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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.

Thu. Sept. 3, '42

It was dear of you to send that postcard letter to Mother. She receives very few letters because, of course, she can no longer maintain a correspondence. Her eyesight has rapidly failed. I read her what you had written. She was right pleased to hear from you. You said "We" without mentioning Mamma, so Mother asked if Constance were with you. I replied No, + she did not inquire further.

George, I don't remember whether I have particularized, but Mother is suffering from arterio-sclerosis which seems to have developed very suddenly. Dr. Eckert sent her to the hospital in July for X-Ray examination with especial reference to the digestive tract, because she was having so much indigestion. The result was negative as to a physical cause, though a little arterio-sclerosis was registered; but both the laboratory physician here + Dr. Pesrute in Stamford later, found that in degree it seemed to be not greater than many persons of 76 are able to live fairly comfortably with. After we tried unsuccessfully to send Mother to Rockport, there was no doubt that her reason was affected. Upon her return, we called in Dr. Brown, who immediately diagnosed hardening of the arteries, especially those nourishing the brain. This was confirmed the week following by Dr. Moore, consultant on the staff of the Fairfield State Hospital, who also shared Dr. Brown's opinion.

that the condition will become worse + that we ^{can} have no expectation of recovery.

Some elderly people with this disease live on and on for years, — depending on the strength of their hearts. But judging from the distaste Mother evinces for all food, she will before long have starved herself to death. Dr. Moore said that of course when such patients refuse absolutely to eat (a common occurrence in arteriosclerosis) they must be forcibly fed. You can imagine with what gratitude I heard Dr. Brown ask, quietly, "why?"

Evidently in institutions they conceive it their duty to keep such hopeless cases alive. But Dad + Marguerite + I are resolved that Nature shall be allowed a free hand in Mother's case. It is pitiful to see her growing weaker + thinner every day, but it is better that starvation should dry up the sap of life than that she should outlive her reason.

Just now she is at low ebb when she wakes, + throughout the morning till about eleven. Then she often summons enough energy to dress before lunch; if not, the nurse persuades her to get up shortly thereafter. In the afternoon

she seems much more like herself and is able to have visitors, — preferably old friends, tho she can still put up a front for people she is not well acquainted with. At dinner, (tho Dad is home), she sits at table + picks at her food. It seems really to "go against her", + she often hastens to the toilet + vomits. In the evening she becomes progressively more + more nervous, — this fretfulness might easily be allayed by a sedative, but she will not take medicine, nor any liquid in which she suspects drugs to have been dissolved. In truth, she is a very bad patient. Since she will not take nourishment in quantity sufficient to build up again the tissues which have broken down, nor swallow medication to relieve the effects of her disease, there is practically nothing that can be done for her except to show her love + patience. She has a very lovely person for day-nurse, who is most tactful + skillful. The night-nurse is not so good, but she tries her best, + her job, after Mother has been put to bed, is mostly to be night-watchman. Dad + Annie have the brunt of the evenings, + sometimes those are very difficult. Marguerite + I go up on alternate days, + I usually spend most of Saturdays there.

If you do not come East till Christmas, you must expect either that Mother will have gone before then, which, since recovery seems out of the question, I desperately hope may happen, or else she will be so changed + so removed from life that to see her will be an ordeal. However, we live now from day to day + make no inalterable plans.

It was sweet of you to say that you would have turned about had you known what was to happen here, but I am well-pleased to have you in Colorado this summer.

I love you: you know that, + no absence can alter it. While your presence here would have been an inexpressible comfort, yet I feel happier to know you are having a real holiday among mountains, remote from fretful responsibilities. I seem to approve you much more heartily when you flee responsibilities than when you assume them!

Hilda writes that Raymond is making plainly noticeable improvement day by day. As yet he had been allowed no visitors. The hospital is cheerful + well-run.

Danbury, Sept. 9, 1942.

It being already Wednesday morning + no message from you, I will proceed to wish you a happy birthday and a year of freedom from the kind of anxiety + dissatisfaction that has been your lot these past years. I hope you will resolutely turn your back on everything that is a burden to you, on every investment of personal thought + care that does not repay you with a reasonable dividend of human comfort + satisfaction. If you have to go into the army during the year, don't be too troubled in advance as to whether you are going to be able to endure it. Be willing to take life as it comes, because very often destiny, that shrouded beldame spinning the thread of our existence, can make wiser decisions than we believe possible.

I have been somewhat surprised at your reticence concerning Mannheim's musicianship. It is exceedingly unlike you to be in the same backwash with a practicing pianist + to say nothing whatever about his playing, — unless indeed there is nothing good to be said of it. You are so sensitive, so responsive to good music that I surmise you are not in a state of bewitchment. Annse Friedberg, Mannheim's manager, wrote me a letter about him recently, but, as I think you know, the concerts of the Music Centre here

are at present under the management of Community Concerts, Inc. and their list of pianists is long! Our next season will include recitals by Robert Goldsand (pianist), Piatigorsky (cellist), a singer named Lansing Hatfield of whom I know nothing, + an evening of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, though what they can do on that stage and with those limited facilities in the High School passes my conjecture. I regard their engagement here as foolish in the extreme.

Goldsand plays with qualities of mind + heart that make him a fine interpreter, in addition to which, he is a brilliant technician. If only he could manage to stop vocalizing when he plays! It is a most distressing habit for a pianist to get into. At his most intense moments, Robert emits a kind of falsetto scream, as if someone in the next room were being gagged and tortured. The first time I heard it, I could not believe my ears. If he sang in tune (as Toscanini does), that might be forgivable. Unfortunately, he seems to sing along an emotional instead

of a melodic line, & the result is not an enhancement of the musical effect. Someday I am going to risk imperiling our friendly relations & tell him he must stop it. It will shorten his career if he is allowed to continue it. I marvel that his wife doesn't try to break him of the habit.

I am doing an interesting job at the moment, trying to create a service for non-ritualistic protestant churches, — a musical service, that is, — conceived ~~for~~ in choral terms & planned to be sung a cappella, with an organ part ad lib. but inessential. Cousin Hal has provided me with an array of texts.

My full choir returns this week. I think I told you we are planning to do the Bach cantata For Us a Child is Born at Christmas time.

A note from Hilda this morning. Raymond is making steady progress. He has not yet been told the nature of his heart ailment, & the doctor is going to take one more cardiograph before telling him. Therefore, Hilda says, letters which mention these matters have not yet been read to him.

My Mother's condition continues to become gradually worse. She is visibly wasting away & will soon be too weak to leave her bed, though till yesterday she had made a daily effort, sometimes before, sometimes after lunch, to get dressed & to come downstairs. I'm going up this afternoon to see her, & if today she shall have kept to her bed, it will be a bad sign.

My love to you always, & with particular warmth on your birthday. May you have a good trip back to Michigan & find tolerable living quarters in East Lansing without great trouble.

Ever your

Donald

Nov. 3, 1942

It was good of you, Carussimo, to write to Mother, + very like you to choose cards she might take pleasure in looking at. I'm grateful to you, + if I could love you any more deeply than already I do, this would be the kind of act that would incite me.

Yes, the exhibit of Old Dutch Masters is to close within the week. I thought surely they would continue it through Christmas, but I suppose that Duveen's, being a private gallery, has to sell pictures in order to exist! I'm disappointed not to see these in your congenial company. Betty + I went down last Thursday, so I had a second view in her company, + she agrees with me that to see pictures like these is an unforgettable experience. It also helps one to realize with wonder + admiration what Holland is, + to

Of course I knew you'd be excited by that photo of Innsbruck. The city is at 1880 ft., according to my guide-book, while the mountain ridges on either side of the city rise, according to the map, to between 2600 and 2900 metres. I make that, between 8440 and 9415 ft. Am I correct? On the north, this ridge is within 5 km. distance (estimating it by eye very roughly: it may be nearer still), so that you look up only about three miles to a point 6000 or 7000 ft. higher, but the first part of the rise is very steep after you leave the river-bottom. And how those glacier-fed rivers rush & swirl in summer! I have never seen such dramatic mountains as the Alps. Mont Blanc above Chamouix is breath-taking. The valley lies about at 3500 ft. and less than five miles away (the distance from Danbury to Brookfield) is the summit of Mont Blanc at 15,730 ft. And the high peak is only the climax of an immense mountain mass which begins at the Mer de Glace & ends out of sight beyond the Aiguille de Bionnassay. I am just hoping that when this war is over, we can take a motor across & drive to all the places

gain a little understanding of what it means to be a Hollander.

Having pondered the calendar + your New York schedule, I hope you will go to the city on Sunday so as to show yourself at your Math meetings on Monday morning, if they begin so early. And Betty seems to think it a thoroughly admirable plan for us to accept your dinner invitation for Monday evening. Of course I am content to be with you anywhere, any time, in any company, as long as there are interludes à 2. Shall you stay with Morris? I have done so once + enjoyed being with him, though he goes to bed to sleep, as they say in Europe. Me, I like to talk in the dark, *comme tu sais*.

Now I'd better reply to your overtures with respect to my music. The piece for men's voices is published by Sprague-Coleman at 62 W45, but should be readily obtainable through any music store.

The title is The Coming of the Trees, words by Arthur

Quilterman. I think I have one copy left, + if I can locate it, it will be on its way to you on Monday.

I shall await your news as to Mowbrainer's reaction to the Ponce Suite. Most people react like the shorter dances, and if they are played in the order I, IV, III. They make a pretty sure thing doesn't take long to play. Oh yes, and the other band, like the Goetruene (no. II) best on first hearing. I can't play the Teel (V) decently myself, but I suppose it would be a faid à play to F. M. I would so like to hear it well played! with bio + bravura. Maybe F. M. will play the Goetruene + Teel.

You will be more than welcome here the week after Christmas, for as long as you can stay. If the plan to dine in N.Y.C. on the 28th holds, we shall stay overnight at the Seymour and come back on the 3.40 P.M. Tuesday. Perhaps you will be able to return with us. If not, come up the next day. Eddie + Rod will see you on 1st + 2nd + 3rd + we'll see you at 2 Chapel Place. Golly, your being here is going to seem like a blessed rain from heaven on a very thirsty field.

in Europe that we long to see again. Or one could of course go by train plus autobus, if there are any buses left by that time. I confess to a liking for train travel in Europe, & never tire of watching the towns & the countryside flash by. But I went from Geneva to Chamonix in a motor-bus in the year 1912, and the weather was perfect, so there was thrill after thrill. I should love above all things to initiate you into the mysteries & delights of Europe. Do you suppose we ever can go together?

Mother's disease threatens to become worse, according to the electric photographs or grams. The doctors at Hartford are going to try a remedy which succeeds in about 12% of cases. If it doesn't succeed, it may be fatal, but that, in the view of all the family, would be preferable.

Our best to you, always. —

Donald

Tues. Nov. 10 '42.

A letter from Raymond dated 8 November, to say that despite his continuously & steadily improving health, Dr. Jorrett had advised him to postpone returning to Nashua. So maybe our propaganda (Hal's & mine) had some effect. I didn't involve you, but conjecture you may have put in a protest on your own initiative. Bebrun got home a week or so ago, but had been kept in bed so long that he had to hang on to his nurse in order to accomplish the first steps on his own feet. Cases differ & doctors differ. But they must all refer nowadays to the cardiographic pictures of the heart action, and when the picture gets back near enough normal, they can give a patient a green light.

I suppose of course that Raymond will have written you after hearing Mannheim, & sent you a review or two. He enclosed the program, wherein I observe that F. M. is "associated with Tobias Matthay in his London school." I assume this means that he is a Matthay pupil, like Myra Hess. Florence Bray

once involved me with a Matthay teacher named
Yorkie Bowen, and I studied with him
without enthusiasm for three months. When
I got home + played to Betty, she was
outraged. She said I had lost all my beauty
of tone + that my playing sounded mechanical
+ unmusical. I knew she was right, + felt
that the Matthay method as taught by Yorkie
Bowen was not for me. So I went back to
my Leschetzky principles as taught by
Charles Anthony, + have stuck to them ever
since.

I should most certainly like to have heard
Mannheimer play that program, + if he gives
a concert hereabouts, this season, I hope
you will inform me in good time. I am not
really familiar with the Schumann 7[#] minor,
tho I looked through it the other day.

Well, he much to do today, so I'll post this
pronto. My love to you always.

Donald

No 24/1/42.

You dear blessed George what a
grand self inspiration that you
found to send me that book
on Cathartes in *Medici*! How
did you know I was interested
in that *Journal of French
History* on Cathartes in
particular? No, George you
couldn't have given me a book
in which I shall take more
sheer delight & pleasure! as

I have looked through it & I don't
think I can find any more than that first
one - I can see that Pealpe
Pocahontas is generally accepted
as a name for the *Malvaceae* of Catharine,
whereas Colonel Young, (do you
remember his two large volumes
in the *Botanic Garden*?) writes
with reference to the *Basia* his
acts on recent documents and
letters that were meant that in
some old libraries, which would
that Catharine was not guilty
of many of the *Basia* acts
attributed to her. He says

can form causing the *Banthologorum*
Mabgor & the *Nix* seeds. He says almost
one fourth of the second volume to him and
his account of her being a child to Lindbergh
is most splendidly fascinating. His portrait
of her is so different from the one usually
known of her that I was so much more
impressed by it. Ralph Roemer is a scholar,
I mean, so I shall read his account of
her with great interest. I wonder who might
it doesn't seem to me that Colonel Gump
would write a so-called work on the
Dorlicis for me, & say what he does of
Estherite. unless it had some foundation
in fact. My proposal is only like a my chop
in literature of this book. No, that's long,
& repeat you couldn't have given me
no nothing but of which I shall get some
for, & I should be so glad to know
and also in "I know happen". I have read
some of the books from which some of
these selections were made, but not all.
I shall get connected up on them as I

Albany do, but Hunt, that comes by
wishes to see ^{CHAMPLAIN PLACE DANBURY} ~~WALL~~ ^{CONNECTICUT} ~~STREET~~
now. I think too that it's an excellent
thing to know some true accounts
of what happened in this war for
the future generations to see and do
a lot to dull things & smooth
them over, & there will be those who
will say - if that I'm sure - as much
as well as to know in the distance,
that these things were left over,
that they were simply exaggerated,
& so to show them to them in
black & white, without which they were
still more, will help to settle the truth

talk I had a lovely little day! Squeed
to the room, to New York on a ^{from} ~~the~~
autumn of ~~from~~. I soon ~~tried~~ ^{ago} had
written to Morris asking him to let them
give me, to them on arrival in New York
Dorinda called him up to see if he was
coming or not & then he learned we were
in New York to celebrate my birthday & he had
me to see Tom Hall Club. In London
where we had cocktails then nice things.
We had some ~~very~~ ^{really} nice ~~from~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{kind} ~~of~~
such a nice talk! He's coming for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
giving but as he has to ~~return~~ ^{return} that evening
because he works on Friday he's coming on
Wednesday evening getting there in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
I'm ~~sure~~ ^{sure} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~here~~ ^{here} ~~from~~
going to ask them to tell Morris say they
won't come to New York at all this

minutes, as they spent a large part of their time here in the
hospital last winter, they thought, probably, not to risk
it again. After the lunch we went to an exposition
of some of C's rooms & paintings - it was in fact a sort of
fighting frame - which was wonderfully enjoyed.
There were some lovely things, however. In the evening
we went to see the original Madonna of St. Ursula (which
was it?) The G. of it, I think, & some fine plays, & a morning,
& although a very plain, it is not a bad thing, as it is
called, a fine high, & a wife. It does
travel at a very high speed, & that's the very thing
I want to see, & the feeling, it is so superbly
acted! I hope you'll have a chance to see it
George & I think you will, & it will be, probably
many weeks to come. We spent the night at our
old stand, the Hotel Seymour, & the next day
you spent in looking for the Christmas cards.
I was successful in Christmas cards, & all the
I have now too big for you. To I shall have to wait
my agent's return. To-day, I had a letter from
to see his mother. He telephoned the doctor, & the
doctor said he thought he would be able to see him
for a little while. I'm quite sure for a few minutes
two weeks ago, & that they were the only ones who have seen
him. I had a letter from the doctor, & I had a letter from
I would have given the cash to the doctor, & I had
had to make the trip alone, but as he was on the point
of death, & I didn't feel happy to do so, I went at last
to see him, & I had a very good time.

now into my home, to come going to bring
Hearts in my home, My Aunt will be with
Mr & Mrs. Peggy, Marguerite's second
daughter is going to be married on the 1st of
January. This is to be a home wedding, as Peggy
does not want the fuss & feathers of a church
wedding such as Barbara's with a reception
afterwards. George, I've had a blow right
in the solar plexus. This under the doctor's
advice goes to show I am going to get
on without the front door. It seems that
husband felt that he wanted to get into
the house work, instead of trying to
get a job he has found in California,
who have been trying to get him out there,
finally they've succeeded. They should
have a job for him to step into, so
they say, so he has given notice

born & he learns to move on the boat. Victoria follows
him next Monday with the two little boys & she & I had to
absolve. Victoria is such a fine little woman! I'm
fond of her personally, besides the money she helps
bring to you. She is a capital in so many ways &
a delicious cook! And the worst of it is I can't get
anybody to take her place. No one can cook almost
of the ground just young women here, none
of them. Annie has no one new as he found
her left - she has a sick daughter & had to take
care of her - so poor Annie plugs along as
best she can & as she isn't at all well, I
can't really depend on her. That's my trouble, too - I simply
can't do the work in this place & the cooking is well,
so I had to send one of my boys to go out for
dinner. I don't mind the small tasks & such things
but with all else I have to do, I'm fairly sure
when the women cross & so he dropped of a dinner
to go home & I had to cook. Doesn't that cook
well "vous sarrons es que vous sarrons"
Don't look forward to seeing you at Christmas
though, I'd love a good horse when George
even if I can't afford. Write much love
to you & thank you again for my lovely
gift. Always affectionately
Daddy

Wednesday P. M.
Dec. 23, 1942

Dear George: -

Your letter mailed in Detroit the 17th has just arrived. I am sorry it did not come sooner, because then I should have had an answer ready for you when you telephoned night before last.

I question very seriously whether you will do either Constance or yourself any good by consenting to an interview. Nothing that she is likely to resolve will change her essential character. And you should know by this time that she loves only herself, - that most certainly she does not love you.

I must tell you what I think, now, because I know the generosity of your own nature and your unwillingness to inflict pain. I am afraid you will be soft with Constance and allow your own judgment, which reached a conclusion last Spring & acted upon it, to be persuaded to relax its determination.

But you know that I think you made a

serious mistake when you married Constance in the first place. Entirely apart from the sexual problem, I could not see her as a fitting wife for you. Friend, yes, - but a wife is something very much more. You want someone with whom to share your life, not someone to live with in the summers, for any economic reason.

I think it is clear that anyone, like you and me, if he cannot live with the person he loves best in all the world, must at least have tenderness from his wife and be cherished, or else be so devoted a husband and be so encouraged and stimulated in this devotion, in all matters of intimacy but especially the sexual, that there are brought into being such considerable compensations as to offset the original loss.

Perhaps the trouble with both your marriage was that you went into them from a starting-point too exclusively rational. I do not forget that after all it was you who insisted on marrying Constance, but I have always suspected you reasoned that so satisfactory

a presumably, with acute even for tenderness and confidential intimacy, would develop without too great difficulty into a most desirable as marriage. How could you know she was a born old-maid?

I feel very strongly you should not see her unless you mean to return to her. It is far better for both of you that you should not have the emotional strain and the essential frustration of a conversation to be followed by a separation. You should know how little talk of motive and reasons & purposes, talk of feelings indeed, - how very little such talk can accomplish beside obscuring the issue.

George, the harm is all done. No promise of change of behavior can right it. I think you did the right thing when you refused to return East this summer, and the elapsed time is a blessed palliative which you will forget if you accord Constance a meeting now. You are well off of this marriage. I counsel you most forthrightly and earnestly not to stir up dead embers.

We have not yet heard from the Seymour, but I will write to the Webster when we shall have done so. I'm sure Morris is saving the 28th, and I hope we shall be able to stick to that date.

I had far rather you tried a third time to find a woman who loved you and would make a home for you. Someone willing to live with you in E. Lausung because she couldn't bear to be separated from you. That's the touchstone, my dear. And just you think it over. I love you. —

Donald



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

Tues. Jan. 26, 1943.

Two weeks, mon cher, since your letter arrived, and I should like to begin one to you today even if there's not time to complete it.

My mother's state of mind & body continues practically unchanged. We were to have had a conference with the doctors in Hartford, but that has not yet been arranged. Dr. Brown is driving to New Canaan with Father & Marguerite this Friday to discuss the possibility of their taking Mother at Silver Hill, which is reasonably accessible to us here, being about eighteen miles as against Hartford's sixty-odd. It's a lovely place, but I doubt very much if they will desire to accept a case so very probably incurable, even if they have the nurses and the facilities for isolating the patient. They are more interested in psychic rehabilitation than in hospitalization, — if a patient promises to be lodged there with any permanency, they begin to demur. — At Hartford they have shut down for the time being on visits from the immediate family, but will permit Helen Pider to see Mother tomorrow, when she will be there on a visit to the Gruswolds.

Since you left here, I have been rather beset with ills, - too trivial to describe, but causing me to wonder whether this machine is going to last me another lustre. (If you fail to find that word in the Webster, try a French dictionary). Still, it would seem that the fifties have a reputation of being rather drab and harassing. G. B. Shaw reports that his were a tribulation, but that safely past three-score, he became healthier than he could remember being at any previous age. So maybe there's hope.

We've been reading the Pearson G. B. S. aloud + chuckling over it. The grand old boy has been a great social irritant to the English, + the truth was so often on his side that only the extravagance of his way of putting things saved him from whatever is the British equivalent of lynching: those whose ribs were galled simply could not believe he was serious, + laughed instead of raging. Spurred by this "Life", I've reread a couple of the plays, Androcles + Pygmalion, + shall probably reread more. At his best, the grand

old boy is clever as the devil, and his sense of the theatre is admirable, thrice-admirable. But at his worst he is didactic, prosy, prolix, dull. A bad play, like Overruled, must have bored its audiences in spite of its brief duration, whereas a good play like Saint Joan, tho it lasted 3 1/2 hours, wove so magical a spell that the end seemed to arrive too soon.

I think the difference is largely one of dramatis personae. When G. B. S. set his own ideas + traits in motion + incarnated them in the personages of the drama, it was apt to be tedious. When he imagined how Caesar, Joan, Marchbanks + Candida would have felt + spoken, he created fascinating characters. There is, of course, in spite of his many lapses, no such array of good plays from any other British writer save Shakespeare, + Shaw ranks second to the spellbinder of Avon.

I have been much annoyed lately at the attitude toward the war, implied always, expressed sometimes, in the sermons of the minister at "my" church. War is abhorrent to him. I gather that if he were young enough to be drafted, he would be a conscientious objector. And with such I have small patience.

He speaks like a Quaker, yet I am sure it is all of the intellect: that he does not feel like a Quaker, - that for example if he could save his wife by an act of violence from being raped, he would act. O these clergymen! They do not know their own natures. I wonder how he would feel toward the Nazis if he had been a minister in Germany, had refused to follow the party line + been thrown into a concentration camp to be starved, beaten + reeked. I don't think there's any stuff of martyrdom in him, - he would scarcely rejoice if forced to emulate the humility of Jesus under torture. I have not heard him complain because in Danbury we have a police force, and the cops carry clubs + guns + are prepared to use them if necessary. The use of force to keep order is humane in the long view. And if we're doing any more than that in fighting this war, I don't think our people are aware of it.

Betty sends her love, I mine. May the summer bring us together again! But I live now pretty much day by day. Donald

Mon., Feb. 8, 1943.

Carissimo: -

I am very deeply certain that you will find great satisfaction in your decision to go into the navy, once you have made it. If one is able-bodied, in my opinion it is the only possible course to take. You would certainly go with my blessing! I must own that we've been shy of bringing the question up, though of course I have told you I thought you'd benefit from a military life. I have no doubts of your achieving a commission, perhaps from the outset, as Dana did. (Dana, by the way, is already aboard a vessel, tho there's so much hush-hush about it that we don't know whether it's a stage in his training or whether this speedily he's been assigned to combat duty.)

I see no reason why you should not get by a physical examination, except that your

heart shows the effects of too much smoking. A life in the open air with plenty to do + no smoking when on duty would probably set you right in little time.

If they made you an instructor in some collegiate institution that's been taken over by the navy, that wouldn't change your mode of living enough. I'd like to see you made subject to a radical change.

But, once you've taken the step, the thing is to accept your new environment and make the most + the best of it. One thing is true, — in war, scarcely any military position has any permanence. I was + three months at Pattsburg, ten months at Devens, then overseas to Meillant in the Department of Cher via England (they even shunted us through London so the people would see the thousands of American troops arriving) — and we stayed in Meillant only a little over 2 months

before the armistice stop the fighting. Then the tediousness began, for I never subsequently got a job that worked me hard enough, + I wasted a lot of time in mere camp routine + hadn't the sense to go boldly + discuss things with the camp commander, tho I did apply for transfer to Ralph Eaton's division, without success.

I read a lot + walked a lot + moaned a lot, for I had no imperative duties, - nothing that a non-com couldn't do better than I. (I have always hated jobs of supervision, where everyone about you is torking + mooring and you sit on your tail + keep 'em at it, - + the Army abounds in such.) When peace comes, if you haven't got an exacting, useful job, make immediate gestures of resignation, - and if those don't spur your superiors to place you where you can feel effective, then resign pronto. I was a fool to remain in the Army so long after the armistice. I wasn't assigned to take a company of casualties home till next May! Six months when I might have been in Paris working at music!

We have had the first encouraging report from Hartford. Dr. Lewis says that Mother has begun to take more interest in life + to cooperate with them in what they are trying to do for her. It is a different phase. It may lead somewhere, then again, it may not. We can only hope. At Silver Hill, as I feared, they would not take her, because they could not have given her the care she is getting now without it's being prohibitively expensive. And even if we could afford it, they don't promise to be able to help her.

I'm glad you saw Eva, - glad she wanted you to come, - + that you found each other so companionable.

I must rush off, now, to hear Jennie Towel sing over WABC - she's a pupil of a woman we knew + admired in Paris. We both send our love + encouragement. II..

11 Chapel Place,
Danbury.
22 Feb. '43.

Dear George:

Our house having been renumbered 11, please take notice. - I am spending the holiday writing to neglected friends, & while it's not precisely neglected you, I feel I owe you a word more than I could send with my "reference" last Thursday evening.

Like most decisive steps we take, your action looking toward entry into the navy will tend, I imagine, to change your view of life. It may even change your luck! I hope the application goes through & that we shall yet see you shining in the streets of Danbury, resplendent in gold braid. These naval officers! The most lowly of them looks, when he gets cap & overcoat on, to be at least an admiral of the fleet. New York is swarming with them.

Before you leave East Lansing for your ship, you might give me some idea of Manheimer's reaction to the Piano Suite. I don't mind in the least if it's defavorable.

If however, he should be inclined to play it, either in toto or the movements I, IV, + III, which make a nice little group, I will send him a copy he can use, + Ralph's can be returned to him.

I had lunch + dinner with Morris last ~~Thursday~~ and took him to hear the enclosed program. I must say I abominate studio musicales, + this one was hard to live through. The place was so jammed with female piano-teachers of a certain age that we could not even glimpse the musicians who sang + played, + the inattention in the hallway was something scandalous. Then Robert arrived late, + announced a calamity: he had been talking to some organization in New Rochelle in the afternoon, + had left my M.S. by mistake. So we had to rustle round, find a piano in a neighboring studio, + plug the weak spots in his memory. All things considered, he did very well when he was in front of his audience.

It's 3.30 + I'm off downstairs to hear Lotte Lehmann. She's singing from C. B. S.

Well, Lotte proved herself as uneven as usual. She has great difficulty with English pronunciation, especially if it has to come trippingly off the tongue. Thus she muffed a charming song of Purcell, but did better with Haydn's setting of Shakespeare's lines of Viola beginning "She Never Told her Love", which is a lovely thing. Her French goes much better. She sang Reynaldo Hahn's D'Une Person, too slow in spots + too fast in others; a charming ditty by dell'Acqua about how le petit Jésus wouldn't go to sleep + was so naughty that la Vierge burst out weeping, whereupon L. P. J. was sorry + curled up + closed his eyes + was good as gold. This she, Lotte, did with real tenderness, so that the sentimentality was minimized. She concluded with a bergerette by Neckerlin. To my notion, these are very Frenchy caramels indeed, + one needs the true Gallic touch to make them palatable. Edmond Clément used to sing them with just the right style.

There were no Germanlieder today, but next week she is to sing Mendelssohn, Strauss, + Hugo Wolf.

I have become the proud possessor of a sun lamp, burning carbons that form an arc-flame, + guaranteed to produce ultra-violet rays. I acquired this at Whelan's drug-store for \$5⁹⁵, + while it doesn't seem to produce much of a tan, it's effects are quite stimulating. It does produce ozone in the atmosphere.

George Clausen has got to have an operation for stone, - whether gall, kidney, or bladder we didn't hear, - but the case is urgent, + the poor man is trying his best to get Gantner at the Taylor farm to carry on for him. In any case, he had given notice for April 1, + we have another farmer already in view, recommended by the Farm Bureau.

I have placed 2 more anthems with H. W. Gray, + have withdrawn the Williamsburg suite from B. M. I. + taken it to Music Press. Here's hoping! My love to you. - Donald

Tuesday Mar 30th / 43

George Dear, your letter with its
sad news from just across and
want to tell you right away that
you have my deep & sincere sym-
pathy. Indeed from Father
most good man! God in his
kindness & mercy save the soul.
To be understood, to assist
& helpful are from your
qualities & from Father had

family until my husband, and then will
cross the Atlantic for his loss. I hope
you will be able to get him to go back
to Michigan with you, as it may help
him, still, if he doesn't want to go, I think
I shall be able to find some other way.
I may drag George, I need I could
be with you to some, but you
know our loss & you father will sur-
round you & will be trying to help
you. Please give you with my love &
you father, & as for yourself, George you
know how much we love you,
to share in your sorrow & loss.

Write my love to you and
again my sincerest sympathy.

Betty.

You will hear from I need
right away. B.

TEN TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Wednesday, March 31, '43

Dear George: -

You have been vividly in my thoughts this day. I long so much to hear the sound of your voice, and I have been tempted to telephone. But your family will be your ^{chief} care, and it might seem intrusive to them, — the telephone, I think, is a most interrupting thing. So I'll refrain.

It will have been a difficult day for you, and yet I hope the warmth of regard shown for your father may have warmed & comforted you. I agree with you that the service for a man so widely known and so generally admired and respected and highly regarded should be public. And now that it is over, you will easily go back in your memory of him to his features as they were when he was alive. You will not remember him lifeless.

I must not write at any length, so I've taken just the single sheet, but I want to say how glad I am for you that you can think + write of your father as you do. And it is vivid in my mind, that the last time I talked with him when we were by ourselves, he said of you what you now say of him: "George is a good boy", he said, + he meant good in the best sense. He felt you were deserving of a better hand than had been dealt you, — he had your well-being very much at heart.

I hope Eva will get comfort for her spirit from coming home now, + that life will straighten itself out for her + become something ~~within~~ within her power to cope with. Give her my affectionate good wishes.

Of course your mother has the hardest part, and she will grieve + be inconsolable. I am sad for her. Life will no longer be the same for her, — she loses a big factor from her's. I wish her courage, and I send her my love.

Your Donald

Sun. Apr. 11, 1943

Dear Lieutenant Van Schaack: -

It is a regrettable stroke of Fate that your father couldn't have had the satisfaction of knowing of your naval appointment. Of course he knew your application had been approved and sent to Washington, & only an international scandal could have halted the wheels of administration then. But he probably thought of the commission vaguely, and did not envisage you as a lieutenant.

Not that he set store by such things as titles. I am certain that he was deeply satisfied with you, not for your achievements but for your nature & character. You were his well-beloved son, you were George, & the academic degrees & college posts meant only something which were your due, — as now the commission in the Navy. — Were you, by any chance, thinking that at your advanced & venerable age

they would risk making you the oldest ensign on the East coast?

Well, thank Heaven it is the East coast. I'd a notion they might put you down to a middle - Western teaching job in one of those colleges they've taken over out there, + eventually raise you to a captaincy in the Kansas or Nebraska Navy. And now you'll be packing up + coming East, and I hope shaking the dust of East Landing from your shoes for good + all.

I have only one string I'd like to harp on. When you are actually assigned to a unit, don't let them put you to teaching Math! Your usefulness to the navy could be far greater, in my opinion, as an organization head, or director of personnel, - in the army we'd have said an adjutant or staff job. You are the man to deal with the kind of job that classifies human beings (there was a whole Classification Camp at Devens in the last war). Because you have qualities of patience, humanity, + a sense of responsibility that burns steadily + doesn't flicker in the winds of mood and temper.

You have reproached me once or twice in the past with failing to tell you definitely what choice to make. You know no one but yourself can rightfully make vital choices for yourself. (That was why you were quite right to marry Constance, for example. You had to make the choice and take the consequences.) Now I shall have much more to say when I see you, and there will be time, I hope, for me to put my counsel into more cogent + persuasive terms than occur to me tonight. I envisage your prospective career in the navy as possibly one of the luckiest "breaks" you have ever had, just because there's a war on + things move fast. Make up your mind what you want to accomplish as soon as you get oriented, and don't be deflected by anything save a decent regard for your colleagues.

We saw Mother yesterday. Betty + I, - the nearest we could get to her 77th birthday, which is today. I would give much to have her nearer us, I where we might see her more frequently. She is a little better than she has been, but it is misery to me to think of her in an institution. Fundamentally, institutions are heartless. I feel that if she can't have love and thoughtfulness now when she is no longer herself, then somehow we have failed. But, on the other hand, were she to return either to Terrace Place or to the farm, I feel that she would begin again to be psychically disturbed, and that would possibly be an unhappier state than her loneliness is now. It is desperately hard to know what is the right thing to do. I am discussing with my father a project of putting her in a small private house near or just outside Danbury, with a couple of dependable persons, - who could take care of her. They could have a nice income if they had but half what the cost is at the Hartford Retreat!

We read the biographical article on your father with great interest. It is extremely well-done, neither fulsome nor in any degree out-of-tune with reality. Here was a plain man with a plain upbringing, but with that radiant possession, a social conscience. And so, in his unassuming way,

he was an individual portion of heaven in the lumpy mass of humanity. His memory deserves a laurel-wreath.

I suppose it is exceptionally characteristic of Constance that she should have gone up to Coxsackie last week, - exactly the thing she would be sure to do. Her sentimentality is so practically expressed, one is baffled! All I can say is that, had I been she, I could not have done it: I should have felt intrusive. Since you were such a sweet and philosophical soul & were not disturbed or resentful, but let her make herself useful, as she desired, there is nothing more to be said. She finally got to Coxsackie to say farewell to your father!

We want you to come here, if you possibly can, for as long as you can. Had if you chose any day but Friday, I could join you in New York and perhaps help you pick out a uniform. Our love & mine. Donald

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Flemish Gothic Tapestry

TOURNAI

ABOUT 1460



POSTAGE PAID

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

St. G. B. Van Schaack,
U. S. N. R.,
Anti-Sub. Instructors' School,
Building 5, Navy Yard,
Boston, Mass.

Have sent one missive
S. D. to 185 Beacon.
This to enable you to
check in case you fail
to receive same.

First barn au soleil
today - gorgeous
weather - let's hope it
holds.

FF..

4/23/43.

23 April, 1943.

Dear George: -

Many and affectionate thanks for the birthday good-wishes. I need 'em.

Of course you're not at sea. They don't put greenhorns on boats. You've had no basic naval training, and a lieutenant "(j. g.)" aboard ship without the slightest notion of shipworthy behavior would be a figure of comedy. You won't set foot on a gangplank and see the gangplank hauled in after you've traversed it till you know more than you do now.

Anti-submarine warfare sounds nice and practical, - directly practical. I can't imagine any department of the navy more essential. I hope you'll show 'em that a Harvard Ph. D. knows how to study + can master technique faster

than the next man.

Don't mind the school being a mess. It has probably had to be improvised and still suffers from poor material getting into the foundations and sticking there when it ought to be heaved out & replaced.

We were probably worse off in the last war than you are in this. We were taught by regular army officers at Plattsburg in 1917, and all they knew were the tactics of Gettysburg and Antietam. The Spanish War had intervened, and machine-guns were supposed to be a part of every regiment's equipment, but we had got commissioned and had been a long time at Devens before I learned that "a machine-gun has a fixed mounting" *twice da capo e crescendo*. Only, once you've learned the ropes and can dare to make suggestions for improvement,

try to bring about a reorganization that will benefit the fellows who come after you. This may well be a long war, and the sooner the schools of warfare get to functioning efficiently, the better for the personnel, the rookies, + the country! The chief trouble comes when incompetent teachers get put into posts of responsibility, for they generally know they're incompetent, and resent criticism. However, the tact with which suggestions are made can often smooth their acceptance, and some discernment is necessary in selecting a suggestee!

Six weeks at Boston. Mmm — would that entitle you to a little leave before Key West? Anyhow, you watch your chance, and be assured that you can drop into Danbury any time of day or night and you'll be thrice-welcome. Or, if my being the traveler would solve any problems, I can catch a tram at short notice in Bridgeport, and after Easter I can and will come for any possible weekend. Only you must, of course, write me to do just that, with reasons.

What's Key West like in June? Sort of preparatory stage for the tropics, I'd guess. Maybe they'll let you dress in a pair of shorts. If they don't, there'll be one unhappy lieutenant. (By the way, can't you be abbreviated to Lt. + let it go at that? In the army, we never made any distinction of address, either verbal or epistolary, between 1st + 2nd lieutenants).

I'm writing to 185 Beacon, + expect you to tell me if it would be better to address you at the school. Of course, whenever you are moved, send me your correct new address as soon as you know it. This applies for the duration!

I love you, and I rejoice you are where you are.

Donald

Easter, 1943.

26 April 1943

Dear George: —

You said you would appreciate lots of mail. I think the least that desiccated old ruins like me can do for our friends in the service is to write 'em plenty of letters, and you are hereby absolved of the necessity for acknowledging my every communication. When I have something to say, I shall probably be prolific of ink-marks. If you're bored, you need only say so.

I am really very deeply pleased that you are serving your country, even tho' the war is hellish and hazardous. I shall think of that as little as possible, and so will you. Neither of us is the sort to worry about living or dying. Only, if I'm going to live, I want to be well, and if I'm going to die, I hope that I shan't, like Falstaff, be an unconscionable time about it. (I don't need to tell you that I should prefer for you to live as long as I do.) You're being directly in the war is second-best for me to being

there myself. Since I can't be, I do my daily stints and turn on the radio at least once in 24 hours to keep posted. But don't think that because I'm busy, I haven't time to write you, or to keep you in my thoughts.

I sent you a postcard to E. Lansing just at the wrong moment, to ask you to inquire of Mannheim whether he were or were not interested in playing my Suite. Did you inquire, + what did he say? I have, now, another copy, and if he will send Ralph's back ~~to me~~, I should be delighted to provide him with one which he may keep, at any event keep till he shall have played the work.

My stint for today was the Easter service, of which I enclose the Order. The lovely Bach aria with the flutes went even better than at Christmas time, and there were many more persons to hear it, the church being almost full. The Dvorak anthem is one that Dawson has arranged, with copious cuts. It is exceedingly effective, tho it really needs

a big choir. The one fault of the edition is that everyone has to sing *f* and *ff* from start to finish. There are no lulls. — The Bach chorale is the last one quoted in Part I of the Manual of Harmonic Technique, — “Erschienen ist der herrliche Tag.” It sounded superb this morning.

We drove up to Ball's Pond this afternoon. There have been such fierce winds this week that two evergreens in the north gate planting were blown over and had to be lashed erect, and branches were broken on one of the *Betula-lentas*. (If I write it with a hyphen, I may put an English plural on, may I not?) Yellow daffodils are already in bud, and in the garden, the lovely water-lily-like Kaufman tulips were in full bloom. I planted them with grape-hyacinths, but never have succeeded in getting the combination. Yet I saw it once, in Highland Park.

The new farmer, Percy Watson, is very zealous, and has been busy cleaning-up what George Clausen left half-done or not-done. We are beating the ration-board, because we make most of our cream into butter. (We don't beat it on the coffee end, because we like coffee strong or not at all, + so we have it strong till our ration gives out, then we drink tea till the next stamp comes due.)

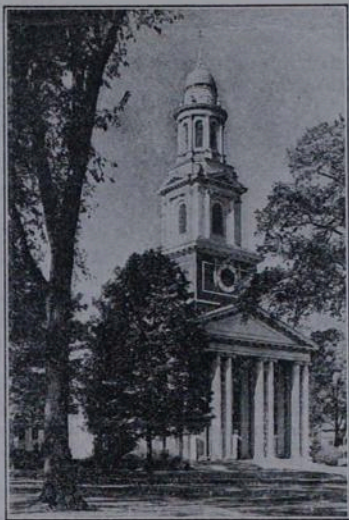
We have been without a maid, but hired a new one last Tuesday. Fat and stupid, tho you never would know how dumb from her appearance. She failed to come to get the dinner, today, + that finished her for Betty, because she sent no word. So she'll be paid + sent on her way tomorrow. — The kind that doesn't know the silver from the plated ware, nor that the table should be set with china of one pattern, + who is so unobservant she can't remember where things are taken from + gets them back in the wrong places. I didn't know an honest-to-God American could be so unintelligent, and I fear we're harboring a moron! Love, 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.

Thu. Apr. 29, 1949.

I hope all is going well with you, mon cher, and that your nose is not so contiguous to the grindstone that you have no time for relaxation. As I look back upon your life, it seems to have consisted largely of cramming. Save those summers when you were with me in Danbury, — and the brief Colorado vacation last year, — you were always worming things out of books. Well, now the objective is more deadly imminent than ever before. But all the same, I beg you to play a little. Run up to Nashua some week-end & see Raymond. You have his address, of course, — 26 Fairmount St.?

I took 150 baby chicks up to the farm today — a new cross with Plymouth Rock is the breed, said to be superior. They cheeped themselves hoarse en route. Arriving. Dad happened to toot the horn, and every chick fell silent as the grave. The horn must have said DANGER to

their instinct.

It was a lovely afternoon. The yellow daffies were out in big clumps, and the leaf buds on the fruit trees are showing green tips. Too late for dormant spraying. The wind has blown so incessantly, we could not spray hitherto.

I heard a white-crowned sparrow, and saw the jaunty little fellow a few minutes later. They are as pretty as song-sparrows, with just that added touch of distinction, like Whistler's lock of white hair. Whenever that jolly song of "Sow wheat: Peabody, Peabody, Peabody" strikes my ear, I hark back to our early walk — early in our friendship! — in Highland Park. Those are happy days to remember.

We are running an ad. daily in the Danbury News-Times, but apparently we shall not have much luck. We can't even get anyone to come in and clean! The situation is definitely bad for home-owners.

Dad seems to have arrived of his own free will at the idea of renting out the large house at the Pond this summer. If we can't get help, the place is not possible. Amie is all worn out already, here at Terrace Place. — Betty and I will of course remain at the apartment. I can drive to the farm when I can get sufficient gas; otherwise, there's the bus. It makes nine trips a day after May 30.

I suppose you've scarcely had time to read Willkie's One World. I should think we might be proud to put in the presidency the man of the evident character and opinions that little book reveals. (We should stick to writing and never speak over the radio!) There's real bigness to him, and he convinces me that he cares about humanity in the large & human beings individually. He has the point of view of the Airplane Age. The Republicans may not have the sense to nominate him, — in which case there'll be a Third Party, or the Democrats will take him! I'd not be at all surprised at the latter happening, for whichever party nominates him will win the election, a mon aers.

Now don't hesitate to come here the first chance you get. We may be maidless, but that only means we eat dinner out. There'll be a bed for you at Terrace Place. And the Connecticut (and York State) hills are standing round just waiting to refresh your spirit!

With my sempiternal love,

Donald

Tues. May 11 '43.

Of course I will come, but cannot yet tell you which week-end as I've not yet been able to get Mrs. Hooper on the 'phone. She will play my service for me. If she by any chance should not be in town (that would be most unusual), I should be stymied, as I know of no other organist who is competent + knows the ways of the service. But we'll not borrow that much trouble, + I'll let you know as soon as I possibly can.

It seems a long time since you were last with me, and it will probably be long again after this meeting, but we must be resolute and cheerful because so much more than our petty fate is at stake. The thought of you is a great solace to me, and I'd not have you doing anything else than what absorbs you at present. But if I see you, I may speak little of this. Separation is hard, but we have faced it before, and we can't expect to have any respite under the overwhelming condition of war.

As long as I seem to be about to go to Boston, I shall try to take advantage of

proximity and show my Williamsburg Suite to Arthur Friedler. It is proper music for the Pop concerts or the Promenade. We written Morris + asked him to put in a word with F. Incidentally, I gave him your official address.

I have been at Mrs. Pray's new home in Arlington, - did she not happen to mention it? It was a year ago last spring, - gracious, two years ago in March! - when Eisenberg + Kaufman played my 'cello sonata at the Harvard Musical Association in Boston. Florence gave me then to understand that Ben had had a coronary thrombosis, + I quite cheered her up by my example of recovery. Of course Florence didn't say definitely what the illness was, + in any case Ben is more than peculiar, + hides himself away for no reason at all. But that day he did appear for lunch. He is very appealing, I think, with a sweet + sensitive nature. If he were

personally stronger + could overcome his shyness, he would be a person of compelling charm. Franca always seemed to me unfortunate. With her very decided mother always nearby, and the awful handicap of Christian Accidia sworn in to defend with, and had no chance. Marriage might have saved her, but someone would have to have fallen in love with her and pulled her by sheer will into ~~marriage~~ parenthood. Without a baby, she will never be quite right.

You broke off your letter Sunday night without a word as to how you found Raymond + Hilda. I am a little anxious, + therefore I was disappointed. I'm wondering how Hilda is bearing up under the years. And I hope with all my heart that Raymond is essentially all right. Was the news as complicated that a suitcase wouldn't report it?

I love you better than most people.

P.S. Ralph Robins writes that F. M. has returned from the Pavo Suite.

Ronald

Thanks!

May 12. '43

Dr. Brown died this morning. I fancy the funeral will be on Saturday, just to make my problem a little complicated. The family are fairly certain to ask for some music at the service, and since he was a deacon of "my" church, I shall be expected to direct it.

Mrs. Hooper is away with her husband on a business trip, but is expected back tonight. I shall probably know definitely tomorrow whether this week-end is at all possible, but I must say that it looks dubious. Should I be able to come this Saturday, the 15th, I will send you a telegram tomorrow evening. If you receive no telegram, you may count on me for the 22nd.

And, by the way, since you're planning to meet my train, should I get off at Back Bay for 185 Beacon? I place that at about between Berkeley + Clarendon. I like to avoid South Station, but I remember

the latter terminus as being more accessible to the Navy Yard, & if you will be enroute for 185 Beacon, I will stay on and do as you suggest.

If I telegraph, I will be more precise about the train and the terminus. I take it you're not able to get free till 5 o'clock.

Two evenings will be a darned sight better than nothing, but they'll be far indeed from adequate. However, I'll take thankfully what I can get.

News from Mother is that she is adapting herself steadily to the life at the Retreat. She now has some of her meals with one of the other guests, - they don't call them patients, - and is more tractable and sociable than she had been. I've not seen her for over a month, but I'll return from Boston via Hartford if the train service will permit.

My dear love to you, always.

Donald

Danbury, May 13, 1943.

I called Mrs. Hooper this morning. She so much prefers to play the 23^d that I think the matter was settled for me by her positiveness.

So I will be along on the 22nd. (But I shall have to come on an earlier train, as that one you mentioned is the Yankee Clipper from New Haven to Boston and a (*) reservation is necessary. I prefer to go all the way by train, & there would be an advantage in taking the express out of Danbury at 9:57 A.M. and an 11:01 from So. Norwalk which reaches Boston at 2:55. I would then get off at Back Bay and leave my bag at the station check-room till such time as I could take a taxi to 185 Beacon with the expectation of finding you there.

How early could you get home, and what do I need to know in order to apprise you of my arrival? If you will tell me what time to arrive at the earliest, I will try not to be earlier. There are a number of things I can plan to do in the hour and a half between three and 5.30.

By golly, it's going to be great to see you, even by fits + starts between tours of duty. I'd cheerfully stand in a train-aisle all the way to Boston to have you welcome me at the journey's end.

I've been up to the farm today & saw two orioles & a purple finch, and heard bobolinks and meadow-larks. I picked dozens of narcissus, and the apartment is fragrant with them. We've peas, onions, potatoes, & parsley planted, & 1/3 of the potatoes are in.

My love to you, every day, all the day. —

Donald P. S. over

Note from Morris this A.M. He has written to Arthur
Fiedler, whom I hope to see about the Williamsburg
Suite. He was surprised at my news about you, &
says he had no idea you were contemplating a navy
career. He says to give you his best.

JD..

Tues. May 25, '43

Boy! am I going to boil down to quint-essentials now that I know you've no time to waste reading lengthy and circumstantial lucubrations! Brevity, they say, is the soul of wit, so let's be scintillating if we can't be witty.

I think the leather strap on your binoc. case needs a dingus to keep the extra strap-length in place after you put it thro' buckle. Advise you to get this done in Boston at (or thro') an optical instrument store. Perhaps you will have to wait till you're back from Key West.

I saw Mother and had about an hour with her. I think it is as you say, that she does not suffer intolerably now in spirit. They are reassuring about her, there at the Retreat. Her attitude is more co-operative, and she is accepting the life there more willingly. Her attendant, Miss Porter, is very fond of her.

When it was time for me to leave, ~~mother~~ mother rose and walked out into the corridor with me. She went with the attendant and me to the door which has to be unlocked when you pass through. I put my arms round her then, and whispered that I loved her. George, you should have seen her smile, like a lost soul who hears a reprieve, startled, radiant. It was a great comfort to me to feel sure that the sense of my love went home to her heart.

I reached home before seven, and had a train-seat all the way. Betty had a beef-steak pie and one of her wonderful boxed custards with meringue atop, for dinner. I gave her your message.

To be with you was a boon. Now let me know how to write to you in Key West. Bon voyage! Love!

Donald

LOUGHREAD & CO. MPFRS. PHILA., PA.



POST CARD



Lt. Geo. B. Van Schaack, U.S.N.R.
185 Beacon St.,
Boston, Mass.

À mon arrivée je vais téléphoner immédiatement Mr. A. Fiedler. Il est probable que j'arrangerai lui porter la partition pendant le pop-concert du soir. (Malheureusement, le programme n'est pas attrayant, mais l'orchestre joue si bien que c'est agréable de l'entendre, même dans une musique légère ou insignifiante.)

Si tout va bien, je viendrai frapper à ta porte de 185 Beacon environ 3.30 P.M. Veux-tu dire l'heure approximative à madame Culburn (?). Je ne téléphonerai pas sauf en cas de déception.

Bien à toi,

Donald

May 26, 1943.

Dear George :-

Should have remembered, among my quintessentials, to tell you that Mother sent her love to you. "Be sure", she said, "to give my love to George when you write him."

For your records, you should put down the serial no. of your binocs:

6x30 Zeiss Bivaren

1056122

I hope you will make free use of them, and you're not likely to lose them. If I never did, you certainly will not. If they should be stolen, regard the theft as if it were from me, not yourself. And try your best, in that unhappy event, to trace them through their serial number. Also, the hand-adjustment disk is worn in a particular way, which will identify.

No more quintessentials today.
Just love.

Donald.

28 May '43

Dear George: We find that Mother had accumulated boxes of personal stationery. I am using it to write to herself, and if you don't mind, I shall use it to write to you. You may answer to Terrace Place whenever you choose, - I think, though, the carrier will bring my mail to 11 Chapel however it may be addressed.

I have a feeling you may be moved out of Boston any day now, at very short notice, + so shall use your military address. I assume your mail will be forwarded, - still, when you have an address that promises to be stable for a few weeks, I want to know it.

Should you pass through New York on your way West or South, or have

any time to make a telephone call in a location not too far away, I'd like you to call me and reverse the charges.

Betty would like to talk with you, & we want to know how to communicate with you. We'll have pencil & paper handy, in case you'll not have had time to write us.

Join the Navy & see the U.S.A.!
What? San Diego for 5 weeks & then return? It doesn't seem like sensible planning.

However, San Diego I know, since Betty & I went there when we were in California. We motored out to La Jolla (pron. La Hoya, Spanish-fashion) with a friend of Miss Holly, Ellen Holly.

whom we were visiting. There are some green spots there, and the beach at La Jolla is rocky but picturesque, with coves that have sufficient sand to keep your feet from laceration. There is also a lovely park in S. Diego where the exposition was held. Rider Griswold is supposed to be at a Marine training-station there. I'll ask Helen Rider if he's still there, & give you his address if he is.

I drove to the farm yesterday and did some pruning & cultivating. The country is all soft and chromo-like, now, but the smell of it is good. We, - Percy & I, - ~~we~~ cut a broken branch from a *betula lutea*, & the pungent odor of the bruised bark brought vividly to my memory the delectable birch beer of my childhood. Do they still have it, I wonder?

I take it you didn't get your exam last Monday. They'll probably schedule it for the most convenient day possible.

Don't forget to see Desert Victory the first time you get a chance. Betty & I went last evening to Mission to Moscow. It is certainly a grand piece of pro-Russian propaganda, but aside from that, it's a super-duper spectacle, well worth seeing for its impressive public reviews & parades.

Our love to you. Donald

Saturday, May 29

1943

I feel tired and disgruntled tonight. Having slaved up at the farm all day, trying to do what I could to cultivate + weed + prune, I came back to a full meal of roast pork (after a nice hot bath) — everything conducive to a nice placid evening, + I promised myself I'd spend it reading the Atlantic Monthly. I looked high + low. No Atlantic. So I interrogated Betty. "Why", says she, "Helen took that this afternoon to read over Sunday". Whereupon I hit the ceiling, and I haven't come down yet. Not yet June 1st, + we can't keep the current magazines in the house long enough to get them read. (It is the June Atlantic that's in question.)

Empires may fall and armies engage in combat, but by God! I want periodicals to stay in the house long enough for me to look them over.

Then I came up to Terrace Place, to find that the strawberry plants I ordered for the farm had come by express this afternoon, when I could only have taken them up with me this morning! We have to contrive so carefully to avoid wasting gasoline. Well, I'll have to make a special trip up by bus tomorrow afternoon. So I'm disgruntled, and the only comforting palliative I can imagine is to spill most of my ill-temper over into this letter. Betty got plenty before I ran out into the night!

Monday the 31st

At that juncture, Dad came upstairs to pay me some cash he owed me, + I felt so flush, I decided to step down to the stationer's + get me a copy of the Atlantic for my very own.

The rest of the evening, therefore, I was able to spend as I desired. I first read the comment in the front section on the world situation. That feature makes the Atlantic twice as timely as ever it used to be, + that is why I like to read it when it's fresh! (It's not mere dog-in-the-manger on my part.)

There is a scathing review by Rebecca West of Herbert Hoover's and Hugh Gibson's recent books. I knew beforehand that H.H. never was quite fully educated, but I did expect that H.G. could write clearly. I suppose no career-diplomat can think straight. Rebecca makes mince-meat of the two of them, with relish.

Then there are two articles on England that have considerable propaganda value right now. I suppose most of our anti-British sentiment is directly traceable to the way our school-books handle the American Revolution plus Irish-Catholic hatred and the general disaffection of the non-English racial groups in this country. These influences need constant counter-action from those who can view the British Empire as a human edifice. It may have been badly designed in certain of its features, but its base is pretty firmly rooted, and the roots are very much alive. To turn in simile from architecture to biology, we can hardly expect to profit if we pull up established roots and throw the plant away. It's surely not that rotten at heart.

It will probably be better for the world if the "empire" can be persuaded to grow in a different manner from its 19th century development. And that means that Churchill + the Tories will have to abdicate, once the war is won.

A dukedom for Winston (tho maybe you have to be royal to be an English duke, - an earldom might suffice) and let the humanitarians take over.

June. 7. — Your letter written aboard the "Chief", dated June 2 but not post-marked till June 4 at Kansas City, reached me this morning. It is no more unreadable than your usual Sanskrit, in spite of the dislocations caused by the railway roadbed. I take it you didn't receive my two notes written to the Navy Yard, & that they'll greet you eventually in San Diego, where they'll seem very unsatisfactory indeed.

I assume you went over the Southern Pacific, since you traversed New Mexico & Arizona. I hope you had plenty of Pond's Extract to wash the red sand out of your curly blond poll the morning after the desert. I used

to bathe my face before I emerged from my berth, and must have appeared refreshed, because I was told by a fellow-traveler that there was speculation rife as to how, in that dusty Hell, I managed to keep fresh & shiny.

It is a pity you couldn't contrive to see the Grand Canyon, since you passed so near. Tangle an extra day on the return trip and go!

On Sunday the 30th I managed to get half the strawberry plants set, using one of the beds in the rose-garden (the surviving roses were all put in one bed last season). That was one of your sun-bath days, and the next, Percy & I finished the job by utilizing the front row of the beds in the sunken garden.

If you left on Tuesday night, you missed one of the worst hot spells the East ever had in early June. It lasted three days, and was just as doggy as the worst of August dog-days.

I wish you could have seen the farm yesterday. It was a perfect June day. I went up on the 4¹⁵ Bus & came back on the 7³⁰ (from Putnam Lake). That gives me three hours there, at a convenient time for work. The peonies began yesterday, with Adolphe Rousseau and Martin Cahusac in the bed you once diagrammed for me. (I realize afresh what the enslavement of France would mean to civilization when I review my list of peonies.) Festiva Maxima was no earlier this year, — just unfolding first blooms, — & a rose-tinted Single, not known to me by name, but very lovely, had also opened.

I have 100 lettuce plants in the Jap. 1912 bed. The Japs have not been condemned because of their origin, — they are in the sunken garden now, under the terrace wall, where for the last few years there have been castor plants.

But the magnificent sight was the new bed of lupines, a combination of ordinary and of hybrid Russells, which I started last spring. Backed by the Norway spruces S. E. of the house (toward the log-cabin) they nod their rose, pink, blue, and white plumes in proud luxuriance, exactly as I had imagined them. That is one of the few effects that have turned out beautifully according to plan.

Conditions on the Cossackie flats must have been most unfavorable. Tho we were late enough getting seed in, the first and second plantings of peas are up, likewise first of corn, carrots, beans, onions. Potatoes are sprouting, + we have cold-frame plantings of endive, lettuce, + cabbage some of which is already transplanted. One of the local florists raised tomatoes from seed I bought, and we have close to 100 plants set out. There will perhaps be no one living at the farm this summer, as the domestic-help problem seems to be insoluble, but for me it will be, as always, a refuge and a field for healthful labor.

Betty sends her love, and I mine in full measure. I hope you like what you're doing now. Go to it! Donald

June 1, 1943

I hope you received my letter asking you to be sure to 'phone us from some point along your travel-route and to ask the L. D. operator to arrange with Danbury to reverse the charges. The best time of day to 'phone is from 7 to 8 P. M. except on Fridays, when you would better 'phone very promptly at 7 P. M. precisely, because I have to leave the house for choir rehearsal at 7.15. Later in the evening, i. e. about 10 to 11 P. M. is also a good time, tho I think we're to be out at that later time on Thursday of this week.

I have begun a letter to you which is to be read at sometime when you

have leisure, either on your journey, or after your arrival at your destination. There are apt to be long waits at railway junctions, so I hope I can get it to you before you {shall?} have departed. (will)

(Of course it's will.)

We had a good part of three fine days at the farm over the weekend, and a good start on my summer tan. — Percy, the new man, is very pleasant & chummy, & brings over a bottle of beer in mid-afternoon, just before he goes to the pasture to fetch the cows. We drink it together. Yesterday the birds were singing contrapuntal choruses with unabating ecstasy. I saw purple finches mating

in the evergreens, and the cheerful wrens are back. The Goldfinches and meadows-larks have a special counterpoint of joy and sorrow in the fields.

But I'm getting far from quintscentals, & you'll be clanking with impatience.

Let me know how the exam goes. I presume you've had it long since.

My love to you always.

Ronald

Sun. June 13. '43

My dear : -

I hope you are seeing the world, since you have fulfilled the indispensable pre-requisite of joining the navy. Life can suddenly be stepped up in interest by the favoring of circumstance. Something like this, I fancy, will now begin to happen to you. I hope things at your present school will be right, that you will have gifted, competent teachers, & that the equipment will be adequate.

My life is quite peaceable. The air-wardens are less called-upon than we might be, & in Danbury there have been no classes in our duties since last summer. They do not expect our little city to offer the Axis any prestige if bombed. Our half-dozen "Targets" are not worth turning aside to blow up. But we have our blackout technic fairly well in practice.

I am beginning to be asked if I will take pupils. I now have one adult spinster, three little girls, — the youngest and brightest is only six! — one corresponding student who is director of music at Walden College in Forest City, Iowa, (and what that place must be like if he is a fair sample of the faculty!); and just this week, an elderly gentleman from the hills above Pawling came in to get help in writing a Song for America which he pathetically hopes will wake up those congressmen down in Washington.

My choir has been getting more and more predominantly feminine: fifteen women today and four men. During the summer I am going to cut down to a few women (turn and turn about) each Sunday, + do easy two-part stuff that we can prepare in the hour before service.

It is a surprisingly long while since I have been on what you could call a vacation. I have felt that as long as the farm is so easily accessible, and since I couldn't afford to pay hotel bills around this country, I might as well stick to the job. The Sunday I spent with you was my second absence in 27 months!

I reckon you know without my needing to tell you what that visit to Boston meant to me. You were mighty good to let me come when you were so beset with home-work. I hope to hear whether, after all, they set you an exam. Of course if it was given you, you acquitted yourself with your usual stream-lined effectiveness.

You've been in my thoughts a lot as I've worked at the farm this past month. The place is really lovely. Percy says he's got a Prince + Princess who would like to rent it this summer. (They must be pre-1915 Russians). Since we can't get domestic help to run it, maybe we'd better investigate their royal highnesses.

I suppose I'm an idiot to fancy that I shall ever have the means to maintain that place. We never seen the accounts, but I'll wager that, at the present scale, it would bankrupt me. But I'd rent the house, or sell that end of the property and build a simple cottage more suited to our needs. ^(The present buildings) ~~It~~ would make a nice place for a summer music school! No farm, no cows, no chickens, just a small cottage, the studio, + a modest garden for flowers + vegetables.

I wish you could see the Katsura tree (*Cercidiphyllum* to you) now, this week. It has enjoyed the wet spring, if nothing else has, and it looked sturdy

& vigorous, & such a refreshing contrast in color, with its bronze tints & its red leaf-stems, to the more customary maples & birches & evergreens that are nearest to it. In shape it is beginning to do exactly what I hoped it would do. Without ceasing to be upright, it is stretching its southward branches out over the terrace & the garden, shading the "dining-room" windows in the late afternoon, & seeming to lean over the flower-beds without bending noticeably from the perpendicular.

My steadfast love to you, George.
I'm awaiting eagerly your first letter
from San Diego.

Donald.

Ball's Pond,

June 24, 1943.

Dear George:-

I am taking a vacation, which accounts for my not having written in ten days or so. Dr. Brown died about a month ago, and I betook myself to Dr. Stahl to see if he would help me out of some of my physical difficulties. A blood-test revealed a mild anaemia, so I was prescribed a tonic of iron + liver-extract + I wot not what else, and thought I'd help the process by spending my days largely at the farm, exposing my torso to the sun and keeping busy in the never-ending job of weeding + cultivation, pruning, transplanting and flower-cutting. I've acquired a respectable tan over the areas exposed. I decided not to lie round stark naked as Percy has four curious youngsters, and besides I don't feel I can loaf. So my sun-bathing goes on while I labor in the vineyard.

I'm sorry you've been restricted as to sun, and I'm really worried about that cold you can't seem to shake. Why don't you buy an atomizer and go after it with a good oil-spray? Really, this protracted infection of the mucous membrane is insidious. Kill it!

Helen Tufts is in the hospital with the worst case of eczema I have ever seen. It seems to be everywhere on her body except upon her face. The doctor, - one of the local skin specialists, says that if they can't get the better of it, it will finish her. So we're anxious about her.

I hope you won't feel so very conspicuous with those binocs that you'll deny yourself their use. After all, a naval officer has the very best reason for being in possession of such aids to vision, & even if you're not on sea-duty, you may be at any moment. So let the captious carp, & for Heaven's sake use them. I always lent them freely to any friends in whose company I happened to be, with the request that they put the strap over their heads before they looked. Thus if they are dropped by accident, they will fall against the body of the user.

I'm right glad you're to return to Boston, but I do regret you are so tightly restricted as to time. If you have Saturdays & Sundays, why not try to reach & spend the night at Sequoia National Park where the biggest of the Big Trees are? It's up in the Sierras beyond Visalia & Exeter, if my memory is to be trusted, but I've no notion whether there is practical train-service from S.D., or whether the autos still make the 5000-ft. climb that lifts you to the park. Make inquiries, for that is something you should do if it can be managed. You would love it! And get some ~~diff~~ companionable chap to go with you. You would need someone to emote to. From the park centre you can and should walk to some nearby peak, or clear eminence from which you can see the mountains, or, if time doesn't permit that, walk to one of the mountain meadows, where the flora will astonish you. And you may meet bears, who are protected. (But nothing is said about who's to protect you!)

July 5, 1945

Dear George: - I suppose there is no extra holiday at the West Coast Sound School today, there being a war on. We celebrated the Fourth by having a present of a whole night of gentle rain, a soil-soaker, almost miraculously and answer-to-prayerfully opportune. I planted peas in the stunken garden this week, and I expect to see them sprout within the next 48 hours or so. Betty has already put up strawberries, raspberries are next, & peas & tomatoes when ready. We're going to have plenty, & potatoes too.

We've been wondering whether you could get up to Sequoia National Park. Doubtless they run buses from L.A. to points in the High Sierras. I do very much hope you made it, because nothing I can imagine would please you better than the sight

of that stupendous forest and the glimpses of peaks to be had from vantage-points nearby.

In the last fortnight I've achieved a very respectable summer tan, though from the midriff up and the thighs down, since I had to take the sun while at work in the garden. I ruined the skin across my shoulders last summer with sunburn or something, & now all I get there is a multitudinously compound freckle. But the sun does me good, & I'm feeling fine.

I've just reread your letter of June 15th, the latest I have. If you're going to sea on four trips of 3 days each, that leaves little time for excursions as far afield as the High Sierras. And I'd better send this by air-mail, else you'll not get it by the 10th.

Helen Tufts is still in the hospital. What she had was really a kick-back from her infection with ring-worm. She acquired that from using the common bath-room (there's only one) at her boarding-house. It is a real affliction, and she has suffered badly with it, but she has a good doctor who is getting control of it. Perhaps hereafter she will put lysol in her bath-water. I always used to in Europe, where they don't have shower-baths.

The pianist Erno Balogh played a dance from my piano suite over W.G.X.R. yesterday morning, & is to play the brilliant final movement, which I can't manage, (I have to slow down at the hard places, like poor Augieras!) on the 25th. I wish I could find a publisher for it. Perhaps Balogh can help.

I'm going to work this summer on a Trio for Piano Violin & Cello which I began in Biarritz. It's called Joli mois de Mai after the Vivarais folksong on which it is based.

Of course you went out by the Santa Fe! And is "Fred Harvey" still a name to conjure with at meal-times? It was 1923 — just 20 years ago in June — that I saw the desert about Needles, on my way out to teach in Berkeley. You, by the way, would like San Francisco, positively. It did not have the mushroom growth of the cities of the southern part of California. But I suppose there's no chance of your seeing it during this trip unless indeed you succeed in getting "switched," as you put it.

We are much disturbed over Washington's snubbing of De Gaulle. It looks like a political misstep that may have grave consequences. About time, we judge, to put the skids under F.D.R. Fortunately there is other presidential material. I wish Winant would run against Wilkie in '44.

Love from us both. Donald

Danbury, 4 Aug. '43

Dear George: -

Not being able to dispatch this letter till I know where to address it, I'll begin it nevertheless, for by the time you get round to writing to me, I may be immersed in labors that will preclude an extensive reply. I expect to divide my time for the rest of the summer largely between work in the open at Ball's Pond + work at my desk down here in town. And the desk-work means music. I'm writing a series of variations on a folk-song from the Vivarais in France called Joli Mois de Mai, for Violin, Cello, + Piano. The duo is to have the same title, + the composition is to be fairly lengthy, a good-sized canvas, probably playable within a quarter-hour. I began this piece in Sarvitz, but have done little with it since we left that place. I want it to be a tribute to France, the lovely countryside, the vivacious men and women, the serene rivers, the livable towns, the beautiful Renaissance chateaux and the incomparable Gothic cathedrals. I don't intend to be pictorial, but what I feel about France must somehow get into this music.

2.)

I think I may have told you that a pianist, Ernő Balogh by name, played two movements of my piano suite on two Sunday broadcasts over W G X R during July. He was so keen about the music that he invited Paul Axelrod, a publisher whose firm operates at Providence, R. I., to listen to it in his studio, whereupon Axelrod asked to have the M. S. sent to his editors. This doesn't mean that they will publish, but it is a promising sign. Axelrod has published more recent American piano music than any other firm, including work by Aaron Copland, — so I'm feeling hopeful. Balogh seems very positive that he can place the suite. I was to have had lunch with him on Monday, but was taken ill with diarrhea on the train to New York, got off hastily at South Norwalk and had a mauvais quart d'heure in the men's room of the eastbound station. My only consolation was to find a second-hand metronome in a local music shop on the way to a drug-store! I got a bus back to Danbury after waiting an hour and a half, — the vehicle crammed to the doors within half-a-mile of the start, + the weather hotter than Tophet.

I'm giving piano lessons on Fridays to eke out our slender income, and I exchange coaching ~~with~~ appearances, — no, that construction won't do! — I coach one nice soprano in return for her presence in my summer choir each Sunday.

By + force, I've felt more nearly "normal" this summer. I really felt well, that is, — than at any time since my sojourn in the Polyclinic Hospital. So we will knock furiously upon wood. I stand the hot weather all right when I'm working half-naked under the broiling sun at the farm, and this is the first season since '38 that I've not had to go easy at that sort of thing.

My mother is getting along remarkably well, and the doctor expects she will begin to walk a little before the end of the week. We saw X-ray pictures of the operation. The break occurred at just the place where it was easiest to nail it together again, and I don't if she will ever be brought to believe that she actually broke her hip! She

3)
refused to eat at the hospital, + they took her back to the Retreat on Tuesday, the day after you called us in Danbury. Once back in her accustomed room, she was docile enough, and cooperative. I wish she might have been taken, but her vitality seems unfortunately to be tremendous in spite of the frailness of her appearance.

It is strange to have no one living in the house at the farm this summer, but the combined difficulties of provisioning and staffing the place, plus Amie's visual handicap, precluded any possible tenancy by the family. The piano has gone from the studio, and I have removed all valuable books and music. I don't even use the hedged enclosure for going naked, as there's no time to loaf and invite a sun-tan. Tan has to be acquired on the move, and as a matter of fact, I have a darker torso than ever under the old dispensation. But my midriff and buttocks are white as the lily in comparison, and so the doffing of all clothes reveals a nudity not precisely presentable to aesthetic contemplation. Since I'm not posing for the technicolor camera, what's the difference?

I have slowly come to regard the farm as lent to me; not a possession, not ancestral acreage. I suppose I have cared more for the place than has any other member of the family, and spent more personal toil upon it. I regret profoundly that my father's notion of the place is so much at variance with mine. Fundamentally, he has always wanted it for show, while I wish it might be hidden + private. Neither the house nor the farm has ever been adequately staffed, tho both are on a scale which requires the labor of several persons to maintain. (Exception to this is the summer John + Elisabeth Friedel were there, the summer I was recuperating) — I would ^{have} put up a small house suitable for year-round occupation, one we could rent to properly qualified people if we desired.

But we have this present house, and about all that can be done with that is to

hope that someone with an adequate bank-account will fall in love with the view! Certainly we have done our best with the place, but I doubt if I shall ever be able to maintain it. Due to that confounded mill-construction, whereby every sound made on either floor is audible on the other, it wouldn't do for a summer music-school (an idea I have sometimes toyed with)! Nor for an inn, without extensive + expensive alterations.

The view is, without question, one of the most satisfying in this region, + the combination of a large clear-water lake with such an eminent location is rare. But the intrusion of public bathers spoils the place in hot weather, and I hope the purchaser doesn't find this out till we have banked the check!

Already I am filing ^{away} the associations + the memorable events at Ball's Pond in my memory. Of these, our friendship comes easily first, — and the more I think of it, the more shaped by fate that friendship seems. What sprang into being at the Eastman School and at Ontario Beach could not have reached fulfillment without the special circumstances that attended your visits to the farm. So I can say that, if ever one can be grateful to a place, I can be grateful to the log-cabin and the boat-house and the studio and the hills round Candlewood.

I would keep the farm as a part-time residence if I could afford it, but on no account would I keep the present house, which I dislike as pretentious and unlivable. Perhaps it might be possible after the war to build on the lot to the south, which has the same view, and where the studio would still be available for work in all but cold weather.

We are having plenty of vegetables from the garden this summer, beans in great quantity, carrots, corn, potatoes already. Only the first plantings of peas + of beets seem to have produced but meagrely. I have therefore made second sowings where I can water the peas. We had grand Boston lettuce for about three weeks, and shall have broccolis, tomatoes, + lima beans later.

(6)

I have been imagining your delight when Mt. Olympus burst upon your gaze. What a lovely picture it makes from any point on Puget Sound! It is about 1500 ft. shorter than the old Greek Olympus in Macedonia, & about twice as far from the sea-coast but it is impressive all the same, and if we ~~had~~ ^{had little anthropomorphic} gods, we might well picture them in residence up on those heights. Betty & I left Seattle by boat for Victoria after my summer-session at Los Angeles in 1922. Rainier was completely veiled in clouds, but Olympus shone clear in the morning sunlight, & I remember it vividly. I suppose they will have to hold your little Dutch nose tight to the groundstone to keep you from climbing it.

Tues. Aug. 10. —

Your postcards arrived in the afternoon mail, and were more than welcome. I suppose your being sent to a place where they don't know what to do with you is not typical of Navy organization.

Here's hoping the problem will be solving itself by the time you receive this. It's no fun to be a spare tire. You will excuse my reminiscing about the war in which I was active, but I can recall one period at Camp Stevens when our officer personnel was doubled. It was like those road companies of Uncle Tom's Cabin that used to tour the country about the year you were born. They had two Uncle Toms, 2 Eds, 2 Topsys, + they thought they were twice as successful + attractive. We had 2 captains for months, with the result that one felt jeered + the other, frustrated.

Mother has been sitting up, under protest, but her disease has been aggravated, I imagine by the fall, and the periods when she is like herself are shorter now. Barbara has been in to see her, but Mother soon turned her face to the wall and wanted to be left undisturbed. You know, it is quite as if she, herself, the personality we loved, were already withdrawn from this world almost completely. The person who remains is not she. I wonder very much at the transformation. I wish I could understand what elements of her spirit are now in eclipse, - for

8.
that is what seems to take place, — a shadow overlies all the fair regions of her personality, and from the obscurity comes another woman, with another voice, behaving in a way that would have distressed my mother profoundly. This is a tremendous mystery. We must needs observe the transformation, — we are far from comprehending it. All we can do is to go on patiently loving her and trying to project our love through the shadow to her, — the darling!

I do not think she is aware how different she is, — I think she is not lonely and has no periods of moral suffering. But I do very much wish she were nearer, near enough for us to make the attempt to see her every day, even if she were not always willing to see us. We cannot have her moved nearer unless we can find competent attendants to take care of her.

Our love to you, — and don't hesitate to use post-cards again. I'd rather hear briefly often than have a voluminous epistle at infrequent intervals!

Yours

Donald

Tues. Aug. 24, 1943.

Dear George: - I wish I knew what to send you for a birthday-present. It sounds as if you had no time whatever for reading. Please tell me what I am to do if I can't send you a book!

I met a Mrs. Boardman on the street yesterday. She had been all over the town trying to find a small camera to send to her son, Ronald, who is in England and simply entranced with the English countryside. I've an old camera, but it's huge, as you probably remember. I don't believe she can buy one, but she's persistent, & she'll talk camera to Tom, Dick & Harry till she finds one.

It seems to me that view you sent, East of Lake Crescent, is not so very unlike the Hudson River Valley near West Point, only wider, of course: no railroads leading to Coxsack or thereabouts.

As for the Columbus tree, why 'Columbus' if it's 700 years old? I'm amazed that Douglas firs grow so big. Way down South in California, all the whopping big trees seem to be one sort or another of sequoia.

I've been hoping to hear Churchill over the radio from Quebec, but no broadcast of his speech today has been announced. It's as soon think of missing Winston as I would have Demosthenes had I lived in Athens in the 4th century B.C.

China's had a plague of locusts in Honan province — about three million humans affected, because it is one of the most fertile regions of Western Asia and other sections depend upon it. As if a Japanese occupation weren't plague enough! What we don't know about privation in New England would fill compendiums.

The war seems to be going a little ahead of schedule, and I suppose it is just possible that if we stick to our guns, Germany may have to capitulate before winter sets in. But we can't count on so desirable a stroke of destiny. Of course after that comes the reduction of Japan, — a far longer process, in all likelihood.

I've been at the farm this morning & did a little transplanting of seedling foxgloves. I've decided to pass up annuals for the duration, but the perennials must be looked after, & biennials such as foxglove & columbines & lupine are on my agenda now because they bloom before the Jap

beetles get going strong. We seem to have as many of those little iridescent armored devils as ever, — diminution was promised due to infection with a disease being spread from centres of beetle plague all over the state. But the effects are not noticeable at Ball's Pond.

Dana Pierce has written his mother, — after four months of complete silence during which she concluded he must have been sent abroad, — to say that he is married to a school-teacher from the Carolina Hills. He is still in Virginia, and "very happy." This does not greatly surprise me, as I had concluded Dana was susceptible! He fell hard for a girl in Boston, but she was a Catholic and cold-shouldered him. You would have thought, to hear him talk, that he was prepared to make every sacrifice if only she would change her decision. Now it is clear that it was simply what Shaw (I think in Man & Superman) once dubbed the Life Force. Dana is the child of extremely impractical parents, & no question of ability to provide (for his mother as well as his own family) would hold him in check. Perhaps it is just as well. If Dana is always poor, it won't worry him. And his mother was by way of trying to chain him to her. He had to make some irrevocable commitment in order to pull free. I wonder what difference this will make with the allocation of his pay, — and whether poor Polly will land in the Town Farm or the Annelia Brewster home.

Now I'm off to the church for a rehearsal of an anthem (originally a solo) by Mozart which 2 sopranos + 2 altos will sing next Sunday morning. It illustrates perfectly what the witty lady said in answer to the objection that Mozart's sacred music was operatic. Yes, said the lady, but it's opera for the Angels!

My love to you, George. You are in my thoughts a good share of the time, and I'm glad you can feel useful in this great struggle. It's more than I do, but I'll try to compensate through music.

Your Donald

39 Concord St.
(Note change of street)
Nashua, N. H.

30 August, 1943.

Dear Donald:

There was something psychic in the arrival of your letter, for just before it arrived I had been thinking that I'd like nothing better than to get your thought and listen to you expostulate on a number of heterogeneous and unrelated topics - nothing very specific, incongruities in homo sapiens manner of living, perhaps. You sarcastic old thing, wondering if I mean to vote for F. D. R. for a fourth term and so keep in power a man who thinks he is so very good, for sooth! Indeed !! I can see that it's time we had a talk!

While we are on the war and other unpleasant topics, I wonder if you have read Lin Yutang's *Between Laughter and Tears* that has been so jumped on by the critics? If swearing is ever justifiable, Hilda and I think that Lin had provocation and has said in this small book a shovelful (as dear, old Emma Goldman used to say) of things that need saying; some of them to F. D. R!

The all absorbing thing in our lives this summer has been having Douglas and Stuart at a children's camp over in Dunstable, about eight miles from Nashua, where we could drive over many evenings after I get out of the mill to see them. Douglas is 32 months and Stuart 16 months old. They are a couple of witch-cats if there ever were such, full of the old nick from morning til night. Cynthia gave up her job in Washington early in July, when Harold was told that the chances were that he would be kept on teaching at Harrisburg, at least for the present. They rented a house in Harrisburg at 2832 North Second St. and moved up there. The boys came to Dunstable July 1st and will fly from Boston to New York September 7th to meet their parents and be taken to their new home in Harrisburg. Sallie Fribergh, a very able Swedish trained nurse who operates the camp, will fly with them. They have been great fun and we have enjoyed every minute of their visit, but we shall feel relieved when we get them safely back into their mother and father's hands.

Hilda and I just transferred ourselves from one Nashua address to another. Since we came back here last January, we had been living at a cottage rented by the cost accountant here at the mill - an arrangement which we knew all along would not be permanent. We were anxious to get into something more to our liking before the cold weather set in. Knowing that we were located only temporarily, we didn't go in for either flowers or vegetables. For that reason we're all the more ready to hear about yours.

To revert for a moment to geopolitk, we too like Pearl Buck and Willkie for the same reason - his "humanism. To hell with his education! The more some people are educated and the more perfect their diction, the more pernicious their actions. Let's get in a few people whose emotional thinking is human.

I like Winant (used to know him) but I'm inclined to think that he lacks great strength - at least, he used to. He's a very likeable fellow and a man whose instincts are top notch.

I'm glad to know that you and Betty can give such good accounts of your physical conditions, that you after years of semi-invaldism can again do your own grubbing in the garden. Sorry, indeed, to hear that Miss Tufts has had such a wretched experience and hope that the next time you write you can say that it is all a thing of the past. Please remember Hilda and me to her cordially. A week in New York is a good tonic for anyone. It would be great to have you tell us all about the transformation it worked in you after you have taken the cure. New Hampshire air will be at its best in October. I've had one week of my vacation and hope to take the second one at Rockport next week after the boys leave. We were fortunate in being able to let the cottage for the month of August.

Glad to know where that rascal, George, is operating. He promised to let me hear when he was due back in Boston before he left here last May. When he didn't write, beyond a note I had soon after he left here, I concluded that his plans had been changed. Yes, I agree with you in thinking that a bit of Navy life will be a splendid experience for George - to be thrown with a lot of other men of the type the Navy attracts. The regularity of the life will be fine for him physically. Do give him my bestest when you write, and ask him to drop me a postcard.

When I was at home in Boston last fall I promised to write you a decent letter in answer to the one I had from you, and never did. I just was in no frame of mind to write letters. I felt discouraged and grouchy and unsociable after my up-set. Did it affect you that way? I really didn't begin to feel very differently until the hot weather came on in June and July. I couldn't seem to breathe right. Now, everything is very different. I feel all made over; go up and down stairs like a cat, have been salt-water swimming and done all sorts of things "those doctors" told me I never would be able to do again. For sooth!!!

It was fine to hear from you. Keep it up and let us see you if there is any chance of doing it. Give our love to Betty and tell me how I should think about everything.

Idem quod semper,

Raymond