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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.

No war news in this issue! And no alteration to report in the news from Brittany.

TEN TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

6 June, 1940.

We have moved to the farm today, — a task which wears upon my mother more & more as the years go by. She cannot plan so that someone else can take the responsibility or do the packing & unpacking, the selecting of what goes & what doesn't, & where it goes when it gets there, & the whole business is just a nightmare to her. She would be much happier to lock the door of an apartment & go away, but two houses are more than she wants.

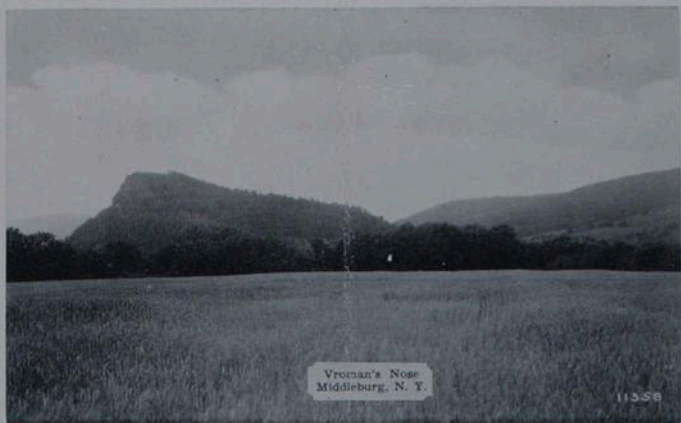
to cope with, & if I felt as miserable as she does most of the time, I'd tell my husband to hire all the work done & I'd come & beam upon it when it was accomplished. They can't any of them "manage" without jitching in themselves, except my father, who at least has the "aristocratic" tradition. Moving is a chore, if you try to do it all at once, but they could do it bit by bit except for the commissary end, & I wish they would. And Anne sprained her knee almost a month ago & thinks she's going to be lame for the rest of her life! And how troublesome a lame knee can be when you think you've got to be on your feet!

I will be in Red House or Salamanca, whichever turns out to be most practical, the late afternoon of the 16th. I shall be driving. I leave here with Berran + his girls on Tuesday. They are visiting the Fair this weekend. I spend a couple of days in Clinton, a couple in Rochester, + drive from there to the park on Sunday. I am writing to the Administration Bldg. at Red House, for reservations Sunday to Wednesday P.M. After you leave me, I shall probably start straight home-ward via Binghamton, tho I wish I hadn't to make the trip alone. Well, maybe I can pick somebody up! — I'll confirm whatever arrangements seem to be going to be final after I receive the response from Red House.

I have the pamphlet on Alleghany Park. I could also do with a contour map. Maybe there will be one at Scrantom's. I don't like the sound of Salamanca, but if we don't strike luck at the Administration Bldg., I might be able to do some prospecting on Sunday before you arrive + have something picked out that is more pleasant than a small-town hotel room.

Since I've been able to be out of doors most of the days, I've improved in tone. If they don't use me too hard on my way out, I should be somewhere near enough concert-fitch to play two-part counter-point with you in the Dorian mode! As for anticipation, I scarcely dare indulge in it.

My love to you, + a good hug. Donald



Vroman's Nose
Middleburg, N. Y.

11358

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

STEVENS POINT - STATIONERY DEPARTMENT - STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

11 June
1940

Reservation O.K. at
"Dormitory" of Administra-
tion bldg. at Red House
Will be there Sunday
before 6 unless I wire
otherwise. Am on my way.

D.

R. D. 4

Danbury

1 July⁷, 40.

Dear George: -

I have suddenly realized that if you are to have a letter at Ann Arbor, I must write it! - I am hoping you gave Constance some sort of a coherent message from me, for we parted with me in such a state of nervous tension about my appointment with Dr. Levery that I doubt if I could have been coherent about anything. I thought I ought not to try to get to the station, + there seemed no other time when we could meet. - As a matter of fact, we were held up the entire Thursday morning because the mechanic who greased the car found a shackle-bolt missing on the left rear spring. It was dangerous to drive without it (though I suspect it had been missing since Sunday), so I hied me to the Packard place + had it fixed. But that meant lurching at the Town Tavern + a two o'clock start.

We arrived at Berran's at 6.30, with almost an hour out for tea in Chittenango, - so you may know I was feeling well enough to average about 50 miles an hour. But poor Sándor was deathly dizzy when we arrived at the big green house, + tho' he made a brave effort, his evening was a triumph of mind over nerves. He decided that he'd had enough driving for one trip, + they continued on Friday to Cummington by train, while I drove home alone.

I found that Betty had called me "Dearest love" on the 17th, & the family had thought this so unimportant, they had failed to forward it. — I explained that it was a gesture of sympathy on the day when our hopes of French resistance foundered, & I was right pained they hadn't telegraphed it on. How did they know it wasn't a code message? In short, I made them & myself perfectly miserable, & maybe they'll take a little trouble next time.

I can't remember whether I read you Betty's letter of the 2nd, which is the latest I have received. France was to be free but two weeks longer, yet her faith, like mine, was sure.

Now I have called them (a week ago) to communicate with the consul-general at Paris & to ask to be evacuated, but they must judge whether this course is feasible. It may be greater hardship to try to get out of France in that torrent of refugees (mostly "non-Voyans", of course) than to wait in Brittany. Betty is her own boss, & I don't expect her to undertake the train-journey to Lisbon unless she can take it under consular protection. The trains are jammed & Lisbon is packed with frantic foreigners. I think the real danger is not immediate, but will take shape when food becomes scarce & when they may find it impossible to communicate with their banker in Paris. But ~~that~~ those problems they were warned & warned about, by me. They would not heed, & they must now take what Fate brings, but I hope & pray they keep well & get enough to eat. I can count on their nervous resistance, if they escape illness & famine.

Dr. Avery, by the way, found my glasses defective. There is a slight astigmatism in the left eye which Dr. Berliner did not find, three months ago. (It may have developed in the interim.) At any rate, I asked him to prescribe glasses, + I shall now consult an oculist in New Haven who is said (by Dr. Brown) to be very clever in helping conditions behind the eye. Dr. Avery says the "wizzle-spots" in the right eye are due to defective circulation + that glasses will not help. But he said that vitamins + such things might well do so, - + that it was a matter for special study by someone who sees me frequently enough to check up.

The farm is a beautiful place, these days. I got back to find all my new Delphinium in bloom, some Pacific hybrids I raised from seed, + they are interestingly varved, some white, some deep purple, some bright Aegean blue, some lavender + mauve + ultramarine + sapphire. And gorgeous roses, - the season is just right for them, - we never had lovelier.

I feel just as you do about our Alleghany Park trip, + I hope we can do something similar at least once every year whilst this machine is to me. Give my affectionate regards to Eva if you go to her, + let me have some idea how to reach you at all times. Drop in for lunch if you pass this way: that's always possible, + maybe we can yet manage that secretarial job. Heaven knows it needs doing.

Give my best to Constance, + with my constant
+ unvarying devotion to your own blessed self,

Faithfully,

Donald

P. S. Family sends love.

Have heard twice from Raymond.

4 Glenn Gillett
9 Summit Place
Belle Haven
Alexandria, Va.
July 17, 1940.

Dear Donald,

How the time slips away when one is moving about so! This country is so large one seems to spend countless hours just getting from one place to another.

The two weeks in Ann Arbor went quite quickly and pleasantly. It's a nice town, with an atmosphere so eastern it's hard to believe it's in Michigan. The conference was good, though most of the time beyond me, but it served to show me how much I don't know anything about and

along what lines I should read.

We left there a week ago Monday, staying that night & Tuesday in Oberlin with a friend of Canham's. That's a nice town, too, with the most magnificent trees - and wood thrushes all over town. During our stay there we visited the Cleveland Museum which is really "quite something" - to use a kind of vernacular - it has many very nice things well exhibited - in contrast to the Detroit Museum, which we visited a week earlier, and which is a mess with everything being so that it can't be seen.

We spent the following three days making a detour to the west. We stayed in Marietta the first settlement of the Northwest Territory, where we saw what is reputed to be the largest elm in existence - waist-high its trunk is some ten or twelve feet in diameter! We saw traces of Indian mounds but had not the time to seek out the more spectacular

area. And then retraced from Clarksburg, W. Va., straight across the Alleghenies. A marvelous road through and over marvelous mountains. Unfortunately, the weather was bad so we could only guess at the dramatic scenes one would see on a fine day. We detoured a few miles to a state park - completely abandoned - where there is a fine water fall and a miles-long so-called canyon - something like Grandfather Knob, but somewhat narrower - my feet itched to get out & walk, but it was raining and again time pressed. But I must go back there some day - how about it? But that may be a vain hope.

There has been little opportunity since being here to sit down and relax. I have been twice to Baltimore.

At that point I was interrupted for the second time, and it is now Saturday

night and I have been three times to
Baltimore - the trip is anything but easy
over that horrid road so that the days
in between going are chiefly devoted to
recovery & preparation! Two of the
trips were to see Eva, one to see her
doctor. I have been heartened by her
present condition which is encouraging,
but it depends so much on so many
factors I don't know how long it can
last. The whole problem is extremely com-
plicated, with a definite psychiatric diffi-
culty at the foundation that it is hard
to see what may happen. I have not
been able to see her psychiatrist, unfor-
tunately, for I must, which means very
making a special trip here after he
returns from his vacation.

Our exploring has been at a minimum -
we tried one day to get into the Phila

Memorial Gallery, only to find it closed
for the summer - the Mellon gallery is
not yet open. I set out myself to see
the Southwestern, which I have never
visited, and found it closed. Just now
it is too hot to hunt to sight, see and
if it stays this way we shall probably
leave without having made more attempt.
Today noon I went in & had lunch with
Harold Tweedy, whom I had not seen
for four years. It was next best to seeing
Raymond himself, for Harold is quite
like what I imagine his father must
have been at that age and not so different
from what he is now. I am hoping we
shall see him & his wife before we leave,
but it may not be possible for they are
busy making.

I was sorry to hear about your disre-
spect trip eastward from Rochester - you

must have given the Oases quite a ride
that day! I've wondered over & over
what you have heard from Betty, if
anything, and whether she and Helen
are finally on their way home.

We plan to leave here next Thursday
morning and drive through to New York.
After that the deluge, for there are so
many things to take care of there. And
they center around the complete renovation
of Constance's apartment - if happily
we can get it done when we wish. Con-
stance has decided that she would like
to redecorate her living room, building
it around the Ogawa picture. So
finally we are going to take it off your
hands - something which in afraid
will be hard for you and which is
hard for me to do for you. She feels
she wants to see the picture before making
any selection of upholstery colors etc.,
so could we come and get it next

week-end - either Saturday or Sunday ^(27 or 28)
would be equally convenient. And, of
course, if you say so, will be sure
then happy to accept the invitation
for the mid-day meal, though if that
would be difficult, as it might well on
Sunday, don't hesitate to say so.

Well, all for now - I must get some
sleep in preparation for the fourth
trip to Ballinacree tomorrow! I'm looking
forward eagerly to getting back near where
I can hope to see you some in a while.
Love to all from us both and my
best to you. George.

LOUGHEAD & CO. NYRE, PHILA., PA.



POST CARD

Dr. George B. Van Schaack,
4312 - 47th St.,
Long Island City,
N.Y.

R.D. 4. Danbury, Conn.

Wed., 24 July, '40.

We should be delighted to have you run up on Sunday morning + stay overnight. You should not dream of driving back to New York in the week-end procession + can take it easy on Monday. The Colemans, "my publishers", may be here on Saturday. We have Sunday dinner at one, so plan for 12.30 if you want to swim, or as much earlier as you like. The Cézanne came down yesterday + is at Begg's to be revarnished. - Come Merritt Parkway + when you reach Danbury cutt around the back way to Fairview Ave. + so here. Donald



AENEAS SIBIVS P. C. DOMINVS NATVS EST PATRE SIBIV MATRE M.
STORIA. XVIII. OCTOB. ANN. MCCC. V. CORSICANI INEV. DIA.
GENTILITIS BASILEAM AD CONCILIVM CONTENDENS VI TEMPISTA
TIS IN DYBLIAM PROPELLITVR.

August 1st 1893
 My dear Mr. [unclear]
 I have just received your letter
 and am glad to hear from you
 and to hear that you are well
 and happy. I am well and
 hope these few lines will find
 you all the same. I have not
 much news to write at present
 but I will write again soon.
 Give my love to all the folks
 and I am, as ever,
 Yours affectionately,
 Betty

R. D. 4 - Danbury. 24 Aug. '40
 Constance's note to Mother seems to indicate that you are for the moment in L. I. City, so I will seize the opportunity to tell you that Betty + Helen sailed from Lisbon. - after not too serious vicissitudes, - on Thursday past past, aboard the S. J. Eschorda of the American Export Lines, + are due to arrive in Jersey City on the 3d of September. Whereabouts I have been very busy trying to reach them, to get funds to them, to keep them from getting all snarled up in red tape. They left Concarneau on July 28 + went to Biarritz for their visas, etc. They must have finally got across the border into Spain on August 9th or 10th. They +

had their passports taken from them at the Portuguese frontier & were sent to a hotel in the city of Coimbra on the 11th, from which place there promptly issued wires & complaints by air-mail. No one was allowed to enter Lisbon (no foreigner) unless he had reservations on an outgoing boat. So since I had steamed France with cables, air-mail letters, & postcards like this to tell them that their reservations had already been prepaid in New York, they had not long to wait. Their quick assignment to an outgoing steamer was more than we had dared hope for. - I shall drive the car down to meet them, - & shall bring them to Cambridge in order to make plans.

It was nice to hear from you about your sisters, but they had disintegrated without leaving a trace. Love - Donald

R. D. 4

26 Aug. '40.

~~GEORGE PERCE~~
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Dear George: - As you will realize from my postcard, this is a hectic week, & it is even more hectic because the Exochorda is faster than most of the American Export Line boats & is announced to dock on Saturday of this week, - the 31st. I do not yet know anything about what will come thereafter, & it is quite possible I may not see you again this summer unless you can stop by on your way back from Exeter. I wish I might run down & see Constance's newly-decorated apartment, but too many things press upon me & I have to be away on Thursday anyway, - and have a

tentative engagement in Stamford on Wednesday.

(It was for this reason that the Alleghany Park jaunt was planned: if it must suffice, together with your visit here, then it must.)

I have seen an excellent heart - specialist in Stamford, Dr. William Resnick, who gave me such a thorough examination (including blood-tests) as I have never had in my life before. And he inspired me with complete confidence. So when he told me that I have made a very fine recovery + that I need not be more careful than any man of forty or fifty, I believed him. He said much more than just that, but that is the gist of the verdict, + I assure you that it brought about a most happy change in my frame of mind. There is no reason for me to hesitate about taking a full-time job, (if I can get one)!

Of course you have not heard from me principally because I did not know where you were, not whether a letter to S. J. City and be forwarded.

Speaking of frames, I saw the original of your Cézanne at the Masterpieces of Art exhibit at the Fair last week, + I think your frame is much better for the painting than the gilt one the Metropolitan has put on it. I noticed too that the finish of the painting is extremely lustreless, almost as much so as crayon. Mr. Suter (who did your varnish job) used a dull varnish, but even so, it glistens, + the original does not. But perhaps, in time, the dirt + grime you write of may tone ^{the print} down sufficiently.

While in Flushing, I called on Robert Goldsand the pianist, who has said he will play three movements of my Piano Suite. He had them in his memory + fingers, + played them to me to get my reaction. He misconceived the one called On the Green Grass, taking it to be idyllic, whereas it is a dance. But in general he is an excellent artist, + I shall be fortunate if he puts these numbers on his Town Hall program of November 19th.

About Eva I am distressed, + the more so that it seems so difficult to help her. I wish for your sake that now you would face, in your own soul, the worst that you can conceive happening to your sister (while hoping + working for the best,) so that you can be inwardly ready for any eventuality. But if Eva is basically like you, she should be amenable to a common-sense view. You once went to consult a psychiatrist at her desire. Will she not do as much for you?

I am sorry not to see the Stokes, but hope they are still pleased with the Dr. Stemway. Should I come down unexpectedly tomorrow or Wednesday, I will phone you. Best to C. Love to you!

Don't hold

LOUGHHEAD & CO. SPRING PHILA., PA.



POST CARD

Dr. George B. Van Schaack,
Thayer Hall,
Hanover, N. Hamp.

N.H.

Mardi soir. Ta lettre
du 7 nous est parvenue
à notre retour de New York.
Nous sommes spécialement
content d'avoir des nouvelles
d'Elizabeth et Henry, même
si ces deux chers Frères ne
sont pas trop bien portants -
tu sais qu'Henry ne dit jamais
rien dans une lettre. C'est
bien loyal de ta part d'aller
leur faire visite. Nous avons
dîné avec le frère de Gerald
Maas au Town Hall Club, et
puis nous avons vu La Femme
du Boulanger: c'est superbe.
Nous espérons vous voir ici
le 16, sans faute. D..

TEN TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

11 Sept. '40

Dear George: -

We shall be thinking of you with warm affection on Friday and wishing for you all the good things possible - good health, good fortune - & that whatever you undertake may prosper despite wars and invasions, in this new year of your life. (I presume, tho my memory is untrustworthy, that it will be the thirty-seventh year that's in the offing.) We are sending a remembrance, which you can put upon your shelves & never look into, as usual. But your library will then look a trifle more extensive, & that

may redound to your prestige. Anyhow, we think a lot of you (as perhaps you didn't suspect), & we hope your birthday will be glad & festive as we would try to make it if you were here.

I am of course very busy, & not disposed to run on for any length. I have sent postcards both to Exeter & to Hanover, but since your letter from Wiscasset didn't reach us till last evening, it is doubtful if you will receive the latter. Since we shall see you next Monday, most things can wait till then.

Betty is really in very good health, all things considered, & looks well & has inexhaustible nervous energy. Helen must have her eyes attended to, & she's to go to an eye-specialist in New Haven (Yudkin).

We can certainly put you up over Monday night if you can share the north-east room with its large bed. If you can't, I can fix you up on the couch in the third floor stujio. You don't suppose we can be fobbed off with any paltry little run-in-and-run-out call on Monday afternoon, do you?

Can you help me chase a wild goose? Two years ago, the week after the hurricane, I crossed on the Saugerties-Tivoli ferry & met a deck-hand who reminded me of you. I wrote you about him. He was raised as a farmer, had recently married, & told me his mother came from eastern Europe (I think he said Hungary). I took a shine to him, but did not ask him his name.

The other day I rode up to Tivoli. From the station-master I learned that the operators of the ferry were the brothers Haney of Saugerties, & one of them was named Everett (the other was called "Bronk", I gathered). These men now run a lunch-cart (I presume without wheels) in Saugerties. Could you come down 9 W, cross at Poughkeepsie, & pause in Saugerties long enough to see one of the Haney's & find out which of their helpers on the ferry the month before they gave it up (it ceased running that November) — which man fits the description above? I want to interview him with the idea of getting him to take & farm the Ball's Pond property, but I'd not tell the Haney's that. I've written to Everett Haney, but he may not reply. — If this wouldn't amuse you, don't do it. — My special love to you, mon cher, & Happy Birthday! Warm regards to Constance & your people. Donald

10 Terrace Place,
Danbury.

25 Sept. '40.

Mon cher :

It seems a long time since you drove away, and I just don't let myself think about the longer times to come when I'll not be seeing you. Our friendship flourishes into companionship only when we are alone together, + my chief grudge against Fate is that now this can happen only infrequently + with contriving. I hope with all my heart you will be able to stick to your scheme for next summer. I don't like the temperature + the feeling of a city in summer, but I would brave much discomfort to have the comfort of being with you, and no one else by. — And I think you ought to write, if its only an article in a mathematical journal. In fact, you must make up your mind clearly about your career + let nothing swerve you from following the indispensable way of discipline. Produce something that's needed and your cares +

anxieties will be fewer + less oppressive.

I spent a rather futile day in New York, yesterday. I saw Arthur Hauser of Carl Fischer's in the morning, an overworked slave of the desk who has no idea of what's happening in the world of music. ~~He has~~ He has a tradesman's soul + a blind belief in the everlasting preëminence of the classics. If a piece is by Bach, it's bound to be good. If it's by a modern, living composer, it's bound to be worthless. Of course, if it's written by a school man who knows just what's needed — there's a chance it might sell.

I had Lamar Stringfield to lunch at the Town Hall Club. Stringfield is doing the same kind of thing for orchestra that I am trying to do, + is conducting besides, + has radio contacts, if not contracts. So I followed a hint of Sprague-Coleman + asked him to lunch. He has a deal of self-assurance, also of personal charm, + is an indefatigable talker. I liked him at once, but there is not much room in his world for

~~about~~ others ^{beside} ~~himself~~ himself. He seems to know how to get orchestral things performed, + to have had certain pieces published. I kept my ears open + learned. But I wish I could learn to talk about myself + my experiences + my notions in that absorbed way + take it for granted that people are going to be interested!

We heard the Gordon Quartet last Sunday, journeying to Canaan for the concert. I enclose the program. The sensation of the afternoon was the performance of the Dvorák Gypsy Melodies in Franz Mitter's arrangement. Mitter is the kind of pianist you would love to hear, lots of verve and intensity. I was bored with the Franck Quartet. I don't think I have ever heard the work before, - curiously enough, - but it seemed a mosaic made out of bits from the symphony, the quintette, + the organ music. After the concert I met the 'cellist, Fritz Magg, who is a nice little artist, + I'm sending him my sonata.

Heleen departs tomorrow for Boston, + none too soon. Both sisters have spoken much of you since a week ago. My love, always. - Donald

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Lakeville, Conn.

2 Nov. 1940.

Dear George: I have to meet Harold Bauer's train this afternoon, and there is a little time before it arrives, so I will hasten to devote it to you, upon the first paper that comes to hand.

I was prepared for the outcome of the election, & ready to be philosophical about it, though that is not true of the rest of my family. Betty has been passionately repudiating first Danbury, then Connecticut, then Massachusetts, & then the whole pusillanimous nation. There is no common sense left in her, & all one can do is to leave her alone till she recovers.

Now that the election is over & we retain this administration, there will be at least no interim, no gap to be bridged, during which the foundations of our defense might be weakened. I only hope that in the long run the people will have no reason bitterly to regret their choice. We are all certain, in any event, to be a bit poorer four years from now.

Our apartment at 2 Chapel Place is gradually becoming home-like. I think it is a little too much for Betty. & she has shown signs of nervous exhaustion these last few days. She is so constituted as to take everything hard. Now I am insisting that we go out for the evening meal, — our principal repast, — & I have to put my foot down. ~~Nothing~~ We tried a boarding-house for a week, but they served us such a big meal that we could not eat it, & charged us more than we could afford. There is a "diner" on White St. where the cooking is good. When we are pressed for time, we can go round the corner to the Hotel Green. One way or another, we shall settle down eventually to some practical routine.

Helen Tufts is just back from Boston, where she saw Morris; Wiscasset, to which place she would go in spite of a letter from Henry which practically begged her to stay away; and Springfield, where she spent some few days with Polly & Dana. She reported that Morris is the same as ever only more so, & about to vote for Roosevelt. — Elizabeth is gaining weight & strength, but Henry's heart is in bad shape. He cannot even read aloud without exhaustion after a few minutes. — With Polly & Dana, Helen found a welcome, & they would like to have her make her home with them. She thinks she may do so, but has not yet decided. Meanwhile, a small apartment became vacant at 2 Chapel Place. It was furnished,

so she has taken it for two months & will be with us over Thanksgiving & Christmas.

I have been quite well, all things considered, although the sight of my right eye is definitely deteriorating. However, I don't believe it can be helped except by my general physical condition. I'm taking the recommended vitamins, & I'll make up my mind, if necessary, to a reduced efficiency in several departments. I try to remember to interrupt my work at M. D. or at reading with enough frequency to avoid undue fatigue. The rest is with the gods.

I should like life considerably better if I might be with you frequently. It is much less easy for me to write letters than it used to be. How long shall you be East at Christmas, & what chance will there be really to see you? I wish you might run up here, solo, for a day. Couldn't you?

What a valiant fight Britain is putting up, & what a man is Churchill! I confess I hear nothing from our own leaders that rouses me to such a pitch of admiration as those speeches of Winston from beleaguered England, because they show what stuff good men are made of. I can't help wishing we may have enough of danger here to call out our own latent fortitude.

It has been a beautiful autumn. When you were here, the woodbine was scarlet! Following close upon that metamorphosis came that of the sumac, more rich & brilliant upon whole hillsides than I remember ever being aware of hitherto. The maples had a shorter day of glory, & hard frost nipped off the leaves of many trees before they had time to dress up. Now the oaks are left, & the symphony of russet & old gold & maroon is at its close. John Decker & I have planted many daffodil bulbs, naturalizing narcissus down the terraced slope on Terrace Place. No more Dutch tulips! — and a sorry deprivation it will be.

I have not done much work. Schurmer has my Williamsburg Suite, Galaxy my choruses. Now that we are "settled", perhaps I can improve my productivity. Robert Goldsand is to play part of my piano Suite in Town Hall in the Spring, if he adheres to his present plans. He just been admitted to The Bohemians, the N.Y. musicians' club where Eisenberg played my sonata last year.

I think of you often, dear George, & I love you. Betty sends
 Digitized by Google

Ronald

COMMUNITY CONCERT ASSOCIATION

Presents

HAROLD BAUER

in a Piano Recital

PROGRAM

I.

Suite Händel
(Selected and arranged by Harold Bauer)
 Overture
 Allemande
 Sarabande
 Courante
 Piece
 Air varié (*The Harmonious Blacksmith*)

II.

Sonata, Opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight") Beethoven
 Adagio
 Allegretto
 Presto

INTERMISSION

III.

Papillons, Opus 2 Schumann
 Rhapsody in E flat, Opus 119 Brahms

IV.

The Sunken Cathedral Debussy
 Impromptu in G flat Schubert
 Scherzo in C sharp minor Chopin

MR. BAUER uses the Baldwin Piano

Tour Direction:

METROPOLITAN MUSICAL BUREAU, INC.

Division: Columbia Concerts Corporation of Columbia Broadcasting System

113 WEST 57TH STREET

NEW YORK

*masterly playing
throughout*

12 Nov., 1940.

Dear George: -

Just a brief acknowledgment of your letter. I appreciate your prospecting in search of interpreters for my piano music. If you think Mr. Mannheim would like to see it, I can send him a copy - a rather bad M.S. in the handwriting (except for the Finale) of a former pupil, - of the Piano Suite. I have nothing but pencil copies of the Gluck transcriptions, + cannot let them go to anyone. Myra Ness never returned the lovely copy I sent her, nor has she ever played the dances. Robert Goldsaud has my good copy of the suite. He says he will play three of the numbers in Town Hall in the Spring. We heard

him do the Schumann Concerto on Sunday, over the radio. It was a most musically sensitive performance, — unfortunately, the orchestral part + the conducting of the ensemble were inept, but we listened mostly to the piano + marveled at the way Robert retrieved from disaster all the errors. He plays his first N.Y. recital of the season next Tuesday, the 19th, Betty's birthday, + we are going down for the occasion + will also see Life With Father.

On December 22 the Bohemians give a benefit dinner. Betty seems to want me to go, + I am by way of being persuaded. In that case, I shall come to N.Y. on the 22nd — which seems to be a Sunday (can that be right?) — + we can have some few hours together then or on the following day, as I shall perforce remain overnight. † Of this, more anon.

We are going to New Haven tonight to hear the Budapest String Quartet. Cousine Hal + Grace are generously having us to dine chez eux + spend the night. We were to have driven, but the weather prediction is so threatening that I don't dare attempt it. It is frightfully hard on my eyes + nerves to drive in bad weather after dark on a road not well known to me. So we go by bus, + fortunately there is one that goes direct + reaches New Haven at 5.30. Tomorrow, I'm going to have a look at the music section of the library at Yale.

We drove to the first concert of the series last month, - your friend Ralph Kirkpatrick played hopsichawa with attendant wind-instruments. I have never seen such ardent temperament so wasted on an essentially inexpressive instrument. It was all nice, pleasant Baroque music. Teleman, Händel, et al. R. K. played it with romantic fervor that shook him from stem to stern, but left the strings in their ornate buzz-box singularly unaffected.

I had a lovely time with Bauer, which I shall try to report for you soon. He's what in New England we call a character.

My love to you always. — Donald

THE STAMFORD SYMPHONY SOCIETY

presents

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Marvelous technical mastery, but too much of a "virtuoso" program. The Appassionata was great, but the rest of the program (Chopin mazurkas + Bach-Liszt transcription excepted) was scarce worth an hour's ride to hear.



D..

Stamford High School Auditorium

Stamford, Connecticut

Thursday evening, November 7, 1940

8:15 o'clock

TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

18 Dec. '40.

Dear George: -

Can you + Constance have lunch with me on Monday or cocktails at the Town Hall Club in late afternoon if that works out better for you? I have my ticket to the Kressler dinner on Sunday evening + I expect to be in New York from about Sunday noon till time to get home for supper on Monday. Naturally I expect you two will be more or less involved in already-made plans, but I hope not too involved. At any time during Sunday afternoon or Monday morning I can shift my projects about so as to allow time to talk with you about Eva - I want to know the whole story as far as you can tell it, + while I don't fancy myself as a psychiatrist, I do want to be helpful if I can.

I will call you when I have arrived, + you can tell me what's what. It's good to realize that you will be within hauling distance for a few weeks' time.

My extra-special-best to you both. -

Donald

P.S. If you are unable to have any time free till Monday evening, I will arrange to stay over if you wish.

MRS. DONALD N. TWEEDY
2 CHAPEL PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

Dec 28th 1940

What angles you two cheap little
doves are!! You couldn't have
given me any more things to please
me more, to take me up in
or to give me more real ex-
perience than the life of
Winston Churchill! I love a
man & a young man and I
admire him from the ground
up. He has met me

match in him: He went out with
him the way he saw all the
others, and on his 1/2 anniversary
with us. I don't like at all
the spirit that's beginning to
spread among ourselves
it's even not very common,
we may have Nazi bombs
on the way. The papers
upset me so that I just can't
bear to read them. Still there's
nothing I can do about it.

except to say so. We now read Unitarian
Churchill's life aloud to one another
every word of it, it is a fine account
of a remarkable man. I turn you
again with all my heart. We now
also read Pilgrimage by John Buchan
& love every word of it. I don't remember
to do!! We now all agree on it.
How I wish we had an abstracted
room!!! So we could have you make
us a little visit, that you know how
it is with us. We shall try to get into
New York, so as to see you, & see you
or for you to return to the Grand
Stair, but just now we can't say please,
a great want to feel that you
accept of New York. We hope in the best
you. That would be to you I wish you
in happy as you are in the midst of
what is wonderful. From affectionately
Julia

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

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R. B. WHITE
PRESIDENTNEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARDJ. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

52)

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NK41 10=DANBURY CONN 1 9 28A

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4312 47 ST LONGISLANDCITY NY=

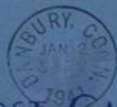
DESOLATE CANNOT COME WILL WRITE MICHIGAN AFFECTIONATE NEW
YEAR WISHES=

BETTY AND DONALD=

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

LOUGHHEAD & CO. 4978E PHILA., PA.

Account



POST CARD

Dr. George B. Van Schwaack,
247 Delta St.,
E. Lansing, Mich.

2 Jan. '44

The package you will receive is a part of your Christmas present that didn't get delivered. I hope the records will have arrived without breakage.

B. had a great deal of heart douleur yesterday morning & it seemed sensible not to try to make what for her would have been a taxing effort.

I have seen the comet, & it's not much, as comets go. We all beheld it Christmas night up at my sister's. We also came into possession of an attractive & dynamic kitten, who appeared out of the night at the same time as the comet. His name is Mishka.

I feel bad not to have seen you again, not to have had more time with you. Better luck next summer.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. George B. Van Schaack
247 Delta Street
East Lansing, Michigan

Broadcast over Station WNYC (810 KC.)

February 22, at 11:15 A. M. —

By ensemble groups of the High School of Music and Art
in New York City

"American Music for American Youth"

1. Suite for String Orchestra - - - - - Otto Luening
2. Introduction and Scherzo for Woodwind Octet - Donald Tweedy
3. Fun for Two Clarinets - - - - - Abram Klotsman
4. Two Pieces for Choral Ensemble - - - - - Miriam Gideon
 - a) Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount
 - b) Pack, Clouds, Away
5. Overture in D, for Orchestra - - - - - Berenice Robinson
6. Ode to New York City for Chorus
and Orchestra - - - - - Herbert Haufrecht

TWO CHAPEL PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

17 Feb. '41

Dear George: - I feel chagrined to have left you so long without a word from me, but the complications of existence for a person ~~like me~~ who finds he can no longer abuse his eyesight are dismaying. I must use my eyes for so much careful work that in spite of an hour's complete rest in the afternoons + Betty's reading aloud in the evenings, I am able to do insufficient writing to my friends. I'm sorry.

Before I forget it, let me tell you that if someone has a radio capable of picking up WHYC in New York (810 KC), that station will broadcast a program from the High School of Music + Art at 11¹⁵ on Feb. 22 which contains my most recent opus:

Introduction (Blues) and Scherzo for Octet of Woodwinds. It was lots of fun to do, + I think the kids seem to enjoy playing it. I hope you may be able to hear it.

Kremer now has the State Youth Orchestra in New Haven. He is doing two of the dances from Alice on his first program, likewise my March for student orchestra and an arrangement I have done specially for him of The Star Spangled Banner.

On Sunday the 10th. John Kirkpatrick + Alan Schulman played my 'cello sonata in an All-Harvard Program (God save the mark!) at the New York Harvard Club. They learned the work in two weeks. — I coached them in two rehearsals, — + while Kirkpatrick is too reticent for his

part in that sonata, the ensemble was good. Shulman (I should not have spelled him with an SCH) is the former 'cellist of the Greener quartet, and a very intelligent + competent player. He draws off lovely mp and p tone, sometimes exquisite. In f and ff he comes short of "figness" — and he never communicates excitement, — simply hasn't got it in him, — but he is an artist up to the limit of his temperamental capabilities, + he gave a good reading of the work. The audience obviously liked it better than anything else on the program, which was properly gratifying.

Tues. Feb. 18. Your letter arrived today in the midst of hectic preparations for a big reception to the new conductor of the Music Centre Chorus, M^r Quinto Maganini, — which event occurred at 10 Terrace Pl. It's over now, but I can't continue till tomorrow.

Thu. Feb. 20. I'm going to skip this off + start another with which I trust I'll have better luck!

We're awfully sorry about Amherst, but wherever you go, you're bound to have to do some adapting. Think perhaps the new doctor may have the right clue to Eva's trouble, + most certainly hope so.

Love to you from us both,

Donald

P.S. I'm off to another rehearsal in New York

10 Terrace Place
Washington's Birthday, 1941.

Dear George:-

Instead of listening to the performance of FIDELIO this afternoon under Bruno Walter, I intend to write the letter you should have had the other day and failed to get. And I hope you will not mind the typing. I want to try the experiment for a few days of doing all my correspondence on the machine and see if it helps. I am about as quick one way as the other, but my posture at the typewriter is something like my posture at the piano, and far less fatiguing in the long run than bending over a sheet of paper, pen in hand.

This morning at 11.30 we listened to the broadcast of my INTRODUCTION & SCHERZO for 8 woodwind instruments by the youngsters at the High School of Music & Art. Between you and me, I thought it was rotten as punk. Inadequate rehearsal for inexperienced, non-professional players. But it was not entirely the fault of Mr. Klotzman, the member of the faculty who prepared and conducted the woodwinds. Various troubles, including sickness of good players and hogging of rehearsal time by the Director (can you imagine such a thing???) - conspired to prevent the kind of preparation a broadcast should have. Beside that, the SCHERZO, having originally been written for Bassoon & Piano and transcribed for the octet, is not intended for that medium and does not sound particularly effective. The INTRODUCTION was added three weeks ago to fill up the time-schedule on the broadcast, and was scored for 8 woodwinds from the first. It sounded much better, and I am satisfied that in the hands of experienced professionals, it would sound right, i.e. as well as it can. But it is dismaying to listen to your own music when it has been too hastily rehearsed, and by players who are not sure enough to play with aplomb. Such a performance seems to lack all clarity of line; it tends to fall apart; it degenerates at moments into a dreary waste of sound where there are no distinguishing topographical features. What you intended to be positive and decided contours lose all character.

Larry and I drove down to New Haven last evening to hear a rehearsal of Teddy Kreiner's NYA Orchestra. Since the rehearsal, which ordinarily happens on Saturdays, had been moved to Friday evening, there was not a full complement of players present. Two trumpets out of the required three were absent, one trombone was missing, also both bassoons and the timpani player. But even so, Teddy's training of the group was evident, especially in the Beethoven First, of which they rehearsed the 1st movement. It was especially notable for finish and clarity of phrasing. My recent MARCH for student orchestra, is going to sound very well indeed. The two dances from ALICE which they are also preparing, are pretty difficult for them.

Maria Márova, the Russian soprano I think I have mentioned to you, is actually working on my two published songs, and I am preparing to play some of her repertoire for her. We will probably persuade Mrs. Elser to invite a few possible "consumers" (of Sopranos) to listen to a little recital one of these days. Marova is a superb artist, and she has what I consider a lovely voice which she knows how to use.

I have found something to do in connection with the international situation which I think will provide an outlet for my energies and my spleen. I have got myself put on the local Defense committee, and am in charge of public instruction. So I have been looking for a man to come here and give us first-hand acquaintance with civilian organization for defense in Europe.

My first inquiries have convinced me that in the type of war which the Dictators are waging, Total War as it is called, not only the armed forces of the country should receive disciplinary training, but also the entire civilian population down to children old enough to let go their parents' hands. By disciplinary training I do not mean combat training. But since the bombing of centres of population is a severe ordeal for the men, women, and children who are its victims, their demoralization can only be prevented under air attack by such habits of action as will operate no matter what calamities may occur around them.

We know that soldiers can be controlled under fire only by the operation of military discipline. This presupposes a course of training long enough to establish in the individual a habit of obedience to orders in spite of the natural impulse to hide or to run away. In like manner I believe that civilians can be controlled under fire only by the operation of a discipline like that which actuates the soldier, except that the instinct to hide is this time to be taken advantage of. ~~There~~ The bulk of the population is to be got into shelters in as short a time as possible. Germany and Italy had so trained their civil populations for at least a year before the German occupation of Austria.

It will be advisable, especially here along the Eastern coast, I think, to train the people in urban centers so that they are properly prepared to undergo air attack. New York is the most wonderful target in the world, and out of sheer devilment, should the Nazis knock Britain out, (which God forbid!) we might expect ~~that they would bomb the city of skyscrapers. They would hope thereby to injure vitally our morale. Every thickly settled district along the Eastern seaboard and every factory town along the railroads within two hundred miles of the big centres like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, would be liable to attack.~~

I do not like to think of what would happen were our cities not thoroughly prepared for this ordeal. As a musician, and as a former soldier, I know that you cannot improvise the technical training that is going to be required. You cannot fake a technic that demands unity of effort from a whole community of individuals. It takes a long period of rehearsal to prepare the seventy or eighty men of a symphony orchestra to play a concert program, even when the seventy are individual technical experts. It is going to take time, very valuable time, to train the thirty thousand people of Danbury and Bethel, to act in concert ~~in~~ during an air raid. That raid is hypothetical now, and perhaps we have sufficient time. Should the Nazi invasion of the British Isles and of Ireland take place next week or next month, I expect our people will fall all over themselves running to the Defense committees to know why systematic instruction in public defense has not been started.

I don't know that I ever mentioned it, but during the last war, after our division had got to France, it was reduced to a cadre or "frame", stationed well behind the lines (in fact, so far that we could not even hear the artillery), and acted as a training school for replacements, something on the principle that if you chain a young wild elephant between two grown old in subjugation, you will have him tamed in practically no time at all. My guess is that we shall have to begin civilian training with a picked lot of men and women who will then become the frame upon which the training of the whole population will be based.

The officers will have to be trained first, and this is where we can learn from the experience of those countries in Europe not yet overrun, like Switzerland and England. I refer of course to those who officer the civilian defensive organization. These are the men and women who stay above ground during an air raid; who guard power lines and water mains; who man the signal posts; who supervise the safety of the population, give the orders that set in motion fire-fighting apparatus and ambulances, and co-operate with the military in sending tactical information to the proper quarters. In England these officers are called Wardens. They can be, and often are, women. If they are men, they have to be chosen from those not likely to be required for military service. Whether men or women, their training has to be such that they will hold fast to their posts under fire. It is this training that I should like to see begun immediately in our cities, this special instruction of the Wardens and their assistant personnel.

Sunday, February 23.

We have been for a beautiful drive this afternoon, up through Brookfield to the Housatonic bridge above Lovers' Leap. The day is marvelously clear, with gusts of cold wind coming from the north, and the hills are all shades of delphinium blue.

You should know that I took Betty to my nice Stamford doctor, Resnick, as soon as might be, after her return. It is not to be talked about, of course, but she is subject to Angina, and there is apparently little that can be done for it except to avoid doing the things that bring on the pain and to ~~me~~ restrict the diet, as to lessen the likelihood of indigestion, a bout of which can put a severe strain on the heart. There are pills to be taken as a precaution before an unavoidable exertion, but, drat it, they seem to bring on indigestion. I've about decided either to hire a maid who can cook or else to take all our meals out. Helen Tufts wants to be helpful, but she sees so badly now, and has broken or nicked so much expensive china and glassware that Betty fears to trust her. The two of them don't work well together, and while I regularly wash or wipe the dinner dishes and do any heavy work that needs doing, I can't be present and on the watch all the time to make certain that Betty doesn't overdo. Helen, by the way, has just been to Boston, where she got in touch with her Paris doctor, Collinson. He examined her eyes, and says she will not be ready for an operation for three or four months yet. As for me, I'm quite well again, and have put on weight shockingly. I need the kind of exercise I used to get with you. As evidence, I submit MY DAY this last Thursday: Up at seven, bathed and had breakfast and drove to South Norwalk, where I took train for New York. Got out at 125th St. and took trolley to High School of Music & Art, where supervised rehearsal of my woodwind piece. Downtown at 12.30, had lunch at Town Hall Club and then a conference lasting 2 1/4 hours with Messrs. Beck and Hart of the American Defenders of Freedom, Inc. at 9 East 46th St. Got to Marova's at 4.30 and worked a little with her, then off to have tea with Mrs. Stanley

Richter at the Ritz Tower. Back to Marova's an hour later to take her out to dinner, but she wanted to sing Russian gypsy songs, so it was almost eight before we found a restaurant, and 9.20 when we finished dinner. I got the 10 o'clock train back to South Norwalk and drove thence home, getting to bed at 1 A.M. Not bad for a convalescent, especially as I was not over-tired.

You know, I think, that I am sorry the contact with Amherst didnt prove electric. Do you think the reason was possibly because you have not been what is described as a "productive" scholar? Golly, can't you manage to get at least an article in a mathematical journal, - something that will bring your name into professional cognizance, favorably if possible? It does not advance your chances of making a change to a more congenial college if you stick to your class-room, no matter how good your work with the students may be. You must advertise, and since there is (happily) nothing in the mathematical world that corresponds to the Musical Courier, you must write good stuff for the journals that are read by your profession. Can you force yourself to be a little less conscientious with your students and with your landlady and a little more concerned to accomplish some solid writing for the advancement of learning? or what will appear to be such? Sit down to it seriously, and you'll mayhap surprise yourself. There's a lot in making a beginning.

I have a notion that the diagnosis of pituitary tumor may be somewhere near the mark for Eva. Wouldn't it be a relief if it so proved?! At least I hope there is some such cause for her behavior, and that it will be cleared up right soon. Please give her my affectionate good wishes ~~if possible~~ when you next see her.

In spite of my silence, I miss you every day, and sometimes acutely. I join in your cry that we ~~live~~ ^{live} nearer together. It would be an immeasurable comfort to be able to go to you when I need your companionship with especial intensity. But I reckon there's nothing for it but to be philosophical. And that I'm resolved to be. Stoic!

Betty sends her love, and I my special brand of it.

Faithfully,

Donald

You will doubtless have heard that our dear friend Paul Réfer died of a heart ailment the night of the 21st, at Strong Memorial, where his wife was recovering from a minor operation. He was alone at home when the attack came on, but he managed to telephone a doctor. Ghislaine was allowed to see him before he died. We feel bad at losing Paul, who was a most lovable human being. D.

HARVARD CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY



JOHN KIRKPATRICK
PIANIST

and

THE STUYVESANT STRING QUARTET

Sylvan Shulman, first violin

Harry Glickman, second violin

Louis Kievman, viola

Allan Shulman, cello

CONCERT OF MUSIC BY HARVARD COMPOSERS

HARVARD HALL

Sunday, February the Ninth

1941

*Members and their guests are requested to refrain from smoking
during the concert.*

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

UNION STATION PLAZA

WASHINGTON, D.C.

26 April, 1941

Dear George: -

It has actually been necessary to get away from Danbury before I could write you! In Washington, there is never anything to do in the evenings. Mother, Betty & I arrived at 6.30, had Chow Mein at a Chinese restaurant, went for a stroll round the National Gallery of Art (to see that is our reason for being in the capital,) and are now sampling the Pennsylvania's ink-pots, as this page testifies.

Your beautiful birthday present reached me safely long before the day, and I am deeply pleased with it. Michelangelo is, as you know, one of my adorations, & I like sculpture almost as well when it is cunningly photographed as I do when I see it in the nude! You are a dear fellow to find a thing

so sure to please me, and were you here, you would get a special hug for thanks.

I want to get caught up a little on news tonight, and then perhaps I will have another opportunity later to expatiate.

I think I wrote you that I had gone on the Danbury Defense Committee as Chairman for Public Education. We started a Civilian Defense Institute on March 27, with a lecturer provided by an organization in New York. The Institute meets every Thursday evening for two hours, + we are studying the various techniques necessary to qualify as wardens in air-raid personnel. We have over a hundred registered participants, + hope to get a few of them to stick to the course through June 19th, when they will, if they pass the tests, be certified as capable of instructing others.

Then I have taken a job, largely for economic reasons. The organist + choir-leader at the 1st Congregational Church in Danbury is retiring. I have

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

UNION STATION PLAZA

WASHINGTON, D.C.

agreed to take the position. It pays \$1200. a year for practically two days work a week. I shall have to do more than that at the start, for my pedal technique is in desuetude. But I do not have to give organ recitals, & the choir work will be interesting enough to compensate for the ennui at the console. (Why the Devil should an organ keyboard be called a console?) Of course I shall have to stay within weekly reach of Danbury unless I hire a substitute, but now that there is no temptation to go to Europe, I think I can be content.

Uncle Charles Rider had a serious attack of angina pectoris five days ago. He survived, but is in bed, has two nurses, and we who are not of his immediate family may not see him, it fatigues him so to talk. He does

not particularly desire to live, but I can't imagine Aunt Stella without him. She would be wretched beyond imagining. I had hoped for her sake she might go first. She too has been seriously ill this winter, and she looks pitifully small & wizened.

Betty has been better, & I am quite reasonably well. I have almost regained my old emotional stability, though now & then comes a day of nervous misery. I take them in my stride better than I used. One thing I regret. - With Betty feeding me, I have put on much too much weight. I hope to do enough gardening to get back again to circa 170.

Helen Tufts has gone to Springfield to make a long stay with Polly & Dana Pierce. Betty is much less nervous when Helen is not by.

Elizabeth Webb has diabetes! But we have heard from Henry that she is getting "regulated," & will probably be all right if she will eat what she should. But she does love sweets!

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

UNION STATION PLAZA

WASHINGTON, D.C.

I hope you are reasonably well + are getting out in this amazingly early spring sunshine. I've been able to do a couple of afternoons of work at the farm.

Daffodils + narcissus came with a rush, pears + cherries are in bloom, crabapples show pink, + hockadishes are all through hockadishing!

As to the intunational situation, you can guess what we think + feel. We telegraphed the President yesterday that he was elected to lead, + should lead. We voted for Willkie, but we most certainly would now support the President if only he would go ahead + function as an executive.

My dearest love to you, + how I wish you were here too!
Donald



25 April, '41

This proved to be one of our special favorites, but there are such crowds of masterpieces that a choice becomes embarrassing.

We had cocktails yesterday with Harold & Cynthia Tweedy. They have a three-months old boy, Douglas by name, a lusty infant. I think Harold is very likeable. I must confess that hitherto his qualities have not had a chance to shine in the hurly-burly of his mother's conversation. Harold is doing very well on the F. H. I. Banking Board. He is in New York four days a week, so you will see him after you get there.

Washington is at its best & we are enjoying every moment of our stay.
Your Donald

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL
BY JAN VAN DYCK
Museum Collection

23 June, '41

Dear G. - You must know that we think often of you + hope to hear from you when you are at long last back again in the East. My silence, as you know, means nothing but that I am unable to sustain a correspondence at your tempo (*Adagio e non troppo espressivo*) - I regret that it should be thus, but so it is.

We are, and have been, seldom in New York, and when we have been there, it has been on accumulated business or in response to specific engagements. I hope Constance does not mind that we have not called her up. If only there were time for all the little amicableities one would so gladly engage in!

Gerald Maas is in New York. We have seen him & heard his tale, which is sad enough. His wife & daughter are supposed to be en route to Lisbon, but the absence of word from them looks ominous to me.

Are you still planning to do some work this summer?

We want to see you, & of course we can cooperate with the rest of the family & the various disposable roofs & beds, to put you up should you need putting. But let us know as long in advance as possible. — Our best to you both. — Donald

Balls Pond,

July 2, 1941

I'm sitting under the old apple tree at the edge of the sunken garden with a sheaf of loose note-paper threatening at any instant to fly East & be gone with the wind. Maggie is cleaning the studio today. I brought her up shortly after breakfast. We remained to lunch and I shall take her home when she finishes. It is the first complete day that I shall have spent at the farm this summer, and I'm happy to be here. It's a lovely place, and what have we done to deserve it?

Your letter is in sight, and has been read several times with much enjoyment. I wish I might have met you en route during your trip East, but it would hardly have been possible. I could not have left Betty unless Helen had been here, and she did not arrive till her birthday, June 25. But, beside my week-ends, which continue to run me down to choice work - I will do so all summer unless I pay a substitute, - there is, or has been, the Civilian Defense Institute. I shall attend an intensive course in New Haven from Monday to Friday next week (July 7-11) - and when I have the Connecticut certificate to be an instructor, I shall probably do evening classes in Danbury or elsewhere. And I'm also taking the Red Cross course in First Aid, - something I wish I could have taken when I was a youngster. It should be substituted for the study of Physiology in the public schools. At least, if Physiology is still anything like it used to be, it is not very useful. The technique of bandaging alone is a pretty crafty skill to acquire, & worth the time spent. And you should have seen me at the last meeting giving artificial respiration to a young woman with a naked midriff. Boy, oh boy!

I am sorry you will not see the garden till the Delphinium and the Hollyhocks will have passed their best days. We had 'Dels' 8 ft. high, believe it or not, & 'Hocks' almost without rust, thus far at least. I have never seen better Delphinium. I am staving for true-blue Dels in the sunken garden, and the purples, lavenders, & whites have to go back of the wood-house, where they have flourished magnificently. Now come the gaf beetles, & with the rose-bugs the annual summer plant-barbecue is on. I have decided not to spend much time or money fighting them, but to concentrate on

what comes earlier. This year the lupines & the perennial funk were so lavish & effective that, with daffodils & Sweet William and Sedocks and Neuchera and Iris (we had good bearded Iris for the first time) — and of course the Peonies, — our pre-Battle epoch was better than anything that will come later. Betty had sent me Russell Lupine seed from Britain (via France) — and while I still prefer the straight colors, the Russells are fine & attract a lot of attention.

I was interrupted there to go for a swim with Marguerite & small James, — and a new dog Clausung has acquired from the pound to keep off the deer from the vegetable garden. I gave the beast a storm, and had to hold him by the chain with might & main. He's powerful. A mixture, I should say, of Chow & Malamute. Not so tractable or sensitive as a collie or spaniel, & not the kind of dog I could ever get attached to.

Your plans sound very vague, but I hope you will be able to work in some sort of tramp with me before the summer is over. I haven't really tested myself out, principally because I lack a dependable companion. Mid-July would be as convenient a time as any — better, I think, than later, tho if it's very hot, it may prove advisable to proceed with caution. I'm standing the present heat very well indeed, tho I shudder to think of you & Constance on your way to Washington in the midst of it. With Ball's Pond to jump into, heat has always seemed unimportant.

I hope — We hope — you will come by on your way up to Coxsackie & have lunch with us. Then we can talk about whether excursions are practicable later in the summer.

In Washington the "Mellon" Gallery at least will be comfortable, as it is air-conditioned. One should cart along a portable electric fan for the Southern summer, though I question whether it's much hotter today in Washington than in Danbury or Long Island City. Why do not hotels & inns provide electric fans in all bedrooms? Isn't this the land where machines are a glut on the market?

Morris was here a few weeks back. A friend of his got him a temporary job teaching (or rather it seemed to be minding kids) at the Maritime School in Pawling — the same place where Richard Chase taught, but now run by quite different people. Morris spent a Sunday evening with us & was quite his old giggling self, — a good & conversationalist & a person to whom we are both much attached. We had another visit the next week, when we took him & the Stanley Bensons to Falls Village to hear the Gordon Quartet. Stanley played the Brahms Adagio from the d-minor Violin Sonata with me at the organ (faute de mieux) that Sunday morning, & also the obligato to the Franck Pavane Angelical. (You will understand that I do Brahms & Franck as often as I can discover suitable works of theirs that are not too difficult. I also do the slow dances of Gluck. No one in the congregation knows they are dances, & they have a certain ritual flavor that helped the service.)

To return to Morris, he is now at West Norwich, but wrote a couple of days ago to say he would be down this way again soon, & would try to stop by. — He said the Transcript was badly managed toward the end, & finally sold out to the Globe. He is, of course, in search of a good job. He looks fat and well.

July 3.

Harold Tweedy's New York address is:

Parkside Hotel, Gramercy Park. — and in Washington: 1338 - 29th St. N.W. — in Georgetown, as a matter of geographical accuracy. The telephone is listed under Mrs. Harold Tweedy. He said he was to be regularly in New York from Monday to Thursday, but you might call by phone & see whether that schedule is still operative. He spoke of you, & I'm sure would be glad to see you. We liked his wife at first go, & they're a charming baby.

We are far from assuming that the Russian move means that the two beasts will eat each other up. Roosevelt seems strangely passive in this crisis. Can he really do anything but talk well? You should read Lippmann of today.

July 3, — for the shrewdest judgment on F.D.R. yet published.

Betty has managed to endure the heat, which finally broke last night. Helen is almost blind with her cataracts, but manages to get around somehow. She is to stay over the Fourth, - that's all she has said thus far.

We have not heard again from Niscasset, nor recently from Raymond + Hilda. I would like to hear about Eva - whether there is any improvement. I earnestly hope so.

Give our best greetings to Constance, + we do hope this Pup will be a pleasure + a source of inspiration to you both. Our love to you. -

Donald

TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

July 15, '41.

Dear George:—

You see how your unsystematic friend manages to send you a note to Coxsackie and to Long Island City simultaneously!

I think that, if you can manage it, I shall be able to take a little time off between my "choich work" on Sunday next and my First Aid class on Tuesday evening at 7.30. At any rate, if you can appear in Danbury by Sunday noon, we can get going on a brief trip by mid-afternoon, and in a direction opposite to the returning New Yorkers.

Helen was planning to leave "soon", but she was not definitely committed to any date, and is willing to remain through next Tuesday at any rate.

It is to be a period of experiment for me, and I am now starting to prepare by daily walks, mostly in town. I most heartily appreciate Constance's willingness to permit you out of her sight, and shall put her on my short list of the few women who have the imagination to conceive that men occasionally need the exclusive companionship of men. Since neither you nor I enjoys "goin'fishin'", hill-tramping in the Taconics will give us exercise and the opportunity of a congenial exchange of ideas without the interruptions that the telephone, the daily household errands, the social engagements entail when one is at home.

I can't guess how long it will take for you and Wilbur to find a new replacement for your car. So a copy of this goes to L.I.City. My best greetings to your parents, and to Constance mes hommages.

Faithfully, Donald

TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

Our telephone in
Danbury is
5062

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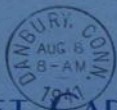
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Faithfully, Donald

LOUGHEAD & CO. MYRS. PHILA., PA.



POST CARD

Dr. George B. Van Schaack,
4312 - 47th St.
Long Island City, N. Y.

Thurs. 7 Aug. 41

R. Robinson + his wife + a student - chauffeur board lunch

I reckon I'll be coming down to see the Independent Music Publishers on Tuesday of next week, and shall hope we may have lunch together, either downtown or up, whichever suits the convenience of the moment, — but its only going to be a moment, I & sure that may be wiped out by circumstances I'll not be able to control. Has John Jay Hall a telephone? and is it near 116th St? — I've been copying till my eyes are bally, but my hand (note your name on other side) is habituated to legibility. Our best to Constance. yrs D.. with us today.

Tues. Sept. 2, '41

Dear George: -

Like the young man at the junction, my feelings are wrung with compunction. I have tried for weeks, or so it seems, to get a few letters written to my friends, and of course I meant to thank you for taking me to lunch when I was in New York. I do so now, most appreciatively, and with a mental scalp-massage of dust + ashes.

The whole trouble is that I've been copying, - not orchestral scores alone, but parts, which is so taxing to the eyes that when my daily stint was done, I had to renounce not only writing but also reading. And I've begun to recatalogue the music library at the church, and that takes eyesight. Frances Kirner has done a duplicate set of cards, - there were over 600 titles, - but I've have still to make the special lists of pieces

suitable only for occasions like Christmas
& Easter. We can't sing "Christ is Risen"
on Dec. 25th, nor "Hodie Christus Natus Est"
at any other time.

I expect to take weeks more just examining
the anthems as to their worthiness. It seems
a pity to keep most of the stuff on the shelves.
Still, there are occasional surprises, and
the boys like Stamer & Dykes who knew
how to write for human voices in chorus
are ~~hardly~~ for that reason worth saving from
rejection.

With great regret I must tell you that I
shall not be here on Saturday next. Barbara
Hartford, the daughter of old friends of
mine, is being married at Bournedale, Mass.,
and I am to play for the wedding. Betty
was to go up with me, but since it is too
far for me to drive, I decided we must go
by train, — and now, what with uncertain-
ty about Betty's health and the schedule of
railroad connections with Buzzard's Bay,
she has decided not to try to go.

I had the wild notion that possibly you

might be willing to drive us up to Bournemouth + back, + so I telephoned you night before last. There was, of course, no answer.

And now I have another wild notion: Would it be possible, under any circumstances, for us (possibly us, more certainly me) to ride with you as far as Rochester, on your way out to East Lansing? Somebody could drive us to a meeting-place (such as Beacon or Pokipsy), - we'd have a minimum of luggage, + we'd come back by train.

Betty has been having an especially bad time with her heart during the past fortnight + there is no telling in advance what she may be able to do on a particular day. But she does very much want to see the Vases, + if she could get half the round trip accomplished by motor, she might make the effort.

Naturally, we should insist on buying the necessary gas + oil + meeting any overnight expenses.

Which reminds me that I still owe for my share of g. + o. on the Taconic trip, + the enclosed is to cover that item.

Of course, I don't know that your schedule + mine are workable together. I must be here week-ends or pay a substitute. (I'm hiring one for next Sunday). My memory seems to tell me you generally depart about Friday when you make this journey. Exactly when shall you be leaving, this time?

I very much wish you would come + take Betty out to lunch on Saturday, tho' I'm sore regretful not to be here. I am really more anxious about her than I will let her suspect. These angina cases can take people out of this world without warning. She would be able to go with you to the Green, and the poor dear ought not to have any meal-pleasuring to do till she feels better. Do stop by. I shall bless you, + you'll be doing a Good Deed. Our best love to you both, + to the family. Donald

HOPE AND JOHN KIRKPATRICK

will give

An Afternoon of Music

Saturday, August 30th, 1941, at 3:30

- I. Sonata in A flat Major, Op. 110 BEETHOVEN
- II. Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod (1918) CHARLES T. GRIFFES
lovely songs The Lament of Ian the Proud
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine
The Rose of the Night
- III. Fantasy (1939) ROSS LEE FINNEY *?
- IV. Six Songs: Walking (1902), Maple Leaves (1920), CHARLES E. IVES
Two Little Flowers (1921), The Seer (1913),
Down East (1919), The Greatest Man (1921)
- V. Evocation No. 1 (1937) CARL RUGGLES ??
Capriccio (1940), Toccata (1939) THEODORE CHANLER
Pawnee Horses (Omaha melody) (1905) ARTHUR FARWELL
Navajo War Dance No. 2 (1908) *rather fun*
- VI. Ah! Perfido (Concert Aria) Op. 65 BEETHOVEN

at Windways, Georgetown, Conn.

Tel. Ridgefield 788 ring 2-3

Tickets one dollar each

Refreshments will be served

* ? = was this worth playing ?

Danbury
Tuesday A. M.
Sept. 8, 1941.

Dear George + Constance: -

I returned from my little jamboree last evening and found that you had been here ^{Saturday} ^ & had spent the entire afternoon. I'm désolé to have had to be absent. The next time God creates a universe, I hope one of the immutable laws will be that individuals, at will, can be in several places at once. (Wouldn't that complicate the mystery-stories!)

I played duly at Barbara Hartford's wedding on Saturday afternoon, - a perfect day and a handsome couple. - The new husband is named Harrison Condon. I had a misgiving I should mispronounce his surname before I got away from Bournedale, & sure enough I did, - fortunately it

was only to the milkkeeper's wife, who gave no sign of possessing birth-control information.

Betty said that you took her to the little Gallery after consuming the available supply of rum, + that ~~definitely~~ she had a most enjoyable visit with you both. I'm sorry there wasn't more + better rum, but evidently the quantity was sufficient to spark the engines.

Sunday I rose early + took train for Boston, calling Raymond at Rockport from South Station + proceeding thither in mid-afternoon after attending Divine service at King's Chapel, eating Turkey Pie at the Park St. Waldorf Lunch, + lying on my Bellevue bed for the best part of an hour. (This is to prove that I lead an exemplary life.)

Raymond met my train + said he'd been sent to fetch two old maids from the hotel for tea, + that there was another old maid staying with them (a married one), + we'd hang round long enough to be polite + then make for the quarrers. Hilda was quite her usual self, and

was frantically thoughtful about everybody. The tea was supposed not to interfere with anybody's appetite for the next summer-hotel meal. It couldn't have, for it consisted of peanuts + amber-colored hot-water. No sugar, no cream, no wafers, biscuits, bread, toast, or cake. But we heard that the tea was a subtle Chinese blend + the cups, — without handles in the best Chinese manner — were of incredibly thin + tough porcelain + nearly burnt our fingers off to ~~handle~~ manipulate.

As agreed, Raymond + I made for the quarries, took most of our clothes off (there were girls + other inhibiting influences abroad) + sunbathed + talked. Eventually the girls went away + some boys arrived + went sunbathing naked, which is a pretty sight.

If Raymond graduated from Yale in '96 (or was that when he entered college?) he must now be about 67. He is the youngest-spirited person of anything like that age that I have ever met. You know his best subjects, — economics, politics, + human relations — general, particular, + private. Of the stimulation of his companionship there is no need to speak, and he has such charm, such lovable traits, that some of his unconventional ideas — so unconventional that from anyone else they would arouse distaste if not distrust, — seem positively and provokingly attractive. As Betty says, "Raymond is a dear."

He is convinced (as I am) that the general trend of the present administration in this country is in the right direction, but (as I do) he distrusts Franklin Roosevelt deeply as a leader.

Now my time is almost up and I must mention the plan to drive out to Rochester. I'm glad the notion is not altogether impossible, + Sept. 17th is right enough for us. I don't think I'll need more than a day there if I plan carefully. And I'll be down soon to talk it over with you. Much love, Donald

10 Sept. '41

My dear Giorgio Poggio: -

Why the Heck, when you were about to make these plans with Mr. Midshipman, didn't you drop me a line? You know I would then have made my own plan, either to go or not to go.

Well, we're taking you at your word that you can rearrange, and since I know Carmel N. Y. is near enough for Dad or Peggy to drive us there, we'll plan for meeting you there on Tuesday afternoon purposely so that we may make the journey easier by breaking it.

As far as I know now, Betty wants to go and will go, but her pitch is so uncertain that if for any reason she has a flat day, she may very likely renege.

How would you proceed after Carmel? As far as I know, the best route is then by way of the Catskill Bridge + the Cherry Valley turnpike. You might be enabled to spend the night at home while we stayed in Catskill. But I should rather like to get as far as Cherry Valley, where you could view again the spot where Tobacco entered your life.

I am hoping to get to New York tomorrow or Friday. I wish it could be Saturday in order to be with you on your birthday, but ~~that~~ — well, we'll see. I'll telephone or telegraph the moment I can plan definitely, + perhaps you + Con could cocktail with me at the Town Hall Club. Suppose we say Friday tentatively, + we can celebrate your new year's eve. (Let me have as much of the afternoon beforehand as you can, and lunch too if you can, but that's as may be convenient for you. You know I hate to lunch alone.)

I forgot to say yesterday that of course Raymond + Hilda inquired for you, and sent you their affectionate greetings in case I should see you again. When I see you, I can probably recollect more that Raymond said.

You most certainly may have the Infeld biography. I might have known your eye would light on that! We left it round for Betty to read, but she doesn't seem to be able to spare time from a) books directly about the war. - b) mystery stories.

Raymond was keen about This Above All, which my mother says is "the worst book I ever read". Mother complains because, evidently, the book leaves nothing unsaid. Raymond says it's not necessary to read the whole book, but he mentioned two chapters in particular which no person interested in freeing ~~the~~ humanity from unnecessary inhibitions should fail to read, as the problems are stated with penetration + forcefulness. Con, who reads so much, can probably tell you more about it. I would like to get it for your birthday if you've not seen it yet, - in putting Raymond + the Yale Review against Mother + deciding it's probably worth a little eye-strain. I'll have it marked out to East Lansing, + you can lend it to me when you have read it, or, if you want to read Infeld first, - (and his book is a valuable social record) - I can read This Above All + mail it out later.

Cocktails Friday, five, Town Hall Club?

R. S. V. P.

P.S. We'll take only small handbags easily packed in odd crannies, + carry ~~costs~~ extra. No suitcases. Love, Donald

Sept. 29, 1941

Well, here we are, back on Standard Time again, & how I dislike the short afternoons! You would think a man might have the moral courage to rise one hour earlier, or at least half-an-hour. But there are so many other factors involved, including the human one lives with. - And what if your wife says, as mine does, "I love the long evenings." - ?

I said goodbye to you in front of the Normandie with great regret. I might not actually get to see you any oftener if you lived in Amherst, as I did not when you were living in Cambridge & I here, - yet you would seem somehow more tangible.

The day you departed, I had first an interview with an official of the Monroe County Bank. He told me rents had gone up 10% all over the city, which would

be the first step in the keeping abreast of prices in general. So I suggested later to Mr. Porter that he go up that much on the rent, in which case I would gladly put in his blower for the furnace. But he said flatly that \$50. was enough rent to pay, so I was cold to the blower proposition. He's an ideal tenant from the standpoint of good caretaking. And he is apt to pay for minor repairs out of his own pocket, and do minor jobs with his own capable hands. I shouldn't like to lose him, but yet I think he should begin to pay more rent. He remembered you & praised you.

I then saw Guy Harrison, — he had lunch with us, & we met (incidentally) Mrs. G. H. III, — a rather young, rather pretty woman, who seems to have both feet on the ground and her eyes on the road. After lunch, Guy & I adjourned to his studio, & I showed him the March & the Williamsburg Suite. He is especially keen about the latter, says he will

be glad to play the whole thing on one of his NBC programs if it is settled that the Civic Orchestra will play any, this season. So let's well see.

We spent the evening with the Vases, & so missed the Aurora borealis, which I do hope you saw from wherever you were. Elisabeth is having what the doctor thinks will be the last necessary X-ray treatments for tumor. They make her quite miserable, but Mrs. Jefferson takes the burden of the housekeeping. She is visibly aged since June of last year, & she says she gets very tired, but she is still a first-class cook and a fine, dependable human being.

We went to the Memorial Art Gallery on Friday morning. They have some remnants of Romanesque & early Gothic sculpture new since 1929 — beautiful, & well-placed. There are three bits by Mestrovic which are fine, & some Rembrandt prints worth seeing. The paintings are mostly G.I.'s but not distinguished. They had those Boute de Mowel illustrations of the life of Joan of Arc on view again. B. de M. was a rather nice draughtsman with a musical sense of pattern, but any painter contemporary with Jeanne could have put him to shame as a colorist.

Friday night we spent in Clinton with Berran & Flora. There was much talk, of course, but since it is in agreement with our thought, I do not report it. We reached Pokipsy at 1.30 next day & were met by my mother, Joe having driven her over in Marguerite's car. We had lunch at Smith Brothers amid the badly synchronized whirling fans, like a madhouse of Hindu junkahs.

I sent you Quest from Rochester. Did it reach you safely?

Betty has gone to Boston today to supervise the preparation for Helen's operation. Love to you, my dear.
Donald

Oct. 9, 1941

Dear George: -

Aunt Stella died on Monday afternoon. Her vitality was such that she survived the time set by her physician by almost three weeks, but, the last few days, it was necessary to keep her constantly under the merciful influence of morphine. She was seventy-two years old, but she had been ailing for years. It was fundamentally a poisoning of the blood, or an insufficiency of some essential in it, that brought the end, an infection from which transfusions (she had about eight) could not reclaim her & set her on the road to recovery.

This is the first loss the family has suffered since my grandfather Pulling's death, and that was the ~~first~~ second I can myself remember, my grandmother Tweedy dying when I was six. We are, on all four main counts, a long-lived lot.

Helen has had the brunt of the responsibility of caring for her mother & father, & the poor

dear is about worn out. Uncle Charles is really just waiting for the end. He has, for a long time, had no desire to go on living. Since his severe heart-attack he has been in the state of extreme emotional sensibility I know so regrettably well. The shock to the nervous system is the serious thing about heart-attacks, + the nervous recovery is slower than the physical. But, somehow, we find ourselves able to go on, eventually, and time does heal in a measure.

Aunt Stella was a most lovable woman, — she cared intensely for almost everyone who came within her orbit, and only the colder, more unloving, more selfish natures puzzled her and inhibited the expression of her ready affection. I liked to tease her too much, — her ideas were mid-Victorian as regards human relations, and we found it amusing to shock her. It was a pity, because she was sensitive, and even the little pinch of malice that seasoned our fun soured it for her and hurt her. She was made to be loved and gently humored. Then she could be at

her best. And almost no one in her family understood this clearly, because her tongue got in the way of her heart.

I think Aunt Stella suffered most of her heart's because it was not in her power to subjugate ~~the~~ rush of speech to her lips. She was a prodigious talker, and one of her fascinations (appearing again in her daughter Gladys) was that exactly what she would say could never be predicted. You either found it amusing because incongruous (when you didn't take it seriously) or irritating because unreasonable (when you did.) She was estranged for years from her son William because, I surmise, she considered an engagement to be married was a solemn vow, practically as binding as a wedding, and she talked and talked & talked to him in the attempt to compel him to accept her view and marry Mildred M. instead of Grace Treeland. You see, she had herself come to love Mildred & to consider her as a daughter, and she could not go back on the promptings of her own heart. It nearly killed her when Bill finally moved out, went to lodge & board elsewhere. It was a tragedy for her, yet you would have said that, given her character & ideas, it was inevitable.

Well, the dear soul is gone now, and if there is any individual survival, we who loved her must hope she may keep her warm heart and gain the power to protect it against grief by a growth of reason & common-sense.

We were well prepared for her death, even my mother realized in good time that she could not continue to live, & that her release from suffering would be a mercy.

We have had several communications from Morris recently, — and he is in New York, having obtained a position with the Columbia Broadcasting System, in the Publicity department. I expect to see him next Monday, after which I will write you about him in more detail.

Do let us hear from you soon. Betty has remarked upon your silence several times. Of course I know that a correspondence between us is impossible in the usual sense, as you haven't time to give it attention.

And having taught me to subsist for long periods without hearing from you,

you would better leave me on a starvation diet. As long as we both know that we can each turn to the other with complete trust in any emergency, & as long as we can have an annual reunion tramping or driving, — ich grille nicht! But I love you without any intermission! —

Donald

Have you yet read Quest? & qu'en penses-tu? Have you time to read Hans Habel's A Thousand Shall Fall. (It's a revelation, & as exciting as a mystery tale of fiction.)

Nov. 8, '41

Dear George: -

I am in the throes of copying the Williamsburg Suite & re-scoring at the same time for larger orchestra. Moreover, the copying is on special paper - very thin compared with ordinary M.S. paper - for photostating. I am very slow & fussy with it & get nervous & irritable. But it won't last forever.

I wanted to let you know that Henry Webb died on Thursday: - heart, I presume. Betty has gone to Wiscasset. The funeral was to be this morning - Saturday. I thought you would wish to know, but it's a bit hard at the moment to find time or eyes

for writing.

Helen's eye is healing satisfactorily. Betty will stop & see her on her way home. She is visiting in Newton.

If you will be in New York on Sunday, Dec. 21, plan to come to the Christmas program at the Town Hall Club at 5 P. M. I'm in charge. — And on Dec. 26th Yves Timayre is going to sing here at my church. I wish you could hear him, but probably you can't.

My love to you, my dear. I miss you greatly & think of you much, & will write to you when I get this confounded copying done.

Yours Donald

8 Dec. '41

Dear George: -

Well, the die appears to have been cast for us, & now that we are actually at war, we can let our nerves relax a bit & get on the job. Personally, it strikes me we couldn't have got in the war sooner nor in a manner more fortunate, better calculated to dissolve factionalism.

Your letter arrived this morning. Since you do not mention Henry Webb's death, and since it is extremely unlikely you to omit doing so; since moreover Mrs. Webb did not tell us that she had heard from you; - I assume that my air-mail letter of November 8 failed to reach you. Henry died at noon on November 6. He had had an attack of intestinal grippe which his heart was evidently not able to sustain. The funeral was on November 8. Betty went to Wiscasset on the 7th and spent a week with Elizabeth, accompanying her on Saturday to Bucksport, where Henry was buried. As Elizabeth thinks the world of you and expects of course that I must have informed you promptly, we will have wondered at not hearing from you.

We are keenly disappointed that you cannot be here the week-end of the 28th. Betty says to tell you she would rather have had you than anybody. It is true that we shall not be free and that you wouldn't have a restful time. We shall have the Timayres on our hands (probably we'll put them up at the Green), I shall have rehearsal Friday evg. & my regular service Sunday morning, & Barbara's wedding Saturday & reception after ward (at which we must appear at least long enough to be seen); - altogether a difficult ordeal for me now.

It is good of you to be doing a little propaganda for the cello sonata. My men's chorus, The Coming of the Trees, is being printed now; - Jay Harrison is playing the Williamsburg Suite over N. B. C. in January, & Robert Goldsand plays three dances from my Piano Suite at his Town Hall recital.

Helen Tufts is improving, & she & Betty go up to Boston on the 18th for an examination by Dr. Collinson.

At least we shall see you at the Town Hall Club on the 21st & we shall spend that night in New York at the Seymour, so

perhaps time can be found next morning for a real visit.

Do you know of any leaders of men's choruses in Michigan who might like to attempt "The Coming of the Trees"? I should like to sow a few copies here & there in strategic spots. The chorus is a cappella, & the parts are not difficult to sing, tho perhaps the music is difficult for a conventionally conditioned musician to think. (Fancher at Hamilton was so completely at sea that he has never even acknowledged the M.S. I sent him!)

Presser, now responsible for Ditson's publications, are putting the Manual of Harmonic Technique into a second edition, with the errata rectified. But they are unwilling to change the Appendix to include an American edition of the Bach chorales, since neither they nor Ditson list one in their catalogues!

Amie has been what the French call souffrante (meaning half-sick) all summer. She has had various aches & pains, & lately a cold she couldn't seem to shake. She finally, in desperation, went to Dr. Brown & told him he must do something about it. He called in the local specialist, who promptly sent her to the hospital, cut a sample out of the throat, & looked grave. He said he thought they were just in time to arrest a tumor, & that Amie must go immediately to New York (Memorial Hospital, York Ave. & E 68th St., I believe), & have X-ray treatments. So there the poor dear is now, & is likely to be there for 2 or 3 weeks. We are all planning to go down & see her on different days. She will be terribly lonely, I'm afraid.

My love to you, always. —

Donald

P.S. The Sixt Mills have been in the red only about ten years.

TWEEDY & BIGGS, INC.
DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

11 Dec. '41.

Carissimo:—

I am deeply sorry that Eva is so gravely unwell and that you have been so troubled about her. But as for having done the right thing or the wrong thing, I don't think you will have done the latter, + when you don't know + no human being can tell you ^{the former,} il faut avoir un peu de confiance dans le bon Dieu!

If Eva refuses to try to please you, if to please you is no compelling incentive for her to overcome her disinclination to consult physicians or psychiatrists, then you will have to be patient + try another tack. Let's hope that a little more time will uncover a surer way of helping her. Now that you have seen a little more of her (I presume, she having been nearer you)—perhaps you will yourself be clearer as to how she should be handled.

Within a fortnight we shall, please God, be seeing each other, so I shall put off questions + suggestions till you can react to them directly. You mention Sunday afternoon the 22nd. I shall arrive in New York sometime around noon + the afternoon is yours. The dinner for Kreisler is at 7 in the evening. Next day is also yours, till late afternoon. Please tell Constance that if she can meet us for luncheon or for tea or cocktails, that will be fine. I shall save the morning for you

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DANBURY
CONNECTICUT

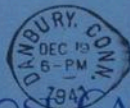
Betty is not very well, + I think it's her heart. She makes hard work of housework, + thinks she must rush about presto con fuoco. Helen is a baby + a nuisance, but here she is + we have to put up with her.

I have submitted some compositions to the Ballet Guild, Inc. — an organization which, having chosen a libretto by Glenway Stesscott called The Dream of Audubon, is now out for a composer to set it, or provide music. I'm not particularly keen to write a new ballet, but I did want to put Alice before the judges. (I sent the 1st Act as a "sample".) Something may come of that. — The successful composer is to have \$500. cash plus royalty on all performances, the score to be the property of the Ballet Guild. ~~But~~ The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is obligated to perform the completed work. It probably will mean many a headache to the composer, but there's no harm in trying out.

My love to you, Giorgio mio, + don't over-work or over-worry. Take time out to look at the comet!

you
Donald

LOUGHEAD & CO. MFRS. PHILA., PA.



POST CARD

Dr. + Mrs. J. B. Van Schaack,
4312 - 47th St.,
Long Island City, N. Y.

Fri. P.M. - With regard to dinner on Sunday evening, we can + will try to do it with you! But I want also to try to see Amie, since none of us has been able to get to New York since her operation, and also I ought to hear Tinsyre at the Waldorf Astoria at 9 o'clock, tho I can skip that. At any rate, there will have to be food of some kind, somewhere, + we'll be your guests if you will leave a loophole for the things mentioned.

Amie's hospital is "Memorial", situated at E 68th St. + York Ave. Visiting hours are 1³⁰ - 3⁰⁰ and 7³⁰ - 8³⁰ P.M. daily except that the evg. hour is cut out, Sundays. With special permission, one can go any time.

The senior warden of Main St. from West to Elm, + am they as the project had one-armed paperhanger with the hives. - We'll expect to see you very promptly at 5.30 Sunday!

Donald

LOUGHREAD & CO. MYRE, PHILA., PA.



POST CARD



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

Dec. 16, '41

Dear G. - Amse underwent an operation today for tumor in her throat, and we have heard by telephone from my father (who with Mother stayed in the city last night) that she survived the operation, which was a difficult one. They always say the patient is resting comfortably when you know they are uncomfortable as Hell. - I know you are fond of Amse + will be glad to have this news. If there is any change, I will let you know at Constance's address. I'm looking forward to seeing you both next Sunday at 5.30 at the Town Hall Club. Don't be late! yours, IP..

2 Chapel Place,

Danbury.

Feb. 18, '42

Carissimo: -

My conscience has positively ravaged me with fierce bites, & here you come with coals of fire for my thinning back. My sole excuse is that personal letters have simply had to wait, and I've not even attended properly to business correspondence nor paid all my bills. If I were ~~an~~ expert enough to work with speed at my music, I should have more time for what else I ought to do, but I am only a talented amateur, & when I achieve a professional result, - I mean, one that can stand comparison with expert achievement, - it means long hours of patient labor. As things have been since Christmas, all my extra time has gone to civilian defense.

Being fifty-one and having suffered a heart-attack, I made up my mind not to fret about "sojourn" but to prepare

thoroughly to help in civilian defense. As with all organizations run by politicians that ever I heard of, the red-tape has gummed up the works wherever possible.

I am fitted by experience as a teacher and by my special training last spring to instruct † novices in the technique of civilian defense. But am I asked to give instruction? No, I am asked to manage a sector of Danbury as an air-raid warden. Of course I can † do this, but this is not what I am specially fitted to do.

However, I have learned to do what I am asked to do, and say nothing, and I realize that the State has had a rather delicate problem in Danbury, where the chairman of the Defense Committee is a retired actor and no more of an organizer than I am. His notion of how to accomplish his task is to ask so-and-so to do this or that, + then trust to God that so-and-so will actually do it, never asking for reports by such-and-such a date, or staying by

to stick in a goad now + then. The only meeting of the Defense Committee that was called during the eight months I was a member came about through my insistence. I was supposedly in charge of the education of the public. I resigned when the chairman allowed a school for air-wardens to be announced (it was given under State supervision) without notifying me!

Now we have the city properly organized and divided into sectors, but those of us who are fitted to be instructors are not being called upon to teach what we know, at least, not as yet. The State is sending instructors to us, and if prospective wardens can't attend school on Friday nights, it is just too bad. I have choir rehearsal on Fridays, so I cannot attend, but then, I already have two State certificates, one as Instructor + one as Air Raid Warden.

I am Senior Warden for the district between the Capitol Theatre on Wooster Sq. down Main St. to City Hall Sq. and round the corner past St. James's church to West at Terrace Place. My assistants are "Captain" Lowman of the Salvation Army, a nice little man with a gentle voice and manner, and Gibson Newman, a garage mechanic with a B. S. degree from Maine, one of whose legs is shorter than the other, so they reject him for army or navy. Also an oil-burner salesman named Lewis, a burly + man of my age who suffers from asthma. Newman is to lose, I he's going to work nights in Bridgeport, — so today I'm looking for a man to replace him.

I must say I know a lot more about how my fellow-townpeople live than before I started my survey of this area. On the whole, there's no actual squalor save on Elm St., just off my "beat." But couples in one-room apartments — what they put up with is surprising. And our sanitary inspection in Danbury is, I should judge, nothing to brag about. — Most people are glad to see their air-raid warden, + willing enough to comply with the regulations.

I am distressed to have you describe yourself as a bundle of nerves. I don't dare suggest that a naval post might be the remaking of your nervous constitution. I only know that I returned from the Army in excellent physical condition, whereas, when I left Harvard in May, 1917 for Plattsburg, I could with justice have applied your description to myself. Why don't you look into the possibilities? And why not begin systematically to cut your smoking down? Go on a daily allowance. Smoke all you desire to tomorrow (the day after you receive this), but count your cigarettes. Then the next day, ration yourself with one less, and go down one every five days till you're down to seven or less.

With all that you say of the attitude of labor I am in substantial agreement, not because I'm a boss's son (so, at least, I believe) but because I'm a human being. Those who have not yet waked up to what is at stake must

be dull-witted indeed. No commentator, no radio reporter that we ever find on the dial, but ~~one~~ is indignant + alarmed at the attitude of those who expect higher wages and a general advancement of workmen's "rights" — + deny that the "responsibilities" are more binding than in peace-time. Perhaps the radio companies keep leftists off the air, but there is enough unawareness to make it self felt in the daily news.

If we do not get ready for the big stroke in time, it will be because of this inertia + lack of imagination. Then, when we're being bombed, we may wake up. Labor has + certainly been coddled + spoiled + placated + appeased by Washington during all the crucial years before December, 1941, when there was stern discipline in Germany + Japan. I'm afraid we shall all have to pay for this with "blood + sweat + tears," and eventual national poverty.

But it will be worth it if only we achieve

definite gains for humanity as a whole. We could stand being a whole lot poorer if we free the world from wage- and from body-slavery. The British & Dutch oversea empires may well break up, — it was time for them to go, — there is no room in a humane world for overlordship. But Japan & Germany must not occupy imperial thrones from which the former masters have been driven, and we must fight till we break their power. Thus if there's anything left of us, perhaps we can build a new world of brothers!

We have been reading aloud Shridharani's book on India: "My India, My America" — and learning much. I am inalterably convinced that if we do not fight for freedom everywhere, and especially for the liberation of subject-peoples like the Hindus, we shall lose the war eventually.

We were glad to have your news of the Moores & of Prof. Saunders. I had not read Constant's report. I suppose I ought to send a word to Fred, but I'd rather wait till I'm next in Cambridge & drop in & see him.

Raymond wrote that they had listened to the Williamsburg Suite, and had been pleased thereat. The work was bid for immediately by Broadcast Music, Inc., who offered me a contract which I have signed. (This is the firm that fought the doughty fight with A.S.C.A.P.) B.M.I., as it is known, has more truck with Tinpan alley than is compatible on the surface with the publication of music the band-boys call "classical", but I wasn't going to turn down any fair bid for an orchestral piece, and since both Schirmer & Carl Fischer had previously refused the Suite, I snapped up the chance while I had it. Considering the trash they all put out nowadays, no compunctions need assail me, but it is a pity that the itch to make money has made the music-publishing world stoop to the general propagation of banality. How different it is from the world of books! Most present-day published music parallels the "pulpis."

Before I forget, ~~if~~ I want to speak of the summer, because we said something about vacationing at Niscasset. It looks now as though that would be an impossibility, what with making the old car do indefinitely, and having to pay our big rent whether or not. I would like best a tramping trip with you such as we had last summer, only nearer home because of the conservation of motors + fuel. But if later (or earlier) you + Constance wanted to go + keep house for Elizabeth Webb, I'll bet my shirt she'd be glad to take you for the whole summer without charge, you to run the house + provision the table, she to provide house + equipment. I can't think of any nicer way for you to get a summer in a pleasant place, with time to work. I doubt if living would be quite as cheap as in L.I. City, but there would be compensations, + Elizabeth is very fond of you both. — This is, of course, just a suggestion, and just in case you don't find yourself studying

navigation in the navy!

Robert Goldsand is playing three movements of my Piano Suite in Town Hall on Wednesday evening the 25th. We hope to be there but are not certain, as it's an endowment-fund concert (for Town Hall) & the tickets are expensive. We're going to see Macbeth in the afternoon.

We're taken to writing anthems! I know this statement will flabbergast you, but there is such a field for simple, expressive, suitable church music, & such a dearth of it! And one can be emotionally sincere even if one has theological reservations.

We've seen Morris once since Christmas, & got him safely into the membership of the Town Hall Club. (He liked the Champlain restaurant.)

My dear love to you, & love from Betty & the Terrace Place family. Donald

Sat., Mar. 28, 1942

Dear George: -

How does life go with you? - It seems long to me between your letters.

We continue to try to keep so busy doing our own small tasks that we shall not have time to feel responsible for the fate of the nation.

My sector, of which I am senior warden, is pretty well organized now. There are four divisions, each with warden + (hypothetical) alternate. We have had two test blackouts + have scored pretty near to 100% perfect. On the latest occasion, we were dining with Mr. + Mrs. Overheim. (He is the new supervisor of Music.) I had to leave in a hurry + drive with dimmed lights to my post, being stopped by wardens about five times en route. We were in the "Mountainville" district, south of the lower end of Main St., and had

heard no alarm. The first sign we had of a blackout was the rapping on the window by the local warden, who ordered our lights out. No one seems yet to have invented a siren powerful enough to rouse a city of 20,000. I don't see why they couldn't use automobile horns and have one in the centre of each sector. Intermittent tooting, on these, synchronized throughout the city, would rouse us effectively.

We have reached our high-water mark this year in the concerts of the Music Centre with a song-recital by Lotte Lehmann and a quartet concert by The Budapest foursome. The latter played the Mozart G-major with the fugued finale, the Debussy, & the Beethoven Op. 59, No. 1. For the rest of the season we have a less strictly first-class list, with Paul Robeson two weeks ago, the two-piano team of

Bartlett + Robertson, and the Trapp Family Chorr.
These last come next month.

I am trying to prepare my chorr for a concert on April 26. The program will be somewhat like this: Motets of the Renaissance, with Palestrina, Victoria, + Hassler. Motets of the Baroque Period, with Antonio Lotti + Zingarelli. Russian Church Music, with Borntmansky, Tchaikovsky, Kopylov, + Rachmaninov. English and American Church Music, with Gibbons, Purcell, Goss, Macfarlane, + my new motet. And, to top off with, the Brahms "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place" from the Requiem.

My motet is of three-voice texture, S. A. B. to the initiated, and was written to words by Isaac Watts, who died some 200 years ago. It is unaccompanied. I've not yet tried it in rehearsal. Nor have I timed the program as a whole. It's high time I did, as I don't want to run over an hour.

The Macfarlane piece was one of the comparatively few really distinguished motets by little-known composers that I was able to find in the church music library. For the most part, the composers are not only unknown, but they decisively deserve so to be. The twaddle that has been written, the nauseating sentimentality, the saccharine harmony, the disregard of true prosody for the sake of a musical idea that has nought to do with the words and is third-rate in any case! I am willing to work at music by Gounod and a few other such, because they know the human voice, they have a really expert sense for what is vocally effective. Arthur Sullivan belongs in that category. — The Macfarlane is entitled "Open Our Eyes." He was for a long time civic organist in Portland, Maine.

The hockadishes are now some three weeks emerged, our trees of an evening are vocal with robins, & the song-sparrow is a joy to listen to. How I have appreciated "Eastern War Time"! We have had a good winter, not too cold, with many fair days. Yet it has rained enough & snowed enough for the Danbury reservoirs to be in a state bordering on repletion. I don't think the water supply over in York State looks to be as satisfactory, because Sodom is still less than half-full. (What a name to call a nice respectable township! full, no doubt, of adultery & fornication, but reasonably free from homosexuality. I suppose any Biblical place-name was ipso facto holy to the original settlers. The township is now mostly under water. Fire & brimstone wouldn't harm it much.)

Sunday, March 29.

We sang the Kopylov "God is a Spirit" this morning. I don't suppose the English words are anything like the Russian liturgical original, but Davison has juggled the syllables round till each voice-part is enough different from the others to make the whole fabric seem alive. All sing practically the same lines at the same time, but not the same syllables of the words.

I think I told you that Marian Anderson is to sing Wash Me, O Lord, (one of the spirituals that Berrian & I collected from Miss Lucy Howard one summer at Ontonagon Park), at her Carnegie Hall recital on May 11. I hope B. M. I. will have it in circulation by that time. — I don't have (as they say in the Middle West) any idea how they are coming on with the orchestral parts of the Williamsburg Suite. I assume that it will be "ready for the Fall trade."

The farm is a beguiling place, but I get there very seldom, these days. All the bulbs are having little green erections, as befits the sap-running season, and the plants in the

cold-frame are actually putting forth fresh leaves, notably my lupine + oriental poppy seedlings. I expect to have quite a lupine show by next spring, when these seedlings are two years old. I decided I must have some handsome flower to come early enough to avoid the Japanese beetles, + the lupine seemed the choicest.

But this summer the program is to be more + better vegetables, + the Russian, "Mike", is to work for us every day. I don't know how the family will manage. Susie Wagner has a very troublesome back, so serious that she has decided to give up housework. She leaves today, and as yet there is no one to replace her. Mother is going to try to engage our old standby, Maggie Parsons, but Maggie is hardly strong enough to do the work at the farm alone, + she's no blue ribbon as a cook.

Betty + I will probably have to stay at the apartment all summer, but it is really not so bad if you have an electric fan. We can manage it if we have Victoria, though Betty's heart is rather troublesome these last days. I have had to threaten to put the next cake she makes into the garbage can. Thus to stop her from beating eggs + batter, which really one would think she would have the good sense not to do. — I wish we could contrive to get away. I may be able to send Betty away to Wiscasset, but I see no likelihood of being able myself to spend a month there. I cudgel my brain, but it doesn't produce any scheme better than that of last summer for giving us a holiday together. Have you + Constance written to Elizabeth Webb? If you could spend the greater part of your summer there, you would give Elizabeth the excuse she needs for not harboring H.T. And if you're not going to have a war job, Wiscasset might solve your summer problem.

All the young men here not actually in the armed forces are doing work in the metal + munitions factories in Waterbury + Bridgeport. Even Chester West of the bookstore

has a defense job. Any puny weakling can get war work and good pay. Skilled men get excellent pay.

I'm busy just now setting up a Civilian Defense Information Bureau in one of the ground-floor rooms of the Danbury Library. We have a committee of women + open up tomorrow. The room is going to serve in emergencies as the wardens' post for my sector.

We've been doing less reading aloud of late because Betty's eyes and my throat have been ailing. We have subscribed to Omni books and find its condensations keep us in the current of recent books without the eyestrain of reading them in full. Ben Ames Williams's Strange Woman seemed probably worth reading in full, but when we got it from the lending library, we were disappointed. The heroine, at full length, became preposterous + incredible. We read Van Doren's Benedict Arnold with interest + profit.

Betty + the family send their love and I mine.
your Donald

April 23, 1942.

Carissimo: -

Your letter of congratulation reached me safely, and I cherish it. Today is perfect as to weather, tho far from perfect as to the state of the world. It is pleasant to ignore headlines + commentators + bask in the brilliant New England sunlight — tho I've no time nor place for sunbathing. Betty is having the two Helms in tonight for a studio dinner, — meaning that we eat where we happen to sit — and Walter Tittle + his wife, who is another Helen.

I wish with all my heart that you might be here, and your presence is all I need to make me happy + contented. I'm very busy practicing for Sunday's concert, — the keyboard part of the Brahms chorus is difficult to register effectively on the organ, and my pedal technique will always be slipshod. We have rehearsals both tomorrow + Saturday evenings. Most

of the program, fortunately, is a cappella.

Betty has given me Pierre van Paassen's new book, part of which was abridged in Omnibook, + we look forward to reading it aloud.

Your summer, - I suppose you are right, but I should think you might be considered to know enough right now, without doing any special studying, to get yourself placed as an instructor in some naval outfit.

I do not like the idea of your grinding away at books when you need fresh air + relaxation. Good Lord, isn't a Harvard Ph.D. in mathematics sufficient to place you in a superior position? All your life you've been learning stuff out of books. I seriously counsel you to stop studying and turn to giving out rather than taking in. If you have a text-book "in the works" which ought to be finished, then by all means finish it. That means, just

yourself deliberately in the way of achieving the required tasks. Take your reference library + go where you can work without interruption. Get a book written that's needed, + it will find a publisher.

I would not spend one hour in taking any courses designed to fit me for a military job I might not be assigned. Take the draft as it comes, or else apply now for whatever the naval equivalent is of Officers' Training School. You can rely on the power of your intelligence + of your personal charm (if you choose to exert it) to get you advancement in either army or navy. Once in, you must become an opportunist + grab every chance. You should be an instructor in mathematics with officer's rank. Now's the time to begin finding out how to accomplish that end. These things are done by willing, by being alert, by never missing a trick.

In other words, I would get something done in mathematics, if possible, before I worried about military service. If military service calls you off your job, then pack your kit + take what comes. But a man's first duty is to do what he's fitted to do. Only if you could make that dovetail with military service, only then would a compromise be justified, in my opinion.

My love to you, in any case, whatever betide!
Donald

May 3, 1942

TWO CHAPEL PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Carissimo: - Here we have leapt again into the middle of summer, the weather torrid & the heavens disinclined to open and let fall a merciful rain as they were in the days of Elziah the prophet. Everything is beautiful to look at, but the farmer or the gardener knows how near we are to dust & sterility. And these April drouths seem to be happening far more frequently than in my earlier years. Can the old planet be drying up?

The pears, cherries, apples, lilacs, narcissus, pasque-flower, tulips, & dogwoods are all blooming together in a riot of scent and color. The air at the farm yesterday was like incense, so pungent was it with sweet and exhilarating odors. As for the

shrubs, we have not seen the last of the Forsythia, and the Japanese quince is a glory of bloom, yet the orioles are here feasting on apple-blossoms!

I wish we might walk in the woods together, — or in Highland Park, — any place where we could live again in our precious mutual world of speech and sense that is perforce unlike any other human experience. I miss you, George, always, but with especial intensity when the world out-of-doors becomes again habitable after winter's rigors.

There are two friendly black and white cats in the barn, great rubbers & cadgers, who consider me more or less their property because I smell of Johnny Belinda. They are excellent hunters, but I fear to have them loose during breeding time. I must

devised some scheme for confining them except at night. If only we were going to be there! But Betty would far rather stay in Danbury than attempt to be one of that household, — and I can understand that independence of spirit so well that I'd never dream of asking her to adapt herself. Only if bombs began falling in Danbury would she, I think, be persuaded to move in under that roof.

We've taken out the grape-vines S.E. of the house, also the berry bushes, & now the vegetable garden-plot is open, since the posts & wires have gone too. It looks much better without them.

I lost all my blue Delphinium this winter, & must set to work to grow more. I like only the true-blues in the sunken garden, and put the purples & lavenders out behind the wood-house, where they have flourished & grow taller than me.

We have acquired the school-house with its male & female privies (one turned topay-turvy last Halloween) — the result of a new central town school with bus-lines to the outskirts. I am talking to Dad with the idea of persuading him to move the log-cabin & the schoolhouse together, place them on the ridge above the studio, install a bath-room & a water system. Then he'd have something rentable. But he is not yet persuaded.

Our concert last Sunday went very well, & ~~was~~ the program was the kind I desire to do. Since it was made up out of our regular repertory, it required but one extra rehearsal. — My love to you, Dear George.

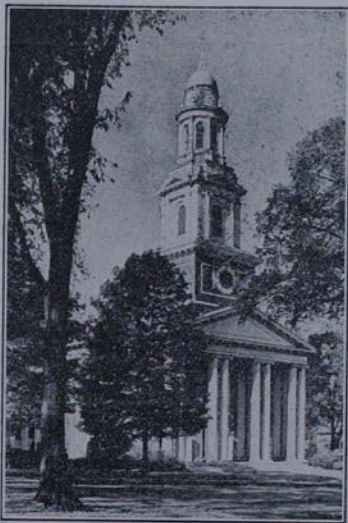
Your Donald

First Congregational Church

DEER HILL AVENUE AND WEST STREET

Danbury, Connecticut

ESTABLISHED 1696



VISITORS IN THE CONGREGATION WHETHER FROM WITHIN
OR WITHOUT THE CITY ARE INVITED TO
REGISTER IN OUR GUEST BOOK

June 9, 1942

Carissimo: I know from your silence that you are tired and perhaps harassed with term's-end duties + responsibilities, hence I can be patient. If a letter to me would add just so much more weariness to your load, by all means defer communication till you are released, or till we actually meet.

Uncle Charles Rider died yesterday, peacefully, thank Heaven. He just slipped quietly out. I had been there not an hour before, + Helen had not known the break was imminent. She was staying within call, — not leaving the house, — but she had not sent for Bill. The funeral will be on Thursday afternoon. Tomorrow would have been bus and Aunt Stella's wedding anniversary: — the fifty-first.

Amie had her operation for cataract early last month at Doctors' Hospital in New York. Unfortunately she had a post-operational hemorrhage about five days later, which set her back at least a fortnight + prolonged her stay in hospital. The poor dear was worried to pieces about the additional expense, but I reckon the family can take care of that.

The most difficult thing at Terrace Place was to have Susie leave, which she did the first of May. She was suffering from pains in her back, — had been for months, — + the care of this house was too much for her. It is a difficult house, + there is no putting the cellar closer to the attic than three flights of stairs. Susie now has a restaurant job at Mallory's factory, and she is much better. But Mother was dreadfully upset.

I think you will be shocked by the change in Mother. She has aged ten years in appearance during the winter, + looks spent and ailing. Nervously she has begun to go to pieces, and her physical deterioration is no less strongly marked.

We now have a domestic nurse for the combined care of Mother + Amie. The local doctor, — Driscoll, — is very well satisfied with Amie's condition, which is steadily improving. In the kitchen there is a new maid, but she's a pretty poor cook, though a willing worker. Mother frets about the food, and has much indigestion. It is sad not to be well, and a trial to have to put up with inferior domestic service at one's time of physical decline. Betty offered to take charge of the household, but Betty's nervous personality is not compatible with Mother's, and I feel that the plan had it been tried, would not have worked.

Marian Anderson sang Wash Me, O Lord! at her New York recital on May 10th. I would love to have gone, but she did not send us tickets, and we couldn't afford the trip for overnight. When next I stay the night in New York, I want you within range. Gladys Swarthout gave the first radio performance last Sunday afternoon on the Prudential "Family Hour". I was informed only the day previous, & was told there was to be "a choral background", whereat I quailed in imagination. But the arranger stuck pretty closely to my piano score, & Swarthout sang more beautifully than I could have imagined possible from having heard her only in opera, where she seems always to be tackling roles beyond her vocal powers. I must admit to a reasonable degree of satisfaction with the radio presentation.

We shall probably spend the greater part of the summer at 2 Chapel Place, so get in touch with us there as soon as you know where you're at. Are all possibilities of a walking-trip to be given up? It would mean much to me, especially if I could let Betty go up to Elizabeth's in Wiscasset for a rest & change, & spend part of that period with you.

Barbara & Louis are in the log cabin for a month. Louis is slowly regaining strength after his long bout with the doctors. The Terrace Place family move to the Pond on Friday. I shall use the 3d floor studio as long as I can stand the attic heat, - & then perhaps I can work at the church house, deserted as it is for the summer.

Am writing an anthem to words by Cousin Hal Tweedy (who has cribbed a little from the King James Version). The title is Out of the Depths. He & I are going to collaborate on a Protestant Choral Service. We not heard again from Raymond.

The farm & the garden have not seen much of me this spring, but I have been up long enough to get well sunburned, although I didn't sunbathe. This occurred, of course, all in a few hours last Saturday. Otherwise, the weather has been providentially rainy, and even Sodom must be getting wet by this time.

My dear love to you, & I hope to see you within the month.

Your Donald

Thursday, June 25,
1942

I wrote you a hasty letter yesterday, and was so fearful of saying too much that perhaps I gave you little comfort. If I could see you + talk with you, I could give my feelings free rein, and could put my arms about you and cherish you so that you would know that, while I grieve that you have had ill luck, I am far from blaming you or from holding you guilty of a breach of friendship in withholding the true state of your marriage from my knowledge. I would willingly have tried to help you, but I could not have changed your nature.

Then, too, there would have been my feeling about Constance, which I have always done my best to disregard because you cared for her. I do not think I could ever have urged you to be forbearing. Some women have to be mastered, and only men with a strong strain of ruthlessness can handle them.

Since obviously Constance has held the whip-hand over you ever since you agreed to that ultimatum, she is not good for you to live with. Perhaps you do not see that she is an exceedingly selfish person, and will never yield an inch on any course contrary to her will. Heaven knows why such women think they can marry and then deny their husbands the essential rule of marriage. Certainly she deceived you, — I have no doubt that the deceit was intentional, tho the intent may never ~~be~~ ^{have} come clearly into her consciousness.

But, while I think your desire to keep her friendship while putting an end to any pretense of marriage is commendable from your standpoint, I would be willing to bet that it won't work. And that is all I shall say on the subject of Constance, tho it is probably just the thing to arouse your Dutch stubbornness + make you swear to prove me wrong! I think it is Quixotic to attempt the

awkward straddle of such relationships, and in this case I imagine you may find the lady unwilling. There was an "all or nothing" quality (with mental reservations as to the interpretation of "all") about that earlier ultimatum that makes me the more certain, — unless she hopes to induce or coerce you to re-enter captivity.

I feel that you ought resolutely to begin a new life. For the time being, I should renounce my hope of a happy marriage, of domesticity, of a home. Give yourself time to get a different perspective. Stay away from all of us till you have proved yourself.

It is possible that a military activity may be required of you. My earnest advice is not to seek to avoid it, but rather, to enter upon it whole-heartedly + determine to turn it to your advantage.

But if you decide otherwise, then write a book, a text-book. Dedicate yourself to something definite and tangible + work like hell, single-mindedly, to get it done. Talk about it, make sacrifices for it, lose yourself in it. Neglect all other responsibilities if necessary, but get the work done. Put it first, ahead of your teaching for the time being, but better pound it into rough shape this summer + then polish up later in the intervals of teaching.

Could you give me some idea of what sort of an opus you would like most to work up, even tho I am no mathematician. I would like to hear of this, + let's forget the personal problems that beset us. Let's talk to each other of work, shall we?

With my devoted love,

Donald

June 30, '42

C.C. —

Morris was here over the week-end, his first visit in a year. He has waxed in girth + general plumpness, in spite of restaurant diet in New York. He asked after you, + we told him you'd be teaching in summer-school, + wouldn't be East till the end of August. Since this information fitted into the war-picture, it seemed to content him.

He brought us a book, Pictures in the Hallway, by Sean O'Casey, which looks most entertaining, being about the Irish + Ireland, and written in brogue. I expect to read it to Betty aloud, bein' as how I'm the boy that can trip a tongue over the phonetics with the best av them. O'Casey is the author of The Plough + the Stars, + Junos + the Paycocks, in case you're forgotten.

We took Morris down to meet Walter Tittle, the etcher who limned Joseph Conrad. As you must know, Morris adores Conrad. We found not only has Tittle made three superb + characterful engravings of Conrad, but has in his studio two portraits of the author in oil, masterful likenesses, magnificently alive.

Tittle is himself a most lovable and appealing person, about sixty now, but very lively and effervescent, a charming host + a grand talker. One doesn't have to say much to him to keep him going, — He will monologue on for straight quarters of an hour with only the minimum of encouragement, + is seldom boring unless the subject is one that requires an exchange of ideas. In that case, he is a somewhat unwillling listener, for it is his ideas that he loves to air, + he fairly spars for an unguarded instant when he

can get back into the centre of the talk. But one willingly forgives him this foible, he is so charming a person.

I took Annie to New York yesterday, and her second operation took place today. I just called her hospital room + gave her messages through the nurse. I could hear her voice with perfect distinctness. The doctor said everything was fine, the nurse said, but I shall be there again on Thursday + test his dictum. The poor dear was an awfully good sport, + told me funny stories right up to the moment I left her. Naturally she is feeling upset today, but if there are no complications this time, she will see again out of that left eye in a few months. ~~She~~ She has a cataract already in an advanced stage on the other eye, so she will have to be led about for a while, + how she hates being that dependent!

To return to Morris, he is jubilant over his rejection by the Army. He went to Boston for his medical examination, + they took one look at him + turned him down. Eczema, mostly, + fancy. He has had it for twenty years + the doctors say it is incurable.

So he is probably established at WABC "for the duration". He has charge of the publicity with regard to the classical programs of music, - Howard Barlow's programs, the N.Y. Philharmonic, the Prudential "Family Hour", and such. While he likes his conferees, + his job for the time being, he says he hopes he'll not be doing that for the rest of his life.

You are constantly in my thoughts, but I am not anxious about you. I only wish we might talk together and be together for a few days. Anyhow, remember that I told Raymond you had become more philosophical, + prove me right! I'm counting on you. Love

24 June, 1942

Well, my dear, a defeat is a defeat. As in war or in politics, the chief problem is to keep it from being a disaster: to preserve ones forces + ones integrity.

I don't see how you could have done differently, George. - you being you, + the circumstances what they were. If I were you, I would turn to as fresh a page as I could find + start again, + without recrimination or rancour.

When I told Raymond last June that I thought you had grown more philosophical, I meant it as my considered opinion. I repeated it to you when we were together, and sensed your demurr. Now I know

what lay behind that almost imperceptible sign — verbal assent, but denial of the spirit. I knew that Constance was not your kind of woman, and that therefore your marriage would disappoint you, but I had no idea that she would deny you physical fulfillment: I do not think, however, that sexual union would have worked any miracles unless you came to love her with tenderness.

Goodwill is not enough in the case of a woman as supersensitive as Constance. But there are so many factors involved, that he would be wise indeed who could have counseled you and taken heed of those most essential.

I was in New York yesterday (your letter arrived only this afternoon) and I called Constance on the telephone to inquire your plans. She would have sensed that I was

stating fact when I told her I'd not heard from you for months. She had heard from you on Saturday, + she made it sound as tho your mind was not made up as to what you would do this summer, or that if the decision rested with others at Michigan State, they had kept you waiting for it. I asked, of course, if she would join you there, supposing you returned, + she did not commit herself.

In spite of my own disappointment at not seeing you, I understand the reasons you are reluctant to come East. I only wish I could come West! But I am pretty closely tied here, + we are sensible to limit our meetings to those propinquity gives us casual leave for. If you do come in August, you need have no hesitation about visiting us here. Or we could meet at any spot within a half-day's journey. I have a feeling that, if you are invited elsewhere, or if you can arrange a trip with someone you like to be with, you should do it + remain in the Midwest. But should you by any chance happen to be with me, you will find me steadfast + devoted to you, as you well know, because I love you very deeply.

I've not told Betty yet, but shall do so tonight. We shall keep the matter strictly to ourselves, however. And who knows? there may yet be an alteration in the visage of Destiny.

I am putting a determined check on my disposition to write more. Just this I must say: Don't judge the value to you of military life without more experience, and don't assume you're not fit for it. If you're called, you will not be given an assignment incompatible with your rank in the world of academic studies, especially if you use your head + work steadfastly at getting the kind of job you're fitted for. And that job might fill your mind so completely that you could be helped to make that fresh start I considered so well!

Oh my love,
Annally

July 4, 1942

Dear George: -

I have your letter of July 2, and I most certainly think that if Constance intended ever to capitulate and consent to consummate a marriage, your protracted absence would bring her to that decision sooner than your physical presence. After all, you have had three whole summers in which she might have perceived that you are an unusually thoughtful and considerate man, one who would act toward her with solicitude and tenderness. If then she were unwilling to entrust herself to you, it seems to me that there is obviously something wrong with her.

You can, it seems to me, find out quite certainly whether she cares for you, now that she must call you back to her by some expression of deep feeling rather than by argument. I know you well enough to know that, as far as "loving deeply" is concerned, the shoe is in reality on the other foot, and that it is she who is to be proved and not you.

I think you ought to be reminded, however, that a woman will just naturally sleep with a man she loves, a normal woman with a woman's physical instincts intact, — and that is the kind of woman you want and need, + it goes without saying that if Constance is not that kind of woman, she fucked you.

George, it is time for you to set your own value high. Your two marriages were not more insufficiently considered than many, but you must have a wife who will love you gladly and willingly with her body. You had damnably bad luck. Neither woman, I am triple-convinced, neither woman was worthy of you. I want the George I love to have a home, to feel that his wife is his friend and his lover, to feel proud of her and content with her. With your experience of life, nothing less can ever satisfy you.

Frankly, I can only rejoice that my very strong impression with regard to Constance has ~~been~~ now at last been matched or paralleled in your consciousness. For you are still a young man

and it is still possible for you to come reasonably near to your heart's desire. You know what I think of you, what a rare good nature yours is. It is not only to me that you have been dear and sweet, patient + forbearing, kind and thoughtful, steady + dependable. Betty would say so, + Mother + Dad + Amie; Elizabeth Webb sings your praises, I'm told, as she does no other man's. You are an unusual fellow, — it would seem to us all (I'm as certain of my family + Mrs. Webb as I am of myself) that you are so extraordinarily lovable that a woman would be a blind fool not to perceive what a treasure she had married, + make every effort to cultivate the marital relation in all its aspects.

Well, luckily, you know that you can be loved as a lover. How desperately tragic it might ~~have been~~, did you not have that certainty!

I am pleased that you have a summer job, — so that you'll not come East in any event till the first of September. It's too bad that you are poorly paid. It seems to me that you ought to be equally paid, — you're worth as much in summer as in winter, + it's more taxing on you. Teachers should follow the trend, create a union, + insist on a wage, not a salary. Any mechanic is in a better bargaining position than a college teacher.

Your camp in northern Minnesota sounds like the sort of place my friend Mrs. Alice Smart Byron used to go to. She came from Minneapolis, + went for several summers to Star Island. Better look carefully into the accessibility of supplies before you determine upon that region. Mrs. Byron reported that that problem practically spoiled their last summer at Star: they were unwilling to go again.

I hope you will do that book. It sounds as though it would be in great demand. Don't let go of it. Keep it humming.

I brought Amie home from New York yesterday, apparently none the worse for her little operation, — likely, in fact, to be much better. — Meantime Mother had been having X-ray photos
by the Practitioner for Diagnostic Purposes. All good love.
Donald

July 20, '42

I don't like to seem exigent, my dear boy, but after all I do love you, + your well-being is one of my chief concerns. So I must register a gentle protest if, at this juncture, you let the days pass into weeks + don't keep me in touch with you.

It is your fault, you know, if I get worried about you when I do not hear from you, because in the past you always put off telling me what you had reason to think I should disapprove of till the last possible moment. If I had had the nervous strength to do battle to prevent your marrying Constance, I should have started a fight, but I could only go to pieces emotionally, the summer of 1938. Although basically I believe in letting people make their own decisions as regards their

careers, — what can you do when you are convinced another's judgment is at fault? My course was to say all I could, and to show you how I felt, without interminable argument. Certainly you were left in no doubt as to my opinion of your choice. You were bound to marry Constance, + you considered yourself bound. Possibly if I, in my turn, had issued ultimatums + hardened my heart, I might have stopped you from making a needless mistake. But I do not believe that any mistake is so vital that it cannot be lived down.

Obviously, the road is far clearer for a fresh start than it would be if you had been living under the same roof + had accumulated many possessions in common. And in East Lansing, you are practically inaccessible. That is why I am eager to hear

what the lady's reaction has been. I suspect there will be no passionate reaction: how could there be? All the same, if there were, it would be a sign that I'm wrong about Constance. I don't mean a written reaction, or the absence of one. I mean a gesture, an act, something to prove that she cares deeply for you. If she, for example, had lost no time in getting on the first plane for Michigan, that would be a pretty conclusive proof. But this sitting down to write to you + to say: you be here to talk this out in a mature fashion not later than August 1st, or else! George, the burden of proof is upon her, not upon you. She doesn't need to promise to consummate your marriage. After all, you might live without that, if you were compensated by other factors in the relationship. But you and she cannot be merely friends who live together without sexual intimacy. You must feel that you are cherished, + so must she. Not dutifully looked after by one another, but deeply dear. This feeling might, in your case, have grown out of a true marriage. Now I question whether it exists for either of you. If it does not in truth, then it will not be a desperate unhappiness for either ~~of~~ if now you separate.

Poor Mother has got into a state where we are at our wit's end to know what to do with her. It seems to me the culmination to be expected after fifty years of marriage with a man who does not love you, but that doesn't help to mitigate the condition. Now Mother is suffering from a variety of aches + discomforts,

most of which are not due (as far as the doctor can determine) to a physical condition but rather to a nervous one. That doesn't make them any less painful. Mother's conversation has become one unending series of complaints: she can't sleep, she has no appetite, there is something in her throat that obstructs her swallowing, she itches all over, she has perpetual gas on her stomach, her breasts are oh, so sore, she has pains in her abdomen, her shoulders, the small of her back, her bowels are upset, her teeth ache, — there has been nothing yet about her legs or feet, but every other part has played a role in this catalog of misery. Now, as you must know, this is so unlike Mother's normal self that it appears almost as if she were deranged. It would seem to me to be a case for a psychiatrist, if only we knew of one with

a thorough medical training + a reputation for human sympathy + understanding. X-ray examination at the hospital (and a very thorough one) reveals no organic condition to justify the symptoms Mother complains of. Yet she is in a state of acute misery. What are we to do?

I have had hard luck with the Williamsburg Suite. Broadcast Music, Inc., contracted for its publication, but have become subject to budget restrictions since the contract was made, + are warning me that they may be unable to print it. This is a big disappointment.

I have just received a letter mailed in Marseilles early last February + opened both by the French + the British censors, that my friend René Millot is safe. The last I knew, he was in an engineer corps of the French army, + I had feared he

I don't want to take a fresh sheet, so I'll just send you my dear love + Betty's + hope all is well. Ronald

might have been one of the million + a half sent prisoners into Germany. But it seems he was able to return to his home in Paris after the war: "aussi tôt après" (quite as if la guerre had definitely been concluded) - he lives, as he did before, in an apartment in Passy, with his mother.

Since I had a letter - two letters - last summer from the sister-in-law of my friend Emmanuel Paré, the last enclosing a discreetly folded sheet in his own handwriting, but unsigned, the two men I knew who were in the French army are both safe back home, + my relief is great.

The last time I saw Paris, in the spring of '39, Emmanuel invited Helen + Betty + me to spend the Whitsuntide holiday at his mother's home in Bourges. It was our first experience as guests in a French household, for though I was billeted in private houses during the first world war, I was definitely a lodger + not a guest. His mother did the cooking, + our sole inconvenience was the necessity of visiting an outdoor privy. We had a memorable time, winding up with a motor trip to La Charité-sur-Loire, (a most beautiful late Romanesque church is the glory of the place) - and somehow it seemed to us that we had, through the Parés, been taken to the heart of France. We heard last year that Emmanuel had been able to rejoin his wife and to obtain work in a notary's étude, i.e. a law-office largely concerned with property + what we call "law-suits." So at least he can live at home + work at his own profession, - + I suppose René is able to do likewise, instead of having to slave for the Nazis.

July 23, 1942.

Betty's instant remark when I read her the first page of your letter written Tuesday was: "Evidently Constance is going to let him go without a struggle."

The essentials of the problem seem to me to be quite simple, & if you will be patient with me, I'm going over them again, because I don't want you to yield an iota. You are the dissenting partner, for the best of all reasons. You are fulfilling a professional engagement which keeps you in Michigan for the time being. If Constance felt that the proposed separation were a lamentable mistake, or if she were so deeply fond of you that she could not bear it, she, being free & having the means, would certainly have gone to you. That she has not done so is, to my mind, of great significance.

As for the notion of going to Coxsackie to bid your family a silent goodbye, I'm inclined to think it sheer sentimentality, - that trait in her which took you out on September 14th (wasn't it?) to the grave of a friend near Middletown, N.Y. The only other explanation is that the notion is actuated by guile, in the hope of bringing your parents' influence to bear upon you. Or it can be slightly insane, I suppose. In any case, I should ignore it. It

might not be any harder for you to spend a week in Coxsackie with Constance than to spend it anywhere else, but why yield to so foolish a whim?

If I were you, I should certainly go to Colorado with Mannheim. Since you're not to go to Minnesota, I feel the proffered opportunity to go still farther away from your past, as you put it, is providential. Only, before you go, mightn't it be considerate to write to your father + tell him with telegraphic brevity the reason for your separation from Constance + let him tell your mother? Having established the habit of writing home every week, I should think a terse, factual explanation by letter would be the best justification of your behavior, + would leave the least ground for reproach.

As for our friendship, we need have no fears that protracted absence will test it any more severely than it has been tested already. We are accustomed to doing without each other's companionship. If I thought I had to forego the exchange of thoughts + of confidences, — if our relationship were threatened with any serious abridgment, you'd see me in East Lansing tomorrow! With deepest love, Donald

Aug. 3. 1942.

First let me assure you that I am not unmindful of your suggestion that Frank Mamheimer, if he were to see it early enough this summer, might like the Piano Suite well enough to play it next season.

I should have replied at once that I have no available copy at the moment, but it suddenly strikes me that Ralph Robbins made a copy for himself which I am certain he would be willing for Mamheimer to borrow pro tem. So a telegram goes out to Hastings tonight to ensure that that copy is hunted up and, if located in time, Mamheimer can look it over out in Colorado. If he likes the suite, or a part of it, well enough to play it, I'll see that he receives a copy. Robert Goldsand played parts I. IV. and III. in that order, as a "little suite," but Mamheimer may like the slow dance (II) and the Reel (IV).

I went up to Candlewood yesterday to confer with Cousin Hal with regard to a musical "service" for the use of Protestant churches. I am not so concerned for the regular order of service as for special occasions such as Baptism of Children & Reception of New Members. There are awkward moments in these rites that music would bridge over. Musical settings of texts which should express the spirit of the group of persons being baptised or being "received" could be composed & then published as a collection, under the aegis of



"Trade"
H. H. T.

THE TWEEDYS



"MARK"
D. T.

(Don't you think my skill in portraiture is tops?)

I sent our joint anthem "Out of the Depths" to the H. W. Gray Co. yesterday, as a starter. Also the motet to words by Isaac Watts. — I hope they will not keep the M.S.S. too long before making up their minds. Schurmer keeps things for months.

By the time they get round to returning a M.S. with a repetition-slip, the composer has forgotten that he wrote the piece. Things are still hanging like with B.M.I. & the Williamsburg Suite.

Betty met Marian Anderson one morning lately in the First National grocery. She found Mr. Ward at the counter wrapping up package after package of rice. So she asked, "Who on earth can that be for, a Japanese?" No, says he, that's for Marian Anderson. - And there she was, nearby. Betty started playing with the latest litter of the calico kittens in which the store cat specializes, & looked up to find the singer smiling at her. So, after some remarks about the charm of the young of animals, she said "Aren't you Miss Anderson?" Marian replied "Yes". "Well, I'm Mrs. Tweedy". "Oh" said Marian, & then she went on about Wash Me O Lord & the success she'd had with it on tour ~~last~~ season. Betty told her about the Lullabye that was sung to me by the same singer, & said that I wanted to show it to her. Miss Anderson has had two letters from me about it, & I've given her my telephone number, but I've heard nothing from her, & I don't want to drive over to Mill Plain with it & find her absent. Central won't give me her number! So I'll have to contrive some sort of hold-up.

We are now thinking of sending Mother up to Rockport, Mass. to stay at the Straitsmouth Inn with Cousin Minnie Frazer-Gourley. In thinking of some seaside location, I was reminded that I saw this Inn last summer, & I thought Rockport a tolerably attractive place. Raymond & Hilda may not be there this summer, because Raymond has taken a job with the Nashua Mfg. Co. in Nashua, N.H. & Hilda is doing Chinese Relief in the Boston office. Hal said they expected to rent their cottage and live in the Commonwealth Ave. apartment. I thought I'd drop a line to Raymond, because he may be at the cottage weekends if no tenant took it. In that case, Betty & I might go up to the Straitsmouth for a week or so before August 30, but we shan't plan positively for any move till we know whether Mother is likely to improve there.

I'm imagining your progress toward the Colorado mountains, & wishing you good hunting. Let me know where to reach you.
With my love, Donald

Aug. 12, 1942

Your first letter from the Rockies came yesterday afternoon — no, it was Ralph's that came then. Yours has just come in this morning's mail. Apparently a brief letter on a P.P.C. missed you at the address you gave me in Hastings, or else the air-mail slipped up again. I find that it is apt to, if one depends upon it for hasty communication, + letters go astray + are liable to be delivered even later than if they had gone by ordinary mail.

Since you say nothing whatever of Mambesmer as a human being, I infer that he is not specially congenial at close range. I hope he's not going to prove so bent upon his own ends that he uses you to further them. You are so nice + obliging that you run the danger of being imposed upon. If you suspect that anything like this is happening, you must use your wits to slide gracefully from under. Verbum sap. — but, George, don't knuckle down to selfishness. Get at your own work, immerse yourself in what you desire to accomplish, + insist that M. do his rightful share of housekeeping + such. I don't know whether you agreed in the beginning to go "butch", but if you failed to, I hope you won't find yourself in the position of general factotem, with M. subjecting you to a certain degree of economic slavery. How about it?

Ralph wrote that he + Suzanne have adopted a baby boy, + he seems hugely delighted. He told me the story of the M.T.S. of the piano suite. Now that I know that that one is unavailable till later, I could probably retrieve another if you think M. at all likely to consider its performance feasible.

We got Mother off to Rockport yesterday afternoon after such an ordeal as I hope I may never experience again. The poor dear simply doesn't realize that a change is her salvation. I am convinced that if we had given in to her, she would have become a confirmed neurotic, fretting + complaining the rest of her life away.

Aug. 14. Well, I wrote the ~~last~~ preceding paragraph and went home to lunch, to find a telegram saying, "Impossible to go on. Come at once to Hotel Bellevue, Boston". I am not going to relate for you the particulars of what preceded or of what followed, but I telephoned Cousin Minnie & they got the 2 o'clock express back to Bridgeport. Now we have had Dr. Brown examine Mother, & he finds there is an advanced condition of hardening of the arteries involving especially those vessels which feed the brain. If this cannot be arrested & remedied, we shall have to face the probability of Mother's last years being lived out in mental misery. My heart breaks to think upon it.

Is it not tragic that when the mind is diseased, it seems to fasten upon trivia and upon persecution? Fear seems to lay hold of the soul & put it to the torture. One might as well be damned to stay in Hell. I think it is wicked to insist in such cases that life be lived out to the bitter end. I thought it so in my grandfather's case, when he lay blind & with gangrene creeping up from his feet. But they made the poor dear live, and I suppose we shall have to follow the mores of our land & people and permit Mother to go through this greater valley of the shadow, which is so much more fearful than death. Well, we shall just have to turn the power of our love upon her and cherish her in every way we can.

Perhaps in a day or so I can write you more cheerfully, but I am very downcast, & I suppose I should not write at all, really. I do need to hear from you, & please tell me about you & what you are doing, so that I can more easily join you in spirit. Betty is a tower of strength & solace.

With my love, always,

TWO CHAPEL PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Aug. 19, 1942

Dear George:-

It is good to hear from you. Mother has a day + a night nurse now, + Dr. Brown said today that he was pleased with her reaction to treatment. Betty + I drove up + spent an hour with her this afternoon + she seemed much more herself than at any time since she left for the journey that was to have taken her to Rockport. She is still very reluctant to eat. We are combing the county for a good cook who can shoulder the responsibilities of the housekeeping. We found a man I think will do. He is expensive, but we urged my father to pay him what he asks. They should not stint themselves now in their late years. Amse has been at Marguerite's while we were getting adjusted. She begins

to see well enough to read + to sew, - a little at a time. She thinks she can oversee the kitchen, + she wants to try, so she returned to the farm today.

I need not tell you how blessed a comfort it would have been could you have been nearby this past fortnight. But we weathered the shock now, + I'm prepared in my inmost self for whatever is likely to happen. I've got my senses marshaled for the future, + we shall take each day as it comes + try to maintain ourselves on an even keel. Betty + I think + feel pretty much alike in these ultimate matters, + that's a big help.

I note that you will probably be at Chupita till Sept. 12, which means that you'll be traveling East on your birthday. Be sure + give me an address for the day itself!

I saw the Garden of the Gods all alone by myself the summer of 1923, when I was on my way out to teach at Berkeley, + rode ingloriously in a motor bus to the summit of Pike's Peak. Later that summer ~~came~~ came Henry Howard's + my trek in the High

Sierras, - my one + only real camping expedition, when we packed our duffle on a donkey + slept on the ground + raised beards + came back to Berkeley looking like a couple of Forty-Niners. I was the effete Easterner + Henry tied all the fancy Western hitches on Modestino + caught all the rainbow trout while I collected firewood + fried the trout after he'd cleaned them. But I read aloud to Henry in the noon-day halt. - The book was James Stephens' The Crock of Gold, + Henry loved it. The High Sierras are exceedingly picturesque between Mt. Brewer + Giant Sequoia Park! We climbed Alta Peak, which is just over 12,000 ft., and I found the last quarter mile an ordeal. We'd been above 7000 ft. from the start, but the rarefaction hadn't affected me till that high climb. I should be happy enough if with you I could climb over tame Connecticut hills again.

I shall do my best to capture + send to Maunheimer a copy of the prado suite, Tout de suite.

We shall do Bach's cantata, Uns ist ein Kind geboren at the church this Christmas. It has three very good choruses and one fine baritone solo. I do not like the Tenor + Alto solos (they are identical except for key) + am searching for something suitable to substitute for them. I must ask Tinayre, who is back from his sojourn in Utah.

Sept. 12th seems mighty late to me - you always used to return to E. Lansing about the 15th or even sooner, if I remember aright. I hope not to have to wait for Christmas before hugging you to my bosom, - must I?

Betty joins me in love + good wishes. We're so happy that you're getting a real rest. It sounds wonderful!

Ever yours
Donald

Do you have a radio + newspapers, or have you left the war till later?

Aug. 28, '42

Dear George:

A hasty note to tell you that Raymond has had an attack of coronary thrombosis + is in the Nashua Memorial Hospital at Nashua, N. H. He must be sixty-eight, + that makes the recovery a bit more difficult than in my case. I know pretty well what the dear man has had to live through, but, thank Heaven, he has lived through it. I think the world can ill spare men like Raymond.

The attack happened last Wednesday - Wednesday, that is, of last week, - and Cousin Hallam had a letter from Hilda at the end of the week. - A very beautiful letter, he said, + Hilda wrote as tho' there had never been any difficulty between them. Of course Hilda got to Nashua as soon as trains could take her, + is remaining there. I wrote to Raymond to tell him the worst was over, + the remainder takes patience. I hope he may be spared worry + anxiety, but Harold's entering flying school in Florida must be a source of nervous strain to him. I've not heard the full story as yet, but apparently Harold wasn't able to endure Washington another minute. - He now has two children, + left his wife + them to get into active war work. I understand that he volunteered. So, as he usually does his making of decisions without consulting his father, I reckon Raymond has been in a state of depression about him. There may be more in this psychologically than we know about. Physiologically, I don't very much of a nervous strain could cause the breakdown of the coronary artery. - Anyhow, the thing has happened, + we'll hope Raymond will recover from the shock in quick time.

Mother is slowly starving herself, - and it must end by putting her in bed + bringing death. Dr. Moore of the Newton State Hospital has been here in consultation with Dr. Brown. They are agreed that the disease is arterio-sclerosis, + all we can do is to try to make Mother comfortable + surround her with our love + thoughtfulness till the end comes. Her mind is affected, her eyesight is rapidly dimming, + she tortures herself with fretting about the house, her clothes, her food. But she has ceased to suppress her affections, + once more she is the demonstrative mother I remember from my boyhood. This is only the first of a miracle, + deeply touching. My love, always
Donald