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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.

Sept. 3, 1943.

Dear George:

I presume that 10 days is sufficient time to allow for a birthday greeting to go from East coast to West. I hope the A.P.O. has nothing to do with mail for Port Townsend. From the yells that are forthcoming from relatives of men in our combat forces on land, one judges that the organization of their postal service is palsied.

We got you a book (God help us) - but if literature delights you not, put it in the Base library. You'll know I'm thinking of you on the 13th and wishing you the best year of your life thus far, with a crescendo of betterment as that life lengthens.

I had a grand long letter from Raymond the other day which I will forward to you as soon as I've answered it. I think R. is a very lovable and stimulating fellow, and I only wish I could see him once in a dog's age.

to inflame North against South. But the political situation which culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter precipitated the rebellion. — Miss Hayes is always good but never great. The play is effective tho not distinguished.

Berrian is now teaching no music - courses, but is assisting in a course on American history, and has taken over the choir. The college, as you know, has become a training-school for Army reserve-officers, and there are no other students. He finds it hard to put himself whole-heartedly into what is for him an alien subject, though he is doing his best to cope with it.

We visited the Bache collection, which has been moved to the Metropolitan Museum for the duration. There are a few beautiful paintings in it, particularly Ghirlandajo's Francesco Sassone + his son, one of my favorite Renaissance portraits.

Margaret Shute enters Smith this Fall, and is a thoroughly civilized and charming young person. Alison was expected

I'm deeply pleased that he + Hilda can be happy in a sense of paternity (I mean parenthood) for Harold's two boys, Douglas + Stuart. (How Scottish the nomenclature's getting!) And how modern-age for two brats of 32 + 16 months to be whisked about by air-plane! — In case I'm dilatory getting the letter forwarded, I may say here that Raymond asked me to give you his "bestest" when I wrote, + to request that you drop him a postcard.

Sat. Sept. 4. I am conscious of the imminence of ~~autumn~~^{autumn}: the last two nights there has been a low ceiling of uninterrupted masses of cloud. Underneath this have flown the southward-migrating birds, invisible to the eye but perfectly audible to the ear. Their calls are a stream of plaintive sound, the near ones distinct and definable, those farther off vague and less certain. It makes one feel very stodgy and unadventurous to be without wings. I wish I could go South as the days shorten. I hate having to hibernate in Winter.

I was in New York twice the last fortnight. Berran Shute + his daughter Margaret were to be there on the 25th and hoped we could come down overnight. Betty first thought she could, but renigged (phonetic spelling) at the last moment, and I went down alone. Berran looks very hale + brown, but is suffering from a boil on his knee. His doctor says that all he has to remember now is to be his age. His thrombosis was in the left ventricle of the heart itself, + now the cardiograph says "all clear." So he's not going to be so long recovering, + I'm mighty glad for him.

We went to see Helen Hayes in "Harriet" (Beecher Stowe.) An effective play on the negro problem, and timely now. If it is historically accurate, no one could have been more astonished than she when the Civil War broke out. Evidently she had meant her book to be a social protest, + expected to ameliorate race relations, not

back from a camp on Cape Cod, but her train reached New York just too late for me to see her. Berran says she is already taller than Margaret, & is obviously going to be a young giantess. — — —

Sept. 8. I think this letter must get on its way today. I have just written to the management at Symphony Hall to find out what became of the Williamsburg Suite. You know that I wrote Fiedler on May 25. I wrote again July 29: no reply. I should think a man in such a remunerative post might have a secretary to look after his mail & separate the essentials from the non-essentials, & then attend to the essentials.

Lippmann had a stirring editorial on Churchill yesterday, and it reflects directly by implication on F. D. R. There is no greatness in our leadership in this war, — a pity, because we should be so much more spirited. If we could feel that the moral stature of the president were such as to elevate him above the general level. Almost all his words and acts seem to me to embody thought and feeling of the most moribund mediocrity.

West over the rise + down to the studio enclosure,
then on to the wooded acres in the lower pasture.

Our diet has benefited greatly from the dairy
produce at the farm. We have not been stinted as
to milk, cream, butter, or eggs, — and have given to
our friends also. The fresh vegetables have not been
as various nor as plentiful as I had hoped, largely
because the present caretaker, Watson, did not get the
seed in and then plant successive sowings. But
June was preternaturally hot this year, + it didn't
seem like good planting weather.

You seem to have become a decidedly poor corres-
pondent, and I hope that that means you are fully
occupied, but not that you are worked to the point of
exhaustion. I'm not complaining, you understand,
but I am anxious that you get sufficient rest amid
your room-mates (didn't you say they were three) —
and either solitude or congenial companionship once in
a while, preferably the latter. My love to you always. Would

By contrast, Churchill, whatever one may think of his concept of Empire, is dynamic and distinguished. I am always sorry when my schedule prevents me from hearing one of his speeches over the radio. I missed the address at Harvard, — one of his best. In case you got only press reports, I'll send it along, together with Lippmann's commentary, when I forward Raymond's letter.

My Mother is walking round in her room, lively as a cricket, so Barbara reports. We expect to drive to Hartford tomorrow to see her. I am so relieved that the broken hip was so easily mended. When you think what agony of casts + weights and months in bed some hip-fractures entail, her escape seems miraculous.

Betty has done a lot of canning, — beans + tomatoes mostly. In fact, she has overdone, and has a very lame back in consequence. I've been rubbing her nightly with Absorbine jr. She's better today + went shopping.

Dana Pierce is married. His Mother had not heard from him since May, + had concluded he must have been sent to the Mediterranean, when a fortnight ago came a letter from Virginia to say he'd married a teacher from the Carolina Hills: no details, but he was "very happy".

I spend a day at the farm once or twice a week. We are in danger of a drought, and watering is a necessity for the things that will sicken without it. In the sunken garden the Helium is brilliant now, + the big single asters that seed themselves each year. I've not taken a sunbath naked this summer, + have visited the studio only to spray against an infestation of ants. You will be surprised to see how the tulip-tree has grown. With the seedling wild elm, now 15 ft. high, it will provide considerable foliage East of the studio in the years to come. I hope to hold on to the strip of land that begins at the Log Cabin + goes straight

Wed. Oct. 6, '43.

Dear George: -

I read the other day that the Olympic peninsula was one of the few localities in North America where anything approaching the "wilderness" can be found, - wilderness as our forefathers knew it when they trekked West. So I hope you didn't get lost when you ventured into it.

I also read of Puget Sound rheumatism, due to the overclouded climate. But I knew that a man who had weathered the dripping skies of Rochester would thumb his nose at such phenomena elsewhere (if he could stop blowing it.)

I'm sorry you had to be bedded down as much as two days, and I wonder

So he, Moley, made the statement that Poland will have to see the Russian provinces returned to Russia, but he would compensate her by moving all the Germans in East Prussia back into ~~the~~ Germany proper (it can be done, he said, with a few hundred thousand modern moving vans), and giving the territory back to Poland. He would also abrogate the Anschluss with Austria. There were a few more such creamy notions flung off here + there, but his talk had no centre. It was only as an answerer of questions, a rebater, that he emitted any light.

Betty has been canning + preserving with astonishing persistence + energy. Our storeroom is thereby much enriched, and, with any luck, we can keep the wolf from the door. Helen is much better; she simply stayed off her feet till they healed, then claimed she had accomplished a cure by putting herself in tune with the Infinite. Maybe so.

audience set the level of the gathering in the subsequent question period.

I gathered that he thinks no constitution should be written for a federation of nations after the war till such a federation already exists in force. That, he says, was the case with the origin of the U.S.A. The Constitution, (capital C) was the outcome & expression of common interests & understandings already in existence among the component states.

He says that the terms of the League will be written by the Great Powers, which are, England, Russia, the U.A.C. and, potentially, China, & that the little nations will have to subscribe to a piece which suits the big ones.

He says neither F.D.P. or Willkie will make a statement about post-war Poland. Each knows that Chicago, the 2nd greatest Polish city in the world, will affect the election, because Poles will vote as Poles, not as Americans.

if daily walks wouldn't set you up.
If you always did have a tendency to overdo your teaching & your preparation for teaching! Ten hours a day sounds as if, were it continued, it might make inroads on your health. Better consider being less conscientious and keep yourself in condition to work.

We had Raymond Moley speaking here last Saturday, surely one of the worst speakers who ever got up before an audience. He seemed obsessed with the notion that our minds were probably too immature to take in his ~~message~~ ^{message}, which led him to qualify almost every idea before he had it completely stated, which led him into a maze of parenthetical parentheses. Such fellows should read a prepared speech (or memorize one) and then let the

We have just heard that Dana was asked to resign from the Yury. No idea what occurred, but probably dereliction from duty. If ever there was a Johnny Head-in-Air, he's it. He has a wife, as I think I told you, & he's his mother's sole support, so it looks bad. Betty, of course, is worried. It makes us wonder if he's quite balanced, in mind or in character. — He has resigned, & we have word from a Boston cousin that he's looking for a job there. And broke.

Our love to you. Do write us enough of a letter so that we may get a notion how long you're likely to be in the wilderness! Don't you rate a 10-day leave (better a fortnight) by Christmas? By the way, I'm coming to Coxsackie if you don't get to Danbury. So wire me when to begin planning.

Donald

Danbury, Nov. 19, '43

Dear George: - I feel I must hurry to get something on paper & off to you, else there will come some interruption that completely stymies me. Your first letter from your new post came a day ~~earlier~~ than your final letter from your previous one! I suppose they held that up till you were likely to have arrived.

Of course if I survive you, (which seems to me extremely unlikely, but you never can tell!), - I shall be more than glad to act as your legal executor. It is less expensive than to appoint a Trust Co. (as I have done or shall do) but a corporation usually does survive. I have lately destroyed my will, an act which would horrify my father if he knew of it. You see, I have become so poor that it takes most of my income to pay rent & taxes. I had made several provisions in my previous will which there would not be cash enough to take care of now. It was therefore better that the will be destroyed, so as not to work hardship on Betty. But my shares of Tweedy & Biggs should be marked as reverting to my sister or her heirs after Betty's death, the income going to her while she lives. At the present moment, there is no such instruction. In my former will, I was concerned for my

concern Helen Rider, among others, but I think she is adequately provided for by her father's estate.

We have hospital & nursing bills that are fairly staggering. During her first three days at the hospital, Betty had 24 hours' private nursing (doctor's orders) - which is \$24 a day in addition to the hospital room & board charge.

She is not yet able to do much beside rest, and since my heart seems to have taken a notion to misbehave as it has not done since 1938, we are a pretty pair. Housekeeping is possible ^{only} when you have adequate domestic help and can supervise, organize, order supplies, & be reasonably active. - But I have now written as much as I can at one sitting (it hurts me less to practice at the piano) & I must rest till the pain goes away. —

Later: We have the only practicing heart specialist in Danbury, & both have had cardiac graphs & blood tests & whatnot. Apparently I am a little anemic, but the cardiograph shows no serious trouble, & my blood pressure is normal. So I'll probably live!

Helen Rider took us in and babied us for 10 days, — we contributed our factotum, our little Mrs. Ferguson, who comes now for nine hours a day, — and we've been back at the apartment 6 days. It's Betty's birthday today, + she loved having you remember that your letter would reach here at about the right date. Helen Tufts + Polly Pierce will be in for tea this afternoon, to celebrate just a little.

The war seems to be in a state of convalescence. At any rate, we've got the upper hand at last, and now it's probably a question of time. Only it is anguish to realize that captive Europe will have to live through the Hell of another winter. And I suppose captive China too, but they're not had quite so far to fall. As one follows the war round the globe, it is comforting to realize that enemy territory is shrinking, thanks largely to the Russians. We're a lot to be grateful for, to them. The 50th parallel seems to be about the centre of the Nazi cancer in Europe, — and the Jap cancer centres about the tropic of that name on the other side of the globe. I must confess that I've learned considerably more about geography since this war started than I ever knew before. Travelers to Europe like myself tend to think of that continent as about even with the U.S. We don't reflect that Delft in Holland, for example, is actually above the 52nd parallel, and thus on this continent you hit the Labrador peninsula. So in the Orient the enemy claws reach out toward the tropics and in Europe they run East + West in a latitude surprisingly northern.

Will you let me know what you most desire for Christmas? I shan't wait to hear from you, but since it takes only 6 days for a one-way letter, your answer can, with luck, come in a fortnight. And perhaps what you want will be as useful to you after New Year's Day as before.

Betty sends you her love. She says she'd rather be dead than continue to exist on these terms. She's not a patient sufferer! — Mother is no better. We're looking for a place for her nearer home.

I hope you will keep well and that they won't work you too hard. Do you remember that poster we had Murphy (or was it Sullivan?) frame in Boston? I think of you in a similar landscape. My love always, + a tight hug.

Donald

Sun. Nov. 21, 1943.

Dear George: - I just sent off a V-mail letter to a member of my choir who is "down under": - somewhere in what the English call The Antipodes, I suspect. I find I can get quite a lot on one of those V-mail sheets, tho I did not write as small as this! Do you have V-mail service? I infer the negative.

As the days begin to seem noticeably shorter, - even with D.S.T. - I labor with my imagination to live with you under your present skies + in your present climate. You can now experience the day's length at the solstice which your father's prefather's knew. It's not so bad. I've been in Berlin in January, - my absolute farthest north, - and in Luxor in February, - my absolute farthest south. I preferred Luxor, it's phallic carvings and all, for winter habitation. I feel like being old-granny-ish about your nose + throat. Does the government supply vitamin - tablets? Or must you take old-fashioned fish-liver equivalents? In sum, I count on your asking me to supply anything you need + can't obtain, - anything mail can bring you.

I'm sending you a paper-covered spy-story which I found quietly distinctive. It's by Christine Childers, who has an Irishman's sensitivity to the English language, so that his prose is exciting even when his story dawdles. It's a thing to read leisurely through a week of dark nights.

My first anthem, - in reality a stark, unattractive 3-voice motet (S.A.B.), - to words of Isaac Watts, entitled Sweet Is the Work, has at last been published by H.W. Gray, a firm unbelievably dilatory even for these days of delay in non-essentials. Doctor Dawson has sent me

some verbal patz on the back which I shall cherish. I believe I parroted the thing for you, and you remarked, quite rightly, that it sounded as tho' I would sound better in a vocal medium. You are sometimes surprisingly intelligent, you know. Gee, I'd give a lot to have a day with you beginning this minute.

I've not been to the farm in weeks, but am to go before I finish this page, so I'll give you an account later. We have a new man, John Hollister, who is quite a good worker and knows farming, but is deficient in intelligence. Dad has to do more supervising than ever, & drives up 3 times a wk. John's family doctor in Washington, Conn. told us he was mentally deficient, but Dad decided to take him on & try him out, fairly certain he'd not be called for military service.

— The landscape has put on its winter aspect. There were juncos in the garden, flirting their little tell-tale tails. And there was also one gay blaudelion in bloom, at the top of the steps on the north side. Did I tell you we lost one of the gap crabapples, ripped apart by a violent storm? Only one now remains, which will have to arch over by itself & make a portal for the garden. John is no use for keeping the place neat & ship-shape. He lacks judgment as to what to go ahead on his own and do or leave undone. But he does know cows & chickens & takes care of the old gray mare. Mike is living in the old tractor-house. He does a couple of days' work for us a week. And he & John don't agree about cows & what they need.

The house, not having been lived in this past twelve-month, is in a sorry state. I never went up overnight all summer, and the place didn't get its spring cleaning. It looks and is dirty and neglected. If we could get an experienced woman to clean, — but they're all in war work. Anyone who's obtainable is sure to be

incompetent. I did the housecleaning at 11 Chapel while Betty was in the hospital, with the help of a 16-year-old high-school lad. He accomplished what was essential. I did the brass & copper, and some of the mahogany, & I probably did too much rubbing for the good of my poor old heart. He bid the floors and the paint & the remainder of the furniture. He is thorough but slow, yet I pay him 50¢ an hour. He's to help do the Terrace Place studio tomorrow, under Maggie's eye.

As I looked about the farm today & saw all there is to be done, I felt like playing hooky for the rest of my life. You know that I've never shirked hard work, but you've got to be well to stand the gaff. I was so confident, this summer, I did a lot single-handed & it didn't seem to hurt me. But at some point I must have run out of bounds. And with Betty moving from bed to chair & back again without much deviation, this was no time for me to be crippled. We have our little four-foot Mrs. Ferguson, but it takes someone to do the marketing, & the lugging to & fro now that most grocers don't deliver. Housekeeping, like gardening, is all very well when you can take it in your stride. With both of us having to favor our hearts, I am doubtful whether we ought to try to keep it up. I do my choicest work (as Landon has quoted Mrs. Harper Sibbey) & a little private teaching (I've even got an organ pupil now!) - but I do want to write music and I get no time for it. I'm actually looking forward to the day when we can put all our furniture in storage again & be off to a place where it doesn't cost like blazes to live. Oh to have France free again. That sounds as tho I meant it for our sakes, but of course the thing of prime importance is freedom for the French and for every people - "All people who on Earth do dwell." If we don't get that with this war, it's futile.

Speaking of furniture, I want you to understand that those bins are yours if anything happens to me, just as they are yours now for the duration. Are they of any use to you? Should we turn them over to the Navy, do you think, with the customary safeguards & agreements as to return après? I suppose you are in like case with me as regards possessions, but if you go back to college teaching, you ought to have some nice furniture. My notion is to leave Betty all our furniture (some is her's & Helen's), all, that is, that she wants. But I should like you to have one piece at least to remember me by, so if you have a preference please be specific. The best are 1) the big Butler's Desk 2) the little Jacobean chest of drawers, formerly in the guest-room at Griton Pl. 3) the D end dining table, now in storage except for the ends themselves, which are in the Terrace Place ~~living~~ studio. 4) the set of ladder-back chairs. 5) the glass-front china-closet (or bookcase) now in our living-room. Of the paintings, I'm purposing to leave you the Perilieff and the Frommish. Of the etchings, the Arming-ton of Rouen Cathedral. And any of my books you care. The strictly musical books to Shute, if he wants them. Past due to the Danbury library. // Betty's recovery very slow. I feel better today. Our dear love and constant thought to you. Donald.

11 Chapel Pl.

2 Dec. '43

Dear George: -

Your second letter with a Navy postmark has arrived, censored. The thing I am rueful about is that the censor's shears take words out of both sides of the sheet. So be on your guard. For your instruction, I'll quote: "one can see the latest movies (when he can get in), there is a (censored) + there are lots of Icecream, candy + drinks." The sentence on the other side was about Betty.

She improved as long as she was in hospital and at Helen Rider's afterward, but the sense of responsibility at the apartment seems to weight her down, and the arrangement of the rooms is, as you know, such as to ensure the maximum disturbance of a person needing rest. She has been doing so poorly that she became desperately blue, so we shall take our first vacation in three years and move over to the Hawley Manor in Newtown, where we shall each have a large room with bath and where the meals are said to be Lucullan. The bill won't be any greater than it would be at the hospital, and complete rest will be

possible. — For my part, I've been feeling a lot better since last Sunday, but it has been a task to supervise the Ferguson woman (who is so brainless you have to tell her how to do a thing every time she does it) and most of my day goes in one small task after another. Besides, we got a new young kitten to cheer Betty up, and I'm nurse to it till we get it broken in. I will say it's a sweet kitten, and affectionate, + is learning fast, but my vigil has to be pretty nigh perpetual. Helen + Polly are coming to occupy the apartment during our absence, + Polly loves cats.

The new titles in the Pocket Library shall be sent to you when, as, and if. I don't seem to remember having seen the Avon S.S. Monthly. I'll keep a weather eye out for it now.

I'm surprised at the report on cleanliness. I suppose you mean the "ratings", not officers. We used to take our men swimming in France and instruct them how to wash, + precisely where to use soap. But the water

was pleasantly warm. Even my little personal "staff" I had as Town Mayor in Meilland used to go swimming with me in the stream that flowed through the château park. I'll never forget my consternation at finding human faces floating in the water on perhaps our third visit, and, on scouting for the source, finding a village latrine which emptied directly into the little brook! French provincial ideas of sanitation are most certainly quaint. — Later on, in the winter, there was a shower for officers in an old caserne at St. Aignan. ~~At that time~~ I had no men under me at that time, but the big evacuation camp had showers for the men, and my nose never recoiled at the scent of the unwashed. The French might not wash, but most of our men did when they could.

We were able to move Mother this week to a sanatorium in Stamford where we are hopeful she will be better looked after than she was at Hartford. Our opinion of the so-called Hartford Retreat (modernized into Neuro-logical Institute) is unprintable. It is an institution that lives on what was once a good reputation. I have a plan to address an identical letter to each member of the board of physicians, reporting facts that I hope will wake them up to the realization that the Retreat is being mismanaged.

Betty wants me to send you her love and best wishes for your good fortune. I add my own. Whatever latitude you land in, I hope you can still manage to make a letter encircle the globe. And be sure to let me know about V-mail. A good hug to you. —

Donald

Dear George: - Betty is at the Danbury hospital and I am ill at Terrace Place with influenza. My disability is, I hope, temporary, but it may be some considerable period before she can move about freely again. The experiment of going to the Hawley Manor at Newtown proved disappointing. She had high expectations, but the change from the apartment worked no miracle. She was able to come downstairs to the dining room but twice during the week we were there, - the second time when I had already packed & we were leaving.

Polly & Helen had installed themselves in the apartment, and I had my final preparations to make for the Christmas music at the church; our moribund & desiccated factotum, Aunty Roleful, could not come back to us at once; and since I was feeling far from scrupulous myself, the wisest course seemed to be to put Betty where she would be comfortable and looked after.

The only possible place was the hospital. Dad & Amie were willing to take me in pro tem. So Christmas looks unsatisfactory. We have talked a little of putting Betty in the car & taking her to Chapel Place for dinner. Perhaps we can ~~manage~~ ^{manage} it.

Dr. Delohery, an Irish-American who is not too cultivated, but who is the only titular heart-specialist remaining in Danbury, says bluntly to me (not to her) that Betty will be a cardiac invalid for the rest of her life, — a far from cheerful prospect, with her temperament. I have been building castles in Spain, or rather, not Spain but in Sicily, at Taormina perhaps, where we could live quietly + I could work as much as my own cardiac invalidism would let me. But that must wait for the dust to settle after the war.

Meanwhile it is really a knotty problem, if you are incapacitated, to get yourself taken care of. The British system of Nursing Homes does not exist here, and we found out, when we decided to remove Mother from that inadequately directed, inadequately staffed Neurological Institute known as the Hartford Retreat, that private sanatoriums are either prohibitively expensive or else crowded with patients.

To run one's own household means that one must somehow solve the problem of domestic "help", + in wartime with the high wages in factories, that is the biggest knot of all. — Mother, I think I told you, is now at Dr. Barnes's sanitarium just

outside Stamford, and apparently she is being treated there with some humanity, for she has ceased almost altogether to be obstreperous and is probably as contented as we can hope for her to be. She is unbelievably thin, weighs now only ninety-odd, and has ceased to have any regard for her personal appearance. But while this is the chief difference to the eye, there are other and more grave differences. We have had visits with her in which, on the whole, we felt she took great pleasure. And her memory is accurate & minute for the things & the happenings of the past. She still carries her body erect and moves rapidly. She is always glad to see us and, most fortunately, to let us depart without ado.

Dad & Amie are in their usual state of abounding good health, & they are holding on to Maggie Parsons with a firm disregard of her few foibles. Marguerite & the Biggses are all well. Barbara expects in May. Peggy's husband is in an O.T.C., Anne's boy-friend is a paratrooper in training, & small James is working at the P.O. during vacation.

I think I told you we at the choir did Saint-Saëns's Noël for Christmas. We hired a tenor & a harpist & "went to Town." The solo ensembles took quite a deal of rehearsing, & what with journeying between Newtown & Danbury, & Betty so miserable & all, I got myself in quite a state, - lower than the belly of a whale at the bottom of the Pacific, the boys at Andover used to say. But I survived, with what losses through nervous erosion I'm not prepared to say. The Noël is not great music, but it has some extremely skilful & effective writing, & people liked it, - not a guiding reason for me to perform a thing, but the likelihood of their disliking what ~~was sung~~ ^{is sung} must certainly not be left out of consideration. I'd as soon do this work as the usual hackneyed Messiah, & I couldn't do the Messiah with my chorus of 25! And on Sunday evening two of my three tenors were out with grippe & I had but four basses!

Your Christmas cards have come, & I judge you have not yet changed climate. It was heart-warming to see your handwriting on Amie's & Mother's. Yours to us has gone to Betty at the hospital without my having glimpsed it. Love to you. D.

THE DANBURY DEFENSE COMMITTEE

234 MAIN STREET

OFFICE: DANBURY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

A SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE
CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE AND FIRE DEFENSE PLAN
FAIRFIELD COUNTY DIVISION

Dec. 29, 1943.

Dear George: - Please disregard letter-head: paper is paper, and this is both thin and strong.

Your letter of the 16th came yesterday, and I am somewhat distressed that my recital of our woes should move you to recall that you have a means of helping me! You know, of course, that such considerations don't enter consciously (or even unconsciously) into my calculations. But it is perhaps fair enough, all things considered, that you should help me when you are flush and I need the extra cash. Only don't send me more than you can easily spare. I like to feel that we can take it for granted between us that each will help the other out in times of stress & strain.

You know that I would never keep track of how much you borrow from me, tho I shall keep track if ever I borrow from you! So whatever you say the figure is, that's right with me.

I think I wrote you that our week in Newtown was not a success, so, when we returned, Betty went to the hospital and I to 10 Terrace Place, Helen & Polly being in the apartment. Betty has had no further heart-attacks till today, - it was 2 weeks yesterday that she re-entered the hospital. But last night it was bitter cold for Connecticut: - 10° F. may not sound bugid to you now, but it seems so to us, and Betty got chilled because her window was left open a crack. And Dr. Delohery says any circumstance like that may involve an attack of angina. Poor dear, she does hate pain, and I'm terribly afraid she will work herself into a psychic state where she's afraid to do the least thing for fear she'll bring on the pain. Already she's afraid to bathe herself and to eat solid food.

It was a week yesterday since I came down with the Flu. I spent Christmas Day in bed, & Luana Merritt Hopper played my service last Sunday. Luckily the annual oratorio was done the previous Sunday. We written you about that. So we've been prevented from going to see Betty during that time, and further to the news has all been good, so I felt at ease about the. But not today!

I know you will acknowledge in detail any packages you may receive from me, so if I don't hear, I'll know you didn't get 'em. I didn't send you a package specially intended for Christmas. But the other day I picked up a couple of Avon short story numbers — Ben Hecht + Thomas Wolfe, I think. I hope those reach you. I suppose you can order from book-stores where you have an account, but if there is any item you hanker for and have not, just be specific. Since you're not allowed to be circumstantial as to what you need + haven't the means to get, I will do my best to imagine. I assume you're doing all this reading without glasses. My, I wish my eyes were good for a solid day's unremitting work! But I find I can't drive 'em. — The type in these paper-covered books is certainly on the Lilliputian side.

I've done precious little work for myself this Fall, and comparatively little reading. There is a novel called A Tree Grows in Brooklyn by one Betty Smith — rather obviously a *nom de plume* — which you and all the boys would enjoy, if only because it is both appallingly frank and amazingly tender. It shocks only those who are accustomed to sugar-coating on the facts of life, and it is calculated occasionally to work a tear, it is so true and so pathetic.

and last! —

Alec Woolcott's latest, Long, Long Ago, is another I think you might like. It has the fascination of the short piece, which I believe you're addicted to, and its scope, from canines to arctic explorers, is wide + variegated. It too has pathos.

It is with considerable astonishment that I read your recording of your complete satisfaction with your present function + assignment. Of course I am very deeply glad, and on thinking more thoroughly about it, I see that it is quite logical that you should feel an inner satisfaction. Thank Heaven you do! it will do you a world of good, + the longer you remain in the Navy, the more healing you will find.

I think that my kind of nature, which is fundamentally that of the artist even if, in terms of accomplishment, I am slow and almost sterile, — being nevertheless an artist, with a means of expression constantly at hand, I am not so dependent on position as most men. If I please myself, — no easy job, — with a piece of work, then the needs of my self-esteem are fulfilled. The cruel thing would be to have to work for money.

In contrast to you, I was never satisfied with my position in the army during the last war. I did what I had to do, — sometimes well, sometimes badly. — + it was fortunate for me that I operated for the most part in a pretty tight mesh of checks + balances, discipline + supervision. I was all right till the armistice. Then I didn't have the sense to leave the army + go and study in Paris — a thing I have always regretted. But you fit in, as an instructor, with the Navy's scheme of things, + as long as you are preparing men for action, you will feel satisfaction. Once the momentum of the offense begins to falter + stall, it will be the psychological moment for you to pull up stakes.

You are daily in my thoughts and indeed I often dream we are together, walking these gentle Connecticut hills. Amie + Didi are well and send affectionate greetings — your ever,

Donald

THE DANBURY DEFENSE COMMITTEE

234 MAIN STREET

OFFICE: DANBURY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

A SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE
CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE AND FIRE DEFENSE PLAN
FAIRFIELD COUNTY DIVISION

Jan. 11, 1944

Dear George: - My illness seems to be in full retreat: not even a vestige of a cough remains. Marguerite and I drove to Stamford yesterday. I had a thorough physical examination to undergo in the morning, in the afternoon we were to see Mother, and on our way home investigate inns in Ridgefield as possible dwelling-places for Betty + me.

Dr. Resnick is an expert. He has his check-up all itemized on a filing-card, which the assisting nurse fills in while you lie half or three-quarters naked and are prodded and punched and squeezed from your eye-sockets to your nuchal. If the reaction is positive, he uses code. If negative, he says "none". The one clear statement was for blood-pressure, which was given in figures.

The result of all this, - including analysis of blood + urine, X-ray examination, everything but cardiograph, was that he diagnosed my aches + pains centering on the heart as nervous in origin, not organic. He says my heart has recovered very satisfactorily from the thrombosis, + that my malaise is due largely to anxiety about my wife, and to my imagination.

It seems there is a tendency to arteriosclerosis, - I should not have had the thrombosis had there not been. He prescribes alcoholic liquor, - alcohol dissolves the substances deposited in the blood-system; + wants me to drink regularly every day a couple of glasses of wine. And to avoid animal fats in my diet, substituting margarine for butter, avoiding cream and egg-yolks, rich fish like mackerel + salmon, all shell-fish (they being one of the prime sources of animal fat), dark meat of fowls, etc., etc. I don't think I need be extreme in this, but of course I can cut down on butter + cream. Resnick says the cardiograph, when developed, may entail a modification of his diagnosis, but he does not expect it to.

My mother seems to me to be very comfortable + well looked-after at Dr. Barnes's. She has experienced, older women in direct charge of her now, and from the human standpoint we are satisfied that everything is as well-ordered as we can in reason expect. Nothing occupies the centre of her attention for long. Like a child, she is easily diverted, and no mood or tantrum persists. At Hartford they considered her a difficult patient. At Stamford we hear of no difficulties. As we went in yesterday, the superintendent spoke of her finger-nails, which she would not permit the nurses to cut. Later while we were talking with Mother, she sud-

these problems, arrive at a reasoned decision, + then act upon it. I wonder if Betty would admire Churchill so much if she ~~she~~ suspected what are his notions as to the maintenance of the British Empire.

I am reading Santayana's Persons + Places, — his autobiography, — + finding it a respite from the war. His was the most fascinating mind it was ever my privilege to hear express itself. His lectures were adventures of the intellect. I regret exceedingly that there do not seem now to be minds of that eminence dominating Harvard class-rooms. You felt as tho you were transported to a mountain-top exceedingly high. You viewed the kingdoms of the world + the kingdoms of the human spirit, + insofar as you were capable, you possessed them. At any rate, the splendor + scope of the view exhilarated and enthralled you.

You ask for so little! Isn't there something beside Avon publications that I can send you? Aren't there certain magazines you'd like to have? I am absolutely at your service.

One would never know, in this house, that there's a war on. The place is kept at 70° F. + just a couple of rooms + the third story shut off. Cream from the farm goes into everything from breakfast coffee to the icing on chocolate cake. Eggs + milk + chickens from the farm supplant rationed foods. There is still powdered sugar for cereal + the crusts of pies. Pudding and cake are still served together for dessert, with a piece of chocolate candy to rubble afterward. Neither Dad nor Amse knows the meaning of privation.

My love to you, and the family send theirs.

Donald

said, "I wish I could get my finger-nails cut!"

"Why, Mother, I'll cut them," said I. Marguerite hurried to the superintendent for scissors, + Mother submitted like a lamb. — I think that in time she may come to trust the nurses there.

In Ridgefield we stopped at three inns. One was closed, one was full. The third was The Elms. The old house is closed in the winter, only the annex being kept open. The rooms were clean but not attractive. They ask \$5.00 per person per day. We can't afford that.

I'm hoping to find someone in Danbury or Bethel who can take us in + "do" for us. It is developing into a quest! Betty is still at the hospital. She has had no more attacks, and she's having a prolonged + complete rest, but we both hope that we can be together somewhere, even if we have to put up with conditions that are not ideal.

The President has finally come out for a National Service Act. I wonder why the extremely tardy conversion to a measure which the economic experts have been recommending for three years past. But better late than never.

Betty has been reading Pierre Van Paassen's Forgotten Ally (the Jew) and it has inflamed her against the imperialist British. I suppose we need chapter + verse to document us in the coming controversy about Freedom versus Empire. But if we don't get rid of "subjects" — especially subject peoples + races the world over, we shall fight only to destroy + not to liberate + rebuild. I think empires of white men over negroes are as inadmissible as empires of negroes over whites would be. I think of India + of China. There must at least be a willingness to face

3031 198

Dr. Geo. B. Van Schaagen
Navy 163 3 P.O. Box
San Francisco, Calif.
(Gen'l. Del.)

D. N. Tweedy
11 Chapel Pl.
Danbury,
Conn. 1/24/44

It took your registered letter 15 days to reach me, though it was sent air-mail. No use conjecturing what happened to it. The enclosure is a tremendous help and will enable me to meet present obligations fully, the while I hold on to my war bonds. You are a brist to do this - I suppose, knowing you, I might take it as a matter of course, but I'm deeply grateful. If Betty comes home to the apartment on the 15th after another six weeks at the hospital. Ann found us a "practical" nurse who seems likely to be the answer to our prayer. She can prepare and serve a meal, and doesn't seem to mind what she does as long as she's being useful. She has brains and she's quick and resourceful. I hope we can keep Miss Carr, - but maybe it's too good to be true. Betty bathes herself and writes an occasional note, otherwise she sits in her swivel chair near the radiator and reads and dozes and listens to the radio. She frets a good deal over the state of the planet, but if ever she stops doing that, I shall begin to be alarmed. I think I shall try to take her to the South, next winter. I want to get her out of range of sub-freezing temperatures, and with a home + a few rooms to make a place I can possibly get some work done. The problem of avoiding places already pre-empted by the military will be primary. Dr. Pearson says the cardiograph shows no important variation from the one he made 3 years ago. He thinks my heart symptoms are "nervous in origin, not organic" And, believe "or not, since I walked out of his office, he had many a one! He to drink regular moderate quantities of alcoholic beverages and avoid animal fats. Simple, eh? If Betty and all the family join me in good wishes and warmest love! Love..

V-MAIL

Thu. Feb. 3, 1944.

Dear George: - I sent you a V-mail letter several days ago to acknowledge your money-orders totaling \$250., but in case it should fail to reach you, here again is my acknowledgment and my heartiest thanks. The cash comes at a most opportune moment and enables me to pay my current bills in full. You are a grand guy to remember to square up - I have not always experienced such considerateness from others.

Betty is well enough now to have her hair treated + her scalp massaged, tho washing will have to be deferred yet a while. Miss Carr is "willing", but she has never had to take care of nice things before, and she doesn't know solid silver from plate nor Italian pottery from English china. These things seem trivial when there's a war on, but the fact is that habits do get established in years of living with fine dishes + furniture + pictures + books, and to have a person in your house who knows nothing of the way to take care of such things is apt to be irritating. Miss Carr is thus far very good-natured about her unaccustomed tasks, but she must think we're awfully particular. A your long letter of Jan. 20 reached me Feb. 1st, which seems miraculously rapid transit if you are where I think you are. (My thinking is conditioned by small details such as hut-mates.) I don't quite perceive why you should receive 10% for foreign duty, but such details are probably beyond the reckoning of civilians + landlubbers.

A One can only be philosophical about questions of rank. The thing is to do your assigned job so well that your "subordinates" will respect you and your "superiors" have no excuse to overlook you. Promotion is not to be expected for non-combatant personnel unless your commanding-officer knows you deserve it. And he can't know unless you're so good that you stand out. It can be achieved by cultivating the influential, - is. by political means, which I can't see you making deliberate use of. - If it's any consolation, no-one would ever suspect you to be forty years old. You could pass for thirty with your build, your curly hair, + your mannerisms, none of which suggests middle-age. You just can't help it if, whenever anyone speaks to you kindly, you wag your tail like a puppy. A I think I mailed you the Wolcott but not the Betty Smith novel. By the way, if some of the pasteboard-covered books reach you with the binding cracked, it will have been my fault because I read 'em first. And if I include books you happen to have seen before, just pass 'em along to someone who hasn't.

I assume that you're continuing your subscriptions to the magazines you prefer. I'm going to send you our recent numbers of the Atlantic. If you don't want 'em, say so. # There is an obscurity in one passage of your letter. You say you're "retiring three (or 'these') men in H.S. math in prep. for the Annapolis exams.... One of them, my one + only man, is very smart" etc. Do you mean your only mathematician, or your only good pupil? or what?

I can well understand the deprivation of being without professional companionship. It is stimulating to have someone near to rub one's mind against, + without that stimulus, the keen edge of speculation + inquiry gets rusty. # If Wickham is fond of you, reason with him about his griping. One to two hours daily of foul language! - you don't have to take it just because you're good-natured. Tell him you've had enough, + say it in a nice way, but make him feel that you mean it. Make your forty years count for something!

We had a letter yesterday from Raymond, the first since last summer. I gather that he has written to you, tho he seems to think you are considerably south of where I imagine you to be. Wherever you are, + whatever the scenery may be, it is the human problems, - the human scenery, that will give us our best notion of your existence. Raymond + Hilda seem to be working hard in Nashua, + it makes me wonder if perhaps I haven't been too timid about venturing into factory jobs. However, maybe I'd better stick to making music + vegetables grow. - What a rare, affectionate, outgoing + outgiving man Raymond is! Betty and I are both very fond of him. # Cousin Hal Tweedy is recovering from pneumonia, thanks to sulfa drugs. He had a rather close shave, I reckon. Raymond doesn't mention it: I wonder if he knew.

I hope that will of yours is specific + uncontestable on the subject of Con if you are not to be divorced. Not that I think she would make trouble for the sake of money, but she is (or has always appeared to me to be) a highly "suggestible" person: she could be persuaded that she had property rights in your estate. And once persuaded, you have reason to know with what obstinacy she would claim them.

I wish I could put all the things I'd like to say to you into mathematical terms so that they could be reduced to space-saving symbols + be understandable only to yourself. - Betty and the Terrace Place family send you their love and I send mine. Faithfully, Donald

THE DANBURY DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Feb. 13, 1944

Dear George:

With the Spring Solstice only 6 weeks off and the persistence of the old Daylight Saving time through the war, it seems already much less cimmerian at this latitude. We had our first big snowstorm on Friday: it has thus far been a cold winter but not too stormy.

I think I have now sent you all the latest Avon short-story collections. Maybe you had already seen the Steinbeck, but those tales are very powerful & can survive re-reading. I hope you like Saroyan better than I do. He has a nice gift o' gab, but after a few pages I get bored.

In New York last week to attend the Bohemians. - The Coolidge Quartet, which has been three-quarters reborn (only Kroll is left of the original personnel), played Goossens's 2nd Quartet, which is very skilful but quite unmoving, and Beethoven's Op. 95, - a big work, played with vigor and fire - an unforgettable performance. If the changes in

musical ensembles brought about by the war ~~was~~ ^{could}
all ~~show~~ such a credit balance, no one could
complain. — I saw Morris next day, — had
lunch ~~with~~ with him at the Town Hall Club, + we had
a merry discussion of books + plays + sympho-
nies + authors + actors + musicians. Morris
still braces me up by acting as tho my little provincial
opinion were of importance to him. — I stayed at
the Seymour, where they put me once more in that
huge room in the annex, — no. 14 — where we once
celebrated your birthday. — The Seymour, by the way,
has changed management + prices and the rooms
are about a dollar more than before the war. I must
try the Webster sometime. It probably would suit
my purse better.

I am not having a productive winter. It takes
so much time for household duties. I get break-
fast every morning, and when there's marketing
to be done, I do it. As we're not what the French
call "matinale", it's often nearly noon before
I'm back with the groceries. Miss Carr, our
"practical" nurse, comes at 10³⁰ and remains
till after 8 in the evening. She's not a good cook,
and she has a most exasperating habit of

putting utensils where she knows where they are, but we do not! A positive itch to remove the knives from the knife-drawer and scatter them through several cupboards, for example. I have to learn her system, as she seems incapable of learning Betty's. And since Betty can't open drawers anyway, — all effort of that sort being denied her, — we have to let Miss Carr do as she will. She keeps the rooms reasonably clean, + she's cheerful + willing, but has not much head. Most of the competent women are in industry, + every householder has the problem of coping with those who can't make the industrial grade.

How Harold Gleason would laugh if he knew I had two organ pupils! I smile myself, but I can't afford to turn down extra cash. We had a few piano pupils, but no one technically ready to be coached. This week a high-school kid turned up who wants to be taught harmony + orchestration (he calls this "arranging"). Now we're getting into my alley.

But I've not written even an arrangement in three months. I have to be ~~here~~ at the apartment evenings, or arrange for Helen Tufts to come down, + the rest of my time goes to my "choich work". I am very displeased with myself.

The world is in such a state of misery that it's very hard to get into one's ivory tower and ignore what's outside, especially if one has a wife to whom nothing seems as important as the state of the world + what this one + that one says about it. I'm convinced that we have made about all the serious mistakes in foreign policy we could possibly have made, — in North Africa, in Italy, and with regard to Vichy + to Franco. It all looks like sheer folly to me, considering we're supposed some day to stick up for democracy, self-government, the freedom of the peoples of the world. I don't wonder Welles had to leave the State Department. And now we are afforded a glimpse of what must have been an equal divergence in policy between Bob Sherwood and Elmer Davis of the O.W.I. There is a lack of principle in the directing head under which both of these agencies operate.

Betty gets along pretty well as long as she avoids muscular effort, + if we could eliminate nervous + emotional strain as well, she'd make still better progress.

Our love to you, George, + keep busy. — Donald

Lieut. Geo. B. Van Schaack
 Gen. Del. Navy 163
 S. P. O. San Francisco,
 Calif.

Donald Tweedy
 11 Chapel Place,
 Danbury, Conn.
 Feb. 15, 1944

Dear George: I sent you an air mail letter yesterday, but now we are being asked to use V-mail, so here goes. Yours of Jan. 30 arrived yesterday. Just of Feb. 5, today. — I am, sorry that you are held up on your return, particularly so, but don't let it stop you. There's nothing whatever you can do to hurry up the Spring of supply. We're delighted to hear what you did with the correspondence of the manuscript. If I had money, that's the least, to tell you, a very pleasant day. — Morris is at present making inquiry as to its suitability in issuing in the future. We got to do something about this circulation in my legs. One too turned black last winter, you know, and quite without my realizing it might have been. — Thanks for my assignment in the domain of health. I don't intend to see that the *Coryn* type was most readable, and will probably have to wait till you get back here. We read *Sancti* and *Epistola* or *Albert* *Spalding's* *Pike to Spelling*, *Book* *for* *Book* *and* *Spelling*. I wanted on giving a copy of the *Pike* to Morris. But *Spalding* with a *Book* *and* *Spelling* also, with *Book* *and* *Spelling* *and* *Spelling* *and* *Spelling*. In my humble opinion, he works better than he *Spalding*, for I can't think a time just all out of focus, for an abuse of the vehicle. The personally that abuse itself of these materials is most terrible. *Spalding* is one delightful human being. — When he played for the *Prisco* *Opera*, some years ago, I had an hour with him in the *Mad* *Hatter* after the concert. We talked a great deal about *Charles* *Chapman*, to whom the *Spalding* were most kind and generous, but they couldn't share him from himself. He had been friendly with me. He hasn't heard of or from *Charles* for fully six years. I don't know whether he ever pulled himself out of what seemed like a dizzy tail spin. — I suppose you hear occasionally from *Raymond*: he heard of *Barbara* *Stevens* through you. *Barbara* has been doing for much: it must certainly conclude that way. — up at six + got home again. Well bed-time. I suppose, if he has an office, he can switch on a switch on a switch in mid-afternoon. But work is still doing his way of being up pressure. I hope he'll take it easy. — The *Book* *and* *Spelling* is the tall *Chapman*-like *Chapman* piece now in our dining room. The upper part we use as a *Chapman* cabinet, the lower for *Spalding* and *Spelling*. The uppermost drawer has a front which lets down, revealing the pages, half of a desk. In *Chapman* times the family *Book* *and* *Spelling* has been out of order here. — *Barbara* *Stevens* is dead. — I have heard about you how that *Spalding* *Opera* was. — I am gradually learning the merits of the *Spalding* word procurable at moderate prices in the U.S.A. The *Spalding* *Opera* is the *Spalding* *Opera*, in my judgement. We had your *Book* *and* *Spelling* that are one word from *Barbara* *Stevens*. — Don't let it pass love to you *Gramps* — delectable! V-Mail always! Donald!

24 54 33

Lieut. Geo. B. Van Schaack
 Gen. Post Navy 163,
 1320,
 San Francisco, Calif.
 D.N. Twesty
 11 Chapel Place,
 Danbury, Conn.
 Feb. 25, 1944

Post 2. - I must say that the moment I hear Willkie open his mouth, I am distressed at the lack of a cultivated speech. What he says shows striking character, intelligence and common-sense, but it is a revealing commentary on the education in our native language (provided in his formative years in the public schools of the Middle-West. Or else he is not as bright as he seems (and looks) and has a clever "ghost" (But the ghost ought to coach him in elocution. He sounds illiterate; he reads like an able stylist. But the great radio public is going to hear him deliver his own mispronunciations! He is badly handicapped at the podium, especially with that bad, "pleased" voice which cracks under hard use. He may get nominated on sheer character. Hoffmann seems to think it's bound to be a ticket headed by Willkie & Henry the Republicans will put up - he doesn't care while he's top place!

Berlin was here last week for a couple of days of his midyear recess. He stayed at the Green, and had his meals here and at the Bogg's and at Dad's. He is almost overwhelmingly exuberant but he obviously played some sardine within the confines of the apartment. We took a walk on the Park estate between Town and Terrace Mountains, - you & I have been through there once. We looked for skunk-cabbage, but the tips are not yet visible in the swamps. We hear a chuckle, but without you to cool him, he would not whistle.

It is Race Fellowship Week, and we began it with a service at my church last Sunday evening. I musted all the choro to participate, a negro soprano sang Go Down, Moses. There were about a dozen negroes in my choro gallery, but no Jewish brethren. I thought a few Gaddens might turn up. Betrus joined the Bass section. We sang the Watch Hymn of Transfiguration. I send you about a bottle a week of Betty's Wood the same. Note this reach you in due time. & sends his love to you.

V-MAIL J. Pembrose. Donald

Thu. Mar. 16, '44

Dear George:

The first V-mail letter from you, and the first I have ever received, — so it automatically becomes an heirloom. The old man, however, had to use a magnifying glass before he could decipher it. I think I prefer ordinary air-mail, as long as they continue to permit it.

Russian War Relief is really started. We have an empty store at 282 Main St., three doors below the News-Times office, — at least, it was empty till we started filling it up with donations of used clothing. We have committees of menders, dberners, knitters, and button-sew-ers, a "kit" committee, preparing specially made-up packets for individual Russian families containing everything from soap to knitting needles, from hard candy to canned soup, — a Godsend, I expect, in the eyes of a bombed-out milzhirk; and a committee in charge of premises, + also of the sale of souvenirs + merchandise sent out by the N. Y. headquarters. We expect to get going more actively as soon as the Red Cross drive finishes on March 31. I am getting good cooperation.

Things have been complicated by the fact that Miss Carr developed a lame leg from a fall on the ice three weeks ago, and we've had ill-luck replacing her. She was a prize bone-head, but at least there was somebody in the apartment to get a simple meal & do the household chores. Helen Tuft has tried to help, since Miss Carr left, but she rubs me the wrong way and evokes the worst ill-temper of which I am capable. She is quite innocent of malice; she simply cannot see anyone do anything without asking a dozen irritating questions and making a dozen irritating suggestions how to do it better. I have no patience with people who will not let others do a job as those others wish. So when I know she is imminent, I vamoose. The only way I could get along with her would be to shoot her.

I have finally heard from Arthur Fiedler. He wants to do the Williamsburg Suite without repeats and with a cut in the last movement. I don't know where to cut it: it all seems to me to "belong." But I shall be glad to have it played by a band as expert as the 'Boys' orchestra.

In Life magazine last week there was a fascinating series of photographs in color ~~from~~ of the Aleutian Is.

The accompanying commentary was enlightening, and the general description tallied with that in my correspondence. It must be a fearsome climate, all of a piece with northern Siberia. We are a week away from the equinox, and skunk cabbage not visible yet, hereabouts. But my first narcissus has had a little upthrust of green sticking through the soil for a full month past.

The war seems to be preparing to get into high gear. I suppose Europe's enslaved can manage to exist through another summer, - and may they be free in time for us to feed them next winter. I would love to help in that job of ravitaillement, but with Betty likely to be good for little, we shall have to stay where there will be no hardships for her.

Hans Kautenborn reported last night that, on his recent trips to hospitals caring for men invalided home, the overwhelming majority will vote for a fourth term for F.D.R. This will work only if the country gives him a congress willing to cooperate. The next four years will see the peace treaties signed, and the Senate must ratify by a two-thirds vote. I am afraid of the same kind of deadlock that kept us out of the League of Nations. It would be tragic if once more we lapsed into isolationism.

Our constant love goes to you daily. Donald

11 Chapel Pl. Mar. 27, 1944.

Dear George: - I was surprised to learn that you are receiving no more news than headlines. Don't they give you complete radio digests? What! No commentators? Down here we have a plethora of comment, "personalized" is the latest epithet. They are most of them fighting into Secy Hull for his lack of a foreign policy. At least, while he may have a foreign policy, he hasn't one calculated to please the commentators. Especially does the treatment of the Free French as represented by General de Gaulle come in for condemnation. I should hate to have to defend our attitude toward Vichy; ~~but~~ I confess I'm at a loss, - I cannot find any sense in it whatever. And the elephant Franklyn - Frolicsome fellow - seems to think this grievous error of diplomatic judgment is something to be laughed off with guffa about bellhops. - You'll read about it in the Times digest of yesterday, which I posted off to you in an air-mail envelope today; also an article about what the university professors are doing about the eventual peace negotiations.

Meanwhile we seem to have bogged down badly in Italy, & Rome is just as far from Monte Cassino as it ever was.

I didn't realize I'd said anything whatever about taxes, but I don't see how I could have written blaming Roosevelt for the veto. The whole point of the deadlock is that it is a deadlock. Congress and the President no longer cooperate on fiscal policy, & the election, if it continues F.D.R. in the presidency, will make matters worse, since in all likelihood it will increase the number of his congressional opponents. I approve the veto since I agree with Willkie that the tax rate should have been much higher than the government, - I mean the administration, - wanted to set it, but I deplore the clash on a crucial policy between the executive & the congress. Under our constitution, such a clash is the danger-signal that the executive has lost the confidence of the congress. The election should come at once, &

11 Chapel Pl. Danbury, Conn. Apr. 4, 1944.

C.C.: Two weeks ago last Saturday I heard the first songsparrow, and now the harbingers of spring are in full voice; robins hollering their heads off at dawn, + singing sparrows in every thicket. As yet there have been only two or three mild days. My Kaufmanniana tulips are well above ground, however, and several narcissus. I haven't unmulched the May-flowering tulips yet, tho' 'tis high time I did. But he had no leisure to fuss in the garden, — + I'm talking about the beds right here at 11 Chapel. Heaven knows when I'll get time for Ball's Pond if this Russian Relief job keeps on gobbling up the hours.

Dad + I were to have gone to New York last Wed. to attend the Town Hall ass'n. dinner addressed by war-correspondents + radio commentators, subject: I predict. I enclose program and a few hasty annotations. The names underlined are of those who spoke after the prophets had done prophesying. Of these Dorothy Thompson was the only genuine prophet. She looks into the future and signs up probabilities according to the tendencies of movements under her observation in the present. She predicts a European revolution at the close of the war in which national boundaries will count for nothing + the determination of laborers in factories and fields to control their own destinies will be the dynamic factor. The great estates of Spain, Poland, + Hungary will vanish, + a socialist system of ownership will replace capitalist and private ownership in countries like France.

You know, we used to see only white-collar workers in shops + offices, — Emmanuel Paré is in a notary's office + his people ran a magasin in Bourges. Otherwise we knew musicians + painters + priests + teachers and petits bourgeois, but no mill-hands and no peasants. But the swing toward socialism was so

powerful that even we foreigners could sense it, and certainly the people of Europe, having been led into war after they had reason to think themselves safe, — + into such ghastly devastation and slavery. — must and will remake their governments so that such misery cannot again recur on so continual a scale.

Sir Wilmot Lewis, who began by looking about him + saying he felt like a lion in a den of Daniels, made the most able speech. He was strong for an international system of collaboration. But his main thesis was that unless we can make peace as dynamic as war, wars are bound to keep happening. War is romantic and peace is dull by comparison, just as being good (in the sense of abstaining from wrongdoing) is not so exciting, so exhilarating, as sinning with a will. This idea he credited to William James. He quoted Livy too, to the effect that nothing is more intolerable than the conditions we create in eradicating intolerable injustices.

On looking back, I perceive I didn't say that Dad was ill with a bad cold, so I invited Horace Shepherd of Bethel, the chairman of our Danbury Forum + a member of the Music Centre executive board. Dad, with his usual munificence, had engaged a room at the Waldorf Astoria, where the banquet was held. Such a place! Such expensive decorations, such enormous rooms, such ostentation. — (One thing I did enjoy was a massage. I thought they, at least, would have capable masseurs, + so it proved.) Horace + I felt like babes in Wonderland. Only there is something mighty-marish to me about huge rooms all gilt and upholstery.

Betty is better, there's no denying that. Compared with her state of body + mind when she left the hospital, she can now endure much more. If she only wouldn't use herself up emotionally over things that can't be helped. Tonight she was all wrought up over Tom Dewey, whom for some reason she distrusts. She declared that if the Republicans nominated him, she should vote for Roosevelt! I'm wondering if I can't induce Dr. Delahery to prescribe a sedative ^{something like phenobarbital} in small doses. But I suppose it would take more than small doses to dampen that temperament.

Peggy is back from Florida with Dick Lovelace, her husband, who now has his lieutenancy + is slated for the Intelligence Service. — Barbara expects a baby early in May, and Anne is buying her trousseau. She is at Hollins College, + graduates this June. Young James is at Deerfield, a handsome kid who has shot up to a good height since last you saw him, and will be a big fellow. He is strong in Math and is slated for engineering ~~if~~ the war doesn't get him.

Allen Rider is working on Russian Relief with me, + seems quite hale + hearty + jernickety in the dear old Rider way. Rider Grustbold is in the South Seas with the marines. Fred is also in the Navy, at school near New Haven. Bill Rider, Jr. is disgruntled by poor eyesight + has gone into business with his father. He was operated on today at the hospital for appendicitis. He just telephoned: his condition is good. Eddie is at Boston Tech. + Frueky is at High School.

Helen Tufts's eyesight is anything but satisfactory. We intend sending her to Dr. Sabers in New York. But Betty + I will have to take all the trouble it takes to get her to his office. —

I think of you very often and hope all's well. Love Donald

April 18, 1944

C.C. :- I have sent you, air-mail, the news digest page of the N.Y. Times for the past few weeks, and hope the mutilation of the page did not trouble you. The digest page takes 12¢ postage, & I had to exercise so little beside the caption, I thought you'd not mind. The date is always on the map, somewhere near the lower right-hand corner, & I presume you have maps enough to illustrate the progress of the war, so that my scissors deprive you of nothing but what you can easily make good.

You will see that Willkie has retired. The Republicans didn't want him. Doubtless they will nominate Dewey, and if Roosevelt runs, they may lose again, - i.e. I fail to gain the presidency, tho' nothing can stop the anti-New-Deal thrust in the Congress.

Hallace seems to be on the way out, & the best bet for the Dem. V.P. nominee is Steiwer. Unless the war goes badly, no one seems to think F.D.R. can be beaten by anyone except Willkie. Since he's withdrawn, the rest is plain. The stage is set for the same tragic cleavage between congress & president as after the last war, & there are enough pig-heads down in Washington to make the going pretty bad.

I am happy to say that Betty improves with the coming of warmer weather. I think I shall have to send her south for next winter. Cold weather is hard on angina patients. I must begin to canvass the possibilities. Poor dear, how she hates palm trees and resorts and the seashore when it is crowded with cheap vacationers! - We should in that case give up the apartment & I would go & live at my father's. I've not myself been out of Danbury 48 hrs. long since Jan. 1, 1941, except my visit to you in Boston.

We have "help" now, a Mrs. Orne, origin Vermont, name Maymie. She's a whistler & a hymn-singer, weighs close on 250, & waddles. Elbow-grease is something she knows not the use of. But she seems an improvement on Miss Carr, who had the most exasperating habit of putting every kitchen utensil in an unaccustomed place, & who did not pretend to be a cook. Maymie says she can cook, but we have our reservations. None of the women who have worked here since Victoria left has been able to tell solid silver from plated, and as for china, any combination of patterns would do. And the kitchen is so close to the room Betty has to live in, I wonder she has any nerves left.

Russian Relief takes much of my time. We are inundated with used clothing, which comes in faster than our repair crews can handle it. It is hard to find enough people who will agree to come in to headquarters regularly to mend, darn, & sew on buttons. But it must be done. To date we've shipped out 3 doz. large cartons of used clothing, several of new, & several of good, wearable shoes.

Today is beautiful and mild. Song-sparrows are all about. Tulips are thrusting up, — the Kauffman tulips already show buds, — ~~but~~ I'd hoped they'd bloom with the Grape Hyacinths, but they'll come much sooner, — that's one color scheme gone awry.

Tomorrow I'm off to New York to see Othello with Ferrer & Robeson. Report later. Betty joins me in best love to you.

Yours, Donald

May 8, 1944.

Dear George: - I am ashamed to let another post get by without writing to tell you how much I appreciated your letter of birthday good-wishes, which reached me April 22. It gave me a glow to be so affectionately remembered.

Spring has come upon us with a rush. Three days this week with the thermometer in the 80's. Most ~~unreasonably~~ unseasonable. One of my ~~Cottage~~ tulips, Hammar Nales by name, jumped the gun & came out in full bloom on May 4. As he was intended to be part of a "show" later on, I regret his prematurity. We have two types of narcissus in bloom, the yellow daffodils & the poet's type which is usually later. There are quantities & quantities at the farm, and each lovelier than the last. ^{foray this} The hedge round the studio is one mass of yellow splendor, and the daffodils there are increasing yearly. We had my first sun-bath on the good old blue-gray corduroy mats, & wondered if you are getting any sun where you are. You must tell me what you can about the flora in your vicinity. I suppose the fauna are largely pithecanthropi erecti, or capable of becoming so.

Betty is stronger and full of nervous energy, to an extent which makes it hard to suppress her. She should keep well within her limits of action, but she gets involved, or wrought up nervously, & then she pays for it. The doctor (Delohery) says categorically that she will be a cardiac invalid for the rest of her life. Naturally, I've not told her, but I expect she'll be hard hit when the months go by & she doesn't get well.

Morris was here over the week-end. We put him up at the Green, & had much good talk at 11 Chapel.

Our love to you always -

Donald

Thurs. May 18, 1944.

Dear George: This will reach you at about the anniversary of our last meeting. It is again a warm May - everything burst into bloom at once in a pell-mell of narcissus, shadblow, quince, dogwood, tulips, lilacs, cherry, azalea, pear, apple, Judas-tree, and the buds are big on the peonies. And all the birds arrived within a few days of each other. Yesterday at the farm we heard bobolinks, orioles, and a purple finch, while here on our little hillside we have wrens and wood thrushes. A pair of these latter gave us a rare close-up, lately. - they perched not twelve feet away from our north windows and ~~he~~ sang and sang. I could follow every movement of his throat as he went through his enchanting little repertoire.

Dad + I went to see Mother last Sunday. I think she is being taken care of as considerably as we could have hoped. She is not too fretful, tho when she sees us she wishes she could be taken home. She is very thin + very feeble, and scarcely leaves her couch in the daytime or her bed at night. But she likes to have visitors, and in the main we keep a conversational ball rolling which she can toss back to us. She almost always asks for music, and I dig out of my memory the songs she used to sing when we were children. She sings them still, and her voice still has the musical quality it always had.

I went on to New York, having tickets for Martha Graham that eve. Her season of one week had reached its final performance, and since she is to come to Danbury next winter, I wanted to have a glimpse of her. She herself is a very interesting person on the stage; - she has magnetism and strong characteristics that impress. She is not much of a mime, - she makes almost no use of facial expression. But her ideas of what the dance can express are worth attention, and she can put a long + rather abstract piece together and maintain an extraordinary tension of interest. I particularly enjoyed Letter to the World, a fantasy built round the poetic personality of Emily Dickinson, with very dissonant but otherwise non-descript music by Hunter Johnson.

Dr. Stahl here in Danbury thinks I have chronic appendicitis. So on Monday I went to see Dr. Resnik in Stamford on my way home. He has a reputation as a diagnostician. He says no appendicitis, but colitis. I prefer to believe him, of course. Anyhow, I don't suffer much.

The artistic temperament as a rule is not speculative. It demands freedom to work, and as long as it gets that, other things become secondary. The "creative" craftsman will create in any style or according to any creed that enables him to produce. Bach's quarrels with his vestry men were principally about money, or about leaves of absence to enable him to hear Remoken or Buxtehude, or about details of the order of service, never about theology. But you cannot judge of his beliefs in theological terms by anything you find in his music. When it speaks most clearly & beautifully, it breathes such tenderness, such joy, such pity, such human warmth and sympathy that belief and confidence, yes, and sorrow for the shortcomings of human nature are big and vivid in the foreground. God may be in the background, but he is made in Man's image!

And so with Beethoven, ~~the~~ certainly his affirmation of the worth and nobility of man is implicit in many an Adagio.

I cannot now elaborate on this theme, but it should be developed. Perhaps our best statements of belief are in plastic or musical or mathematical form, not verbal.

Our steadfast love to you. Donald

2.

Mon. May 22. Your letter of May 14 just arrived, and I am grateful for its length and explicitness. It gives me the best idea I've yet had of how you live, and I can imagine the neatness of your living quarters and the little touches you have given it to make it livable and home-like. I'd like to be sharing it with you, tho' I'm afraid you'd find me a disorderly buddy. It's the rare veteran of World War I who's fit now for W.W.II.

The point in your letter that interests me most is what you report as to the 2 vols. of I Believe. These would not interest me as they do you, because I think my own philosophy is felt, even if not expressly formulated. It underlies my reactions to the problems life keeps presenting and to the tribulations and the satisfactions of daily living, which remain pretty evenly balanced. (Too many satisfactions "spoil" a man, & too many tribulations sour or break him.)

The hardest thing I have ever had to live through is the disintegration of my mother's control over what she says and does. To witness the emergence of the words and the acts she succeeded so many years in suppressing is to obtain irrefutable evidence of the statements of neuropaths like Freud and Adler. Some day when I have pondered these things and can be objective about them I'd like to talk them over with you. But they were hitting me awfully hard a year ago.

As to the contributions that might be made to the record of belief by artists & musicians & mathematicians, it would be interesting to suggest to the editor a volume 3 dealing exclusively with their philosophies of living. I could hazard a guess as to the findings.

June 5, 1944

I wish I had long hours of leisure in which to loaf and mope my soul to a protracted conversation with you. But in any case what I might have to say wouldn't exactly be private if all your incoming mail is censored. You see, Raymond has been here overnight. He arrived at 8 P.M. due to the fact that Boston passengers for Danbury get no breaks at the R.R. junctions, and left at 9.23 the next morning to see his brother Hal, the minister, who is recovering at Silver Hill from a nervous strain. We had dinner here (Betty loves Raymond: he and Sandor Vas are the two beings she really delights in; and I like him pretty well, myself) and then, afterward, when the world + the war had been disposed of + Betty seemed tired, he + I adjourned to the Hotel Green + drank whiskey + soda and had what he terms an unbuttoned conversation. Now if it hadn't been so darned unbuttoned, or if I had time to censor it myself, I could pass a lot of things on to you verbatim. But discretion is the better part of friendship.

Anyhow, lest curiosity should eat holes in you, let me tell you that my resultant mood is what is commonly termed philosophical. You know that I believe people should live their own lives, make their own decisions + mistakes, and only if I clearly perceive that a friend is betting against all the ascertainable odds do I venture, as I did in the case of C. R., to suggest that to lose will entail more unhappiness than ought to be borne. Furthermore, I don't feel any proprietary interest in men or women simply because I know them very well or am deeply attached to them. I don't expect them to tell me "all" about themselves, and if they choose to keep certain facts from me, or certain relations, I am content to mind my own business which, God knows, is complicated enough. I could even understand that a man should think, under certain circumstances, that his wife should have a lover or two, - supposing he were all wrapped up in mathematics, let's say, and not sexually demanding, while he knew she needed a fuller sex-life than he could give her. Perhaps he would say 'Go ahead, don't mind me,' or perhaps he would be less complaisant + prefer not to know any identities or details, lest they disturb him imaginatively. While we can always compound with the truth when we have to know it,

It is better for our peace of mind, sometimes, to rely on our near and dear to spare us the whole truth even if it is nothing but the truth.

I think it is a fault in a very lovable man that R. does not realize this, that he pumps hard to get the facts out of the well of friendship, and ~~seeks~~ to provoke confidence rather than wait for it to come in due & natural course. I understand that this could be explained by alleging that we meet with extreme infrequency and that privacy of talk is at a high premium, yet I should reject the explanation. On certain subjects, R. is morbid, generally morbid, socially morbid, but morbid none the less. He doesn't get much out of me, but it amuses me to watch him try. The fact that I was talking to a man partially deaf in a hotel room with the transom open meant that everything I said could have been heard in the corridor & in the adjoining room. So my inclinations to discretion were abetted by circumstance. But Raymond named names and retailed confidential facts, - and may I be forgiven for thinking them bait to lure me into antiphonal responses. I was a little distressed in that he told me several things I'm quite sure I was not expected to know, but there was no stopping him without putting the entente cordiale out of joint. So, as we already said, one can compound with the truth when one has to know what was none of my business. I said as much, but failed to check him. He got a great kick out of hashing it over, and in justice to him I must add that he assumed I was already in the know as far as the essential facts went.

We expect to hear from him soon relative to Cousin Hal. Gordon, Hal's son, is to be married on Wednesday in New Canaan. We've all been invited, & Betty would love to go but has nothing to wear. - Raymond had a photo of Harold's two sons with him. Douglas & Stuart - very Scotch names, and very charming & handsome little fellows. I hope they are far enough from the taint, geneologically speaking, to escape it altogether.

I do a lot of thinking about you, & hope all's well. - Donald

June 7, 1944

Well, the invasion is on, and I'm sending you the first page of reports from the H-T. The country seems to have embarked, under the leadership of the president, upon an orgy of prayer. For pious folk and true believers in religion, that would seem to be a matter of course. For me, I just hope our men are numerous enough and well enough trained, our armaments sufficiently preponderant to ensure picking the pants off Jap + Hun. I presume activity in your area will proceed island by island till after the German surrender, & then we shall go all out. It is significant that our peak of aircraft production seems already to have been passed, and one plant has had a sit-down strike in protest against the termination by the Navy of its contracts with the concern involved. Do the workers actually expect the war to go on forever for their benefit? — I spent most of yesterday cultivating my flower-beds right here on Chapel Place, and putting up a string trellis for my Heavenly Blue Morning Glories to climb up on. — We had a pretty good display of tulips, but I'm vexed with Van Bourgondien Bros. on Long Island. They sent me at least four varieties of tulip which were not true to name. I suppose they had to take unskilled help, but did they have to take dishonest also?

I cannot remember whether I told you that Sandoz Vas had an attack of coronary thrombosis toward the end of ~~April~~ April. He has pulled out of it safely, but that makes three of my immediate personal friends totals 5. I wonder if there's anything in my old friend Kate Chittenden's notion that the exhaust fumes of gasoline motors taken into our lungs in ever-increasing quantities have a destructive effect upon the tissues of the heart? — Ben's poem, which you enclosed recently, seems to me finely felt + well-constructed. I smiled at your mutterings about monotones, but you know very well that words have a fascination for poets like unto harmonic combinations or dissonances for musicians. Some composers nowadays seem to delight in a musical vocabulary of obscenity and profanity, under the impression, apparently, that such sounds express such entities as love and anger in a novel and effective way. The more hideous the acoustical combination, the more passionate they conceive

the utterance to be. — — —

I have been to Ball's Pond in the interim between the previous line & this. I drove up alone, but very keenly imagining how much less alone I should be were you now able to be with me & go along. I do not know of anyone whose absence from these scenes would be more difficult to compensate me for. The hills round Danbury are very green; the leaf growth seems more luxuriant than I remember. The season is early, and the peonies at the farm are in full swing. I walked down to the studio to get some French books to send to the library in N.Y. for French sailors. The blue-eyed grass is thick this year, the wild field-roses are soon to bloom, and the bobolinks rise from under ones feet caroling liquid ecstasy. Our patch of grass behind the hedge is getting full of red maple seedlings. I shall have to take a morning off & clean them out, together with the much larger trees that threaten to overcrowd the hedge itself. The wood of the studio roof is being badly eaten, but I'm not going to fuss about it. The farm is for sale. It was ruined as a residence, a place of peace & quiet, when Dad failed to stop the public bathing nuisance. Now neither Marguerite nor I wants to maintain it. This will be the second summer that it has been vacant, tho I use the green bedroom to change clothes in. If it were possible to keep the cabin & a strip of ground from it to the studio, I'd like that just for sentiment's sake.

You asked in your last about Russian Relief. Opposition, which we rarely encounter, is ideological. We ignore it, feeling that Russia will in time justify the soviet system or else outgrow it. Most give for purely humanitarian reasons, or out of gratitude for Russia's superb military performance. — tout à toi. Donald

June 17, 1944.

It has been hellish hot today, and I've spent much of it packing a carton of books to go to French Relief. It seems that in the ports of the U.S.A. where French sailors occasionally have to spend a few days there is a dearth of reading-matter. Since I have no need of many of my French books, I have sent them off to fill this need. Such a mélange! Everything from La Sainte Bible to L'Amour en Allemagne, - a piece of naughty reporting by Lucien Royer; and from Balzac to Gide. Some of my past enthusiasms seem strange to me now. I once had an idea that Romain Rolland would become an important thinker, tho I sensed early that he was not a great writer. I bought the whole of Jean Christophe and started in on biographical essays and other commentaries which I discovered today uncut! Perhaps there'll be a Rolland admirer in the French navy. If not, there's always the waste-paper collection.

I played at two weddings during the past week, one at St. James's and one at "my" church. At the earlier reception, I got kissed by every bridesmaid, to my consternation. I don't yet know why. Then a quarter of an hour later, along came the maid of honor, a Wellesley graduate who knew a lot about music. "I hear I got gypped," says she to me, and forthwith she grabs me to her bosom and kisses me full on the mouth. When Anne-Virginia Lane gets back from her honeymoon, I'm going to find out why. At the second wedding, I got the time of the ceremony wrong and they had to telephone me from the church, the bride having arrived and promptly gone into a convulsion fit. Luckily I was dressed & whizzed over in my car in time to play the two wedding-marches.

I have just finished Catharine Drinker Bowen's Yankee from Olympus, a life

of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. As to the justice, it omits much, especially after he became a member of the Supreme Court. But in the full-length portraits of his grandfather and father, it gives a bird's-eye view of American history which is graphic and informative. And there are so many deft little digs at Boston and Cambridge that any Harvard man (even those from Boston and Cambridge) can't help chuckling with enjoyment. I sent it up to Raymond + Wilda, certain they'd take to it.

Sun. ~~June~~ ^{June} 18. Well, of all things. Mrs. Bowen's book has been "restricted from publication" by the Armed Services Editions, Inc. along with Charles A. Beard's The Republic. Didn't Yankee from Olympus appear (much abbreviated) in the Reader's Digest? and Beard's book in Life? I judge they are accessible to servicemen, but it seems a little mysterious to prohibit a non-

fiction best-seller, especially one about the Justice, who was one of the greatest men the Republic has ever produced, — one of the less than half-dozen at the top of our American civilization. — The Tribune correspondent (Hubly) is in error in calling the restriction a "ban", + I ~~suspect~~ ^{suspect} Mrs. Bowen was under some misapprehension too, to judge by the enclosed clipping. —

Do you ever see the books put out by the Armed Services Editions? What are they like? — Is there a list of them?

Holmes used to tease Lippmann, Frankfurter, Brady, Littell, the founders of the New Republic. "You young men seem to think that if you sit on the world long enough you will hatch something out. But you're wrong." He called their Washington quarters The House of Truth, + wrote to Pollock, "these young men are so damned solemn." Well Lippmann is still solemn, but I want you to read the enclosure. There is no more important news than the situation he comments upon today.

My love to you always. TP.

July 26, '44

10 TERRACE PLACE DANBURY, CONN.

Dear George: - I'll not make any excuses nor give any reasons for my month or so of silence. You know you are never forgotten.

Betty is so much better in the warm weather that I think we must not spend another winter in the North. But if we go to Florida and board, I must have some source of income. So I've been making inquiries & writing many letters, and have also ^{called} ~~made~~ upon Clark & Brewer to help. I had a letter from Mr. Whiting, former director of the Cleveland museum, who lives in Florida now. He has written of me to Hamilton Holt, the president of Rollins College. Rollins seems to be an agency for civilization. Most other institutions down that way smell of abject mediocrity.

I have told Clark & Brewer, and Pres. Holt also, of course, that I do not expect

to have a permanent appointment, but am willing to fit my capabilities to the needs of the Institution. If a college job is not forthcoming, I think I shall set up a studio in some Southern city and teach English Enunciation to private pupils and to groups. I must talk of this with Morris and with C. B. S. + N. B. C. And I hope to find a chorus to conduct.

I suppose you will be in the navy for a long time yet. Your search for flora is most interesting to hear about and should have value as a contribution to knowledge. I fancy you are the only fellow on your beat who is observing the native plants & their habits. If you could learn to sketch them, you could make a book when the time is ripe. Or perhaps you could find a sketcher to collaborate. At any rate,

members of the armed forces are writing books and are getting them published. If your chief subject doesn't lure you into achieving an opus, perhaps your hobby will.

You said not long ago that you didn't think I knew where you were. Well, you told me definitely where you thought you might be going, and everything fits, including the flora. And why should I be specific? I'm given to understand that letters to the fleet from civilians in the U.S. are not censored. Rider Gruswold, who is in the So. Pacific, is specific on this point. But you have never given me any green light, so I shall continue to be circum-spect and dull.

I think Lippmann's latest, "U.S. War Aims" is his best to date, and a must for anyone who wishes to understand Weltpolitik. I am mailing it to you. It is especially valuable for its analysis of the Wilsonian doctrine and its explanation of why the League of Nations, or any league so constituted, is bound to fail to achieve peace. The style is far superior to Lippmann's earlier journalism, — it is succinct & clear and says its say without passion but with telling emphases. I have not seen Sumner Welles's book, only reviews of it, but he seems to be far less detached than Lippmann, — naturally enough, since he so lately was an active diplomat. I think L. is right, & that we should leave Germany to Russia and the other nations which have been occupied. And the more shooting-up of Germans by Germans which occurs between now and the end of the war, the better.

I am taking advantage of the summer lull to go through the church music library anthem by anthem. The collection represents the taste of only two music-

directors, - J. Frank Goodale, who was in situ for 35 years, and D.T. I've been there 38 months. I've established a morgue. Into it are going all the maudlin stuff and all the sacred musical chromos. It is unbelievable how much church music is trash or garbage. I think my taste is pretty inclusive. I do Gounod without a feeling of nausea, tho Davison puts him in the ash-can along with Stainer, Dykes, & Barnby. But Gounod is a better composer than these, his musical ideas are superior, and his craftsmanship is sometimes delightful. The Sanctus, for example, is a classic. It is baroque, but an excellent thing of its kind. I range from Gounod and Mendelssohn to Bach and William Byrd with an occasional dip to Arthur Sullivan (who after all was a good workman)

or Sir John Goss (who also knew his musical ABC). Mozart, Beethoven, & Haydn can only be used sparingly. ~~This~~ music is early baroque, as Gounod's is late. They go better with lighted altars and elevated hosts & all the trappings of "popery" than they do in my chaste and sober edifice.

The Russians, however, are surprisingly rich in scope, and usually fairly easy to sing. They have the choral sense, that feeling for the proper style suited to human voices that comes from the a cappella tradition. The translations are usually better than is the case with the music of the Roman Church, God alone knows why. But what we need desperately is sacred music written for

choral performance in English by composers schooled in the same a cappella discipline.

You'd be surprised how seldom I get to the farm. The garden is going miserably to weeds. Last year I raised peas there, but this season there has been too much to do in town. I am general over-joy for 11 Chapel St. & for Russian Field, & the afternoon we have in the kitchen is just about driving us nuts. But Tweedy & Biggs still own the farm, and we're a fine mouth to run it, — I'm, I say by name, who seems not to mind the multitudinous baroque too much. — How'd you like some apple sauce made of yellow Transvaal's fresh-picked, with Cayenne & Farm bread & farm butter? He had this for lunch, with black bean soup (kindness of Mr. Caulfield) flavoured with sherry (our own idea). It's good meat we lack most: all else is available.

Love to you, & I hope to hear in a day or so. ID..

Danbury, Aug. 2. — This is hopefully begun as a brithday letter, tho since I've not heard from you in well over a month, you may have been moved to an anchorage much less within hail. — If not, then I hope you've not been run so ragged you've had no energy left at the long day's end. You are so conscientious, you will always do more than your share, and do all of it as right as possible. Bless you, and would there were more like you!

One finds out as soon as one takes hold of a task of organization such as Russian War Relief in Danbury, who are the dependable workers in the community. And who are those who will consent to work, but only if they can have everything their own way. And who are full of fair promises and little accomplishment.

One great problem is the reconciling of Jews and non-Jews. The Jews have a special interest in aiding Russia because the Soviet regime has insisted on treating them fair and square. I have one Jewish chairman (of the committee on household kits) and one co-chairman or associate chairman (of the used-clothing committee). These two women have done a fine job, and are faithful and accomplish much. But I found it politic to make no more appointments from among their people, and to bolster them with Catholics and such. We have had some trouble. A certain Mrs. L. comes into headquarters and says (not in my hearing) "I don't think this organization is being run right. Why don't you have more publicity? Why don't you run a campaign? Why don't you go out and get more workers? The same woman used the Hq. telephone to make

personal calls, rebelled against the No Smoking rule in the workroom, and made herself generally + thoroughly obnoxious, so that even the other Jews lost their tempers with her and told her off. I debated at one time whether to order her off the premises. But a snub or two, judiciously administered, seems to have worked wonders. She is now as meek as her ancestor, Moses, and even complained because I didn't greet her by name "when he knows perfectly well who I am". These are trivia, but someone with an eye on the objective, which is help to Russia, has got to tell people when they're off the target. — Our headquarters is in a store at 282 Main St., on Wooster Sq. near the News office. If it should be rented, we should have to move: that is the scheme, — we may pay for heat, light, + decoration, but we may not pay rent.

Lippmann's book arrived today + goes off to you tomorrow. The July Atlantic was mailed today. It is an especially good number, I think, as was the May. Helen Tift sent for Lasker's book Faith, Reason, & Civilization, apparently a plea for more belief à la Russe in the importance, ~~the~~ the power, the dynamism of the State. I tend to judge it adversely before I have read it, so I will wait to read it before sending you an opinion. I wonder if Raymond + Hilda will swallow this pro-

Raymond wrote again a few days ago, principally to thank us for sending them Bowen's Yankee from Olympia. He says he would like to take a little vacation with me and Abby, flustering things about my philosophy of living. In no philosophy, but he seems to like to pretend that I am! It would take a certain temerity to risk disillusioning him.

I have written to Hamilton Holt at Rollins College, whose reply is cordial, but on whose music faculty there seems to be no vacancy. Mr. Sutton of the Music Division of Clark + Brewer Teachers' College has sent me two suggestions, one for Nashville, Tenn. + one for William + Mary College in Williamsburg. Betty now begs me not to make her go where there are palm trees, the better palm trees. She is ~~the~~ for Williamsburg. So I've written to both Sutton's addressees.

We must go somewhere where we need not keep house. It is much too wasteful of my time and talents. I dread to think of looking it up again, but I'd determined this shall be the last time. We'd like to open furniture store, but we didn't have it in France or in Boston, + we might, I should think, get a considerable amount of cash for it. Not a day goes by without many thoughts of you passing through my mind. Missing Saturday to you, George, + my love. Donald.

Aug. 13, 1944

Dear George:- I have thought much of you today, and hoped my letter reached you in time for its birthday wishes to seem appropriate and not belated. We are sweltering in the worst hot spell I can remember. A thunder shower this afternoon broke the heat-wave for an hour or so, but now it seems to have settled in for the night.

I think the countryside has been remarkably green this summer in view of the paucity of rain. But now the hayfields are brown, and the branches of certain trees have a scorched appearance that betokens drought plus unusual heat. The goldenrod and the Joe Pye weed are in full bloom along the Ball's Pond road. I heard the chewink and the verry in the dell at the New Fairfield town line: strange one hears them nowhere else in the neighborhood of the farm.

The elms hereabouts show the effects of not having been sprayed: along Clapham Ridge they are distressingly sere & brown. Our elms at the farm are not too bad, but the nursery-grown beech-trees have done poorly. Those taken from the fields are flourishing, and so is the mountain-ash & all the new apple-trees. They make quite an effect on the lawn, and they are all full of fruit now. We have had apple-sauce from the yellow Transparents, and the Gravensteins will soon be ready to eat. The larches have stood the summer heat with remarkable resilience, but the Katsura-tree beside the garden has not had water enough and its leaves have shown yellow and some have dropt off.

The garden is still beautiful, although it has not been weeded this season. There is ragweed seven feet high! But the

phlox shows with surprising vividness, and the monkshood makes a purple stripe all down the shady southern side.

The hills are unchanging in contour, and I still think the view as lovely as any I have ever seen, though the shacks of Putnam Lake spoil it a bit. Today it was lost in a heat haze before the storm, and clear and deep blue-green after, with the smell of damp earth in ones nostrils and the rush of far-off streams in the background of ones aural consciousness. I hope we shall have some good days there still: if we could be there alone as I was today, it would not seem strange. But as a home where I ~~could~~ live in contentment, I think it cannot ever serve again.

I went up to the studio earlier in the

week with the janitor of the Danbury Library, who helped me load about 150 books which I am giving to that institution. There was one mouse-nest behind the books on one shelf, and an obviously pregnant she-mouse was deprived of her ~~home~~ by our activities. I expect she is back again by now, but I shall have a time getting in the studio again, as I locked up the key inside when we departed!

The tulip tree and the wild elm have both grown apace, and swamp maples are springing up by the dozen inside the studio hedge. Our sunny corner is under threat from these rampant wildings. I shall try to clear them out as long as we still own the farm. My sunbaths have been few & far-between this season.

As we left, Mr. Myers remarked "I'll bet you've spent many happy days here". They seem probably to have been the happiest I'm likely ever to know. Donald

Sept. 16, 1944

Dear George: - We have just been through a hurricane worse than that of 1938. We had ample warning: the kids were excused from afternoon sessions at school because by noon the storm was off Norfolk and said to be traveling at 30 m.p.h. Danbury was not badly hurt in '38 (I was in Pittsfield for the chamber music), but this time many great and lordly trees were downed. The Japanese larches at the farm were hurt, some being snapped off at the top. I've not been up to view the damage, but shall probably go with Dad tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. The wind at the height of the storm (midnight Thursday) was fearsome. I thought our East windows would shatter with the fragments of branches that hit them like drumsticks. Most of the power wires in this town are above ground, and what with telegraph poles snapping in two & trees falling across electric lines, half the city is still without juice. We are in luck; we had no interruption of light or telephone in this house, but Fairview Ave. still has no electricity. Marg & Jim had a lot of meat put away in a "Deep Freeze" unit: it all had to be rushed to Rider's; - and they have an electric stove with only a two-burner gas auxiliary: no Sunday dinner for them.

I was a month out, wasn't I, reckoning your birthday! ~~But~~ I've no explanation except senile decay of the reckoner. I know perfectly well that it's Sept. 13th - So they tell you you've aged ten years in appearance! Well, as long as you've not aged in spirit, appearances may be allowed to vary with the observer.

This attempt of mine to be chairman of Russian War Relief in Danbury has perhaps kept a better man from running the organization, but I must admit to some joy in having an outlet for my desire to be of ~~some~~ direct help in the total war effort. The Jewish people have been most helpful, & that is true, I understand, all over the country. We tried to keep the local group from getting into the control of any one race or denomination. Now that the first burst of helpfulness is over, and the liberated peoples of western Europe come into accessibility. I anticipate a more difficult task in persuading people to give to Russia. We must widen our scope, and enlarge our personnel. My greatest problem at the moment is to find a clothing chairman who will stick. - I've had three thus far, not one of whom has been

an organizer. Some women are excellent workers, but poor planners, and I've not yet hit upon one who has seen the job of collecting + reconditioning used clothing and seen it whole. I shall have to try the various churches.

The strategy of Eisenhower and his staff becomes clearer as it begins to bear dividends. What is miraculous is the supplying of so numerous an army from beachheads and wrecked harbors. It seems too amazing to be true that we are already attacking the famous, vaulted Westwall and knocking holes in it. It is generally late in October before bad weather comes, and there is nothing like our New England winter except in the Tölgess and the mountains of central Germany, and that not earlier than Dec. 1. We have every chance of meeting the Russians in Berlin by that date.

I got the Atlantic for August mailed to you only today. My aim is to ship you the old ones soon as the new one arrives, but I have many distractions. — You said something in a letter about the fascination the sonnet form held for you. Since then I've been on the lookout for sonnets old or new, but there are few writing good ones today. Do you remember this one? —

I must not think of thee, and tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight!
The thought of thee; — and in the blue heav'n's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
O, dearer than the thousand thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hid'n yet bright,
But it must never, never come in sight, —
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close
each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch
I keep.
When all my bonds I needs must loose
apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes
with the first sleep,
I run! I run! I am gathered to thy heart.

Donald

Oct. 14, 1944

Dear George: - Your letter written the third arrived on the 11th and the records a day or so before that. They are in good time for Betty's birthday, which isn't till the 19th of November. So you are almost as good a date-rememberer as I am! - It is always good to hear from you, especially when you write as if you were contented with occupation & avocation. The fun of doing a thorough job on the ~~plana~~ of your present habitat is a fine outlet for your collecting proclivities. I can just see you busying yourself over buds and blossoms with the assiduity of a honey-seeking bee. Probably you buzz. I only hope Whoops in Washington is duly grateful for your contribution to the knowledge of the subject.

I have no-one with whom to go walking, tho perhaps I might persuade my sister to go. You know, a walking-companion has to be congenial and appreciative of Nature. I can't climb hills fast, but I can get up most of the little ones hereabouts, give me time. I used to walk with Bob and, before him, with Scottie, our two

amiable colliers, but now we can't keep dogs. I'd rather tramp with a good dog than with an uncongenial or an unob-servant mortal. And people who are so full of ideas that they insist on talking a large shore of the tree are a tribulation & a weariness. And so are those who walk to get somewhere and are so intent on the goal, they've no time to stop, look, & listen. — I your guess as to the absence this season of brilliant Fall coloring in the boxes is quite wrong. Perhaps at Coxsackie they had a withering drought this season but not here. We seemed to get rain whenever the water-shortage threatened to be acute, and while water-courses did dry up & farmers' wells ran dry, yet the green of the trees was so dense and vivid as to look verdant all summer. Three recent trips have given me opportunity to see the pageantry of autumn, and I think I have never seen it more glowing with bright and dazzling hues. We drove to Newtown last Sunday on a Russian War Relief errand; I rode in the train to

New York on Monday, and the country between here and Norwalk is richly wooded, as you know. On Friday, Dad, Marguerite & I drove down to see Mother at Dr. Barnes's in Stamford, going & coming via Ridgefield & South Salem. There is no sign of drought along most of this road, tho apparently it had been drier in New Canaan & Stamford than here. The sumacs are like flame, and the woodbine, where it still remains, is like a ribbon of scarlet fire. Against the gray of New England stone walls it is as gay as bunting. I had forgotten that the native dogwood turned such a beautiful 'palest' shade of rose, and I am always astonished at the variety of hues in maple leaves, from the rubies and clarets of the swamp maples to the brilliant clear yellow of the tall forest-maple, which is certainly not all sugar-maple. (Some day I am going to learn the maples!) — A curious phenomenon, I suppose due entirely to soil conditions, is that the hills south of Danbury have evergreens in abundance, especially Moses & Pine Mts., while the hills north, in which you & I have most frequently walked, have surprisingly few. When we bought the farm, there was not a single evergreen visible to the naked eye from any point on the property with the exception of a decrepit cedar on Titicus. Even that cedar is gone now, tho it has sown the southern slope of the hill with a little battalion of younglings. The three cedars west of the house were originally poplars, — i. e. 3 poplars preceded them. If we're not ruthless, the whole south field will be self-sown with cedars from those parents, and with swamp maples from the little wood below the studio.

I am sorry that your old home has had to be sold. I think that both of mine are likely to be, when my father shall have passed on, but I doubt if he will let either go while he lives. The farm is a symbol of his successful business career, and the Terrace Place house is exactly as he wants it, & he'll maintain both, cost what it may. — Of course neither house is the same without my mother. She it was who made them livable for me. She is so wasted away, now, poor darling, your heart would ache to see her. We take her as she is, and she likes to have us come, but sometimes she is very strange and pathetic. I can tell you about her when you come home, but I'd better not try to write about it.

Betty is mourning the death of Milkie. It would seem that we have lost the one leader we had who could be trusted as speaking & acting from deep conviction, not policy. I cannot get any steam up over either F. D. R. or Dewey. I'm completely apathetic about the election, but I incline to favor the Democratic administration for its attempt to do some justice to Labor. I wish there were a Socialist party with good leadership! — Our love and thanks for the records.

Donald

Nov. 12, 1944

Well, the election is over, and I feel that we can go on with considerably more confidence than if we had elected Dewey. Betty and I both finally voted for F. D. R. and for Gov. Baldwin, who is the present Republican incumbent in Hartford. We voted against Sen. Danaher & Rep. Claire Duce; - he's out, but she's in: I suppose so flamboyant a personality is hard to beat. I finally decided that we couldn't afford to educate Mr. Dewey in foreign affairs in the midst of a war, and apparently the country felt the same. In spite of the hatred of business-men all across the land for Roosevelt, in spite of the need of changes in political high-places, in spite of the Fourth Term as contrary to the American Way, - here we are with four more years to go under the grizzled captain. I hope he lasts out! I have taken a dislike to the physiognomy of Sen. Truman.

I'm in a state of nervousness these days, due to having too many irons in the fire. The chorus rehearsals for my Bach cantata are started & going satisfactorily. I have to transpose the opening chorus a whole tone down, but fortunately the original key is C, so every chromatic alteration shows in the notation. I transpose quite easily after I know a piece of music, - one of my few facilities! The recitatives & the two duets which make up the rest of the numbers are not for the average church soloist. I don't know yet whether I can get them sung: that is one of my "irons." The final chorus has a "B" section that is a beauty, Bach thinking about the text "Let not Satan's guile ensnare me."

Russian Relief is troublesome, too, but I'm hopeful now of the help of one or two organizing heads who will work to accomplish our Christmas stint of collecting warm new clothing for children.

We have now heard from several friends in France, - Betty had a letter from Brittany saying that no one had enough to eat (the writer was not French!) and I a postcard from Millot, the chap who did those prints in the west bedroom at the farm. He says "ma santé est encore solide". What he has done these past 4 years he doesn't say, but evidently he had not to leave Paris. From our friends the Parés no word has come.

Be good to yourself, mon vieux, & don't let the willwavs get you.

Donald

13 Dec. '44

Dear George:

If I don't start pretty soon, you'll not have this letter by Christmas, and since I don't seem to have either time or ideas, I doubt if you'll get anything more than a letter. The truth back of most of my shortcomings these days is that I've taken on rather more than I can comfortably swing, but that's my own fault and nothing you should be bothered with. Things were working fairly well till our black Evelyn's husband took it into his head to get drunk and fetch her a blow which bruised and blacked her left eye and broke her left ear-drum. They had been married sixteen years without any serious trouble, and their little girl, Audrey, is five. Evelyn faked us on the day we had invited Teddy & Jean Palmer to Sunday dinner. Betty had to telephone them not to come. I had to insist Evelyn see an eye- and-ear specialist, and even then I was too late to forestall an abscess. Her husband has been working with a railroad repair crew, and I reckon they're a tough lot of blacks. He doesn't look a bad character, — in fact, he looked mighty sheepish the morning after the "incident." I hope he has learned to go easy on alcohol. There are some it changes into devils.

We are getting along all right now that Evelyn's on the job again. My chief worry is whether I can get my singers together for sufficient rehearsal of the ensembles in the cantata. Did you in your Bach Cantata club ever do No. 63 — "Christen, ätzet diesen Tag"? Probably not, since usually you were absent from Boston at Christmas.

The choruses are going well, but I'm having solists from out of town, and they are hard to pair. There are recitatives which can be rehearsed at any time, but the two duets, one for Soprano & Baritone, the other for Alto & Tenor, need work, especially the latter, which has that wonderful light-footed dignity for which Bach knew the secret.

Now about your family: your second family, since there is not one of us but loves you and accepts you as adopted in the clan. Dad sees with greater difficulty all the time; he had all his teeth out in the hope their removal would help: it has not. Other wise he seems quite well for a man in his 80th year who has never been robust.

I saw Mother yesterday in the hospital at Stamford. She is getting much better care there than she did in Hartford. I hope she may soon be taken, as I have a feeling she realizes

enough about her condition to be miserably unhappy when the clear moments come. She says enough to make me fear this. At other times she is simply not recognizably herself, and all the words and thoughts that she kept under from the time she was a little girl come tumbling out in dis-maying volume & clarity. Freud & the rest are certainly right as to their facts, — the only question is whether their books are for the layman. I have always thought not.

The most curious thing to me is the complete absence in Mother's talk of any evidence that religion ever had any influence upon her whatsoever. Certainly I'd not envy the person who should try now to induce her to accept her life as in accordance with the will of God. She'd probably laugh him to scorn. The disintegration, due to the interruption of the supply of blood to the brain by arteriosclerosis, — the disintegration of a beloved personality so brought about is a disillusioning spectacle. I am persuaded by it that individuals do not matter, and that of course we do not individually survive death, — we are much too unimportant as identities or personalities. What matters is our impact upon human life in general, — what we accomplish in the way of adding mankind to a better life, better ways of living, or greater knowledge of the facts of the world in which we have to live, or the making of beautiful things to gladden men's hearts.

Amie is carrying on at 10 Terrace Place; she does most of the actual cooking, Maggie being an indifferent cook, and she is also watchdog. Impossible to open a door or go up or downstairs without evoking the shuffle of her slippered feet and the call "who's that?" She preserves her humor and her goodwill toward me; still, the house is not home without my mother. ~~But~~ Amie occasionally inquires about you, as does Marguerite.

The Biggess, Jim & Marg, are alone in their house. Barbara & Louis Biers live in Windsor with their ~~new~~ six-months-old baby, Elizabeth Tweedy, — familiarly Betsy. They live in a wonderful old 17th century house, formerly a parsonage, & it is by way of becoming quite comfortable & charming. — Peggy and Dick Lovelace are in New Mexico,

he being a lieutenant in the air corps but probably grounded for the duration because of his glass eye. (I don't really know whether it's glass, but his sight was affected by an accident in boyhood.) They'll not be able to get back for Christmas.

Anne has a good job in New York, and Jimmy's in his last year at Deerfield. Large James has an executive job at the Barden Corporation, a government concern occupying the former plant of Twissly Silk Mills.

Helen Rider has the former Kerr house on Deer Hill Ave. Michael Wittemann comes & stays overnight occasionally, which gives the neighbors a great thrill. "I suppose you know she has a man," said Mrs. Gruffing, opposite, to my Cousin Minnie. But ah me! I fear my cousin Helen is still a virgin.

Dec. 16. I had a rehearsal this morning with my soprano & baritone for their duet, with oboe & third principal voice. We got to rewrite the whole thing so that I can play oboe on the Sw. while I do the rest of the accompaniment on the Ch. Not a task I much relish during this last hectic week. I'll try & remember to send you a program. These singers this morning are good musicians both. We got the ensemble feeling by about the third try, and the piece then became good fun. I pray my Alto, whom we not yet heard, will be as good as my Tenor, whom I have.

Your cards reached us yesterday, and as usual you seem to have taken time by the forelock. I found a book I thought you might enjoy, so we sent it along, but I don't expect it to reach you by Christmas. It's too bad you're not time for novels. There's a new one by Dr. Cronin, The Green Years, which I think very human and "full of pity and terror." I'll send you soon a short one by Somerset Maugham (Avon) which is the nearest thing to what passes among the boys for a "French novel" that we ever seen in English, — that is, all the sexual encounters involved are done with sufficient gusto, relish, and corporeal detail to rouse what Mr. Freud refers to as the libido. Don't lend it to your friends who miss their women too much.

Betty is very wrath at Churchill for the moment, and H.G. Wells expresses pretty much what every run-of-the-mill American feels about royalty and power politics. I have great hopes that the State Department, now that it contains the seasoned Grew and the idealistic Macdoish, may put through a policy based on principles that square with our notion of freedom. I don't like what Russia has done in Lithuania, for example, any more than I approve British measures in Athens. I think we've got to hold out for the principle of self-determination, especially in those areas where there's a huge language-group of Finns, Latvians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks or whatever. And even if there is a multiplicity of tongues, - look at Switzerland. The Swiss have an easily defensible country and no sea-coast, which is the reason they were not attacked by the Nazis, - beside, the Nazis no doubt felt that when they'd picked up all the territory surrounding the Alpine republic, it would have to come to terms. But it makes no sense for us to dally with royal houses and fascism, - Franco and Darlan are blot on our escutcheon. I think we should oppose Britain now and throw the whole weight of our superb power, if not of our somewhat impaired prestige, against the setting up of kings + dictators unless such are overwhelmingly desired by the populations concerned.

I'd like to make a magic & spirit you here for Christmas. Since that's not possible, here's my constant and enduring love and friendship: - I am very thankful that you exist. We shall all be thinking of you & wishing you good cheer and contentment.

yours,

Donald

this evening

Nov. 6, 1944.

I had an engagement with Gerard Duberta, a Dutchman born and the local maestro di canto, but we were to have read 4-part music a cappella + the Alto ~~Alto~~ developed laryngitis, so I was called off + I'm free at length + at last to write to you.

What with the changes + chances of domestic help, marketing, dishwashing, + maintaining a supply line from 10 Terrace Place, the war has brought us mainly just humdrum drudgery. Betty is not strong enough to do more than a third of what she used to do. We have a colored woman now, Evelyn Brown, but she is married and has a 6-yr-old child. At the present moment, moreover, she is sick; we've not seen her since last Thursday. Betty had so much food in the house that we've eaten but one meal out, — but the worst has been not knowing whether Evelyn would show up or not; whether to buy food, etc. How we miss the European pensioners! After the war, we hope to go over + live in one + forget + forgo the endless detail of housekeeping. Then perhaps I can get a little music written. I am fed up to the teeth with this harrowing existence + with all this time spent clearing up one meal + getting ready for the next.

I've been out to Rochester since last I wrote, started 2 weeks ago yesterday by going to New York, witnessing the Ballet at the Met, + stopping overnight at the Seymour. Next morning took Empire State + thoroughly enjoyed the ride up the Hudson. Sat beside a talkative woman born in Holland who told me nearly all about herself except her name. At Kingston began to watch opposite shore and admired again the lovely forms of the Catskills. Looked at Coxsackie + regretted again that you should lose your old home. There is nothing to do about such losses but a philosophical, and cherish all the heart-warming memories. You might come with us to Europe after the war; I am sure it would always seem home to me to have you near. You could write your magnum opus and I'd have a studio and write mine. And we'd go see what's left of Holland, + I could show you the million-odd things I have in France.

Well, that is always a nice subject for a day-dream, but the Empire State has now passed Albany. I am in the dining-car, + who should come + sit opposite me but Louis Fischer.

to sell them the house if they wanted to buy it, thinking they might have become attached to it in these eight years.

I had a snack at a nearby chow joint (Cr. S.W. of Oxford + Park) and strolled past 256 Park (wondering what might have happened if I had ever been invited inside of it) en route to 166 No. Goodman, where Sander + Elisabeth were awaiting me. I saw him for the first time since his illness. He looks pale and will be handicapped for a long term yet, - he is teaching just one-third of his former schedule, - but there was no resisting the affection of his greeting. He dissembles his feeling so constantly among the "Barbarians" it is perpetually astonishing - and humbling - to me to have him show so plainly that he cares deeply for me. For me, I suspect, as a part of us, for Betty and I are wired in his heart, because we were, in a way, a Godsend to him when, after being invited to Rochester by the Plingerbergs, he came and found them being bowed out. As a matter of fact, I think they had already gone before school opened. The Vases not having been informed, came to call on them at 14 Arnold Pl., where I discovered them ringing the bell for the street-floor apartment, + took them upstairs to meet Betty + receive such consolation as sympathy for their disaffortment might give. He loved us dearly from that moment on.

I slept that night in an imposing suite at the Sheraton, there being no "singles" available. At breakfast next morning I saw Harold Gleason, + consulted with him, knowing he had recently sold his house on Cobb's Hill. He has recently remarried and was just moving in to his new house, but I didn't inquire particulars, since I am still disgusted, knowing that Marian not only bore him four sons but was indelible in making herself agreeable, for his sake, to Mr. Eastman. As the old nigger-woman said, he must just 'a done los' his taste for her, and it's decidedly their affair, but I don't like it.

I paddled round then in misty-morsty Rochester weather, saw the city clerk, saw my banker, saw Mr. Robert Reilly, whose office Gleason recommended, + with whom I talked selling-price. He recommended 7500 after looking up comparable houses in the vicinity. I then had another hour with Sander + was driven there to the Corner Club

I tell him I think Hewlett Johnson's The Soviet Power is a superb achievement, and he says "Humph, - he only spent 2 weeks in Russia." So then we were off, + I joined him in his parlor-car for an extension of the confabulation. I gather that he is disappointed in Russia; he expected a progressive development of a communistic state, whereas the Russian has become fiercely nationalist and has succumbed to autocratic control in the name of the Socialist Party. His wife has just published a book, My Lives in Russia by Markoosha Fischer, which he counseled me to read. I have now glanced it through. It is the reverse of the picture presented by Hindus in Mother Russia (what a Godawful title, by the way: think of writing a book + calling it Mother America!); everything in Hindus's book is reported as seen with the eyes of hope while Markoosha's eyes are of doubt. Fischer asked me to come + see them in New York, + I think I may go, tho I get tongue-tied in the presence of people who have got set in their opinions and want to tell the world about them. The Soviet Power is a statement of the communist ideal, + by Golly Johnson makes it sound better than Christianity. But I suppose both ideals are essentially unattainable, + the human outcome is compromise and backsliding. Certainly if Christian nations (so-called) are go capitalistic, they ought to be lenient with the departures from principle evident in Soviet Russia.

In Rochester I went to the old Sagamore, now changed to the Sheraton, + saw the Gas + Elec. Co. about my hot-water heater, which I'm going to continue to rent at \$1. per mo. Then I went to the School, where I consulted with Art See about my house, + found Guy Harrison in his office. Guy drove me out to 45 Gorton after I'd had a look at the score in the Bachgesellschaft edition of Cantata 63. (I'm trying to prepare it for Christmas, and you will hear more about it.) Saw Mrs. Porter, who vowed they didn't want to buy the house, - didn't want any more property. When I quoted her later to Herman, he seemed kind of taken aback. I wanted

by Helen Rogers who, it seems, is head + front + back + sides of Russian War Relief in Rochester. She took me to the H.Q. after lunch, at which I was the guest of Nellie Call, + saw again Barbara Duncan + Herbert Stern. Herman Bider had called me up at 11 P.M. the night before + made an appointment for 2.45. He wanted to buy the horse, but when I told him the agent had recommended pricing it at \$500, he said that was more than he could pay, + did not make me an offer. So I jumped into bed for half an hour's rest, jumped into a taxi + was whisked up to Miss Dolmage's where I bought \$5 worth of candy, then to Dr. Avery, the oculist. He examined my eyes and then said my glasses did not allow for the astigmatism of the left eye. (That was the fault of our Danbury oculist who, I fear, is not too good.) He gave me prescriptions, + I left, to pack + tie me to a 6.15 train for Utica.

I reached Utica at 9.30. Berran was lecturing in town + came for me at about 10. with Flora, + we drove out to Clinton. He is radiantly well now, does everything including high diving + swimming. I think he must have been much less nervous, ill than I, though they kept him quiet for about as long. After a light supper and a drink, we went to bed. I think this was the most strenuous day I have put in since my recovery.

We got in a walk next morning to the Glen, + in the afternoon I was shown the stupendous new swimming-pool up at the college. It must be all of 150 ft long and at least half as wide. The boys swim naked and the scene is about as close to ancient Hellas as we can come, tho the odor of chlorine from the foot-trays which form a barrier at the entrance to the locker-room does not suggest anything Platonic. Hamilton seemed very familiar to the eye. I think it was in the spring of '41 that I was last there with Betty + the Vases.

I reached home next night at 7.15 after a day of late train and missed bus, but the Catskills were still there, indigo in the afternoon light, and I discovered a huge new U.S. Disciplinary Barracks, Eastern Branch, a couple of miles S.W. of Poughkeepsie.

My love to you always. — Donald

Jan. 8, 1945

Over a month since your last letter. I ask myself what can have happened, but there is not a thing I can do about it. I'll not surmise. As long as I've no news of you, I'm spared bad news, but if anything has happened that can be called "~~bad~~", I'd prefer to know it and face it. There's always the chance you've got a furlough (do they call them furloughs in the navy) with leave to go to the territorial U.S.A. Maybe you'll be calling me by phone. Anything can happen!

The Bach cantata went off pretty well, tho Dad told me I overbalanced the chorus with too great a volume of organ tone. We had only one rehearsal with organ, & I had no one to sit in the body of the church and tell me how it sounded. The organist, with choir singing in his ears and organ beyond and above on both sides, can tell nothing about the balance. Anyhow, we made a brave try at a great work, and since my head was full of that music all the Christmas season, I was inwardly solaced and preoccupied.

On Christmas day in the morning I drove down to Stamford and sat with Mother while she ate her Christmas dinner. Christmas, however, was not mentioned.

We had Helen Tufts and Polly Pierce here with us, very quietly.

On New Year's Eve Helen Rider asked us up to see Rider Griswold, who is back from the Marianas. We didn't have much chance to talk with him, for Helen had asked practically everyone in town she knew. Betty had gone thinking that only the families related to Rider would be present — even that would have totaled more than 20. The clique became so deafening that we withdrew in less than half an hour. Rider looks bronzed and handsome, tho the Marines haven't taken away his round shoulders. It was strangely moving to me to see him in uniform. He's still got his innocence of eye, — the rough stuff hasn't got into his spirit. He was married in Syracuse to Jean Moorey day before yesterday. I hope he's chosen wisely & that they'll suit one another. We only glimpsed her two summers ago.

A young pianist, late of Vienna, named Walter Hautzig, is going to play the movement from my piano suite entitled On the Green Grass in Town Hall recital next week Wednesday. He wants me to come and "take a bow." I have remonstrated. After one little piece! But it is the only American composition on his program, and he says I should see the piles of stuff he looked through & rejected. I do hate to get up in public and bow. As Mme. Deaux used to say, — "Laissez-moi mourir tranquille".

I miss you very much and I miss hearing from you.
Love from us both. — Donald

13 Jan. '45

It is a relief to hear from you again after so long and so incomprehensible and so unexplained a silence. I'm afraid I must give you true reason for you, - I make it out to be sheer disinclination. You write very good letters when you sit down to the job, but your interest in writing them seems not very great. If you like, you may stop writing me altogether as long as you warn me of the coming silence. What I object to is cessation of communication without sign or signal.

I can't answer you tonight about Russia; - and I'm disinclined to differ with you because I think in the main you have put my opinions so clearly into words that I could not better their expression. I will say that I did not read The Soviet Bower through, and I should not have written as though I was familiar with the book. Rabbi Malino recommended it, and I had good intentions about it, but I was thorough it before I could be thorough. I did read most of Duranty's U.S.S.R. and I dare say it's far more trustworthy.

You know, the Rabbi is one of our more civilized concertgoers. He has been on the Music Centre board for years now, and we value his presence highly. At the last board meeting he taught us to sing the refrains of several Jewish songs from modern Palestine, while he sang the verses.

Sometimes the refrain went on like a "burden" underneath the verse. The Rabbi is an accomplished vocalist, and some of his oriental flourishes were fascinating to my charmed ears. I love embellishments when they're expressive. The Rabbi looks like an Assyrian of the time of Ashurbanipal, without the beard.

I am downright vexed with you for attributing to me in your thought so much vanity, that it should affect my willingness to become acquainted with F.M. You should know me better, you of all people! I had rather expected you to manoeuvre, perhaps unconsciously, to keep us in separate compartments of your life. But since you apparently wish us to meet, here goes, — not, I must add, without some trepidation on my part.

You ask of Helen Tufts. I did not consider her as one of your second family, but if you wish to adopt her, it's understandable. She is living in an apartment on Robinson Av. with Dana's mother, "Belle" Perce, and walks downtown to visit Betty practically every afternoon. The poor dear is almost blind, having developed a cataract on the eye that was not operated upon. She is not one to complain, but she feels she can't afford another operation, at least here in the U.S.A. She can read book-print with astonishing rapidity, but she doesn't navigate easily.

Now I must conclude. Our unshaken love to you.
Donald

14 Feb. '45

Dear Kopp:

If you are curious how your name looks in Russian, there it is! Those spidery symbols are the soft & sounds, O = O and P = R. Russian is simpler than English to pronounce from the written symbols, - "George" has only four letters as against the six necessary in our tongue. But there the simplicity ends. The vocabulary has few words that resemble Latin or Teutonic derivatives, and the grammar is altogether suu generis. We have a class of six faithful neophytes under the tutelage of a fascinating Russian born woman, Tea Ivanova, now married to John Flanagan of Newtown. But I often feel as if I would need to be born again and begin like a baby with 'Mama' & 'Papa' in order to attain anything approaching competence in simple conversation.

I feel that the news from Yalta was as good as it could have been. It was a foregone conclusion that Russia would gobble up Lithuania, Latvia & Estonia, to say nothing of a deep incursion into Poland. One realized that from the tales of refugees escaped from Lithuania. It is credibly reported that all wealthy persons and large landowners in that unhappy land have been exiled to prison camps within Russia, families split up, - it sounds like liquidation in the familiar Nazi manner except that personal brutality was not inflicted. The Russian government is apparently determined on a gleichschaltung of these reluctant peoples as thorough as any Hitler ever planned. I don't like the policy, in fact, I hate it. But Russia has a long & melancholy history of absolutism & I don't suppose she can outgrow it overnight. - I imagine F.D.R. & W.S.C. handled Stalin with asbestos gloves at Yalta.

I am delighted at the use the national herbarium has been able to make of your collection of flora. You must have done a bang-up good job, and deserve to have Washington pat you on the back. I'm also tickled that you've found a sport that pleases you as much as skiing. When you speak of ~~your~~ being too old to master the difficult phases of the technique, it brings me up short, though I suppose when I was forty I should have eschewed folk-dancing, or at least put a curb on my temperament. So I counsel you to be sage, as the French say, and try to keep yourself all in one piece.

We are having the nearest thing to a Siberian winter I can remember. Lots of snow and low temperature. But 'tis the beginning of Lent, so I suppose the bulbs will be poking up any day now. I've gone in for tulips to the extent of my bedding-space, and mowed down grape -

hyacinths + some narcissus from Ball's Pond. It's the most effort for the least effort. Later I'm planning hybrid marigolds of the Wildfire type, since Betty loves them and they make an interesting bouquet.

We are now both confined to the apartment, I with a bronchial cold that has forced the deferment of my lecture on Russian music that was to have occurred tomorrow. Betty has been out but twice since Winter closed in. We tried to go to dinner with friends in Ridgefield, and she had a bad heart-attack when we reached home. Then at New Year's Helen Rider gave an egg-nog party for Rider Griswold, back from the South Pacific, and Betty wanted to see Rider. She has not left the apartment since, the walking has been so dangerous. I forget whether you know Rider. He was married the week following the party. A thoroughly attractive-looking mortal, and I would say quite unimpaired by his campaign with the Marines. Must be unusually well-balloasted to emerge from that crowd of hard guys and still look so fine and clean.

Amie is to be released from the hospital today. Her second cataract (sounds like the Nile) was removed successfully, and Marguerite has gone down to fetch her. I suppose she will have to be fairly inactive for some days still. — Helen Tufts should have a second operation, but she seems disinclined to undergo it. She worries Betty a lot, toddling down town and crossing Wooster Square. She cannot see the signal-lights, no matter what glasses she wears.

When both you and I get to the point of saying, "After all these years I should have thought you knew me well enough" ... etc. etc., it's time for a little serious meditation. I am afraid I tried to tease you, and I should have known better. Please forgive me. You know your friendship means so much to me that my life would be utterly different and less acceptable without it. I can't say here all that wells up in my heart — though I assume my letters may not have to be read before they reach you, still I'm not certain of it — but yours is a unique place within the framework of my human affections, and nobody but you can occupy it.

I am very glad to be able to tell you truthfully that you are mistaken in your judgment of yourself. You're no bungler, and I won't have you doing yourself so grave an injustice. You happened to make two mistakes, from a very strict & exacting point of view, but I think it is truer to say that you had bad luck on those occasions — devilish bad luck the second time. I don't know any more about women than you do, but I had great good fortune. I'm still amazed and everlastingly thankful for my luck.

I have brought home to Ball's Pond a considerable number of friends in my time. I don't consider that my ~~parents~~ parents were ever easy to win the liking of. Mother would like one, Dad another, - or rather it would be more accurate to say that Dad did not dislike certain of them. But both of them united in a rare feeling of attachment for you. Perhaps you never realized how completely unusual it was for Dad to offer you a position in the silk mill. (Had you wanted it you might have made up to him for his disappointment in the way I turned out.) All the people who matter to me have taken to you not because of me, but for your own sake, because of your friendliness and helpfulness and general nice-ness. Just you keep right on being what you are, because you have a certain ensemble of qualities that I'm certain are rarely matched. Bungler indeed! Many average of sympathetic and unsympathetic human qualities (or lovable and unlovable if you prefer) you would certainly stand high on the positive side. So please move yourself speedily off the mowmowers' bench.

I took Frank Mannhermer & Lawrence Perry to the Bohemians, as I planned, and I'm sure Frank liked Larry because he asked him to telephone him; then, realizing afterward that his number is not listed, he wrote me to request me to remedy the error. He is a very urbane, pleasant, amusing person. His note of thanks was charming.

I stayed at the Seymour and had again the big room in the annex you probably remember, with the print of Rembrandt's Syndics, the little picture of trees by a stream, the percussive steam radiators, the family-size bathroom and all the comfortable furniture. What happy celebrations we've had in those ample precincts!

Frank thinks, by the way, that he may have the ideal post-war job lined up for you, and he seems so intelligent and judicious in sizing-up your aptitudes that you might do worse than to give the position careful consideration. He hasn't been specific, but I gather enough to suspect he may have found the sort of job into which you would really fit and would be contented because your talents found full expression in it.

My setting of Cousin Hal Tweedy's text, Out of the Depths, was published this week by H.W. Gray. I'm hoping they'll be encouraged by good sales. I don't think my previous item has "moved".

My love to you. And my ear's to the wire for the next intimation of a shift in your assignment.

Faithfully, Donald

Sat. Feb. no, I guess
it's still Jan. 28, 1945

Dear George: I took Anne to New York today, and left her at the Doctors' Hospital where she will be operated upon for removal of the cataract that has formed on her left eye. The operation will not take place till Tuesday, and she will have the better part of three days in which to rest and do nothing, - a respite of which I think she stands in sore need. As long as she is at Terrace Place, she thinks it her duty to do the cooking and wait on Dad. She is on her feet from morning till near midnight, creaking up & down those stairs, cooking meals, baking cake (of which she herself is inordinately fond), preparing Dad's fruit juice, bathing his eyes; all the while with ears alert to catch the grocery-man or whoever may enter unannounced, like myself. It's seldom I'm able to sneak in without her knowledge.

After I'd seen her safely bestowed, I went & had lunch with Frank, - Mr. Mannheim to you. He opened the front door to me and we climbed the two flights to his rooms. He then offered me a cigarette, & when I declined, he told me that his mother had remarked when he took up smoking: "I should think you were sufficiently feminine without acquiring that habit." This was rather a bizarre start, though I'd already judged from his handwriting and his voice over the telephone that if not a member of la secte des androgynes (the title of a book I glimpsed long ago in a Paris bookshop), he was at least a neophyte. He then offered me sherry and wanted to talk about you, and did, copiously. So I hope your ears burned good & red up there in the Arctic fastnesses. He was not indiscreet, and is genuinely attached to you. He told me how you first met, and later related the full story of the acquisition and initial donning of your naval uniform. Having had but one all-too-brief visit with you since you joined the navy, this tale was only hinted at by you. I was much interested to have it in full. I wonder if by now you have learned enough about the way things are here to feel you could have allowed yourself a little more leeway?

Nothing that we said touched the central personal problem, - in fact, had he veered in that direction, I should have taken the wind right out of his sails. I like people to mind their own business, and I am not curious about what is not my concern.

Asked if ever we had spent a vacation together, I wondered if we had. And what did we do? Well, mostly we walked.

At lunch, which we had at a small restaurant a few blocks away, I did a little questioning, but my questions were about F.M. - career, music now being programmed, the musical world, etc. He seems very assured and determined, - probably a good rock to tie to if for any reason one lacked assurance & determination. He had of course had to develop the thick epidermis of the Jew, but he seems to me to obtrude that rather less than is usual. He is an artist (I assume, tho my final judgment would have to await hearing him play); - certainly and unmistakably a man of the world and worldly; activated first and powerfully by his own self-interest; doubtless capable, if self-interest didn't dissent, of generosity and thoughtful kindness; - intelligent, resourceful, keen at the evaluation of persons & circumstances and how to manage or circumvent them. That's about as far as I can go after a first meeting.

We didn't really get to ideas. I think he is immediately likeable, and I think he liked me, if that's of any importance. At any rate, he has accepted my invitation to attend the next meeting of The Bohemians, which comes on Feb. 5, and at which Maurice Eisenberg & Arthur Balsam are going to play the Brahms f. minor & Cello sonata and Martial Singher is to sing Debussy & Ravel.

The war, thanks to the Navy and the Russians, seems to be moving with fateful speed. We must be nearing the climax, after which let's hope the catastrophe will not long be delayed.

Betty has had a hard week. Evelyn was here four days last week, came on Sunday last, & we've not seen her since. She telephoned to say that her small daughter, Audrey, was afflicted with worms, "and Mr. Tweedy, they keeps risin' up on her." So I suppose we shan't have her back till those worms get set.

I've a 10 o'clock rehearsal tomorrow morning & it's now after midnight, so goodnight to you and our love.

Donald

Jan. 23, 1945.

Dear George: It looks from your recent letter, the letter, the only one in months, that you yearn to make a contribution to what science knows about the flora of the Aleutians, - in fact, I suspect you may be a botanist mangue. Why didn't we find this out sooner? I knew, of course, that flowers interested you, even as you knew that birds interested me, but I never thought you cared for patient collecting & classifying as much as apparently you do. I'm not scientific about birds: it's the songs that charm me, - the singers have only a secondary interest. I'm glad, I rejoice that you have found an avocation you can embrace with enthusiasm (in default of more romantic objects).

Walter Hautzig gave his recital last Wednesday, - I enclose the program. My piece had at least the distinction of being the sole composition by a born American to be played. It seemed very frail and slight after the grandeur of the Brahms & Schubert works. Hautzig had been ill in bed for ten days, had not practised in that time, and was understandably anxious. To be ill on the eve of a New York appearance is a serious psychiatric ordeal. He had a fever and sore and swollen tonsils.

I thought he played remarkably well. I've not heard the Brahms sonata in years. We studied it with Weiskman in college, & Charles Anthony used to play the 2nd & 3d movements. Hautzig has a masterly pair of hands: those huge Broddignagian chords of the 1st movement sounded easy for him. The Schubert is a beautiful work, but the many reiterated appoggi are old-fashioned and take subtlety of touch that H. will acquire later but hasn't yet attained. - Still, it's scarcely fair to judge his capabilities by his performance under so disturbing a handicap. He worked a few miracles of communication despite his condition.

Morris & Frances Kirner went with me. I stayed overnight with Morris. He has a new job with the Blue Network (W. J. Z., N. Y.) and talks of a fabulous salary. So I guess he's doing O. K. He seems very content, & looks stouter.

I had a confabulation with Henri Nosco, who is to conduct the N. B. C. orchestral group that gives our final Music Centre concert of the season. They are to play my Williamsburg suite. I had lunch with Nosco on Wednesday. He is a little Latin Jew, but from his English I found it impossible to place him, so I asked him where he was born. "In Paris, France." "And how long did you live there?" "19 years." "Alors naturellement vous parlez Français." He fell on my neck, almost, and we jabbered French for two mortal hours. He likes the suite more and more the better he knows it, - says he finds it enchanting music, - adds that he doesn't often speak or feel so enthusiastic about American stuff. - The parts are still in Boston; I wrote for them today.

We had our first letter today from Lulu Wile, she who is now la Marchesa Barbi. They were bombed out of their apartment last March but luckily they lost no important furniture. Both have lost kilos - ~

- many kilos, not because they don't eat but because "two years ago (this was dated Nov. 28, '44) started the lack of nourishing foods like butter, eggs, milk, meats, fruit, potatoes, etc. which the Germans sent away." And today "whatever we find nourishing we find in the black market at fearfully high prices. An egg costs 35¢, meat + chicken around \$2.50 a pound, potatoes 35¢ a kilo, and there is no sugar or milk to find, - while salt is very scarce + costs \$2. a kilo on the black market." Golly! there are yet civilians hereabouts who complain of our deprivations! She adds, "The government fell because of dead weight - a useless, inefficient, un-wanted crowd of opportunists, with no will to combat the evils of dishonesty, brigandage, thieving, etc., etc. which are rampant here. I'm coming back to U.S. the first moment possible". Poor Lulu! Nurtured here on the fat of the land, she didn't know the meaning of privation. Well, she knows it now, + I'll wager she's "a sadder + a wiser man".

F.D.R.'s blatantly political appointment of Henry Wallace to be Secy of Commerce is cause for grief among the judicious. This shows the worst side of the president, but I suppose it's the sort of thing that gets politicians where they want to be. And God help the rest of us.

I'm to speak on Russian Music on Feb. 15 in a course given for the League of Women Voters. I'm torn between folk music + that professionally composed. Perhaps I'll end by showing that music of "Russian" characteristics inevitably reflects the music of the folk. This, you remember, was the ruling idea of "The Six". It's a big subject. The task will be to turn + arrange and select illustrations.

I enclose Tinsion's last speech, which seems to me a masterpiece of oratory. The line in it which pleases me most is the one that speaks of the pink and ochre panorama of Athens + the Piraeus. No one turning seen Athens in good weather can fail of astonishment at the startling accuracy of that description. - I deplore Empires + the necessary methods of keeping them alive. Perhaps if we can get to be world-minded, we can do away with the worst features. But sentiment accounts for a lot of strong national feeling. A chap who calls himself Ivan Dmitry has just published a book of photographs of our war-service taken all the way round the earth to China. Our American boys are a lot to be proud of!

My love to you always.

Donald

11 Chapel Place,
Feb. 27, 1945

Dear George: - I'm getting quite exasperated with myself because I have so little patience. Between Betty and Helen my nerves are on edge much of the time. I can stand Betty's fits of wrath and her railing against the nation, the times, the senate, John D. Lewis (she wants him shot and no one has the guts to do it; - oh we can shoot a Lincoln, but when it comes to ridding ourselves of a criminal like Lewis, we haven't the gumption) - those fits I can stand because I make light of them. But Helen Tufts rubs me the wrong way all the time. I get so that I feel that nothing less than striking her would give adequate relief. Yet she is an object to inspire pity. How much she sees with those two bad eyes of hers is hard to determine, but I can pass her on the street without her recognizing me; she knows no one unless they speak. I'm sorry for her, but I can't deal with her. Fortunately I know the hours between which she may be expected to appear at 11 Chapel, and I find it the part of wisdom to be absent for that span of time.

We heard this week from Claude Millot in Paris. His letter was written Nov. 26 - taking three months in transit. He was made to register by the Germans and assigned to a labor group to be transported to Germany. When the day came, he did not report. His mother had fallen very ill and he had no intention of leaving her. He was obliged thereafter to live en cachette - all through last Winter till the Nazis were driven from Paris in the summer. I find I can cable him funds, and have done so. He is the fellow who did those etchings and drawings that are in the West bedroom at the farm. He is now studying painting and says he is making good progress.

I am afraid that our other French friend, Emmanuel Paré, was sent to Germany, because I have heard nothing whatever from him or from his wife. We are very anxious about them, and are making inquiries in every way possible. I have just belthought me of the Rev. Kellogg, formerly rector at St. James's, and now a divisional chaplain. I think he is in France, in which case I can ask him to post an enclosure. But I suppose the European war will be over within the month, - then communication should be easier.

I must apologise for letting you understand that your name exists in Russia. If it existed, it would be spelled as I indicated, but the Russian "George" has two hard G's, made with this character: Г - I'll report more fully, later.

You asked why I sent you the play Winged Victory. I sent it, first because you requested Aron books, but after I'd read it, I thought the picture of youngsters in stiff training which it gives so vividly would be pretty certain to interest you as a dramatized social document. I know you asked specifically for short stories, but Aron seems to be running short of those. You can chuck anything you don't want into the sea, for the duldest men's library. (Or are they "ratings"?)

I drove down to Stamford Sunday afternoon, stopping to see Mother. She was very listless, and seems to have faded considerably in energy during the winter. I hope she may be taken soon. Then I left the car at the station garage & went on into New York by train, having been invited by Erno Balogh to a cocktail party for composers and conductors. The first person I saw was of course Marian Bauer, who never misses a trick. There were many acquaintances there, - Aaron Copland, Douglas Moore, Otto Luening, & Burrill Phillips from Rochester - I talked with him of Sándor Vas, but refrained from saying anything about the rest of the faculty. I met Arthur Lourié whose opera entitled, I think, The Feast during the Plague, was played recently by the B. S. O. One of the amusing bits of the afternoon was to hear Lourié, who is Russian, talking French to Anis Fulerham, who is Armenian. They both have far more facility than I, tho I speak a better French in my halting way. (There's nothing for it, - I must some day live with a French mistress. They say it's the only way to acquire the language.) Balogh wants to find a publisher for my piano suite. He is very insistent about it.

Berran Shute was in New York on a Hamilton quest, interviewing prospective Freshmen. It seems they never admit a student without a personal inspection. He had had two solid days of youngsters and anxious parents, and he was worn out. He had asked me to stay at the Biltmore with him - they have special college rates. So we had a good visit, jabbering about music & education. My love to you always. -
Donald

14 Mar. 1945

Dear George: -

I am using a little old pen of Mother's that seems reluctant to make a mark. I recall now that some of her letters used to be so faint as practically to be illegible. The pen seems to be at fault.

I have just bought Dr. Piffard's "Sight Without Glasses" and I'm going to try what the Long Suring and Blinking will do for me. You never talked much about your foregoing of glasses - at least to me, - but I infer it was Dr. Bates's ideas you got hold of. Have you any advice? My notion is to consult a doctor who is familiar with the Bates theory.

I go down to New York again tomorrow, I bound for the Bohemians + for lunch with Bruno Balogh who seems to want to try and find me a publisher for my Piano Book. We are to talk about that. Perhaps I'll be able to call Mannheim and arrange to lunch with him on Tuesday, if he's free. I've had no chance to call him since a month ago.

In your last letter from Port Townsend, which I reread yesterday, you spoke of having made a will of which you desired me to act as executor. You went on to say that there were certain matters you would explain later at greater length. I replied at the time that of course I should be willing, if I survive you, to do as you desire. I then forgot all about

the explanation that was to have come, & perhaps you did too. Perhaps it wasn't really necessary. I hope that you have fixed things so that everything goes to your mother and Eva, though I'm pretty certain no-one else would desire to create any legal difficulties.

You may have wondered what became of the January Atlantic. Betty insisted on mailing it to some friends in England even before I had had a chance to read it. She wrote immediately to Boston to ask for two extra copies, one of which was to go to you. We have not yet seen them.

I have enjoyed very much Barzun's articles on education in America. Deans within Deans in the Feb. issue is good indeed. In fact, the whole issue is interesting because so many of the articles show us Americans how others see us.

The snow is at last melting away. I took Betty for a little drive this afternoon (on Russian Relief gas) down to Long Ridge and back through Bethel by the West Redding road. South and West slopes of the hills are nearly bare, but the North and East sides are still white. Bull tips are up where the sun shines bright. It won't be long now!

Impatiently, Donald

Mar. 18, 1945

Dear George: -

I write at once in answer to yours of March 13, — which reached me this morning together with an air-mail letter posted in England (London) on the 15th!

The reason for my haste is that I want to make quite sure, before I make other plans, of your ability or inability to join us on our trip East, which will occur late in June, between the 25th and the first week in July. July 1 is a Monday, and I think you wrote that if you changed professions, you would begin work in Washington on a salary then. I do not know precisely when my last exams will be scheduled, nor whether we should be able to pull out of Fort Worth precisely on the 25th.

Tentatively & provisionally our plans are to start about the 25th and go in a general N. E. direction first to Muskogee, Oklahoma, and then through the Ozark Mountains to cross the Mississippi at Cairo, then to Paducah, Ky. and through Lexington to Charleston, W. Va., to Lexington, Va., to Amherst, to Washington.

It is 780 mi. to Paducah, and what we're hoping

Betty says give George lots of love. We're you here, we'd have a post-war.
is that you could start West by train, meet us there, and drive back with us to Washington. If it would in any respect interfere with the assumption of your job, you must turn it down. But if by any jugglery of dates you could manage it, you know we would rather have you with us than anyone else.

I can't begin to tell you how ^{much} your present life puts my mind at ease regarding your career. It seems clear to me that this is what you are cut out for, that you will have a more durably satisfactory existence if you stay on this track. You have not declared for it specifically as yet. But isn't it what you really want?

Your projected trip to St. Louis with a carload of botanists sounds mighty good to me. I hope it turns out to be just as profitable and pleasant as it promises.

I am housed up today with a bad sore throat, which gives me time to write you. I drove over to Dallas yesterday to hear Stravinsky conduct the Dallas symphony, and should not have gone but that I'd promised transportation to one of my colleagues. S. is a good conductor and made the Dallas players sound better than ordinarily they do. He played the Tchaikovsky No. 2, which is orchestrally adroit but musical clap-trap.

Aren't you going to be out of pocket by June? I expect to be a little ahead of the game by then, so if you need cash, you can count on me. Of course, if you join us when we come East, it goes without saying that I pay the bills. — Excuse no politics this time! Donald

16 April, '45

I have lost track of the weeks that have passed since last I was able to write you. I only know they are too many. Meanwhile I have had two letters from you, and the photos you enclosed gave me a vivid idea of the scenery in your region of extinct volcanoes. (There's one active one left, isn't there? on the mainland?)

I suppose the news of the president's death reached you by radio as soon as it did us. The reaction throughout the world is certainly indicative of the respect and regard in which Franklin Roosevelt was generally held. I call it deeply impressive. For 48 hrs. all commercial broadcasting stopped here in the U. S. A. and the networks carried nothing but reports, — the president's death, the reaction of his family & those closest to him, of the world's capitals, of the journey from Warm Springs to Washington, and yesterday to Hyde Park, of the funeral, of the new president whom we shall hear make his first public address at one o'clock this afternoon, — these and tributes from public men everywhere, and musical programs of solemn commemoration. I played the Chopin funeral march at a special service Saturday, and the *Marche funèbre sulla morte d'un eroe* from the

Beethoven's Pte. Sonata Op. 26 at yesterday's service in place of the usual first anthem.

I think we have lost a great leader, and we must all be anxious lest that loss affect the conduct of international affairs, for no American so controlled and managed the direction of our world-relationships, no other had so clear a concept of our influence and our rôle. It seems a pity that both Willkie and F.D.R. should have been taken from us when we needed their vision & their wisdom.

We are having a phenomenally early spring - apple-trees, lilacs, & wisteria in bloom yesterday. We can only pray that frost will not ruin the fruit-crop, for we need all that earth can produce this year as never before.

Amie was deeply pleased to have your letter, and you were a good fellow to write to her. She still is without proper glasses, - but it's her fault for entrusting the prescription to a local eye-man. She has been miserable this past week with intestinal pains, very blue & discouraged. But she is better today and sends you her love.

Things at the farm are blooming, peas planted, daffodils & narcissus flowering in profusion, cold-frame full of vegetable seedlings. I don't have much leisure to get up there, but the place always brings me comfort and joy.

Love to you. - Donald

Apr. 23, 1945

I wish you could see the farm as it has been this past fortnight. The season began with the golden yellow Kaufmann tulips on Good Friday, March 30. Then came the daffodils — the long-trumpeted yellow ones, and then those we distinguish by calling them narcissus — literally many hundreds of these. And from the cherries which were in bloom April 5 to the apples in bloom today and for several days already, the pageant has been swift and phenomenally early. Four hot days in March, and I mean hot, with the mercury up almost to 90° F. brought about this state of things. Peonies have already reached a foot in height, and the early tulips are passing, the first of the Darwins — King Harold, a rich red, — coming into flower yesterday at Chapel Place.

The trees at the farm are at length grown to good size. The flowering crabapples

between house & garage are just as magnificent as that fine specimen in Highland Park used to be, when we were in Rochester. One of those north of the sunken garden wall was too badly damaged in the hurricane to be allowed to survive. One of the Jap. larches lost its top, but is growing a new one. The American larch is superb, and the little field-collected beeches are lovely to look upon as they first leaf out.

Betty and I are enjoying the 2nd volume of Santayana's Persons & Places, delightful to us because we, like the author, are cosmopolitans, we know Boston and its failings and likewise Harvard. We have seen Arika and Athens, Oxford & Dresden. It is a book wise beyond the usual limitations of humanity, and enlivened by a wit which I find very satiric. It gives me the same kind of kick I used to get from Santayana's courses.

We're all girding up our loins for the San Francisco conference. We had two public talks on it here this week. May it prosper! Love, Donald

Apr. 29, '45

Dear George: -

Your post-birthday letter arrived promptly on the 24th. Your letters are welcome whenever they come, & I try not to fret during the intervals. I am a little worried by your tale of multifarious tasks. Is there any particular reason why you should take on more than you can accomplish without nervous strain? — I wish there were some way in which I could help. Could I decipher your notes & dictate them to a typist here, or are they so cryptic and abbreviated that even my long-accustomed eye would be unable to make sense of them? Anyhow, if there's a way to spare you the arduous job of typing them, I'm ready & willing to try it.

I think of you as contented and absorbed by your botanical truant-playing — I have, of course no idea what your professional job is since you were assigned to the Ordnance department. I feel you could tell more if you would, but I don't know.

that it would be a source of comfort + joy to me,
— I only hope that, whatever it may be, it has the
merit of evoking your interest. That you do it
with your usual complete + thorough conscientiousness I make no doubt.

Mannheimer said he had the ideal job for you
all in readiness, or at least, near-readiness
for after the war, and from what he told me, I
should incline to think he has a very just estimate
of your character + abilities. If I were you,
I should look into the matter seriously. And
if it devolves upon you to make your candidacy
for this job known, I hope you'll not neglect to
do it.

He also told me that he plans to urge you to
go to England for a change of scene, — and
a complete rest — before the undertaking of
the job. It's not a bad idea, and if you
can afford the time + the money, it will certainly
add appreciably to your background. It might be a
grand idea to put off putting your books together
till you have some leisure and can do it ~~in~~ in peace. Collect + check
your information on the ground, then retire
to a cave or an English cottage + put

it together with some perspective. Mightn't it be a better book if it were done so, or does time press with insistence?

I have a very strong feeling that you should rid yourself of any complexity of pressures. By all means produce, — it's evident you're doing a needed bit of research, and I rejoice you have the opportunity. But it'll be as good + possibly a better work if you take it easy enough so as to accomplish it without cramming, so to say.

I get fed up occasionally with my fellow-countrymen. Apparently there are millions of us, — mostly men, — who are paunting for the chance to celebrate VE day. Yesterday there was a false report circulated that Germany had surrendered unconditionally. The source was the Associated Press. It had finally to be denied by the president himself. But not before thousands of egg-heads had added themselves in melody. The barbers at the Hotel Green tell me they're deferring repairs till after VE day because they expect the roof to be taken right off the hotel. What fools these mortals be!

How is your mother, and where is she? And what do you hear from Eva? You have not told me whether she is getting better as the years pass. I do not even know whether she is well enough to take a responsible position.

Betty is suffering from lameness in her back, — it seems to be a kind of rheumatic condition, — painful principally when she gets to her feet after a long sit. She is mostly inclined to grin + bear it, since there's no physician hereabouts who is to be trusted, and she won't have the osteopath.

I'm doing Cousin Hal's + my anthem next Sunday, which is an anniversary of the dedication of the (my) church. It works out quite well even for a choir with a shortage of men, and it is more American than I realized. The young people in the choir sing the syncopations more readily than the old.

Lilacs are by, tulips are in their prime. It's a cock-eyed year! My love to you always. Donald

May 6, 1945

Dear George: - The commentators seem to think it won't be much longer in Europe. I feel that the greater test is still ahead. Have we the patience and wisdom & resourcefulness to govern Germany together with the other three nations who divide the task with us? Can we disregard the difference in political ideals between Marxian democracy & Jeffersonian, - or between capitalism and socialism of the Russian '45 brand? It will be one of history's transcendent miracles if we can.

I think the mystery-story writers might all get together & figure out what must have happened to Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler et al. Of course they're carrying out a gigantic hoax - at least. That's what my intuition tells me. A very pretty problem for a super-sleuth.

At last Holland's got some food. I've seen reports that the famine there surpasses any Europe has known for centuries. - When I consider how in our quixotic determination to abide by the laws of the Hague Convention

we have fed our Nazi prisoners as well as we have our own armed forces, I must confess that I hope we'll ship the whole lot of them to Russia, where they'll more likely be treated as they deserve. And when I see the pictures of Dachau & Buchenwald, I feel that nothing less than the extermination of this whole devilish German generation will suffice to expiate such inhumanity. What a people! What a festering cancer in the heart of Europe!

The other day I met one of my old grade-school teachers on Main St. She is Irish and a Roman Catholic. She was one of the best teachers I ever had. She stopped me to remonstrate on my chairmanship of Russian War Relief. "I'm afraid of those people," she said.

The trouble with us is, we didn't fear the Germans. We didn't fear this tendency to madness, this maniacal trait in the entire breed. I do not believe that any other people

in the world could be so easily reduced to barbarism and savagery. It was the world's misfortune, a frightful, ghastly tragedy, for civilization that we could not liberate the evil of Nazism in time to cut off its fanged head.

I hope the experiment in Russia of a state operating on socialist principles may be allowed to continue, though from what I hear of Russian treatment of Lithuanians, Letts, Finns, Estonians, and dissidents in her own midst, I think she needs education in tolerance. It's a grave question. I am far from embracing the Russians. I think we'd better observe them and preserve our attitude of neutrality toward them.

I hope you're having a beautiful spring, with wildflowers & grasses without number, and that you feel well and placid amid your multifarious jobs.
Love, Donald

May 21, 1945.

Dear George: -

I completed this month my fourth year as director of music at the "First Church" here, and in that period I have been absent from the organ bench only three times! Once was when I came to visit you in Boston, - in fact, that was my most recent absence, and that was just two years ago, - it is, I realize with some ruefulness, two years since I have seen you. You had a period of knocking about, but then you received your present assignment. I have been slogging away at the same job and not getting much of anywhere. Trying to keep house in our apartment and to do without adequate help has meant that my energies have been expended largely upon the mechanics of living. If I were coldly able to leave it all to Betty, to expect her to manage that end, just would not work, especially since her attack of angina in November, '43. (Previous sentence a non-sequitur, but I think you'll comprehend without re-writing.)

You were thoughtful and generous to put me in touch with Manihermer. He has left New York now and gone west of the Mississippi. He sent me a note to tell me of his plans. I think he

enjoyed talking to me of you, — and in the couple of visits I made to him, he didn't especially want to talk of aught else. He seems genuinely and deeply attached to you, and to have more worldly wisdom about you than you're apt to have about yourself.

I miss you always, but there's no remedy till you're released from the navy, and we are within the same geographical area once more.

Last winter I made the acquaintance of two fellows who are living together in an old farmhouse they have bought on the north shore of West Lake. Leonard Nersgard is an illustrator of children's books and Alvin Tresselt has been until very recently a window-dresser at Altman's. Nersgard is so busy & so well-paid that Tresselt has lately given up his job and gone in for chicken-raising on the farm. They do all their own domestic labor, as far as I can judge, and have been in the throes of painting the house, inside & out.

I like them both, and find them congenial. Tresselt especially, — he is the younger, —

is full of enthusiasm which he gives voice to with ease and naturalness. A thoroughly unimpaired person, I should say. The last time I was there they had two cats, four kittens, a dog, a parrot, a goat, a bird, and dozens of chickens. It was rather beautiful to see the little white bird run to Tresselt when he called it and permit itself to be borne aloft in his arms and cuddled in his neck.

These fellows are able to talk about birds and out and in with intelligence & discernment. I have tried to talk to them much about politics or the way the world is being run, being sufficiently happy in their familiarity with matters artistic.

We went up to the farm last Friday. I had decided that to let the garden go unfaded another season would finish it, so he gave the delphinium to Marguerite, and allowed the remaining perennials to Tresselt and urged him to look himself. We drove two cars to their farm laden with plants. Nersgard is Jewish, I suppose, but you know that means little to me. He has agreed to help William Fox Selig as chairman of the Book Committee, so I shall probably see a lot of him during the summer.

4 June '45.

Dear George: -

The world seems on the brink of falling to pieces. First Russia gets uppity and secretive and grabs at the Eastern European countries. Then France sends Senegalese troops into Lebanon & Syria, than which nothing could more infuriate the Arabs. The British may be egging the Arabs on; I think it quite likely that Britain is pleased to be called upon to intervene. But De Gaulle strikes me as intransigent à l'outrance, - much too uncompromising to conduct foreign relations with the Big Neighbors who won't tolerate unsettled conditions along their supply routes to the Orient. However, if a thorough discussion of the Arab problem ensues, the flare-up may have been worth while.

You would have been amused to hear Helen Tuftal, who came down Saturday afternoon so disturbed over world-politics that she stood in front of our kitchen sink washing dishes for Betty, the tears welling over and running down her cheeks to an accompaniment of whimpers & snuffles, - the most woe-begone expression on her round little snub-nosed face. She still behaves as though she were six, not sixty.

Betty has caught a terrible cold, - the worst I have ever known her to have, and as luck would have it, our black Evelyn fell the length of a flight of stairs in a new place she's moved to, and "lit" on her ankle. So she's been absent since last Tuesday.

But my choir has reached the end of its season, + from now on I have only Sunday mornings to worry about, till late September.

Our thoughts and our love go to you frequently. We'd like to hear more frequently, but realize you are probably trying to do too many different things.

With my love,

Donald

11 Chapel
June 15.

Dear George: —

It seems to me you are proving that your special qualities, gifts, inclinations, etc. fit you rather for research than for classroom teaching. Research in the laboratory or research in the field. It occurs to me to suggest that if you wrote to Dr. Walker now to ask if there were not a possible opening for you in governmental research after the war, you might get yourself in line for a life you would enjoy & which would give you a vastly greater opportunity to fulfil your own expectations of yourself than to go back to drumming mathematics into the heads of adolescents. Ask for what you want, ask boldly and without self-depreciation, and ask of those who can confidently be expected to help you obtain it. You don't need to blow your own horn, but your navy position is a "point of reference" and your 40-page pamphlet on the

Sept 11
1945

Alaskan flora is another. Then when you get leave and come back to the continental U. S. A., spend some of your time wooing a job for après-guerre.

I find that pheno-barbital - as "luminal" or some other trade name, is an excellent sedative + soporific. If for any reason I stay awake till 1.30 A.M. - which only happens an average of once every 60 days, - I take a tablet and am usually asleep before the clock has struck two. I think if you went to the post physician + told him your symptoms - sleeplessness, fatigue, what-not, - he would prescribe a sedative such as p.-b. I've not found it has the slightest tendency to form a habit, + still have the little bottle I bought about a year ago. Funny, - you used to go to sleep at the drop of a hat.

Since your letter is not particularly private, I'm taking the liberty of sending it on to Raymond to read. I hope you don't mind. He has just written to ask for news of you, but he gives us none of himself.

More next week. Love. Donald

11 Chapel Place
8 July '45

Dear George: -

There is a strike on among the distributors of the N.Y. daily newspapers. Today, Sunday, there is neither Times nor Tribune. I have wondered whether Duffield's news summary in the latter paper would not please you because of its brevity. If you still prefer the more prolix Times, please say so. I should think for keeping up with the news, Duffield could be sent you air-mail. Then I can mail you the entire special-feature section of the Times by regular post. Would you like that?

Evelyn, our black Evelyn, has left us. I don't know whether it was because I paid her only \$2.50 for a 7-hour day (it was really \$15. a week with one day off and a short day Sundays when she came just to get & clear away the dinner) - or whether she just lost interest in us. She gave no notice, and when we went to see her to ask for an explanation, she promised to come again, but failed to show up. She was thoroughly unreliable, and we never could plan to entertain because on the day chosen, she might quite well fail to appear. She told us voluble lies as to why she was absent. But when she did come, she was wonderful, just the kind of person we like our "help" to be,

quiet, courteous, and not a lazy bone in her body; a fairly good cook, a fine laundress for table-linen and such, and not above scrubbing the kitchen linoleum on her hands & knees! Now we've had no one for 15 days, Betty's sick with bladder trouble, and tho we've advertised in the local paper, no one has answered save one woman who would work only from ten to three and wanted \$20. a week. I would pay \$20. to have Evelyn back, but I think she doesn't want to come. You should see me doing K.P. and manipulating the carpet-sweeper! We could eat at the Hotel Green, but we must have someone to clean us up weekly, and I own to an extreme disinclination to make my own bed.

I have received the copy of The Flowers of Island X & am delighted to have it. I've not yet had time in the midst of our domestic difficulties to do more than glance at it, but I can observe that it shows the careful thoroughness that is your chief intellectual virtue, and it is clear and readable. You seem to have fallen, however, for one careless locution common among middle-Westerners, — I notice it also in Ralph Robbins's speech and letters: you write "many of the plants do not have common

English names." I suppose it is fussy to pick out this fault, but the tendency to use the progressive tense in the negative instead of the simple negative ("Many plants have no common English names") annoys me as much as a split infinitive.

The hardbells are in bloom along the roadsides about town. I have never seen them so plentiful. The elder-bushes too have been laden with creamy-white bloom. I have always wanted to make elder-blow wine. Wessgard & I resset have found out how, but say they must now wait till next season. I gave them many perennials from the Ball's Pond garden, especially monkshood, astilbe, & artemisia, their flower-beds being in a shady location. They have given us a kitten. I have named him Mishka. He is at present the life of the apartment, full of the very devil when playing, but very affectionate & responsive, and smart as they make 'em.

We are hearing from more of our friends in France, and distressing letters they are. Some things must have been hard for French people to write — the Russians at Concarneau have no such pride, and from them we get our best idea of how things really are. The Nazis looted systematically every country they occupied, and though France was rich

in 1940, it was pillaged of everything of value that could not be concealed. Holland, Belgium, Denmark, even Northern Italy were practically raided. This means that if there is little fuel this coming winter, people will suffer horribly from their lowered resistance (due to semi-starvation) to cold. A letter from one of Betty's friends this morning tells us that only in bed and with a hot-water-bag under many covers could she succeed in feeling warm last winter. I think that most of all they miss tea, so we include 8 oz. in every food package. We are not allowed to send more than that amount at one time.

I have a notice of a vacancy at Indiana University, but I am disinclined to apply for it. Of all the unattractive regions in the U.S.A. I imagine Indiana bears off the palm. Flatter than a pancake, — moreover Bloomington seems to be about forty miles from Indianapolis. I think I prefer my seclusion at Danbury. Here I'm only an hour & three-quarters from New York. I'd feel more adventurous if the institution were in the South or on either coast.

July 9. Total eclipse of the sun today, & I suspect you were near the path of totality. Did it seem? Love always, Donald

July 22, 1945

Dear George:-

How Ruby is starting for a vacation in Maine; she wants to be remembered to you.

I sent thee late a book of short stories by Pearl Buck, and the Avon Short Story annual, both of which seem to me to be "topping". The story by Maughan in the latter I'd rank with the best Poe or Oscar Wilde for sheer psychic horror, & the Buck opus is masterly. I hope you get 'em. You've not acknowledged all I've sent, not by half, so hereafter I'd better tell you what's on the way, and then you'll know if things fail to reach you. Tomorrow the July Atlantic gets posted.

A feeler came this week from Texas Christian University, which is located at Fort Worth in N. W. Texas, - farther south in the U.S. than I've ever been. - I don't complain of my present existence, but I really belong somewhere in the world of education, and if this institution wants me, I suppose I'd better go. Betty's ready to pull right out tomorrow. - I wonder why they call the place "Christian". Probably some kink in the founder's brain-convolutions.

I've just finished a Sacred Solo, & I hope it doesn't prove there's a kink in mine. It's on a text from the later Isaiah - the one that begins with chapter 40. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. - They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint. - They shall mount up ^{with} wings as eagles." I have changed the order of the lines so as to make the wings the climax, and I return to the beginning with a reiterated "They shall renew their strength." Betty likes the little piece very much. Now I'm taking it over to Marian Anderson to see if it appeals to her, for if she promises to sing it, that gives me a certain leverage with H. W. Gray.

Did I tell you about Mishka, the kitten Leonard Weissgard gave us? The loveliest, ~~most~~ loveliest kitten you could imagine, full of the devil one minute and fast asleep the next. We've already become much attached to him.

I've taken Weissgard & Tresselt on one of our walks, thro the woods at the summit of Pine Hill, and up to the bare rocks above Candlewood, not so bare now because the undergrowth has grown up. We saw a cardinal bird, the first I had ever seen here! With my love, Donald

July 29, 1945

Dear George: -

Hurrah for the British! I'm not forgetting that Churchill is a great political leader, but I think it is time for him to write his memoirs. They will be worth reading.

The trend to the Left in Western Europe is something for us to ponder. It's as well that the New Deal has been conducting a few mildly socialistic experiments. If we had suffered as Europe has, we'd demand more radical changes than seem likely.

Raymond's friend, Harold Laski, seems to be chairman of the Labour party's national executive council. With Bevin, Dalton, + Stafford Cripps it makes a respectable quadrumvirate. I am completely ignorant of Atlas, but the papers will enlighten me this week if I have time to read them.

I've been a long time now without word from you. I think I told you that I sent your last letter to Raymond, since there was nothing private in it. In his reply he agreed with me that your talents should be directed rather within the field of scientific research than within that of education. I have long felt that your temperament was so obviously suited to research in either field or laboratory.

that you must one day come to realize it yourself. If you could put your mathematical knowledge in the service of important research, and labor at the detailed working-out of, - say - new developments in radio-technology, it is my opinion that you would be using your knowledge and gifts to the greater advantage of society than to employ them in teaching college math. You are proving this now in your preoccupation with the flora of the Aleutians, - i.e. you are giving rather convincing evidence of talent for scientific observation & classification.

I think you are a very able man, and I fail to see that your abilities are operating at anything like their possible scope in the teaching profession. There is no reason why you shouldn't teach what you know, but your imparting of knowledge might well be incidental to your real vocation. Your botanical research is the kind of work you should be doing, but it does not employ your mathematical technique. When you withdraw from the navy, I hope you will seek for and find, and be dissatisfied till you do find

your true profession. With Frank and Raymond and me to beg, you can, I hope you won't go back to the old tracks. The navy was a clean break. Make a fresh start when you go back to civilian life. At any rate please begin thinking about it now.

Speaking of flora, I'm sure, our dear man at Ball's Pond, planted some submerged seed I harvested last autumn and was much disappointed in the result. It wants many seeds to be great big whopping golden things. These are Potamogeton, and their productivity is itself no two plants bear exactly the same flower ~~from~~ from the color standpoint. They range from plain yellows to dark mahogany, and some are streaked and striped in most bizarre and decorative patterns. Most are single, and a bouquet or arrangement is charming because of the number and charm of the variations. I'm going to sow seed again. We can idea they'll vary even more.

I had an attack of tachycardiac palpitations last Thursday night, - over three hours of it, and the 'N. B.' finally came & gave me a shot of morphine.

I feel jubilant, because, if I lived through that, I can dare to work my heart occasionally without timidity. It was like having your heart slip suddenly into 1000 gear, and the engine raced like mad. No pain, just nervous apprehension. Today I'm quite normal again, but on Friday I was a wreck.

I know you must be overworking, this being one of your good months for collecting. Hope you're having better weather than has been allotted to us this season. We've had a fantastic amount of heat & rain, — positively tropical.

Dean Whats-his-name has finally decided to meet his candidates in Rochester instead of Cleveland. Probably Hanson will talk him into hiring a Ph.D. from Eastman. I can see our chances evaporating.

Faithfully, & with my steadfast love,
Donald

Aug. 11, 1945

Dear George: -

The news tonight is that the Japanese have ordered "Cease fire." I hope it means the end. Curiously, I feel no elation. We brought them to terms by the use of an invention so deadly that even the much-advertised "war-lords" were convinced of the folly of continuing hostilities. (I have been reading George + Helen Papashvily, and will send the book Anything can happen out to you if you think there's a chance of your being there to receive it. You will chuckle over it and learn much from it.)

I have just returned from Rochester, whither I went to urge my realtors to redoubled efforts, and to meet the Dean of Fine Arts of Texas Christian University. He wants a man of my experience for his rapidly developing music department, tho I think his president is loathe to hire an oldster if he can get a youngster. I should start as Associate Professor of the Literature of Music and Musicology! about

which latter subject I am not learned. But I fancy I can keep abreast if not ahead of any student I am likely to have. You may have to come to Fort Worth to see me, because it looks as tho, if once we go, we'll be tied there hand and foot.

I saw Mr. + Mrs. Vas, he looking very frail and delicate, and she all worn out. They started out on Wednesday for a vacation at Wyoming, N.Y.! I also saw Mrs. Jefferson, looking very hale + hearty, and wishing she might take care of Betty. Had half an hour with Dr. Gleason, who talked less persiflage and more sense than I'd ever heard from him before, — and Arthur See took me to lunch at the Rochester club, where we had a good talk. In fact, I talked so much I was quite hoarse at the end of my visit.

I never go up or down the Hudson without thinking intently of you. The purple loosestrife spreads an amazingly colorful growth in low ground all the way to Rochester. The Catskills were beautiful. I shall hate leaving this country for any destination but Paris! Love. Donald

11 Chapel Pl.

Aug. 13, 1945

Dear George: -

Today or at latest tomorrow this devilish war will be over, and today or tomorrow I expect to hear from Texas. Of course I shall let you know immediately if we are to go out there. We should be due there in 2 weeks' time. Classes start on Aug. 29.

The purpose of this note is to urge you not to delay till your superiors choose to return you to the U. S. A. but to make whatever formal application is needful as soon as V. J. - day is officially designated. If you need justification, it is that you are still a member of the faculty at E. Lansing, & the "duration" having terminated, your responsibilities to the Navy should not be unduly protracted.

I lost a lot of time at the close of the last war. I should have applied for release immediately in November, 1918, gone to Paris & studied. Instead, I wasted my time flitting in "casual" assignments.

My real counsel to you is to reflect seriously on what you are best fitted to do, and then move heaven and earth till you get into a position to do it. Above all, don't delay now. Now is the time for the scramble to begin, and you want to be back in the continental U. S. A. and free to hunt a good position.

The other day I came upon my copy of the letter
I wrote the navy in support of your application for
a commission. I most certainly gave you a character!
And I can do it again if need be.

I hope you'll not fuss and worry about those
botanical cards in the Allocations. You've done your
duty in that respect, and I guess it was good fun
since it has kept you too busy to correspond with
your friends much.

My love to you always. —

Donald

The

Sept. 1, 1945

BLACKSTONE Fort Worth's Hotel of Distinction
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Dear George: - My fountain pen is in the hospital so I'm obliged to make a hotel not do my correspondence.

As you observe from the heading, we have come to Ft. Worth. Whether it will prove worth the trouble and the uprooting is still very much in doubt, also whether I can stand the place. It is hot as Egypt here just now and the streets are like ovens for broiling. I am asked to teach in a bedroom of yowls from singers, blue notes from trombones, fragments of Chopin etudes from pianos, the everlasting and sempiternal Mendelssohn Concerto from violinists, in a building never designed for music which after the sound-proof Eastman School or the isolation (achieved after years of endeavor) of the music classroom at Hamilton college, seems to me bitterly hard to bear. If I come away from here sane, it will be something of a major miracle.

The Ridd & the faculty are mostly nice friendly folk & I like them.

Before the war the proportion of men to women students was about 50-50. I should say that it is now about 50-150 or one in three. The men are serious, as they were at E. S. M. The women are less so, and some seem to be definitely below proper collegiate standards. But I'm determined to take them as I find them, - and hope to leave them at least a stage farther along on the road to musical learning.

Fred Gerlach, Charles's cousin, who once tried to teach Mother to drive, drove us from Danbury to Ft. Worth. I lolled in the back seat like a plutocrat. Fred is an A-1 youngster (he is 32, with a wife and two boys) and short of having you to drive us, I can't imagine anyone who could have been more cheerful, even-tempered, thoughtful and in tune with us. He wrote us, upon leaving for New York by plane, that we had both treated him as if he were our son. He wrote "I just hate to leave both of you". So there's an American born & raised in Danbury whom I can remind B. when she gets on her high horse & curses the place.

Cynthia, Harold Tweedy's wife, who has been ill of an incurable disease, died the 19th of this month. Raymond writes "Harold is a brave and wonderful fellow; tho it may not sound modest for me to say it too loudly." Raymond went to Washington to be with Harold, & Cynthia was buried there. I feel bad for Harold. I've known him since my Cleveland days, and I grieve with him for Cynthia's loss.

The two boys are at Drunstable, Mass., & Raymond brought Harold back with him to be with them for a little before returning to his work.

We left Danbury at noon the 22d of August. We had heard the news of ^{my} ~~our~~ appointment only on VJ day - the 14th - and we had just a week to get packed and leave. Somehow we did it, tho so hurriedly that we don't know now where we packed some rather necessary articles.

Helmi tried to help us, & Evelyn came for 3 days & did a grand job. All the furniture went to storage with Cohen & Powell at 33 Olive St., New Haven. They packed all the pictures and china. The piano went to Marguerite.

We spent the last night, Betty at Marguerite's, (where Jim carried her upstairs) and I at 10 Terrace Place. It was comic the next morning, because they started in to oil the streets and we hadn't quite everything from 11 Chapel. But we finally got off at noon and made Harrisburg that evening; Front Royal, Va., the next; Bristol, Va. Friday; Nashville, Tenn. Saturday; Little Rock, Ark. Sunday; Greenville, Tex. Monday; and arrived here Tuesday morning at 10.30. I loved the trip as long as we were in the hills, and the Mississippi Valley is astonishingly fertile. I never saw cotton growing before; now I've seen hundreds of acres. Danbury to Ft. Worth 1792 miles. We had reckoned on 1800.

1792 Betty stood the trip remarkably well, & I am fine. Love to you from her & me. Donald

Sept. 2, 1945

Dear George: -

This is really an annex to my letter dated yesterday. I went out after writing it + found the Fahrenheit thermometer standing at 102°. That was at 6:45 P.M. and at 10:45 I went out to telegraph home for them to send out our electric fan by express. Nobody told me Texas was this hot. It may, of course, last all September. The Blackstone is air-conditioned, else we could not sleep. We have not yet found a suitable place to live.

I pause at what you say of dependancy. If that means Con, I suppose it is technically + legally true but I hope she's decent enough not to accept any part of your earnings. Do not tell me the contrary: it would infuriate me, + I can't stand fury in this heat.

Betty doesn't look well. She's been suffering from a bladder inflammation. The heat is less hard on her than I'd have thought, + it keeps her quiet, which is good for her. We've found a physician, former student under Hugh Cabot at Michigan, who ought to be good.

With regard to your future, I share your predilection for solitude + mountains. I hope Fate will work out a way for us to be near each other in mountain country and without the pressure + distraction of city life amid many people all bent on making money. There isn't a hill in this city higher than Terrace Place, and the nearest mountains are 24 hours' journey to the West - by train. The university group here has been working on war-schedule, + so shall I, - classes at 9 + at 10 six mornings a week, and at 11 on M. W. F. Beside two tutoring jobs. Fun, ha?

Come here by air as soon as ever you reach the U.S.A. again. If I saw you now, I think I'd cry for joy, I so much need your counsel and the sustenance of your friendly presence. With love always, Donald

The

BLACKSTONE Fort Worth's Hotel of Distinction
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Sept. 8, 1945

Dear Georgie - Borgia Pudding + Pie

Qu'on disait les filles et les faisait pleurer —

Pretty late for a birthday note, but maybe it will reach you not too long after you're — I forget how old — but I was never, even in that first summer at Ball's Pond, conscious of the difference in our ages. And now you've been catching up on me in the wisdom + the woe of years, you're probably wiser than I, though I hope not more woeful.

I've thrown a pretty good bluff since I arrived here. Out at the college they seem to think me a merry cuss. I remember very vividly my mistakes at Eastman, where for the most part the youngsters found me severe and not too friendly, quick to reprove and slow to praise. So here I've resolved to be friendly first, and worry about the standard of scholastic achievement a good bit later.

You are constantly in my thoughts (when I've time to think) and I wish you a year with the truest happiness in store for you that you have yet known. I hope it brings us together, if only for a brief visit. That would bring me great happiness.

Betty joins me in affectionate thoughts and birthday good-wishes. Yours, Donald