suppose
that is possible. My own hope and
desire is that at next time I can
of the recognition of so good a work!
But I'm not easy, I'm regarding
my health. I don't at all take the
recurrent attacks of colitis. They

very soon. There's a good thing, radically
downy throat, I hope on the mouth, I hope
them! If only the doctors could find
the cause of it! Dr. Brown says it
I'm very successful, y'or what I mean
to go to a room else, but I hope
let well or not soon as to be seen.
Now, his eyes too, one would be plain
for clear, & he says that he's going
to try Tom occult. I mean the eyes
to New York. I hope he does, for to
know Donald's eyes or Jackson Linn is
one of the most things that could
happen to Linn. I think a good would
help them. I made in many things, but
I'm sorry as well as I do that
Linn to keep his nose out of a book
or music, is next to impossible.
It may be that he needs different

Glasses, which I hope is the case
The truth is, we will see when! And
I'm glad Russia is now it complicated
more than ever. Hitler thought he was
going to claim this. He had expected
to claim in help. I'm glad you
- he was to go through it would in-
termediate England. From the
subordinating his schemes - but
Russia has doubt crossed into it
looks as if the Russian was going
to live the life out of him! But
won't England show courage and
won't she be against that such as
Russia is of pleasure!! Russia is
making the best way possible effort
to make in spite of her numbers, it
won't be the Russian who
to make it. That's what I hope

to the Germans & it got rid of all his
about 100000 & of pieces, now he's paying
for it. I am convinced power now
to-day's paper says that England has
taken to Germany's Russian business
that she doesn't know what to do with
them. The Russians are good soldiers
brave, & without good leaders they
are helpless & powerless fused.
Ugors don't but feel sorry for the
poor drink for it isn't their fault
that they're in the pickle they're
Hitler has decided to withdraw himself
to Germany & as there's no hit for
him he's got to fight to the finish.
I don't see the prospects of a revolution in Germany
which will pull it down, but
in his fall he may pull all Europe
into line which will be the great
catastrophe. But no one can foresee

or sort of what will happen; but to meet
developments is all one can do. The
radio keeps us in touch with the world,
but no more do events take place than
we know about them. We get them,
too, from all kinds of English, French,
German & Italian. We get all the
speeches, too, from which we get
interesting information. We heard
Mr. Churchill last night on the
Royal battle with the Luftwaffe;
I know they were late to take off in the
Gondol of Montevideo. I heard a brilliant
speech, but my car was cutting good
Lancaster! The scattering of the force
was a magnificent act, I think. I know
they were there, but the spirit of a
chance to get some part, it seems to
me, I would rather have some
fighting them to take that magnificent

now out. The situation being what it is
Silent / now our own portable war. We
couldn't be in a better place for our
personal safety goes, & I consider that
our most fortunate to be so well taken
care of as we now are. It's a curious
possibility, as you see, perhaps I may, I may
have been said for Hellet's visit Russia
I know of it, but they take that into
and all the strands for that they
were situated on the side of the Alps
or so they say (but even a local change
his feet?) especially, too, for the story
of the house, all the people who
have mobilized & as the situation
there was very high. It's a most
beautiful part of France, as I know
very much from there. It's the sea
Spanish border & we get a glorious view
of the Pyrenees. He married in English

Why I have to put my account in to go
down stairs. Just in some way I got
I had to ad call closed I think by the
sudden change. Our work was simple
but good & well as had from here the
most of our coffee. I don't think
my thing like it since the old Virginia.
Always when we were there studying music,
I had a saying of good thing, in Vienna at
that time I had the best coffee in the world.
There was some other people from England
I liked more than the Vienna. He was
in Rochester while we were there, in those
we had met them. He's called to attend
a private school there. Did I forget
him? I think you might know. They
left there in 1858 & were glad in the
for since. They cross here for the summer
only just as we did, but was caught by
the war & so stayed on. They have now
up their own land and milk. Being foreigners,

we cant leave this place without special
permission to go that far from London
day little for Christmas. I had been a
picking form, the shop was very little
out from Christmas only put down the
note the French you had given me the
month of Christmas. It's the four
de l'ant that is the in fact not that white
them. It's really just lovely home & from
on missions we were a beautiful part of our
Garden of the sea just beyond it. The
walk about here too, was delight full,
I can try to take one every day.
You were kind & kind to come along
to come over such a long letter & I must
go to know how to read it & I must
do so much I must read it. It's indeed
good news to hear you speak to
well & enthusiastically of your work, & I
hope it will be so well up to date
that the papers that he will receive from

I along. What you say of the condition of
the soil & people is very true!
But what is the sad part & most tragic
part of it is their own place in it!
And yet, it is that that makes you
think no breaking through it. And
you open to it. Many more. Not just in
East Lansing, Mich. Not a word heard
heard from Morris Hartung in many months,
but I could not find the way to write his
father. I wish to see Cape Cod. I wish to
see: Poor Morris! Helen sends you her
love, & to instance of when you write to
her, give her my love & please my
wishes to her. I wish much love to
you always, ever affectionately.
Betty.

[22 Dec 39]

TEN TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Dear George + Constance : -

I don't know if this communication will reach you on Christmas Day but I can't let the day itself go by without a hail from this neck o' the Connecticut woods, timed to arrive in the middle of the feast. We shared our Christmas a little in advance, + for that sharing I am thankful.

The youngsters were at the station in Stamford, so it's as well I caught that train. - I've been over + over the proofs of the first nine pages of the Sonata. Now we've got to the point where I don't see any more corrections to be made + it's time someone else looked at the signs + symbols. I shall try to get hold of Harry Kaufman, Eisenberg's pianist.

As I understand it, we are to try to meet again on Saturday, Dec. 30. Let me hear from you a day or so in advance, so that I can arrange the rest of the day in order to be at liberty at the right time. Sprague-Coleman close at one, + I shall probably reach G.C.T. at 10 45.

This brings you love + blessings from

Donald



That you two dear friends may have
a joyful Christmas, and that the New
Year may bring you what you so earnestly
desire, to our least felt wish! I forgot
in my letter to you to mention our delight
in that bottle of Champagne which
you want Champagne to receive
I shall send you to choose it yourself,
as that bottle you sent was simply
perfect. I don't wish to know the name
of the dealer I might prefer to write
to you will bring it to me. I am
not in a hurry but well-wish to know
in dearth, as we can't find any suit-
able place in which to grow the
wines. We don't like root crops for
that length of time, all the annuals
plunging into full. No wonder that
we have in better luck in Germany but
we shall work on. Write much love to you
both from both of us.
Bridget & Betty

Dec 1937
BSSARIO - Les Isles Rouges
MIRIEU DU LOUVE

27 Dec 1939.

TEN TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Thurs. P.M.

Dear George: -

Your letter came this morning,
+ I hasten to let you know I shall be in
New York tomorrow, because there are a
good many things to be done. I've asked
Eisenberg to dinner at the Town Hall Club,
+ I'm going to make a determined attempt
to get hold of Harry Kaufman + get his
eye on the proofs. I must see Glass +
possibly Dr. Berliner again. So I'll try to
do all that tomorrow. Saturday I may
have a few ends to tuck in, but nothing to
take much time. If you will call me at
the Seymour as to what time you'll be over

on Saturday morning, I'll be much obliged.
(I don't care how early you get there: perhaps
the morning would be the best time for a
visit, or rather for the good talk we've hardly
had leisure for.)

Naturally I should like to fit in with
whatever plans you have for later in the day,
— there's a ballet performance in the after-
noon. But I'd better take the train home
after dinner. I have to go to a New Year's
Eve party at the Naumburgs' in New Canaan,
& I'd better sleep at home the night before
rather than in New York.

I'm at your service on Saturday from
dawn to dinner, & if Eisenberg & Kaufman
fail to materialize, I may be looking for
company on Friday evening too. You'd better

call the Seymour between 6:30 & 6:45 tomorrow a.m.
I'm greatly pleased with the Edison, & thank
you both most heartily. —

Yours,

Ronald

26 Jan. '40.

Dear George: I'm too lazy to get up from my desk + try to find some decent writing-paper, so here goes for a few moments' chat. The Eisenberg concert has come and gone, + we're the richer in musical experience. I enclose clippings from the News-Times. The preparation of concert + reception took considerable effort, + I became very nervous + am still a bit unsteady. I shall not try to write much, because I'm supposed to go down to New York this afternoon + attend Eisenberg's Town Hall concert this evening. I'll get a good rest first at the Seymour.

It was good to hear from you, + now that we no longer make any pretence of maintaining a regular correspondence, I find I can be much more of a sensible being with regard to you. I won't say that I've reached the point where I can call myself a philosopher, + I won't say that the scars of old wounds don't persist. But at least the old wounds don't bleed any more. I can perceive that you devote yourself dutifully to making others happy, + for yourself, you take what comes. I am always sorry for what separates us and makes our special comradeship difficult and uneasy. — But let us make the most of our rare opportunities and look to the future.

When I think of you, I think of Rochester and next June. You must let me know definitely as soon as you can, when you can reach there. You will be my guest overnight, probably at the Sagamore, + whatever friend you bring with you in your car can be diplomatically told to stuff for himself while you fulfil an engagement of long standing. If he drives, he might precede us next day while you drive with me. I mention these plans thus far in advance because our rare meetings take careful planning. Whether I stop at Hamilton College on the way out or on the way back depends entirely on your plans. It would be nice if you could leave East L. half-a-day or more before you're expected to, so that you'll not feel hurried. Incidentally, you might call on Theodora the Ostrogoth. I forwarded a letter from her to you several days ago. Curious she should forget where you are; but she knew I'd know, all right!

Two years ago Betty + I were at a matinee of *Othello* at the Metropolitan, + I'd no notion I had but one more day of grace. Well, as long as I'm spared to get a little more work done, I'll not complain.

I'm glad to know Raymond is alive. I shall write to him one of these days. Morris is bombarding me with letters. He complains at not hearing from you.

With my love. Donald



THE DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

presents

MAURICE EISENBERG

VIOLONCELLIST

assisted by

HARRY KAUFMAN

PIANIST

in a

Special Benefit Concert

HOTEL GREEN BALLROOM

WEDNESDAY EVENING

JANUARY 24, 1940

Fund for the
DANBURY ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY
and the MUSIC CENTRE CHORUS

ARTISTS HONOR GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Tweedy Entertain After Eisenberg Concert.

Following the Eisenberg concert last night, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Tweedy gave a large reception at their home, 10 Terrace place, in honor of the artists, Maurice Eisenberg and Harry Kaufman.

Mr. and Mrs. Tweedy were assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. J. Albert Pulling, Mrs. James D. Biggs and Miss Helen Rider. William Rider, Jr. and George de-Villafranca were in charge of the punchbowl in the dining room.

Assisting in serving sandwiches and cakes were the following members of the committee which had charge of last night's concert: Mrs. Walter Bigelow Ives, Mrs. John Kirner, Miss Sarane Ives, Miss Barbara Biggs and Miss Adelaide Brownlee.

The guest list included the patrons and patronesses, captains of teams in the membership drive and a few others who had done special work in behalf of the Music Centre, also a number of guests from out of town.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Dow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall, Dr. and Mrs. George E. Bolles, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Wagner, Dr. and Mrs. William M. Stuhl, Dr. and Mrs. John D. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leroy Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bigelow Ives, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Biggs, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirner, Mrs. Lewis F. Beers, Mrs. H. F. Brownlee, Mrs. Edwin B. Thomas, Mrs. Austin E. Hodge, Mrs. Louis C. Rathmell, Mrs. Charles D. Parks, Mrs. Edward A. Leary, Mrs. William J. Rider, Mrs. John R. McLean, Mrs. Charles Rider, Mrs. J. Moss Ives, Mrs. Lawrence K. Perry.

Miss Margaret Lynch, Miss Josephine Lynch, Miss Helen Rider, Miss Sarane Ives, Miss Barbara Biggs, Miss Adelaide Brownlee, Miss Mabel Mattson, Miss Anna Meaney, Miss Mildred Smith, Miss May Curtin, Miss Robina Clark, Miss Mary H. Merritt, Miss Margaret McLean, Miss Elizabeth McKee; A. William Sperry, Enzo Comanda, Donald Tweedy, Rabbi Jerome Malino, Richard B. Carlton, Richard Beattie, Chester Ives, Charles Jennings, Robert Judd, William Rider, Jr., and George de-Villafranca, of Danbury.

Also the following out of town guests: Mrs. Horace L. Shepard and Horace L. Shepard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Dolan, and J. Harry White, of Bethel; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kreiner, of New Canaan; Miss Ann Luckey and Miss Emily Roosevelt, of Stamford; Mr. and Mrs. G. Evans Hubbard, of Wilton; Miss Grace Murphy, of Sandy Hook; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tittle, of Redding; Edward Brush of Brookfield.

Gives Brilliant Exposition Of Violoncello As Solo Instrument

Maurice Eisenberg, American violoncellist, new as yet to the larger American public, but whose star is definitely on the ascent, was presented in a special benefit recital sponsored by the Danbury Music Centre at the Hotel Green last night and gave a performance which uncovered almost unbelievable potentialities in the 'cello as a solo instrument.

The audience, an invited one, was musically select rather than numerous and included, besides many Danburians engaged in musical pursuits, not a few of Danbury's neighbors prominently identified with the arts.

The occasion was an important one in local musical circles, not only in that it served to introduce to Danbury a brilliant musical personality, but it also marked the first performance in Danbury of one of the larger instrumental works of Donald Tweedy, a native son and present resident whose achievements unfortunately for Danbury, are better known in the larger musical centers than they are here.

The audience, overwhelmingly friendly, shared its enthusiasm equally between Mr. Eisenberg and his gifted piano accompanist, Harry Kaufman, and Mr. Tweedy who was called upon to acknowledge the demonstration of pleasure and approval which followed a masterly performance of his sonata written for piano and 'cello.

Mr. Eisenberg, widely heralded as the most gifted pupil of Pablo Casals and singled out by that master himself, as his successor, fulfilled every promise which had

been made in advance of his appearance. He is unquestionably a thorough master of his instrument and a musician of the first order. Most resourceful and versatile, he makes his audience conscious at one moment of his large conceptions, his sure, powerful tone, broad sweep and perfect control, and transports them in mood a moment later as he delicately fingers the strings and achieves an effect which one associates with the violin rather than its more unwieldy cousin, the 'cello.

Opening with a Bach "Adagio" and proceeding with "Stucke Im Volkston" one of the larger works of Schumann, for violoncello and piano, the artist at once divulged his virtuosity and penetration. He followed with a Sonata by Jean-Baptiste Breval which brought the program to the conclusion of its first half, and as an encore, offered the "Prelude" from the Bach Suite in D major, an unaccompanied piece well chosen to display the remarkable digital skill and technical dexterity of the artist as well as his ability to set forth the music with eloquence and clarity.

The Tweedy work, awaited with expectancy, immediately followed the intermission. It is music written in the modern vein, although not marked by the almost complete departure from orthodoxy in the matter of structure and form which is true of much of the music being written today. In other words, the music of Mr. Tweedy falls pleasantly upon the ear untuned and frankly uneducated to an appreciation of what is generally described as "modernistic."

Throughout the three movements of the sonata, Moderato, Lento and Allegro non troppo, there is much variety and interest, both in mood and in subject matter, and beautiful modulations are a constant delight. Further hearings of the work, which is one of considerable magnitude of conception would, of course, be necessary for more extended comment.

Mr. Eisenberg and Mr. Kaufman needless to say, presented the music under the best possible auspices, and were most successful in encompassing its immense technical difficulties.

Concluding the program, Mr. Eisenberg offered a group of four pieces which includes "Apres un Reve" by Faure; "Menuet," by Hayden; "Malaguena," by Albenez, and "Allegro Spiritoso," by Senalhe, and as an encore offered the Intermezzo from Granados' opera "Goyscas."

16 Feb. '40.

My dear -

Constance seems to think you may be perturbed if you are not informed of the state of my ^{health} before long, so at her behest I am writing to state that I am quite well again. I meant to have got this off this morning, so that there would be a chance of its reaching you (via air mail) before Sunday, but I got sidetracked.

I have been taking some of your advice. I have been a number of times to Dr. Berliner, but I am far from satisfied with his findings. He became alarmed over what he described as pin-point hemorrhages in my right eye, & had me go to the hospital & undergo tests for basal metabolism, blood-sugar, blood-count, etc. Result: imperturbable normalcy.

Myself, I'm an ignoramus, but as far as I can be intelligent, I try to be so about my body. According to Berliner, my blood-pressure should be high: it is in fact a little low. I should have a tendency to diabetes: I show none whatever. In short, his explanation of these infinitesimal hemorrhages will not work, & he has had me take one of his tests three times to try to get something on that right eye, & each time the result has been negative.

Mr. Sidney Glass has quite a different explanation.

I told him about the wizzle-spots, as I call them, in my right eye. There are certain places in the field of vision — if that is the right expression, — of that eye which are not blind-spots, but where print, for example, loses definition & sort of wizzles or curls up. The left eye corrects this, but if I close it, the wizzle-spots reappear. Berliner said I was very clever to have noticed this, & explained that it was a preliminary warning of hardening of the arteries, or diabetes, & asked if either my father or mother had gone blind. (As a matter of fact, my grandfather did!) But Glass only laughed & said, "But you must expect that at your time of life".

Now I appeal to you, — doesn't it seem peculiar that an oculist should definitely suggest pathological conditions to a patient, especially a nervous & imaginative person like myself? Was this good, ordinary common-sense?

I'm glad to say that the check-up at the hospital was at no point outside the normal range, glands & kidneys are functioning in a way which fails to register trouble, & this examination was not made by Dr. Brown, but was routine for the pathological laboratory, newly equipped & headed

by a youngish doctor with modern training.

So I've rather lost confidence in Berliner, as far as my case is concerned. In any event, whatever may be his excellence as an oculist, he's a rotten psychiatrist.

He says the cause of my optical difficulty is not in the eye itself. Laboratory examination fails to reveal any disturbance of normal function grave enough to be the cause. So what?

My father says he has carried on for years with only about 50% efficiency in one of his eyes. And he still is a pretty good shot, & shifts from newspaper to book to movies & back again without ever complaining.

Another thing: Berliner prescribed glasses which I was to wear for reading, & corrected those I had been wearing for both reading & at the piano. For close work, like writing, I was to wear Berliner's glasses, & for reading at the piano I was to wear my old ones. The resulting eye strain was the worst I have yet experienced. I have found that I can get along much better without using Berliner's glasses at all. But in the meantime, he himself decided they were too strong & had glass alter them without charge. But, tho they are now almost like the old ones, the change is disturbing, & it is a nuisance to remember to change glasses when I step from piano to desk & to change them again when I step from desk to piano. So I have shelved his glasses altogether, & am keeping them merely in case I break my old ones.

So, repeat, I am far from satisfied either with Berliner's findings or with his glasses. And I suspect those hemorrhages were the result of too strong lenses in that first prescription of his, for it was not till my second visit that he found them, - after I had tried to wear his glasses. Perhaps this is a preposterous notion, - I mean, that such things could come from glasses. But the hemorrhages, at my subsequent visit, were clearing up nicely! ?!

I ask you, does anybody know anything? Old Doc Pickett may be a dodderer, but, by Heaven, his glasses were a comfort to wear. I'm tempted to give him another try.

Now I must stop & give my eyes a rest! My love to you. -
Wald

20 Feb. '40.

I only wanted you to plan far enough ahead so that you wouldn't be expected to arrive in New York on a certain day which it would be difficult to change.

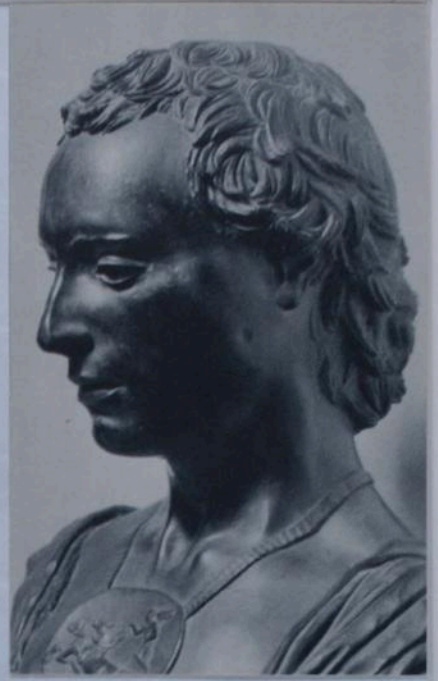
If you could reach Rochester on the 17th, let's decide on that day. Could we meet farther West? You wrote once of a State Reservation where you would like to have time to walk. Could we meet there & do that? I think I may be able to do as many miles on foot as you, by that time!

I have had no return of Colitis, but I have to be careful of my diet for other reasons, & don't eat it. I get very peeved with myself, for I'm practically convinced my troubles have a nervous origin & are not merely physical.

I have to go to New York tomorrow to see Harry Kaufman & get him to cast an eye on my proof. I shall also try to see Richard Pleasant, the manager of the Mordkin ballet. (But I do not want the choreographer of Alice to be a Russian.)

Eisenberg did not play the ~~sonata~~ at his Town Hall concert because that was his concert, & he wanted critical attention focussed on him, not on a (comparatively) new work. He did play it at The Bohemians last week Monday, as I think I told you. That is the oldest club of musical New Yorkers - corresponding to the Harvard Musical Association in Boston. Yes Tinsyre sang on the same program. The members were very cordial & kind to me, & I was much encouraged by their reception of the sonata.

I'm stargazing, of course! Love D..



Dear Boy: - I most certainly wish you might see this rare & beautiful exhibit + that I might see it with you. I spent the noon hour there yesterday + felt as tho I had stepped into another + better world.

I did not have room on my post-card to say anything about Richards. I am sorry that music and the college have had to lose him. And that there is no one who promises to be able to fill his place. I met Arthur Farwell

at the Bohemians. He had evidently retired from Mich. State several years ago.

I am quite sure that I once met Richards. His photo seems decidedly familiar.

I have just been talking over the phone with Constance, - mostly about Mrs Stokes's piano. C. seems to keep in excellent trim.

With my love,
Donald

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 West 53rd Street • New York, N. Y.

DONATELLO: Bust of a Young Man (detail);
Bronze, c1440. National Museum (Bargello),
Florence. From the exhibition of ITALIAN
MASTERS lent by the Royal Italian Govern-
ment. The Museum of Modern Art, New York.
January-March, 1940. 22 Feb '40.

↓
→ Have you Raymond's California address, or shall I write to 43 Linnacou? I expect to see Mrs. Pray in Boston, - we had a couple of very cordial letters from her.

I'm saving my eyes all I can, these days, though I've had a hundred impulses to write you. The thought of you is a heartening thing, always, & I am deeply grateful that our two destinies got themselves involved. I shall hope to be in good condition the third week in June, & I shall send to Albany soon for the lithograph concerning Alleghany Park.

My general tone is much better since Dr. Brown prescribed Bemax & lemon-juice. In spite of the gastro-enteric upset about which I wrote you, there has been no return of colitis, — really very surprising, that! I am listening more & reading less, & have proscribed reading by artificial light unless the type is so large that I feel no strain. I can't avoid writing music & reading M.S. & proof, & proof

is terrible on the eyes.

I expect the 'Cells Sonata' will be in print before the 29th, when Eisenberg is to play the work at the Harvard Musical Association. But Spargue-Coleman are incredibly slow, it seems to me. You're going down today to do a little proofing. And I hope to read Reliance & tonight at the Mt.

Sally writes that Spring was well advanced in Br. Henry by the first of February, & as it was last year in Br. Henry. Someone reads even such early flowers! Which only proved what the Gulf Stream does for westernmost Europe.

Don't forget, in your summer plans, that I want you here for a week to help me with my ideas. I went over quite a bit of stuff superficially, in preparation for my income tax report, & I realize how much I need your help! It's a job for an expert, & will receive the remuneration due an expert if you can be the expert.

Yours & Anne send love, & I send a hug with mine. Ronald

Thursday

4 Apr 1940

postmark

Dear George: -

I must tell you how much I appreciated your wire, which was handed to me on my entering the doors of the Harvard Musical Association. It is like you to be so thoughtful, and it seemed like a warm hug from you at the start of what is for me a trying experience. I need reassurance whenever someone else is to perform a piece of mine. - I suppose it was well-played, but my own notion of the way it should go is at times so much at variance with Eisenberg's that I get very nervous.

I had prognosticated that there would not be a single member of the Harvard Music Department present, and in their excuse I should state that Lily Pons was singing in the Met. season at the Opera House. (There was a prizefight at the other end of town, and between Lakmé + Lick Me, most Boston males of the "uppa crust" were squaring dames to one or the other.) I suppose if you have expensive opera seats for a limited season, you don't sacrifice them for an evening of 'cello playing unless you are a chamber-music addict.

Furthermore, I knew not one single person in the place except Morris Wood, a former pupil of Helen Tufts. Not a symphony 'cellist was there, - but one doesn't expect orchestra men to be interested in anything but their job, + they are unusual if their interest in that survives a decade of rehearsals.

Who was there? Well, I oughtn't to be impolite, but really I never saw, anywhere, such a rich collection of fuddyduddies, old + young. Mostly shy oldish men, with bald heads + eye-glasses and the appearance of a seal who has come up for air but will dive down again if you bat an eyelash. It would have taken weeks to get some of them tame enough to talk to a stranger who

was not a Bostonian. I believe that the 'cellist ^{of the group} who played my quartet - studied at the Composers' Forum three years ago, - his name ~~is~~ ^{is} Karl Zeise, - was there + was introduced to me in passing out, but he was too shy to say anything.

The one person of importance, - that is, of renown, - who seemed to want to talk about music + the evening's program was Hugo Leichtentritt. I sat opposite him at supper and caught him looking speculatively at me, so I smiled at him, whereat he opened up: "Where were you trained, where did you study?" Me: "At Harvard in the Music Department." H.L. (obviously astounded + wholly naïve): "But why have I never heard of you?" Me: "Ask Mr. Hill." He realized there was something under this, for he ruminated a moment, then returned to the attack. - "Haven't you studied in France?" Me: "Lived but never studied." H.L.: "But your piano-writing is so French, so transparent, so subtle!" (This from a biographer of Chopin + ~~an~~ ^{an} analyst of the Chopin piano-works). Me: "Thank you, but that is the result of listening to the piano." H.L.: "But what influence have you come under?" Me: "Oh I think the most influential things in my studies have been the Bach four-voice Chorales + English folk music." H.L. (impatient) "yes, yes, but your piano style."

He evidently thought it could be taught, or that I modeled mine after some Gallic original. As a matter of fact, my work, my hard work has been mostly on the German classics, + of the Frenchmen, it would be a Pole and a Belgian on whom I have spent most time. I think I write a piano idiom that sounds, not because I remember how Chopin + Franck compose for the instrument, but because my own ear is sensitive to its idiom. Of the specifically French composers who write beautifully for piano, - Fauré, Debussy, Ravel, - I have studied only Debussy, +

what I have to say differs so radically from his subject-matter that resemblance is precluded.

Anyhow, the one member of the Harvard music faculty who was present was brotherly in his manner, & showed a real interest in my work which has been conspicuous by its absence from the words & the actions of other members past & present.

Lawrence Perry went to Boston with me, & I want to go on record now to the effect that, with the sole exception of your own dear self, Larry has the best disposition I ever encountered. With him I have achieved an intimacy which is not like yours & mine, & yet is based on the same substratum of personal sympathy. In short, we really like each other & we show that we do. Larry's intellect is not brilliant, but his intelligence is alert and responsive. And I can get along better with people who are not so brassy, provided they have warm hearts & a capacity for caring. Things & persons matter to men like Larry, causes & policies, wife, baby, & very specially, friends. His world is rather restricted, one might call it a domestic world, but his interest focusses on what he actually knows, what is within his personal ken, & I should say he wastes no time worrying about "world conditions." I doubt if he even bothers to read the headlines in the papers. Yet, in anything that touches his career or his field of school music, he is the possessor of a surprising amount of first-hand information.

Morris came & had a drink with us, & we talked so much we had to bolt a quick meal at the Park St. Waldorf & were late for the music, tho we missed only the Frescobaldi. Morris could not go to the concert. He has finally landed a job that suits him, on the radio page of the Transcript, & they prepare the Sunday section on Friday evenings. --- The Brays have a charming house at 50 Hutchinson Rd. in Arlington, off Mystic St. Ben has been ill for two years, from, I suspect, a coronary thrombosis not properly treated in the beginning. But of course "we don't talk about it." Florence is a dear, spite of Christian Science. She was much

pleased to have your message, would like you + your wife to stop + see them next time you traverse Boston. She sent you her best wishes, as did Morris.

The sonata is in print. Coleman delivered 3 coverless copies to Eisenberg + Kaufman at Grand Central before their train departed. I now have one of these, + as far as I can see, there are no misprints + it looks very well. As soon as I may, I shall send you a copy.

I suppose the vacation is over + you are in harness again. I haven't sent to Albany yet for information about Alleghany Park, but I'm planning to meet you there on June 17. How would it be if I went out by train + drove back with you? I would then stop at both Clinton + Rochester on my way out, which would give us more time to be together. And that is something I'm ready to make sacrifices for.

I think I'm beginning to stir up Betty to some semblance of an interest in the future. Of this, more when there is more to report.

I'm on the third movement of a Suite destined for High School + Community orchestras. A March + a Saraband are completed, + the March is to be played by the Danbury Orchestral Society on May 9th. We had good fun inventing something easy, yet designed to captivate. Larry + Ruth, + Richard Carlton, the assistant-supervisor of music here, are enthusiastic. Something playable + listenable + yet contemporary in idiom, - that's the idea. Does it sound like a contradiction in terms?

There are a thousand other things I'd like to talk to you about, but I'd like most of all to put my arms round your dear shoulders + tell you something you don't suspect, which is how much I love you. Why must you go so far off, + can't you get back nearer?

Your Donald

P.S. I can't find the H.M.A. program. When I do, I'll send it on.



"The Flip Artists," by Herbert Dallinger, Los Angeles, Calif.

You'll note that I've said nothing of this hellish
war which is certainly of the Devil. I'm going
to play Nero & fiddle while
the world burns.

TEN TENACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

30 April, 1940.

Dear George: -

The Holbein volume was just the
kind of thing I love, & I am delighted
to have it from you. Thank you, my
dear, for your thoughtfulness and for
the happy choice. There was a tie,
too, in a box with your handwriting.
For that, also, my thanks. I have
trotted the Holbein up to Aunt Stella,
who has had a long bout with neuritis,
& was in bed, with a "trained nurse" in
attendance, for several weeks.

All plans for the summer, including
the trip to Alleghany Park, are now in

obeyance. On the 5th of April I received a letter from Betty saying that Helen had to go to Paris for an operation for cataract. They would therefore leave Concarneau as soon as they could get official permission to do so. ~~That~~ would have the operation performed by an American surgeon at the American hospital, & after she had recovered, they would come home, probably via Genoa. Another letter arrived - both coming by plane in about a week's time for transit, - on the 18th. They were still without official permission to travel (the French take forever about such things, & there's no hurrying them) - & essentially I know nothing further, tho the surgeon, Dr. Collinson, was to be ready for Helen "the latter part of the month."

I have no idea how soon they may be able to sail, & perhaps we shall yet be able to squeeze in the Alleghany Park trip. I most certainly hope so, as I fear that may be all

the time we shall have to ourselves this summer.

About the sorting & filing job, I feel I must be explicit, because you have been wondering why I did not invite Constance at the same time. The principal reason that I can tell you is that I am not in my own house, & that for my family, you & Constance are a very different entity from that which you alone would constitute. I must explain further that Mother has failed noticeably to me, who have been here all winter & seen her every day. She is less well nervously, & her sight is less & less good, & that fact drives her almost distracted. Under the circumstances, I should not dream of asking her to include Constance for as long a time as it would take to do that job. She does not take guests in her study, as you well know, but she is so used to you that she would rather have you here than not, tho that is not a real piece of logic. - I mean rather that the advantages of your presence in our house have always, for all of us, far outweighed the disadvantages.

So I want you to be clear about this. In my own house, if ever I have one again, Constance will be included with you in all invitations as a matter of course. But this job was a job & not an invitation affair, - there is of course no reason why we couldn't arrange for you to stay at an Inn or some such place while you are on the job. I might not be able to offer you a sufficient honorarium to cover your joint expenses, but I should expect to do better than your half.

I am sure Constance will understand. Running her house is a bugbear to my mother, & dealing with Amse doesn't make it easier. We shall have only Isuse in the kitchen, not John & Elizabeth as last year.

-2-

You know that I like to be expansive & that guests are no terror to me. But it is still true that I am not nervously what I used to be, & I probably should save as much of my energy as I can for my work.

Now, I don't know what the summer is going to entail, but I rather expect it may find me boarding, along with Betty & Helen, at some place where we can afford to live temporarily while we look for a more permanent abode. I shouldn't mind Wiscasset, but that is a whole day's drive, ^{distant} & I don't like to be that far from my mother in her present state. The principal desiderata are that I should have a place where I can work undisturbed & that I should be able to visit the farm daily. I am trying to

find such a place hereabouts, keeping Betty's & Helen's needs, tastes, & idiosyncrasies in mind. It's not so easy! I don't want to keep house, for that means daily shopping & other incursions on my work.

The last, by the way, is going well. I've just finished a suite for Small Orchestra, probably to be entitled Williamsburg because it is a re-creation of old designs in new materials. It has four numbers, a March, Saraband, Pastoral, & Reel. Perry is going to try out the March at the concert I wrote you about, which happens next week Thursday. The suite is written especially for orchestras which contain amateurs, — that is, it is technically easy to play, & its list of instruments has been made with a view to filling the needs of civic & high-school orchestras the country over. It is quite surprising the number of times one

can change an interval, a phrase, or the lay-out of a whole section so as to make it playable by musicians who are - shall we say - less than brilliant technicians. One asks anything of modern symphonic players, - & they can & do play it. But you can't ask the same of the butcher's wife who plays second violin. The surprise to me is that I can often say equally well, in simpler or easier terms, what first occurred in my notebook in a far more "advanced" form. We work within definite bounds, anyway. We cannot say anything without conforming to the vocabulary our environment & training have given us. In orchestration, you can't write

f# below middle C for a violin, nor
a⁴ ditto for a flute. (If you must have
a⁴ you prescribe the alto flute in G, &
nobody plays your music!) So it is
not especially an impediment to imagi-
native freedom if you add a few more
restrictions in a field that already bristles
with them. And it is one of the fascina-
tions of life to achieve expression in spite of
the barriers ~~of~~ to communication.

I think you would like this music, which
is light & unpretentious, but written to charm
the ear. I hope you will hear it next year,
& not played by the Danbury Orchestral So-
ciety.

You asked for the 'Cello Sonata, so I sent
it to you some ten days ago. There are
very few misprints, & I think it a good job.
My love to you, always. - Donald

Danbury, 23 May, '40.

Your letter arrived (with unwonted speed) this afternoon + brought me the deep comfort + solace that a word from you is apt to bring. We are all suffering so much when we have nothing to concentrate upon that will tear our attention away from the war, that every word + gesture of gentleness + love is a blessed reminder of the better half of existence.

You ask about Betty. She + Helen, after waiting endlessly for official permission, set off for Paris on May 9th. The operation was to be prepared for + performed, there would have been a week or two of hospitalization + a few days more of supervision, - then they would have been free to come home. When, as you say, Nell broke loose on the 10th, they must have taken counsel with their banker or the American Express (but I think not the consulate),

and decided to return & take their chances in Concarneau. They cabled on the 18th that they had got there. If the Nazis take Paris, they will be in a juggle, because they'll not be able to get funds. If the postoffice, which in France is also the telegraph & telephone office, continues to function, I can cable them money. Should ordinary communication of that nature become impossible, they must pay for making a wrong choice, & I shall not be able to help them.

Concarneau is, however, as safe a place as I can think of, actually in France. It is almost a maximum distance from the Italian & Spanish borders in the south & from the fluctuating front in the north. It is on the Atlantic, but round the corner & down from Brest, away from the Channel. The next important harbor after Brest is St. Nazaire at the mouth of the Loire. Concarneau is, roughly, midway between the two, is an important fishing port but not suited to vessels of much draught, & is not

on the main railway. I myself doubt whether, except in the case of complete subjugation of France, the Nazis will get farther than the Seine, tho it is conceivable they may take Paris. They have most certainly brought England to her knees. She may get up again, but she'll never be the same.

It all goes to show what we might have imagined, — that in the hands of unscrupulous men at a level of human attainments such as might be described by the term barbarism, the weapons of modern warfare are too powerful to be entrusted to any nation. I think we must work toward ~~the~~ an international police force, revive the League of Nations + make it a juridical + not a political body, + give it power somehow to enforce its decisions. After the last war there was broached a plan for a League to Enforce Peace. It came to nothing. But when this war is over, everybody, including ourselves, may be yelling 'Guts' so loudly that no one will know who has ~~won~~ won. And if all are consciously losers, they may be able to get together + determine how to run the world better.

I am alternately depressed and enraged. How well the Nazis kept their secrets! It is fantastical that the strength + speed of the German motorized forces should not have been known + taken account of by the Allies. As for the attitude of those damnable bullies + cowards down in Italy, it simply infuriates me, tho I suppose the average Wop in the village marketplace is no more answerable for Mussolini's policies than I am for Franklin D. Roosevelt's. I hope all this screaming is simply a sign of abject fear, yet sheer fright sometimes drives people into abnormally daring action. Let's hope it drives the English!

I always wanted you to see Holland in its quasi-medieval aspect, dykes + bridges + elm-shaded canals, + the quaint, quiet houses with the quiet, quaint people inside them. How much of that will be left? I thought they could flood whole regions + make an enemy swim to get to them. What myths our informers do promulgate! — But that particular myth you relate of Neville Chamberlain is most certainly a bona fide myth.

Here we work + work to build up something that will contribute toward a good life, + we need our funds so pressingly for education + enlightenment + the care of the sick + needy, + then along comes a flock of bombers + away goes everything we ever cared about or worked for.

Except the human spirit, which, please God, will remain indomitable. — But this stupid + insensate + indiscriminate destruction must be stopped. If it is not, man will in the end destroy himself.

Like you = I have kept busy, juggling away at scores. I think I told you about the orchestral suite, Williamsburg, which is now finished + is being looked at by the editors of Music Press, — a new corporation devoted to the publication of good music for large groups. I am sending you the program of our recent "all-Danbury" concert. It was quite a feat + everybody seems to approve our having done it. The Mareh in B flat

accredited to me is actually the first movement of the Williamsburg Suite. I can't say that the performance was anything but hopelessly inept. Larry was terribly nervous & took too fast a pace, thereby making the whole band nervous & blurring the whole thing so that I could hardly recognize it. I stayed away from rehearsals (they never did have a rehearsal with everybody there) out of a desire not to interfere, but I reckon that hereafter, for all public performances of my music when I'm connected with the performing organization, I'd better stop being so modest & hear at least one try-out.

I'm mailing you also, for your diversion, a copy of a regional magazine which has an article on Musical Danbury that is sure to edify you.

Just this past week I've been making a transcription of my Scherzo for Bassoon & Piano, arranging it for double quartet of woodwinds, a task which demanded more skill than I seem to possess, as the result doesn't suit me.

I did it for Mr. Klotzman at the High School of Music & Art in New York, to whom I wrote after a most highly meritorious broadcast by his pupils, & subsequently conferred with relative to his bringing the group to Danbury. It can't be arranged this season, but we hope it may, next Fall. He wanted music for his kids to play, so I tried to oblige. I hope he thinks better of it than I do.

Apparently you are not hearing much music, as you haven't said much of anything on the subject. The program at the Bohemians' dinner was superbly played: I've never heard the Big Fugue of Lewis Beethoven sound so well, - Jacques Gordon has grown in artistic stature since last I heard the Quartet, & it takes maturity to play that work. Spalding's sonata is very disappointing. It is all tuddles & taradiddles & gets nowhere, - virtuoso's music, not composer's. Albert played 1st fiddle in the Mozart while Gordon played 2nd viola (and well!) - the result was heavenly.

The reasons for my curtailment of letter-writing are several. I've not been very well, nervously, my dear, but I'm better now. I reckon I've just got to get used to ups & downs. I'm a moss-grown rump, & I'll stiffen my old rafters & try to cock a debonnaire eye at the throats of decay. I must now somehow write to the Tases, to Berran, & to Alice Smart, all of whom I've been neglecting. My eyes are better. Maybe the cause is the vitamin B, I've been putting down in the form of Bemax. Do you know that stuff? It makes a tasty tidbit out of buttered toast.

I think of you much & love you dearly & want you always & am resigned to the inevitable not having of you. I don't even count too heavily upon June 17th - if it was the 17th - I'm too lazy to look & see. You may have to be very tender with me & indulge in lazing & talking & driving rather than walking. But I'm planning to go to Rochester & Clinton after I see you, rather than before, that is, if there's anything left of me.

The farm is lovely now, & the birds are a delight. I wish you were near enough to week-end! your Donald