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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. 23, 1945.

Dear George:

Answering a query in your letter of Sept. 7, - the "train of events" which brought us here started 2 winters ago when Betty was so crippled with angina. Her doctor seemed to think she ought not to continue to live out our severe winters. So I registered with the Clark-Brewer agency. The first season I was referred to William & Mary in Williamsburg - from which place I received no reply - and to a place in Tennessee, but they wanted a Ph.D. We must go South or to the West coast. Fort Worth was the next counter to turn up in either of those localities or regions, so here we are. I had an interview in Rochester with the dean of the School of Fine Arts (mostly Music), and he chose me rather than a younger man with a doctorate. *Hinc illae lacrimae* - my Latin is rusty. I suspect it was on Gleason's endorsement that I received the appointment, for I know Dean McCorkle saw him and I do not know that he saw the Big Shot, the perfidious Swede.

I think I told you that I am giving three courses, two of which meet on a war-trimester schedule of 6 days a week. This continues till November,

when we get back to pre-war semesters which run $3\frac{1}{2}$ months each to the end of next June, without long recesses. The third course meets on a civilized basis 3x per week. I have, beside, one counterpoint tutor, and one man writing a symphony for his M. Mus.

The college is growing fast, tho it must begin soon to attract students outside Ft. Worth and outside Texas in order to achieve academic recognition. But the youngsters here are like youngsters everywhere, and there is plenty of opportunity to be useful. If only I had more time for preparation and then for study! This meeting them every day is wearing on both teacher + student, and is fair to neither.

I have been sleeping stark naked for the last three nights - something I never have to do at home - and not even a sheet over me. Betty sits in front of the electric fan all day and sleeps with it aimed at her bed all night. We had a No'ther (properly No'ther) last week which gave us a couple of cool days, but the sun reassured itself right smart thereafter. If I had known Texas was like this till November, I'd have thought twice about coming. It begins again in June.

Now as to your possible visit, we want you to come, but warn you that unless you come en route to the East, it's an expensive trip. Ft. Worth is almost exactly halfway across the continent from, say, Charleston S.C. to San Diego, Calif. - The best solution would be for you to come here next June and drive back with us. We'd plan to

return via the Great Smokies, and once in eastern Tennessee (24 hours' drive - I don't mean that, but) 2 days' drive away, we'd be reasonably comfortable, and able to take the rest of the trip in a leisurely fashion. If, as I anticipate, you and the Service are to be divorced somewhere east of Minnesota + north of the Mason-Dixon line, and if the separation doesn't occur till next spring, you might well wait till the end of June, fly out to Ft. Worth, + help us drive East. My work would be over then and I could give you an undivided mind.

I might, if the railroads are less crowded by then, send Betty back East earlier. Certainly I shall try to do so if Helen comes down to spend part of the winter here, - tho how she's to make the trip with her poor eyesight, I can't imagine.

The plane-fare here from New York is about \$75.00. So, as I've said, we hope you'll be on your way from your Pacific port, or else that you can time your visit so that we can drive back together.

We shall probably visit San Antonio at Christmas, and Colorado at Easter, the latter by train, the former by car. To get back East save for an emergency, is impossible before next July.

Barbara had her second daughter on Tuesday the 18th and Dad was 80 yesterday. Bob's had had a serious operation, - one ovary got twisted upon itself three times and began to putrefy - surgeon had to operate to find this out, X-Rays were inconclusive - this only about three weeks ago. Baby came about a month ahead of time, but both she + Bob's survived + are doing well.

We had to pack + leave Danbury so hurriedly that we hadn't time to pack methodically + with due regard for all the things we might need. I found Betty took me literally to mean that we would "board," so she brought no cooking utensils nor cutlery and we've had actually to buy some in order to get our own breakfasts. We go to a cafeteria for lunch + the evening meal. The "help" question down here is dependent on those the natives call "niggahs," + they're at a premium if they're any good. I'm going to take plenty of time making up my mind about T.C.U. and Ft. Worth, - we got 9 months at least. In them I shall undoubtedly reach a decision. - Much, much love to you from us both. - Donald

Oct. 8, 1945

Dear George: —

Just in case you're held up in Kodiak!
This is a reply to your letter stamped Oct. 5 and telling of your departure from Atta, and of the regret you felt thereat. It was an uprooting. It would have been easier had you been headed for a specific post, as I was in coming here. I can feel with you the nostalgia for a place so well known & so well loved.

With regard to your mother, I feel that you have already appraised the situation justly. You know yourself & you know her, and you know that you are not made for her world. So I think there can be only one decision possible. Help her all you can, but choose to live out of her orbit.

I don't think you should spend the money to come here for a visit merely, and as for my counsel, I can write you reams of it! But I certainly should go to Washington, to your man at the Smithsonian. He might have a job of botanical research for you. If you are free to come next July 1 and help us drive back, then I shall rejoice and be exceedingly glad.

Love from Betty & love from me. Donald

Nov. 5, 1945.

Dear George: -

Your letter from Denver reporting on Boulder, reached us this afternoon. We were happy to have it: we have both missed you so much that we have talked of you frequently since you left, so that we might feel your presence in our speech tho we were deprived of it in actuality.

Now, about Boulder, - for I have't time to be prolix tonight: I teach three classes in succession tomorrow morning. - I take it you feel you are not qualified to do research in Mathematics. If you feel you are, or know you are competent, I must say that you might have pushed yourself a little with Prof. Hempner. If ever a man had every essential tempera-
mental quality and the habits of painstaking procedure that a good research scientist should have, you are that man. If you have never done mathematical research, does that disqualify you? I think you might have asked

for a trial, at least if they find no other man who exactly fills these requirements. But you are you, and you and I have this trait in common: we are averse to playing fanfares in celebration of our own prowess. I am completely ignorant of what math. research concerns itself with, but I'd bet on you to emerge from the hunt wagging your tail and gripping the right answer between your teeth.

When you see Frank, you may find that he has very definite ideas what you should do and how you should go about it: he had, the day last Winter we had lunch together.

On my part, I think you have a pronounced talent for Botany, which would keep you in the open where you love to be. I understand the Navy might finance your Ph.D. in Botany. Is there any chance? If so, I think you might well take it.

At any rate, I should put off all decisions till I had unpacked my Attn collection and checked it with your Smithsonian man. I just have a notion that something agreeable may come of that meeting.

The best thing I have to report is my class in Orientalism in Church Music, in which 17 have registered including the pastor of a church in Dallas. We started them in reading Davison's Protestant Church Music in America just for the awakening effect it will have. Since several know nothing whatever about music, I shall have to spend a few weeks on rudiments. But I look forward with some zest to giving this group a notion of what church music ought to be.

I heard today from H. W. Gray that they will publish They That Wait upon the Lord. I replied telling them to go ahead on the usual royalty basis provided they were willing to rebrew it two years from publication. I have a hope this thing will sell.

Please remember us both cordially to your mother. We send you the assurance, asseverated and reiterated, of the real comfort your friendly presence brought us. It was good to have you here.

Blessings on you. - Donald

Fri Evg.
Nov. 16, 1945

Dear George: —

I had intended to write and tell you what Amie said when I told her of your intention to visit Danbury, but by now you will have seen her. I only hope, since you said you were stopping for lunch, that you gave them forewarning, because Dad usually goes to the Hotel Green. I'm very happy that you could go, and I'm sure they were more than glad to get first-hand news of their errant relatives. Also I'm willing to wager that Helen Tufts burst into tears when she saw you, — if she saw you. Since they've no 'phone, you would have had to make a personal visit. Were you shocked at the change in H.T.'s appearance? — You know, mon cher ami, it is still not quite clear to me why Betty was so insistent upon pulling up stakes and quitting Danbury. For, believe me, it was she who engineered the change. Yes, I know that, if I was ever to return to teaching, it was imperative that I make a start before all my teeth fell out, but we

Of course I'd much like to hear how you found them at Terrace Pt. had a sufficient little salary, — I had some few good pupils, — and I liked my city and was interested in working for it. We had our own home, with a piano in it. I had a choir, and was happy directing it. And I wrote music now and again which seems slowly to be getting published.

I'm not a big man, as the world evaluates stature or as I evaluate it myself, and I'd have been quite content to stay put among my Connecticut hills.

Then Betty had her own "tackle" to do with; we knew the community; and her sister had come to Danbury to be near her. (For a while, as you know, Helen lived in the same house.) Yet she was possessed to pull up roots and get us transplanted, the farther away, apparently, the better.

Well, it's all done now, but I don't like it. I feel uncomfortable here, ill at ease. You know I don't get despondent, but I can't

seem to settle down and be philosophical about it. Betty hated Rochester, and she dislikes Fort Worth as much as I do. But the truth is she's never suited save in France, and I don't know that she'd like it there now that the war has changed conditions so drastically.

Your idea that I should see the C. P. A. about our exorbitant rent was carried out, but I felt that it would be unfriendly to my landlady to take the matter very far without talking it over with her. There's where I made my mistake. She told me plainly and brusquely that the rent was just as it was set by the C. P. A., that that was what she could get, that was what she was authorized to charge, and if that was not satisfactory to me, I could move elsewhere. In fact, a red rag to a bull, the bull being me. I said that I would not leave this matter till I had got a just rent fixt that bore some relation to the accommodation furnished, but I was so indignant that I had an attack of tachycardia that lasted

And all wages you drove to the farm and had a good look at our
hills.

twelve hours. I was most certainly not cut out to discuss "business" with people whose only thought is the quantity of money they can squeeze out of a tenant or a purchaser.

Day before yesterday there came a letter from C. E. Lutton of the Clarke - Brewer Teachers' Agency beginning thus:

"I wonder if Boulder, Colorado wouldn't be a very attractive location. Mr. Rowland Dunham of the University of Colorado is looking for a musicologist. He has the "green light" from the administration to find a man who would be interested in selling music to the general student body, not to the school of music people especially, but to the general students, — and also to intensive musicological work with the school of music people. They have turned over the music library to the music school, and he wants someone who can lecture to the general student body and interest them in listening to music, — not the routine appreciation courses that are so annoying, but a different approach to music."

I had taken down Dunham's name from the U. of Colo. catalogue but had not yet

written him. This is, in view of your desire to go to Boulder, a surprising coincidence. — I've written Dunham but there's not yet been time for a reply.

I left off my carapace last Sunday, and today I shouldn't know I had had a lame back. Not that I'm planning to do folk dancing or anything strenuous, but I can walk and bend freely now. I have to make an effort to remember to be careful.

Before I close, had you ever thought of Chapel Hill, — the University of North Carolina? That is in beautiful country, and not so desperately far from our native heath. I am writing to the music department there, — just as another possible string to my bow. — But perhaps after seeing Frank, you will have given up all thought of teaching. I hope you remembered me to him. — Please give my best wishes to your mother.

We both love you, and you are present so often in my thoughts, you seem very near.
Donald

I hope you picked up some good hats at Mallory's.

Nov. 18, 1945

Dear George: —

This is a chaser, just to convey my blessings and thanks for your thought of us in sending Section II of last Sunday's H.-T., which I have just read.

Now, don't you buy the Times for yourself? Section II. of the latter organ would be completely satisfactory to us, so don't you go purchasing two papers.

Furthermore, we have today met a Mr. + Mrs. Sells, — he is a retired Commissioner for Indian Territory and has a house full of beautiful baskets and vases, — and they sang us the praises of the Chicago Sun. We are inspecting a copy of that newspaper now, + may decide to subscribe. It reaches Fort Worth in two days from date of issue. It's the Marshall Field paper, as doubtless you know, and contains the special articles of Lippmann, Welles, and others we like.

Did you hear the B. S. O. Saturday night? We were much disappointed in the Prokofiev, which is small-scale stuff and is best when content to be such, as in the second movement. The "Classical" symphony is far better music, to my taste. I hear, in the new work, that the

composer has lost none of his craftsmanship, but he cannot build a craft ~~substantive~~ ~~thing~~ that will carry the listener more than a few pages. The detail is often charming, — the interweaving arabesques of sound frequently delightful, — Perhaps no other composer now writing has ~~so~~ ^{so} acute a sense of the happy interweaving of the voice-strings in the orchestral fabric; yet, when it is all woven and complete, it appears as patchwork. The thing has no grand line.

The contrast between Walter Piston, this afternoon, and Albeniz who followed him, was a lesson in the difference between the presence and absence of a creative gift for music. I shall not elucidate. We were glad to hear the Beethoven concerto again, & I thought the orchestra did itself proud therein.

Tomorrow is Betty's birthday, and we had much ado to assemble a few gifts to greet her at breakfast. But I think we managed to smuggle them in without her knowing.

They've finally put in the shelves in my office, and I wish you were here to help me arrange my books and music. But I wish you were here 24 hours of every day, anyway, so what the Hell!

Donald

Donald N. Cweedy
2615 Lockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

21 Dec. '45

Dear George: —

A Merry Christmas to you from our hearts, and we hope the New Year will bring something extra-special nice into your life just because we know you deserve it. If I told you how much I miss you, you wouldn't believe me, — you'd charge exaggeration. Families have to bear separation, and if ever two human beings had reason to feel that they belonged together in a close relationship, you and I have it. You have never been with me at Christmas, so I don't feel any extra pull or ache at this season, just the usual sore place.

— * I did receive your note-book, and most certainly thought I had acknowledged it, but perhaps it didn't arrive before my last brief letter was mailed. I looked at it with wonder & dismay. I think the best thing Penny did for you was to see that you read Wells's Outline of History. As for the symbolism and the groupings of subjects by words beginning with the same letter, what sense tomfoolery! Did you ever get to the consideration of musical masterpieces themselves? I see no evidence of that in these notes, tho you seem to have been talked to about the music of the

Bible, of ancient Assyria, Greece, etc. — as if the times of which there are no reliable extant examples were of special concern.

I have had two letters from Professor Dunham at Boulder. In his first he enclosed a circular advertising his department, and on it I saw the name of Gordon Kinney, who was at the E. S. M. in 1928. Since Kinney ~~was~~ teaching 'Cello & String Bass, — and was studying these at Eastman — I felt it must be the man I knew there. I wrote to Prof. Dunham, telling him he had in his own back yard a source of information about me, & he replied that Gordon remembered me well, tho I never had him as a pupil. Sutton sent him my dossier, so now he can pick me from among his candidates if he wants me.

Meanwhile, we had a letter from Prof. Glen Haydon at the Univ. of N. Carolina saying there was not at present an opening for me there, but adding that he knew and admired my harmony book, and would keep me in mind if a suitable vacancy occurred.

As a matter of fact, I'm sailing under a false flag as a "musicologist." My special interests in teaching, my subjects, are theory and musical form. You will remember I didn't teach history at E. S. M. till G. B. P. went to the hospital. Now I'm

Donald N. Tweedy
2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

giving two courses in history, and my tendency is to make them both courses in form. I am not an extrovert, + I haven't the gift o' gab. I am not such a persuasive talker about music that I could desire in a student to go and find out what this or that work is like. But I want my students to know their sonatas, symphonies, songs, — know how they're made, — be able to hum their important themes — it's not knowledge about music I'd have them acquire, — not beyond being able to place a work in its period and in the artistic development of its composer: but I want them to know the actual music itself. I regard all collateral information as to the woman the composer loved or married, the prizes or honors he won, his reception by contemporary critics, the positions he held, and even the conditions under which he worked, as secondary, — sometimes so remotely secondary as to be negligible. This is a clear recipe for not being a musicologist.

I have decided that unless an offer comes to teach elsewhere, I might as well plan to remain here, as far as the job is concerned. I do not see any likelihood in the South of definite betterment. I shall remain registered with Clark

+ Brewer, since they specialize in music, or have a special music department.

The housing situation is a momentous factor, however, and I am going to tell McCorkle frankly that if we have to exist in similar circumstances next year, we shall make no agreement to continue here. Fort Worth is in the same boat with almost every other city in the country, — even little Danbury, — but all the same, the job is not worth to me the expenditure of money and the sacrifice of comfort + convenience. We never had to live like this before, — in Rochester we were well-housed on Ormold Park, you remember, before we bought the Gorton Place house — and Betty must be where things are easy for her.

The college is doing its best to find us other quarters. — I went to see a place this afternoon, but we should have to live with the owner in the house, and we prize our independence. In Paris, it was Helen who hobnobbed with the other pensionnaires at 5 rue Honore' Chevalier; Betty + I spent nearly every evening together in our room, and in Biarritz we had two rooms communicating + retired to them directly after dinner. We like each others' company, and I can think of but one other person whom we could agree to admit day in and day out into close association, — c'est toi, mon cher ami.

Last Sunday's Times resume' of news was most welcome. If you could send the whole section II by ordinary post in a brown paper envelope, it would be avidly devoured by us both. It's delay would not be important, considering that we do hear the news "highlights" daily, and Raymond Swing. Do you ever listen to Cesar Saerchinger at 11.15 on Sunday evenings? We have him at 10.15 here, and find him most informative, tho he has a bad voice for broadcasting.

I will return your Penny notes if you want them back, though I'd like to copy a page or two of the "tabular views" as a psychological curiosity.

Your news of Danbury, while it was delayed in inception (not in transit) found one attentive reader. We had heard of your visits from everybody, including Sander Vas, previously. I'm sorry you didn't just walk in at # Robinson Ave., - but Helen has to pay the penalty of being without a telephone, tho she hears the doorbell when she's at home.

Have you seen the planets in the ~~Western~~ Eastern! sky North of Orion? It's a marvelous display. And by the way, what has become of the binoculars? Did you drop them from the heights of Attu?

We'll be thinking of you on Christmas day, and sending you messages of deep affection.
Donald

Donald N. Cweedy
2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

Sat. 12/22/45

We are invited to Prof. Brooks Morris's for Christmas breakfast. Then we start for San Antonio by way of Waco, where we spend the night. Lunch at Austin next day, and reach San Antonio that night for a three-day visit. We'll be back here for New Year's Day.

I hear and see a chickadee outside in our shrubbery, which is still green, the most of the trees have now lost their leaves. He's not whistling, however. That would make me really homesick - more than the Lucioni card, which is lovely. It is about 62° F. outside, tho it was 15° when you were having all the snow we heard about. These changes in so brief a time are the worst factor in the local climate.

Gerald Maas is playing with the Ballet Russe orchestra, here on Jan. 2. Emmanuel Balaban is the conductor. We've invited them both out here after the performance, & we'll try and see Gerald in Dallas on the 30th.

Cheerio!

Donald

Donald N. Cline
2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

Dec. 27, 1945

You exasperate me. It looks as though you were determined to decide against your real nature and your aptitudes in nearly every major dilemma that confronts you.

It would seem that you are a poor judge of your own gifts and abilities on the one hand, and on the other, that you do not know what you want. It strikes me that the Botany Head at Ann Arbor, Bartlett, would never have offered an opportunity such as you describe if he had not judged that your Attu record as a botanist justified him.

I know you pretty well, George, and I venture to think I can guess the qualities that determined his offer. Not many men have them. They are, first of all, the true spirit of scientific inquiry, — then the plodding patience + perseverance under what may be adverse circumstances. After that, the definition someone applied somewhere to genius: an infinite capacity for taking pains. These qualities are of incalculably

greater value in field work than the lore and learning of the professional botanist. You could pick that up as you went along. You might never satisfy yourself of your competence, but you are a quick learner and you like to study.

This is the kind of job that you are best fitted for by temperament and character. It would be adventurous, but that side of it would be good for you. It might take you into the tropics, and if you fear the tropics, then you'd have to consider that fear and make your decision in spite of it. With modern medical knowledge, the tropics are far less fearful than they were in the 19th century.

I think you should also consider carefully the chance of doing work of value to humanity. You have two fields, mathematics + botany. In which can you do the more valuable work?

We are still in F.W. Betty is having the worst cold we ever known her to have, and hasn't been out of the house since last Saturday. The trip to San Antonio has had to be canceled. We received with great pleasure the announcement from The Nation that G.B. Van S. was presenting us with a year's subscription. Thank you very much, mon cher.

With my deepest love, Donald

2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

Jan. 17, 1946

Dear George: -

We have had three days of rain this week — and when it rains in Ft. Worth it means business — then last night we were treated to a heavenly vision of the full moon with Mars & Saturn nebulae. I have almost recovered from my cold, and it seems to me today that Betty is in like case, tho hers has lasted longer & been more severe than mine. Today is mild and leise, like Tristan's smile, temp. about 62°. Day before yesterday it snowed visibly, to the rapture of the natives. It's the rapid changes of temperature that make this climate treacherous.

Did I ever tell you that I had named you executor of my Will, as I think you did me of yours. Betty's list of stocks and dividends for 1946 came in this afternoon, so we discussed a little what would happen if.

I hope you succeeded in finding Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians. There were a dozen other books I might have added, but I had mercy on you as I knew the studio would be cheerless & cold. I miss my access to the collections of poetry —

I brought only the Oxford Book of American Verse, and that I might well have done without. The University library has about everything in poetry that I'm likely to want. I'm reading now John Macy's Story of the World's Literature. It says much in little space, and has the supreme merit of tempting you to read for yourself almost every author mentioned.

I told Dad to acquaint you with the fact that the O.P.Q. has indicated that my rent is to be reduced to a little over \$60. a month. This is still high, but under these economic conditions I fear it is bound to be. And Porter in Rochester still paying me \$50. a month minus \$1. for water-heater rental. Aren't I the up-and-coming business-man!

Naturally I am curious to know what your experiences were in Washington. At the Smithsonian especially. And did you and Harold Tweedy get together? Do you know where his children are? Raymond wrote of their being somewhere within a few hours ride of Nashua, - of course his wife could not have the care of them, nor could R. + H. And I suppose Harold has till recently been prevented by his job + the conditions under which he had to live from having the children, - they are both boys, aren't they? - live within his orbit. A pity, for Harold ought to make an A 1 father. A most lovable fellow.

2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

The Dean called me into his office the other day and told me they would like to keep me here till I was ready to retire. - The retirement age here is 67. He is making application for a \$600. raise for me for next year.

Now of course you know and I know that it's not a question of salary. It is quite simply up to us to decide whether, even if living conditions should improve till they were pleasant and comfortable, we should be content to spend the rest of our existence in Fort Worth, Texas. Betty is already talking of going back to Paris if I elect to remain here another year. I would rather not be separated from her, now that she is so far from strong & well. I marvel that she has been able to put up for so long with living conditions so far from ideal. She has time now to read long hours and to write long letters, but the maintenance in something like neatness & cleanliness of this petite suite is a tax on her strength. I think we must go somewhere else where she's likely to be more content with the life of the community and the home she lives in.

Boulder has told me Jim under consideration, but I've heard nothing definite. North Carolina is definitely out, tho Prof. Hayden was very courteous to me

regarding my book, as I think I told you.

We rather like some of the people down here, notably Prof. Brooks Morris and his wife & son, - the latter a many-talented young man with a good head on him. I question whether music ^{is} his proper channel of expression, but he seems to be headed for it. Prof. Morris is the former conductor of the Ft. Worth Civic Orchestra, & teaches violin at T. C. U. & elsewhere.

They have had Francis Macmillan, the (fairly) well-known violinist, visiting them, together with his wife, who is French. He is a lively, nervous man with a tongue hung in the middle; he has a bee in his bonnet, which is to establish as soon as practicable a Summer School of Music especially for string players at Florence, Italy. It may transpire, & it may expire unborn. At any rate, he has asked me if I would be interested to come and teach Theory and History. I said "yes" - anything to get to Florence with all expenses paid, - but it would be launched as a project of T. C. U. and would depend probably on my remaining here. In case I were here in the summer of '47, there'd be more likelihood of the school being started then than now, - but it could not be a factor in my decision.

I'm thinking we'd be wise to remove the ~~limitation~~ of our field from the region of mild winter climate. We have found that the houses here are not built for habitation in cold weather, and we've already been

2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

colder in Texas, — we, not the weather, — than ever we were in Danbury.

I want to hear as much about your visit to Danbury as you have time to write me. We hope you managed this time to see Helen Tufts. I know you must have been shocked at her appearance, for ~~she~~ ^{she} has changed greatly in the past two years. Did you get some civilian hats at Mallory's? Did Helen R. help you select them?

The New England calendar for engagements managed to make us slightly more homesick than we already were, — but I enjoy a certain degree of nostalgia. And The Nation will be a weekly reminder of you and your thoughtfulness. *Merci mille fois.*

I want to know 1) whether any of your bot. specimens from Attu were previously unreported, and 2) whether anyone at the Smithsonian offered to find you an opening in the botanical field. I hope you didn't reply that you were too ancient & decrepit to change fields.

We've been listening tonight to the G I's on
the Town Hall of the Air, and one of them,
Millard Lampell, was superb. He got in
some extra good picks at Congress, General
Motors, + the General Public, and since
Bill Mauldin was also present, I have hopes
that the Times will report the speeches so that
you may read them. — The housing situation
in Ft Worth is still tighter than a drum.

Give our good wishes to your mother.

Betty sends her love to you.

Je t'embrasse.

Donald

2615 Cookrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

25 Jan. '46

Dear George: -

I have a notion that you are "set" for a career as a botanist that will prove more useful to humanity than anything you would have been likely to accomplish as a mathematician. Whether you choose now to sail out on that career is your decision to make, and no friend, be he ever so devoted, can make it for you. You don't care about making money, and you don't have to support a family. You are as free from the usual financial pressures as a man can very well be. So I hope you will let your deep desires have a chance to speak. I care only that you shall be contented way down to the roots of you, - a state of mind of which as yet you seem to have had less than your fair share, - or perhaps I should say a state of being.

I think Frank's idea of applying for a Guggenheim fellowship is fine; you have a good chance of getting one, most certainly if Walker and the others will support you.

You see, George, publication seems ^(surely) to come your way in the natural course of events botanical, whereas you've been laboring in the mathematical field for — is it 14 years since your doctoral thesis? — and not another scripture out of you till you were separated from academic routine and got to Attu.

It would seem that Frank and I both know you, if not better than you know yourself, then at least without any reservations due to modesty. If you do for a living, or choose as your profession something in which you take a keen delight, it is positively Calvinistic to call it self-indulgence. I think you had too much schooling and have become too conscientious about being thoroughly prepared for anything you undertake to do.

I took this job at T.C.U. with many commitments. I am not a musicologist, but a

2615 Cockrell Street
Fort Worth, Texas

theorist; not a historian, but a keen student of musical form. Yet I finally decided to accept a professorship (~~position~~ ^{paragone}) of musicology and of music literature because, as Betty told me, I'd "probably know at least as much as would the best of my students". (I shouldn't have put that in quotes. A phonograph might have recorded, "You'll know more about musicology than anybody else in the place.")

I'm learning as I go, - and I counsel you to link up with Washington and do likewise. I may yet live to see you a curator of the Smithsonian. I believe you have it in you!

We just read the above to Betty, + she responded "I say Amen to that."

Will you give my friendliest greetings to Frank when next you see him. Both of us send our steadfast love to you. —

Donald

P.S. Our rent has been reduced to \$52.⁰⁰ a month!!!
(over)

P. S. Thank God for the cardiograph - machine! I have found that, as Vas says, "the pump is all right, but the nerves sometimes are not." It was three years before I felt anything like normal, and now I can do two hours' straight teaching without feeling spent. My voice won't hold good yet through a third hour.

This thing of the heart-beat is something of a mystery to the doctors. I find that I have to be careful not to get enraged, or tachycardiac symptoms set in.

Best thing is to realize you must slow up as you get older. Take physical exercise with more deliberation, and avoid long application without interruptions or periods of rest. Alcohol is a great relaxer of the heart and the arterial system. But unless you are possessed of enormous vitality, you'd be well-advised to climb hills with deliberation, and not to run or dance yourself out of breath!

With you, my guess would be that the disturbance is fundamentally nervous and not functional. Put a ceiling over nervous expenditures.
Donald

P. P. S. The landlady left us a note this evening. She has forbidden us to keep food in our rooms or to use her ice-box for food. She is probably within her rights in doing this, as she told us in the beginning she would prefer that we keep no food about: it attracted mice & roaches. But we had been enjoying getting our own breakfasts, and it is a nuisance to have to go out for them. Unless Betty is sick, we shall try to abide by the letter of the law.

I don't blame the woman for being peeved. I'd be peeved if my "earnings" from a certain rental were but nearly 50%. She can get \$80. a month from this suite if she rents it to four people, so she has asked us to vacate. I'd like to go where conditions were more comfortable for Betty, but real apartments with kitchenettes are simply not to be had.

The English folksong book came safely yesterday. Thank you for going to all that trouble. We're glad also to have the N.Y. Times sheet. D.

Feb. 24, 1946

Dear George: -

While Mr. Shostakovich's lucubrations are being promulgated by the Philharmonics, I take advantage of the absence of musical interest to scratch you a message.

We are in process of moving out. We have rented a furnished house of two rooms, bath, kitchenette & garage all under one roof.

It is at 3112 University Drive,
Fort Worth ~~X~~ → [9]

Two houses above Berry St., right near the Feed Trough, and on days when the wind doesn't blow too hard Betty can shop at the groceries nearby.

It will probably be much noisier than it is on Cockrell, but one can't have everything. I think I may have to prepare my lectures at the library, which is the

only peaceful place now accessible to me.
We got this tiny house by advertising
in the Star-Telegram.

From all we hear from our friends
in England & Italy & France, Truman
might well have deferred the end of
rationing here till a minimum of their
basic necessities over there had been
assured them. Truman doesn't seem now
to be measuring up very well to the
stature of his office. How the Nation
& The New Republic do rage at the
Pauley appointment!

The trouble with us here is that we have
not the faintest conception of the realities
that face the people of Europe, India,
Indo-China, China, or any place unseen.
The press & the movies don't bring them
to us, and all our complaints are of
local matters. We ain't felt nothin' yet.

I hope before she's done, Russia will kick us in the seat of our national pants so hard that we'll be jolted out of our complacency. Apparently if we learn anything, we've got to learn it the hard way.

We want to hear how you are getting along in Washington.

We both ~~the~~ send you a generous lot of love & good wishes.

Je t'embrasse.

Donald

3112 University Drive,
Ft. Worth 9, Texas

Feb. 28, 1946



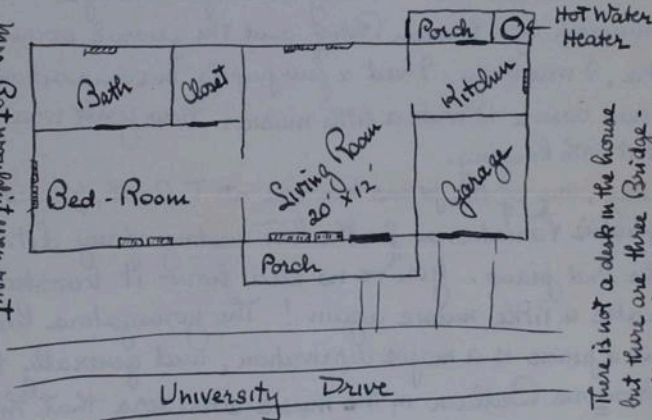
TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Dear George: -

Your p.c. with Rembrandt's Three Trees arrived this afternoon and is most welcome. I could wish you had taken more pains in writing your street-name. If you want to make sure of receiving your mail, you had better print your address. I've done the best I could with magnifying-glass and strong light, but I've no conviction that I've deciphered every letter correctly, and the name, if it's a proper-name, is one I never saw before. Your handwriting is becoming less and less legible as you have less and less time to write by hand. Betty has a worse time with it than I, because I've had more practice. - But on such things as addresses, clarity is important.

We have moved. We are in our tiny little rented house, - one house and two gas-stations - and one Berry St. - above the Colonial Feed-Trough.

Mr. Rat would not even rent us the bookcase you painted. I took down all the pictures and the nails with which you put them up. They will look better here than on Greenville St.



There is not a desk in the house but there are three Bridge-tables. The crockery is kitchen-miss, and the will-paper is lamentable - not in bad taste, but in bad condition.

The Living-Room has a couch, a radio, a bookcase, two armchairs, a table for meals, two plain chairs, a gas-heater, and three lamps.

The Bedroom has a double-bed, three disreputable bureaus + one dressing-table for Betty to sit at and apply her make-up. There is an electric refrigerator + a gas range in the kitchen. The hot-water heater is enclosed on the rear porch.

It will be all right here as long as the front windows can remain closed. When hot weather comes, I'm dreading the noise of traffic. Fortunately, University doesn't actually lead out of town, but the ^{heavy} traffic at 8-9 A.M. and 5-6 P.M. is considerable. In all my life I've never slept near a street noisy with traffic, & whether I can become accustomed to it is a question.

You say so very little about yourself that I don't know whether or not you're still in the Navy, nor whether you've decided to turn to botany. I infer you're wearing a "ruptured duck", and are trying botany out before making the crucial decision.

I've told my dean I'll not be back next year. I put it off onto Betty: not a good climate for her, etc. No new teaching job has been offered me as yet, and of course no university in its senses wants an A.M. 56 years of age! The dean told me I could count on tenure here till the age of retirement, which is 67. But twelve years of Fort Worth would be a most unwelcome and Babylonish captivity. — If I get an appointment, I suspect it will be a last-minute affair, as it was last summer.

George, I was happier and more useful in Danbury than I am here. I had a choir to work with, — we sang beautiful things, — and with the chairmanship of Russian Relief and the general oversight of the Music Centre, I was busy. I had a few pupils in composition and piano, and I had leisure to write a little music. New York was near. I look back at it with longing.

Miss Bailey, one of the piano teachers at T.C.U., played the Franck Symphonic Variations for the last meeting of my Lit. class, with me at the 2nd piano. You've no idea how it boosted my morale to make a little music again! The youngsters loved it. Living without a piano is a major deprivation, and generally there is such cacophonious Bedlam in the music corridors that thinking music is out of the question at the college.

Four more months in this desert! It's going to take guts to live 'em out.

Yours with much love,

St. Simeon Stylites

Apr. 6, 1946

Caro Georgio mio : -

The friends of Hell have decided to take a hand in Ft. Worth's weather. When it reached 95° on Mar. 30, we thought we were the butt of a temporary joke by the Weather Man, but each day from then till now has been hot, and today it must have been nearly if not quite 100°. When it is this hot + I can't take my clothes off, I get peevish. This is all I needed to fix my dislike of this region at a level + a degree of hatred which no other place in my experience has ever approached. No amount of salary would tempt me to return here.

I still teach in a madhouse of sound - you heard it: I've no need to describe it anew; the only thing that gets worse is my patience. If I leave this place sane, it will be something of a miracle.

Our little house is very much exposed to the sounds
1) of a barking dog 2) a piano student not twenty feet from the bedroom window who will practise Sunday

morning, — the one morning I might sleep late; 3) at ~~least~~ 4 neighboring radios; and 4) the proximity of University Drive, which is not 50 ft. from our front windows. Mrs. Pat's house was far quieter.

I have never had such cause to complain both of my living quarters and of my working conditions. I did not realize how nerve-wracking the world can be when neighbors are inconsiderate and one has to work in Bedlam. I do not like the world when I have to put up with noise and more noise from morning till night. There is one factor which helps a little: all the neighbors go to bed early, and the Drive quiets down after 11 P.M., though the buses continue an hour or so longer. The one quiet spot is the University library, and that is closed on Sundays.

Clark-Brenner is looking for another job — they have given me two openings, one at Boulder, the other at the Westminster Choir School at Princeton. I am in correspondence now with J. F. Williamson. They want a "musicologist", and tho that is one of my subjects, I am not learned enough to claim it as properly mine. It would attract me more magnetically did I know you would pick Princeton Univ. for your botanical

study next winter. 2.

I had not realized you were unfamiliar with my favorite Schumann symphony; I am therefore mailing you my score, and please keep it as long as it is useful to you. There are few moments in music more beautiful than those passages of Schumann when he is at his best, and this particular work has a plenitude of those.

It takes a technically superb orchestra to play the fast movements of the C-major at the tempo they should go, and it takes a conductor who loves and understands Schumann to play them with the depth of feeling and the elasticity of rhythm essential.

Young Bernstein was the pianist who played my Suite at the Boston W. P. A. concerts some ten years ago. He was still an undergraduate at Harvard. The barman at the Copley-Plaza refused him a drink because he looked to be under the legal age. He played accurately, but he was practically reading my stuff at sight and had to take the fast tempos too deliberately. I liked him immensely; he was all music, and had great vitality and charm. I think he ought to go to the top.

There is another book coming your way soon which I picked up for you the other day in Dallas at Cokesbury's, the famous bookstore there. I was looking for Santayana's The Idea of God. They had had two copies but had sold them.

We have heard now from all three of our Paris families, from two in Concarneau, one in Bourges, two in England, and from the Marchesa Barbi (Lulu Wile) in Rome. They have apparently received everything we have sent them, clothing, food, shoes and all. They are almost embarrassingly grateful. The great shortage in Paris is of meat. Instead of meat they try to fill up with "nouilles maison" - noodles boiled - and they are fed up with those. We send powdered milk, tea, coffee, dextrose when we can get it, prunes, dried peaches & apricots, and all the sweet chocolate we can beg, borrow, or steal, - which is not much. Then tinned meat, Nestle's cocoa (which here in Texas I can buy now only in small envelopes), and Lipton's Noodle soup, also in envelopes containing a glob of chicken fat. Also, & most important, tinned sauces to make their macaroni and the like taste better. Also candy, since we've no sugar to send them. At least we'll try to do our bit in succouring our own friends. I am getting to be "almost as perfect as George" in doing up bundles. Don't judge by the Schumann, which the college bookstore insisted on doing up for me.

We are both delighted beyond measure that you think there will be no obstacle to your meeting us and driving with us from the Mississippi to Washington on our way home at the end of June. I have not yet succeeded in getting road-maps, but may soon. The only one I have is the general one of the Southwest.

Of course if I could afford it I would pay your plane fare all the way to Fort Worth so that you might start with us and have all of the trip through the Ozarks; you would certainly prefer that region to any other on our route, but I'm told Kentucky is very charming, and if we had time for the Sky-Line, and good weather, I'd love to take it.

Betty laughs at my interest and enthusiasm in planning the trip so far ahead, but the thought of it will lighten the tedium of my days here, which are still about eighty in number. I shall count them one by one like any exile.

Bless you for being. I love you, and Betty sends her love.

Donald

(over)

I am glad to tell you that Betty is beginning to get over her fall, which happened two weeks ago, in the bath tub. She sat down hard on the end of her spine, & has been very lame in consequence. Today she begins to move with more freedom & less pain.

3112 Univ. Dr.

Easter Sunday

[21 April 1946]

My very dear George :-

You will think me very inattentive to the detail of your letters, but really I am justified in thinking that you were to return to Dahlia St. before you went North. (I have just reread what you wrote about taking a carfull of botanists to a meeting.) — I therefore sent to you two packages. They may still be in the Tacoma Pk. P.O., if you made no arrangement for forwarding, and did not leave the W. Coxsackie address with the postman or the postmaster. You know the regulations better than I. One of the packages contained irreplaceable matter. You had better do something about them if you have not already received notice concerning them. — What you wrote me was: "On my return, I must go North", etc. Evidently you returned to W. Coxsackie.

If you are to return eventually to Dahlia St., perhaps they accepted the packages for you. I hope so, for I should hate to lose the music I sent you. If you are not to return there, you must take such measures as are necessary to recover the parcels.

I have discovered that I have an amateur astronomer in one of my classes. As Venus, Mars, Saturn, & Jupiter are all visible now in our evening sky, I have asked him to rig up his 12 in. telescope & let me look especially at Saturn.

You must try to be more specific about the details of your living, and the length of your sojourns here & there. I want always to be able to reach you within 24 hours in case of need.

Betty is better, but tires easily. This last term is going to be an ordeal for both of us. — Yours, Donald

June 1, 1946

Dear George:

I hope you have had a thoroughly relaxing vacation, with good weather and no difficulties due to strikes or other nefarious sources.

There was no need for me to write you about Union. I do not want you to feel that I am in any respect a mentor or a Father-confessor, or anything beyond a man who loves you deeply and devotedly, and to whom therefore your career is of great interest. I know that you know yourself pretty well, and you are fairly sure what it is you want. The decision is yours to make. I am glad it is in Schenectady rather than St. Louis, because that means I shall see you with probably greater frequency.

When I read part of your letter to Betty, she said: "Doesn't George always ask your advice and then dis-regard it?" - referring of course to your marriage to Constance. I didn't tell her that you asked me too late for me to stop you. And I never have told even you that if I'd had any prescience, I should have given you the facts I knew about Constance when you came to the Polyclinic Hospital after my thrombosis. However

that water has long since gone over the dam.

But if, in the future, you come to feel that you might like to marry anyone else, I hope to deserve your confidence sufficiently for you to speak of it in good time. My own marriage has been so exactly what I ought to have had in the way of intimacy and congenial companionship, that I still hope you may have as blessed and deeply satisfying a human experience. If a man was ever made for domesticity, you are he. And its the day-by-day permanency of marriage that you ought to have in your life, that no passionate friendship can provide.

I knew you could do nothing relative to our plan for the end of June till you were at home again or in New York. For that reason, again, I have not hurried my response to your last letter.

Now I have had time to think the matter over carefully from several angles. I think my decision is sensible: it is to abandon the plan. If I am to see you at all this summer, I prefer it to be in Danbury and at a time when we can go into the hills together as we used, though this time I'd expect to wait and read in some umbrageous clump while you investigated the local variations of *Gaylussacia* or whatever.

I have written about this to Helen, and if she still wants you on Deer Hill Ave. about the 16th of July, it's quite all right with me, except that I should then ask you to come again later, when you could be our guest, or to remain longer as such.

You can be the judge of that matter, depending on what she will write you. In any case, please remember that you will have to plan for at least one visit to Danbury when you are our property. Marguerite is putting her house at our disposal. I am to use her sun-room as a workshop, and we expect to put up our guests in one of her bedrooms.

I feel it will probably take several days of adjustment before we can settle down. I must palaver with my family, must go down to Stamford and see Mother, must take Betty to Dr. Resnik, whose office is in Stamford, and there will be several days of that sort of thing. If you wish, that would be the time for you to be Helen's guest, and then you could be ours after Marguerite and Jim leave for Colorado, unless they shall already have done so before we arrive. I suppose it depends on their getting reservations.

I think that if we take plenty of time and do not feel we must reach any particular destination on any particular date (including Paducah!) we shall get along all right. I am holding out pretty well, though ten months make an over-long academic year. I have actually put on weight right where I don't want it. — We told you, didn't we, last Fall of the definition of an adult: a person who has stopped growing except in the middle. That's so right for my type. —

Then, when the plan for you to meet us was broached, I had an idée fixe you were to be in Washington. You would come West a day's journey to meet us, and drive to where you were domiciled. Simple, and comparatively inexpensive. Tu comprends?

We hope to leave here June 25. We shall stay at the Blackstone the night of the 24th so as not to have any last-minute loose-ends here. Then we shall drive through the Ouachita Natl. Forest to Fort Smith and up into the Ozarks to Fayetteville. I hope the roads will enable us to stay in the mountains till we reach Poteahontas, when we turn north & cross the Mississippi at Cairo.

I do not know whether we shall have time for the Skyline Drive. We missed it on account of rain, on our way to the Southwest. We have written for reservations at the Dodge in Washington July 3, intending to spend the Fourth waiting the National Gallery. If it's closed, we'll wait till the 5th.

It would probably take some last-minute wig-wagging were we to pick you up between Washington and Danbury, though I'd be delighted to do so if you decide to go to Helen's at the time of our arrival. If you were in Coxsackie, we could pick you up either at West Point or at Peekskill, depending on whether you came south on the right or left bank. If you were in New York, the Pittsfield Express from G. C. T. would be the best bet.

I feel much better not to be asking for help on the drive home. I have determined not to drive over six hours a day, and not to exceed an average speed of 40 m. p. h. Short of my illness en route, I see no reason why we can't make it comfortably between June 25th and July 8th. It may be that we can find some congenial chap who wants a lift north. But I shouldn't like to advertise & take just anybody.

Mr. Porter is negotiating to buy the Girton Place house for his son, financing the purchase through a G. I. loan. After considerable dickering, I have agreed to sell for \$6350. cash, \$1575. of which goes to the retirement of our mortgage on the original house when we purchased. We bought in 1926 when real-estate was on the up-and-up. We might get a better price by holding on for a few more years, but I want to get shut of the responsibility for property in a place where I have no-one to represent me. I do not forget how helpful you were to me in this regard, the years you were in Rochester, and both Porter & Mrs. Merchant have not forgotten, either; they always inquire for you.

Tweedy and Biggs have dissolved, as of the 21st of May. My holdings in the former firm now stand in my own name and the income therefrom comes to me direct. I will tell you more of this when I see you, since you are the executor of my Will. From now on I do not need to be employed, but if a congenial job should come along, I should probably take it.

We have a rather good collection of records in the music department here, though when I count upon it, it often disappoints me. We have both the Columbia History and the Anthologie Sonore. The latter is much the larger series, but the former contains some rare and beautiful music. At present I am stymied because neither contains a single choral work of Bach save the chorale settings.

Betty and I found a record-player stuck up on the top shelf of the clothes closet (there is but one) in this house. We had it fixed up, and have enjoyed running it, though the amount of surface noise bothers us. There is a Mozart 5-tet with 2 violas which is a glimpse into a better world. The key is G-minor. — We have had Gieseking playing Debussy, — no Frenchman plays him more poetically. — And Elizabeth Schumann singing Bach arias in the way they should be sung, and Lotte Lehmann doing Schumann (very uneven, — some good, some bad), + the Budapest Quartet playing the ultimate 4-tets of Beethoven. As long as the world has this wonderful stuff in it, we'd better take care how we let the political and military play with atom bombs.

The good McCorkle is playing my Williamsburg Suite at the final student's orchestra concert. I took charge of a rehearsal last week, and it almost finished me.

what with the weather and the nervous excitement. I haven't spent so much energy since my affaire du coeur. I am happy about the work, because I still like it, and I'm much pleased that the students do also. I think at least twenty of them have come to me to tell me how much they enjoy working at it, and it's a sort of thrilling flattery to hear ones tunes being hummed and whistled along the college corridors. Prof. Lewis, whom you met, told me he wondered and wondered what else it was in music that gave him a certain, quite special uplifted feeling, and finally he placed it. It followed upon his playing (for he plays string Bass) ~~the~~ the Pastoral. And what else do you suppose it was? The Jesu Joy of My Sinner by J. S. B.!

We have just been through the wettest and hottest May I hope ever to experience. Tropical storms of great violence. 2.73 inches of rain last night. By the middle of this afternoon it was so hot that George Stephens, one of my madrigal group and a most engaging (and engaged) young man said, tho a native Texan, "this is the kind of weather when I like to go to my room, turn on the electric fan, and take off all my clothes." He is one of twelve preparing madrigals by Morley, Gibbons, Willbye and Purcell for a garden party on June 15th.

As far as garden flowers go, we are already two months ahead of Connecticut, with hollyhocks gone by and cannas and gladii in full bloom. Did you ever see pomegranate? I think I've mentioned that shrub to you. Oscar Wilde loved to use it as a poetic evocation of vividness and brilliance.

The wildflowers are mostly strange to me, but the fields hereabouts are carpeted with them. And they are not in Matthews, so he has no justification for using "American" in his title. I'll bet he never has been to Texas, though he frequently cites it when ^{there's} a wide-spread range — "common from Maine to Texas."

In the lowlands near the Trinity river (which is actually flowing as a result of the torrential rains) there are acres of coreopsis growing wild, — probably an escape from gardens. It turns whole fields bronze-yellow, as you look down from the viaduct going in town.

I hope you are finding your mother is well, on your return home. Give her our very best wishes, please. I hope you had a grand time with Franks. If he's still around, remember me cordially to him also.

Betty joins me in love to you. She agrees with me about the trip, though we're both regretful it must be so.

Yours, Donald

June 11, 1946

Dear George: -

I hasten to write to tell you to go ahead with your original plan to visit Helen, because if you must depart so soon to drive your mother to the Mid-West, we must have you in Danbury when you are available. And since Helen is at hand when you receive this, you & she can talk it over pronto.

As for us, you know we shall be ^{and lodging} boarding with Margie Vinson at 11 Farview, whether we shall go upon our arrival. For the first few days after that, or as long as my sister is at home, you would probably be welcome on Deer Hill. There is an extra bedroom at Margie's, in case of need, and I know she plans to take no other lodgers. As soon as the Biggses take off for Colorado, we could "bed" you at 24 Farview, and I'm certain you could have your meals with us. Mr. Griffing is Margie's star boarder, and he'll be there all summer, but there are four bedrooms available. Margie sleeps downstairs.

We expect to reach Washington July 3 and leave there the 5th, reaching Danbury Sat. eve. the 6th.

Ten days' actual travel to Danbury from Ft. Worth does not seem to be likely to hurry us unduly. Via Washington it's between 1800 + 1900 miles, or less than 200 a day. If I can't accomplish that, I'd better make room on this planet for fitter men.

If you are in Danbury the 6th — I'm not clear how you'll get there unless you drive Helen down from Maine — then we'll have 12 days. As I ought to take my vacation right then and not later, I don't know but it will work out best at that time after all.

I may not have told you that we took our old mechanical Victrola over to Hartford when Mother first went there, hoping she would get some pleasure from records. She didn't, and the machine was handled improperly and is now mute at Terrace Place. We had nothing on which to play your records, as there is something wrong with Marquerite's ^{machine} and always has been. I'm not certain, but I think we never unpacked the records you sent. I am none the less grateful for your having sent them, and now that I know what a masterly performance

3112 University Drive
Fort Worth 9, Texas

Orron & his four colleagues give of that beautiful Mozart Quintet, I'll not be content till we have a means of hearing it chez nous.

In the same post with your letter yesterday — it took 3 days to come from W. Coxsackie, — I heard from Berrian Shute & from Raymond. Raymond has given up his Nashua job & is summering at Land's End. He has been offered an opportunity to go to China on some assignment which a group of New York men is interested in, and apparently he & Hilda are keen to tackle it. They may go to California this Fall and await on the West coast a propitious moment to embark.

Tell Helen Berrian & Flora have taken Lurena, Flora's sister, to live with them. She has been suffering for years from abnormally high blood pressure & the M. D.'s can't arrest its progressive destruction of her nervous self-control. The only alternative would be a sanatorium, and Flora wants to defer that as long as possible. Berrian is teaching in summer session & will probably not be able to come East this summer. Margaret captured a \$400. scholarship at Smith this year, and Alison

is finishing her Freshman year in High School with an excellent rating.

I am amazed at the number of my students and colleagues who take the trouble to tell me how sorry they are I'm not to return next year. I've been outspoken only with Lewis + Mixson, who both understand the situation.

This week is the antepenultimate. We attend the Glee Club's Gondoliers tomorrow night, and my madrigal group sings at the Elizabethan Garden Party on Saturday.

I'm giving no final exams, so as to have my grades all in + be ready to vamoose on the 25th.

Please let me know how to reach you by letter or telegram from ~~July~~ June 25th to July 4.

Did you see the eclipse of Venus a week ago last Sat. eve? Young Hornsby brought up his small telescope + we squinted at Venus, Saturn, Jupiter with his 4 moons all strung out in one direction, + the dead old moon. Very exciting!

Love to Helen + love to you from us both.
Donald

My regards + good wishes to the Murphys, naturally.

Aug. 1, 1946

Dear George: -

I think I shall begin writing my personal correspondence with the same haste you once & hope by the Lord Harry it's as illegible to you as yours occasionally is to me. Helen Rider has just invaded my sanctum sanctorum & requested that I read her your letter, which made me glad it was so impersonal. We are all interested in Dr. Soule and his evident disappointment with humanity. As far as one's work is concerned, an artist is the freest person on earth, because he has only to please himself. If others are not pleased by his work, he can't help that. He can say "Tant pis pour eux". I think it is only when the collaboration of many is essential to the realization of a work that even the artist can be frustrated, as by conductor & orchestra. The painter on canvas is able to be more independent, because his work is unique and it leaves his workshop when he is satisfied with it.

If Dr. Doule has to work with hospital staffs & parents & such, the only solution is probably authority, and plenty of it. The commands, orders, fiat, what-you-will of a surgeon should be enunciated with such finality that they are not disobeyed, and disobedience, when risked, automatically relieves the surgeon of responsibility. As for the state of his own house, that is probably due to his wife. I never yet met a mother of young children who couldn't have her own household as she wanted it if she cared about her children enough.

As for the regularity & spacious quarters here, they will be waiting for you if you can manage to get a few days off - or a day now & then - between your return from Michigan & your going to Schenectady. All we need is a few hours' notice. As far as I - and I think Betty too - as far as we are concerned, there is no-one who outranks you as a desirable member of our domestic group. I want you always to feel that you can come to me as you would to a member of your own people, - by family right, as it were, - and the same goes for any need of yours for assistance or counsel.

I want to thank you for taking care of me so willingly when I had to remain in bed. I'm not planning to do that again, & shall take care in future to avoid the cause.

I have begun training to get in condition for finishing my string quartet. The movements of it were finished and played by Krainer in the fall of '36 - exactly 10 years ago. I have been mulling over the scores, and I want to write a First Movement which will match the other two. They are as good as anything I ever did. To put me back in the same 'vein', I have started to make a 4-hand piano arrangement of the Slow Movement which I expect you to play with me. So please don't neglect your piano practice altogether.

I hope you find Eva living some kind of life that makes for her inner contentment, and if your mother should make a limited stay, I hope you can be hard-bottled enough to insist on it. You will see Frank, of course, and please give him my best wishes. Let me know enough of your itinerary to catch up with a message now & then.

With my love,
Donald



11 Farview

11 Aug. '46

Dear George: -

We are certainly impressed with your efficiency in following up Betty's invitation to Elizabeth. Now she has no excuse except purse + possible disinclination to justify her not coming to Danbury.

We'd like to drive to New Haven to visit the storage-warehouse where our furniture is. And then we'd like to call on Cousin Hal's wife, who fell in the bathtub some weeks ago and broke her hip just as she was planning to try what effect a summer at Candlewood would have on her husband. Vile luck.

Betty + I went to Stamford Friday to be examined by Dr. Resnik. He took a series of cardiographs of us both, and gave us a fairly thorough "physical." He thinks Betty is in quite encouraging condition, though he was not optimistic

about her arthritis, which he said had invaded one of her hip-bones + might trouble her the rest of her life. I don't take all that a doctor says as necessarily true, and we'll have to see what alternatives there are to that dictum.

As for me, he said that I might have had an attack of tachycardia while sitting perfectly still! Having had three attacks in about 14 months, it is his opinion that I had best take regularly for the rest of my life a drug which is the best possible preventive yet found. Alcohol, regularly imbibed, would also benefit me; - he said that years ago, but unless wine is served with meals, I can't seem to remember to take liquor with any regularity. He has given me a prescription for the needful drug, but they haven't it in Danbury. Therefore I am hoping to live the few days it will take to import it.

His written report, which he always sends his patients following his con-

sideration of their cardiographs, has not yet arrived. But he does not find that the walking I did, nor the swimming, nor, I gather, any physical effort I reported, necessarily gave rise to the rapid heartbeat. I had rather tell you more of this when you are here than write about it, but it seems that sometimes a thrombosis is followed by this tendency. Of course it is only common-sense to avoid such a strain on the heart, and I shall take my prescribed pills and liquor with more assiduity in the future.

The news from Paris is not too cheering, I mean of the jockeying going on, and the ill-feeling which the stubbornness of Molotoff will inevitably arouse over there. Perhaps the whole of the explanation might include an intent by Russia to sabotage proceedings till she gets her own way in those regions she intends to dominate. The British attitude in Palestine is her sufficient justification. To Hell with Russia & England & all Americans who think in nationalistic terms!

We are ever so grateful to you for the trouble
you took re Elizabeth Webb. Of course we
expect you to be here during her visit, —
accordingly we have given her choice of the
two dates you suggested, and we shall
let you know what her decision is. We
shall invite Helen Rider to have at least one
meal here during Elizabeth's visit, & Helen
will probably invite us. Elizabeth is to have
the middle room here at Margie's, & you will
have the Biggs' guest-room, as usual.

Betty joins me in love to you.

Donald

P. S. H. Tufts is here now & is wearing us
both out. I'll be thankful when she is
installed in her apartment.



Aug. 18, 1946

Dear George: - Betty and Helen have decided that Margie Vinson is on the brink of a nervous breakdown, and therefore Betty has written Elizabeth Webb to ~~ask~~ her we cannot have her at this time. I suppose this applies to you also.

I am concocting a scheme for hiring a "cleaning-woman" to come once a week and relieve Margie of the more menial chores. I hope to get Margie to agree to this. We want to stay on here, even if it means going out for lunches.

Therefore I will talk over with Helen Rider the possibility of planning another visit of yourself before your school-year begins. Could it be possible on your birthday?

We all send love. I shall be sorry not to have you as my guest, because I greatly enjoy being with you, but we can't always have things our way.
Donald

11 Farview,

Nov. 3, 1946

Dear George: - Thanks a lot for your letter on testosterone.

I've not read the de Kruif book myself. Dr. Wolk said simply that in his opinion testosterone was "not indicated." My toe is healing, but at such a snail pace that I get bored tending to it. It takes me nearly an hour every day to bathe it, and I do Burger's exercise as many times as I have time for - which is usually but once, - in addition to the "Dutch Douche". Dr. Wolk was very pleased when he saw the toe last Monday. He said it was healing nicely. But I am very impatient with it, and every now + then I ram it against an immovable object and it hurts much worse than sin.

I note that you are still to be addressed at the Dept. of Math. Does this mean that you are still up a tree as to your lodgings?

Your Vermeer picture is wrapped and waiting for you in the cellar at Terrace Place. I append a list of books which I will hold for you if you want them. I don't know how much a botanist gets out of ordinary common - or - garden publications. If you want any of these, please check + return the list. Were there but one or two, I could mail them to you.

Most of my time for the past month has been devoted to preparing a new studio at Terrace Place. This due to the fact that Peggy + Dick Lovelace are coming to live on the 3d floor, which is to be apartmentalized, and my old studio is to be their living-room. I'm to have my mother's bedroom on the 2nd floor S.E. corner, and the change

required that all my impedimenta be moved. Since the farm will have to be given up eventually, that necessitated shifting everything from main house + studio ^{there}. I've not yet finished the job, but I begin to see daylight.

The Ball's Pond property now belongs nominally to Marguerite, but as long as Dad lives he will be let mismanage it as he sees fit.

I reread my Will the other day. I was mistaken: you are not named executor because you benefit (?) by the document.

We have settled down to a fivesome which will probably be permanent for the Winter. Miss Caldwell teaches biology at the High School. Otherwise there's Martin, Betty, Margie + me. Mrs C. is regularly absent from Friday morn till Sunday night. Her room is vacant Saturdays. Therefore if you had a Saturday when you could come over, I should like to have you come here. We may have a week-end during St. Martin's Summer when the weather is balmy.

Did you ever know such a beautiful Autumn? The pageant of the trees has lasted longer than I remember it to have done before, and the mild weather. We have taken many short rides on country roads, + the obs + obs have been practically consecutive at the splendor of the foliage.

I hear regularly from France, and they are all distressed at the seeming misgovernment of their country. Milot writes, in French of course as your Auntie used to say, "My impression is that in France we are in the midst of a veritable government anarchy; the governing class exploits without a pang the middle class, — that's to say the class that pays, that has money. New scandals of the food-supply keep coming to light. They talk eloquently of democracy, but more than ever before it's money that rules."

We spent last week-end in New York. Morris had two mid-day meals with us + long confabs afterward. He's not much of a letter-writer, so we renewed our contacts pretty generally. We also saw the Maases for high tea on Sunday. Gerald still shows the effects of his long trek across France, escaping from the Boches. We saw Harvey, which is the best play I've seen in the American theatre in years. It's a comedy about psychoanalysts and their humbuggery and well worth seeing if you like the theatre, which I'm not at all convinced you do. We also saw Henry V, me for the 2nd time, and I love every minute of it. How could you go to sleep during that fascinating performance?

Betty is suffering a little from arthritis, but she keeps going indomitably + makes my bed + her own each morning, tucks Cedagio up Helena's stairs 5 days a week for lunch, and wishes she had a place to teach a few singing-students.

Berrian told me that if you were to go to Clinton it would have to be at the mid-year period, in February. But you have no doubt got in touch with him direct. It strikes me that there is a remote possibility you might be allowed to combine teaching Math + Botany at Hamilton. I don't think they do much in Botany. You will of course find out.

The letter from Raymond I enclose speaks for itself. You may destroy it when you've read it.

We saw Honnie yesterday. She has Mrs. Sam Lewis over the week-end. Sam committed suicide 3 weeks ago. I wish I knew why: he was a distinguished member of the legal profession, and apparently a useful + fearless one.

Betty sends her love.

Honnie has had arthritis to an almost crippling degree this past week. — My love to you always, Ronald.



NAPOLI - Museo Nazionale
SATIRO - Pompei, casa del Fauno

11/4/46

Really you ought to come to Dan-
bury to take away your property.
I have just found that 2-volume
life of Lincoln Steffens which be-
longed to you. And beside those books
I listed in yesterday's letter, I have
The New Garden Encyclopedia ed. by
E. L. D. Seymour, N. Y., Wise, 1942
1348 pp. There are certainly others,
because I remember seeing a book by
your friend now bound for the Amazon
to study palms: Liberty H. Bailey.
There's Geo. Lincoln Walton's Wild Flowers
& Fruits, Phila., Lippincott, 1909. A. Clutton-
Brock's Studies in Gardening, and the
Encycl. of Gardening that appeared in Every-
man's Library, which you probably already
have, ed. by W. C. Wright.

Donald

Farview Ave.

17

DANBURY

CONNECTICUT

Nov. 9, 1946.

Dear George: -

I received this morning your missive telling me that next week-end and not this would be convenient for you to visit me. I am sorry, for next week I am to be in New York over Friday night, Stewart Reinhardt having invited me to go with him to the last performance of the Civic Opera production of Orpheus on Naxos by Richard Strauss. Stewart, after years of army and of ill-health, at last has a paying job teaching at the Friends' School, and this is the first time he has ever been able to invite me to anything. Therefore I will not let him down.

I regret that I cannot take my "turn", but since you wrote as you did, I have called Helen Rider to see if she would

harbor you for the week-end, and of course she said "You bet". I shall be absent from Danbury till some time on Saturday afternoon, depending on what train I succeed in catching. You had better plan to come to Terrace Place on that evening to get your picture & whatever books you choose.

Affectionately,

Ronald

I will tell Helen what time you said you might arrive. Should you change your plans, let her know.



Nov. 11 '46

Dear George:

I have now a timetable of the present vintage & I find I can leave N.Y. very comfortably at an hour which permits me to reach Danbury in the late morning hours, by driving my car to S. Norwalk & leaving it there overnight. First off, I'll have to "do" my foot, for I won't have a chance to rest my foot. Then I'll be ready for action, & will 'phone you at Helen's. It is much better if you sleep there. Sunday I hope will be an Indian summer day and we'll be able to take to the woods. I do not think I can risk a very long walk, but I can risk a very long talk, and I hope we can have it.

Saturday afternoon you'd best go over my books in totto & see if there are any you want beside the horticultural items. Be prepared to ask for anything you want, and I'll tell you Yes or No.

I'll arrange with Helen for meals after Saturday lunch.

As always,

Donald

Nov 26th / 46

My dear & always
thoughtful you are my
dear George! If you
could have heard my
exclamations of pleasure when
I found your package
on Tuesday morning last,
you would know how de-
lighted I am with your
gift to me! I wanted

the book very much as I am quite
been to read it, I have had
so many fine reviews of it,
but I have bought so many
books of late, that I felt
I ought not to indulge my-
self to that extent & now,
here I have it right in my
hands to read at my leisure
& really enjoy it. So self-
restraint I must have its reward
that I must quickly, too. Thank

you, dear George in your lovely
thought of corn, and in the
gratitude which it expresses which
I hold dear & cherish as you
know. I had a gentle afternoon
day as regards the thought -
ful expression of my friends,
but in other ways it might
have been pleasant as I
celebrated it by being ill. Now,
I had an acute attack of
head & intestinal grippe that
has been going the rounds

which put some right back in
red. I think now, that that is
what I had originally only in
much lighter form, & probably
did more than I should have
done, because I did feel for
formally, but as you know,
it's my temperament to keep
up unless I'm much flat,
which this last time I was.
This time I had a doctor, one
I had never even heard of
before, but he proved himself

most intelligent & efficient &
brought cook out of it very
quickly. I am still weak &
shaky from the results of it
before, as I am quite out of
I attempt to do anything, to
imagine I shall learn to be
cool in the room. I am
as am very poor. Now
Margaret's family are down
with it. Peggy is very ill, but I am
better & now Dick is ill
with it. Write a home

MRS. DONALD TWEEDY - 11 FAIRVIEW AVENUE - DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

full of malice. I don't see
how Thompson's say will be any
much. "This was done as you
were done". Donald is still
having a bad time with his
toe. He liked my new doctor so
much that he went to him
about it & got a thorough ex-
amination in all other respects.
This doctor has given him a medicine
which enlarges the arteries letting
the blood through to the toe,
so now he is sitting with
our fingers crossed hoping

that will do the trick. Oh-

MRS. DONALD TWEEDY 11 FAIRVIEW AVENUE - DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

My dear Mrs. Tweedy, I am so glad
to hear of your safe arrival.
I hope you enjoyed the trip & hope
you arrived at your destination
before it was too late.

With a great
deal of love to you, I am,
Yours truly,
Betty

Yours truly,
Betty

Fairview Ave.

Dec. 17, 1946

11

DANBURY

CONNECTICUT

Dear George: - I am tied down today, having had an attack of croup or epixotic last night about 2 A.M. - felt as if I were slowly being consumed, beginning in my bronchial tubes. Called the doctor, who refused to get excited since I had no fever and no traces of pulse. He'll be in this morning to delve into the mystery.

There have been many times when I wanted to write to you, but no adequate leisure. I think it was easier when you were on Attu: we wrote each other then without reckoning the balance of our correspondence. The last crate of music from Ft. Worth was unpacked this week + the newspaper-wrapped skins are piled high in the terrace (Pace studio). I should be at them today but for last night's disturbance. Hence these scriptures.

I've heard two recitals lately by, - as it happens - two of the three pianists who have ever played my music: Robert Goldsand + Walter Hautzig. We were invited to a supper after the Goldsand program, played the day before Thanksgiving and had rooms engaged at the Seymour for Helen T. + ourselves, but Betty was ill so the ladies didn't go. Goldsand played an early Beethoven sonata in G that I had never heard [redacted] in recital previously.

What satisfactory music it is, - like the quartets of Op. 18. It takes beauty of phrasing, a nice sense of structure, and a definite feeling for drama, - here a touch of comedy, there a hint at the heroisms of tragedy, to interpret even the earliest Beethoven, who is far more man expressing through music than music channeling through man, as for example in Bach & Mozart. Goldsand ended with Brahms, Paganini variations, leaning to their gemütlich side as Urinsky had leaned to their monumental.

Hautzig began with the Bach French Suite in G, the one that ends with Bourée, Loure, & Gigue. & that I first heard from Myra Hess. I heard it played several days in advance in Hautzig's studio, whether I went to have lunch with him. I think he plays Bach's keyboard works with great distinction, taking full advantage of the resources of the piano; no nonsense about the scale & scope of clavierchord or harpsichord. The inner voices in the contrapuntal texture stood out as they should, and the animation of the whole work was exhilarating.

Hautzig lived for a year in Palestine before coming to this country, and he talks very justly and informatively of the achievements of his people there. I had read Koestler's novel a few days before you gave it to Betty because we gave it to Marguerite, whose birthday is the same. I think it a poor novel, insufficiently motivated and poorly

put together, lacking unity + coherence" of the three basic elements of literature. It has plenty of the third, - "emphasis", and as a piece of sympathetic reporting of each side, Jewish, Arab, + English, it is remarkable. The idea of the protagonist having injured English society because his mistress discovered him to be a Jew when they lay naked and his circumcision was apparent strikes me as curious. Doesn't Kestler know that circumcision varies from doctor to doctor among Christians? The uncircumcised, like me, are rare.

To get back to Hautzig's recital, the first of it was the best. He played, as the high point, Chopin's B-minor sonata, a work which has hardly more unity + coherence than Kestler's! A dull piece of Reger, a dull Impromptu of Schubert, "Three short stories" by Walter Hendel of which I can recall nothing, + the rest mainly encores from Chopin, played with astonishing brilliance + sometimes with a speed positively disconcerting. A little more maturity and this will be a pianist to keep track of.

I stayed that night with Morris, who attended the Uninsky recital in Carnegie, where he gave the same program as in Danbury. Mo was more impressed than the reviewers seemed next morning, but they were

4

second-stringers, small souls, hacks.

Morris's room is now cluttered, flooded with books. I don't know just what happened to him at C.B.S., but I think he must have failed to suit the streamlined executives. It has meant the restoration of his old mise-en-scène, for tho he has shaved his mustach, his socks have reassumed their old gray woolly ~~bulges~~ bulges. He is writing book-reviews for Tomorrow and other periodicals, & occasionally has a Radio article in the Sunday Times. He is laboring at some sort of anthology, but I have thus far failed to learn the subject. He is just the same kindly, good-humored, essentially humane fellow, and very lovable because it is easy to love friends who let you have no doubt whatever of their affection. He is still struggling with his skin-disease, and the bath-room is soaping when he finishes his morning ablutions, seat, mirror, towel-rack and all. I don't think these skin-doctors are good for much. Nevertheless & notwithstanding, he is one of the two restful friends I have, to be with him is a solace and a respite: you are the other.

Dr. Wolfson has been & gone. He thinks I got over-tired moving books yesterday, & doing up a European package in the evening. Everything was back to normal by the time he went over me. He says that the fatigue pain in the back of my neck is a great alarm-clock. When it comes on, it means Quit.

Some time back he prescribed for me Acetylcholine and also Testosterone, Nov. 22 to be exact. The first I have as yet been unable to find, but the second I have taken

for four weeks now. It is very expensive, eight dollars for 35 tablets. As far as I can see, I might as well have been taking sugar-pills. No effect on my toe, none on my genital organs, none on my nervous organization nor my ability to resist fatigue. I report to you thus specifically because I know you are interested. My toe is very slightly better, but the improvement seems due to the daily "Dutch Stouche". — Acetylcholine is a new drug, and Dr. W. is hopeful of it when once we have been able to make a start with it.

Lately I saw a sign Masseur on a door in Bethel. Since that is Dr. W.'s village, I thought he might know whether the practitioners were skillful or otherwise. He knew nothing of this person, but gave me a piece of curious information: in most cities, massage and physical therapy are, like bawdy-houses, under the Police for permits & inspection. In New York, we found a very good masseur on the First Floor of the Biltmore Hotel. They're a staff of four or five. The one named Kurt, a Swiss, is very strong & skillful. It is what the French call an "Établissement sérieux".

Please write soon & tell me all about yourself. It seems to me that I've not had a truly communicative letter from you since you wrote from Maine, but perhaps it is my fault.

We've written again to Elizabeth Webb. Helen can put her up chez Mrs Bolles, but she dare not leave her house till Spring & mild weather, so she won't be coming here till May.

Don't you go to Washington this Christmas? Let me know how to reach you.

With my love,

Donald

11 Farview,

29 Dec. '46

Dear George: -

I am sorry to have had to take leave of you by letter. This being with you for a whole night went deep with me. I'll not say more. Perhaps during your Spring recess there will be another opportunity. Easter comes early, & the Bohemians meet on April 7, the day after. Please plan for this date if possible, because then I can come alone without question. A later April date would take planning.

It was fortunate I left early, because an ice-storm was in the making. Dad met me, prompted by telegram, & we proceeded forthwith to the hospital to visitemie. Her X-rays appeared to be satisfactory save that of the gall-bladder, which is to be retaken tomorrow morning. She looks a little forlorn & peaked, but she's having a much-needed relief from her responsibilities at 10 Terrace Place.

You know now what I think of your problem at West Coxsackie and of your going out to Washington Univ. I repeat that if a Dutch Ref. Church Home for the Aged will accept ^{your mother} ~~her~~, she'd be far better off among strangers than with her in-laws and relatives, so few of whom she seems really to like. Can she wash and feed herself? If so, a Home might take her. Talk it out with Wilbur, and bear down on the fact that she seems most unhappy in her present situation.

If Wilbur wants to take full charge of her, well & good, but if you're rel as near as Schenectady, you'll have her on your conscience.

As for Eva, I gathered that you were worried about her, and I forbore to make inquiries because I couldn't help more than to express my sympathy. But should you have to assume financial responsibility for either your mother or your sister, you know I would help you as willingly as I did with your education.

Can you get out to Dunbarton Oaks this week? I'd like to see the collection of Byzantine Art which is on view there. Did I give you Harold Tweedy's address? It is P.O. Box 5836, Bethesda, I don't know where he works, but perhaps you will remember. md.

I hope you will have a rewarding week and will learn a lot about grasses. Betty sends love. If you want to write to me specially, just address it to 10 Terrace Place. All letters addressed there are delivered there. Tout à toi, - Donald



*Pine-Legged Houses
Boothbay Harbor, Maine*

To our very dear
George with our
dearest love and
the best of wishes
for many happy
returns of this day.
Ronald & Betty



The Cleveland Museum of Art
1913-1914 "The Man of the Age of Bronze."

Sculptor's name happened to be
Rodin

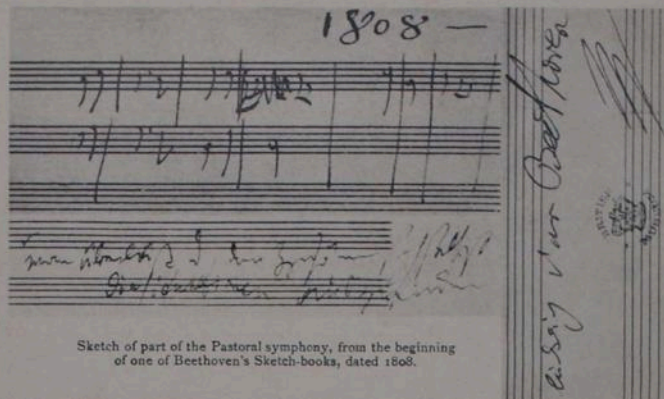
1/13/47

I have your Stuart portrait of Mrs. Yates, for which I also harbor a great enthusiasm.

Will make reservations at Seymour for Sat. Feb. 1 & hope we can meet then & there. Shall get seats for Androcles if it is played that day. Understand that there may be obstacles on either side, so it'll be luck if we both make it.

This is the way the Rock in Age d' Airam looked at the Cleveland Museum when I was there in 1919. The "Garden Court" was just beyond, and green with ferns all winter long. Eventually Surette & Whiting spoiled it by installing a pipe-organ (of all things!) I'd have fought it both & then, so it's well I left.

yours ID..



Sketch of part of the Pastoral symphony, from the beginning
of one of Beethoven's Sketch-books, dated 1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Printed at the Oxford University Press

1/28/47

Dear George: - I have the room reserved and hope to be in it when you arrive.

I haven't theatre seats yet, but hope to see something worth while. The Civic Repertory did Androcles last week, and so they're doing a Barricade play this, What Every Woman Wants, and I'd rather not see that - having memories of Maude Adams. -

Get some sleep on the train if you can: I expect you'll be fagged at that point in your peregrinations. Love

Donald

Tother Van on tother side forgot his one &. I can't figure out the second idea.





CARTE POSTALE



12/30/'46

Dear George: I write to tell you that the Britt Trio is to play at the Bohemians on Monday eve. Jan. 6th. Should you happen to be returning through N.Y. on that date, wire me at 10 Terrace Pl. and I'll make arrangements to put you up with me overnight at the Seymour. Should you not, I probably won't go at all, so let me know if you can. I don't think you mentioned where you'd be returning. — Terrible ice here today, streets a glare. I lost control driving on unsalted River St. + smashed my 2 tons into a parked car; little damage to him, badly crumpled fender for me. — We may go to N.Y. Thurs. the 2nd to greet Lulu Wiley before she sails on the 3^d. But we'll not be stopping overnight. —

B. SHOUKHAFF. A town & Corriere (Tatema)

Yours, Donald



Sun. 1/5/47

Sorry you caught cold, and hope you
mastered it quickly. Don't forget to give
me all the dope on Washington when
you've time to get your breath. Betty
talks of starting for Europe right away
quick. Mme Rejer is sailing in
April or May. I don't want to go
till Fall, and will hold her back if
I can, but next Winter we shall be in
Europe, probably in Rome, unless
circumstances arise to prevent.
Therefore any chance to meet
you in New York will be vitally
welcome to me. The Bohemians
meet Feb. 2, Mar. 2, Apr. 6.
The Sunday previous might be
possible, but Monday is the
day taken for granted. - You
addressed me last at 10 Chapel St.
+ then Farwell Ave. Are these
botanical terms? ^{955 P.O. GROUPS} Love II..

I. Mestrovich
Savoy
Mestre de Bréville.
Mestrovich, of Geneva

11 Fanning On
Feb 13th / 47

My dear George:

I did so appreciate
your fine long letter, — even
though I was in a slight
cold — I was up, and so I
it takes to write a letter and
how little you have it to thank
to letters, but I do appreciate
it just the same. I had another
big jointment this week. So all
I had planned to go into

New York yesterday to hear a concert
by our great Ambrose, that colored
barytone whom we heard in Ft
Worth last year. Such an artist
as he is! I hadn't heard such beauti-
ful singing in a long, long time,
so when I saw he was about to
give a concert in New York, I felt
I simply must hear him again.
So we made our plans. We were
going to have lunch with
William & Mrs. Huns, & then
with Morris that evening, and see

was going to the concert with us.
Then came the Nov. It seems
that Foucault has had - still
less - a very sore toe. Not see
too that has been bothering him
for so long, but one or the other
goes. I know nothing about it as the
last time I mentioned it to Mr. On
Tuesday, he went to see Dr. Wolcott
in Bristol about it & he found
the toe infected & in bad condition,
so he treated it, then gave him a
course of treatment to pursue
& to take Sulfa pills. He also
told him not to think of going

to New York, as it must be treated and
he must keep off it. So, I would
come home & look at him to see.
But it also seems that he thought
would go without him, so had got
in to see with him, to see if she
would go in with him, but she could not.
Then he said Helen said she was
all tied up in the morning of her
kind or mother, but went right to
work to see if she could give
self & not there. If I could had only
told her about it first, it would
be a simplified matter, but he said it,

+ When he found I had no intention
of going without him, he seemed
quite taken aback. No, Donald & I
would have enjoyed that trip, & so
much to go that I just didn't want
to go with anyone else. So,
everything had to be cancelled, except
that Donald called up Morris, told
him the dates quo, but that Cor
wanted him to go to the concert just
the same. At first he hesitated
but Donald told him, wanted him
to go or not to the concert to look,
so finally he consented. I am
waiting to hear from him.

Douald's toe is better to-day: not
quite so sore, but the Doctor wants
him to continue the treatment until
all the sores disappear & to still
keep up it. He's been most faithful
in following up the treatment, but
it's an awful nuisance.
But such a time as he's had with
his feet for months!! Last week was
quite hectic for the Briggs family on
account of Ann's wedding. She
was married last Saturday, the
8th. There was a home wedding and
an afternoon affair & a very lovely
one. Ann made a charming

bride, if only she hadn't looked so
solemn. Well, when her face is in
your face she does look that way.
The work of the wedding was over
round all festivities. Bridal Shower,
Bridal Luncheon & Bridal Dinner, the
last the dinner being given at the
Hotel Green the night before. Helen
Richard gave the luncheon
— there was a talk in the bridal party
& they had a wonderful time. There
was an enormous crowd at the
wedding, 150 guests in that small
room. So we were pushed about
quite a bit, & naturally there were

any fun place when one could
sit. And the clean paper should
be water! And it was too bad!
The second, too, before one had
had a mouthful to eat, so the
reaction was drastic. The young people
got very noisy - and not only the
young people - & they all seem
to judge by what went on in half
second. On Comm. the young
organist of the First Church played
for Comm., & he was fine. He's a young
fine musician & an excellent pianist,
so he was asked to play, which he
did. But did any body listen, except

one or two? They did not, but went
right on talking & went to the second
above the dome, they literally screamed
- too loud clean page! So I
can sing in the sacristy!! I tried
to escape as wasn't permitted to
hear the dome, but as that was the
only room where there was anything
to sit on I had to return as I got
so tired standing. We waited until
Armenian left, then we were
on escape. George dear, I hope it
was really pleasant for you & I was
in the night. I'm Armenian & very
interested in it, only that the
Palestinian question has come up so!

I learn it part finished it I'm reading
so much else. Almost write it for
with the Italian - I don't like to say
that I agree with! - The French, the
the Atlantic, not to mention other
books I'm reading, too. I am just
in a whirl. Also I'm trying to learn
Italian, so study that every day. Write
my sister & send to help me write
the pronunciation. I have an excellent
grammar, I'm getting along very
well. But I thank you, then George
the tout come for the book, and
when I'm finished it, I'll tell
you more about it. I think now,

I don't take the New Republic
anymore. I am not particularly
keen about it, especially as I know the
Nation. That satisfies me. I wish to
tell you, George, that that is all that
appeals to you so much more
than the East & I am sure. I saw
it only passed through St. Louis
on my way back from Texas,
but it had no charm for me.
But then I don't like those
big cold modern industrial cities,
anyway. But your work, I know,
is the most important thing,

& you might meet & know some
fine, interesting people! But, if you
decide to land out there,
you must arrange to see us again.
Find them quickly or go to Cali-
fornia the 23rd of this month.
They may stay two months, and
as they go to the hills or through
the low country as we did before,
it would be lovely if you could
make us a little visit. I would
send him love to you & with a whole
lot from me.
Ever yours affectionately
Betty.

11 Fareview

Mar. 2, 1947

Dear George: —

So many of the better commentators have been taken off the daily schedules of the radio since the Republicans regained control that it is difficult to locate the survivors. Raymond Swing, certainly a moderate middle-of-the-road fellow, was first reduced from six broadcasts to three, and now to one. The more forthright critics of American foreign & domestic policy have begun to disappear altogether.

We have listened with much edification to Frank Kingdon. He, like Swing, has been cut to one appearance weekly. The Inkograph Co., his sponsor, offered ■ free pens to the writers of the best letters in his support. I wrote one I thought too long to meet the conditions of the offer, but I won a pen all the same. Hence this "washable blue" ink. I find it a bit difficult to manage the Inkograph with my heavy pressure, but I'm determined to use a relaxed touch as in piano-playing, & no doubt I'll master the thing in due time.

We've been thinking of you in all this snowy weather, shoveling out your garage. I hope you'll take it easy & not put too great a strain on your heart. I noticed that you were smoking less, quite appreciably less, since you got back from Ottu. — Good work: keep it up!

Yes indeed, we have been fortunate in that time has not altered our sense of companionship. It is the same with Betty, and I am doubly fortunate in that my wife and my friend like to be with me as much as I like to be with them. I am the difficult cuss, and I know it takes a

certain elasticity of temperament and a generosity of disposition to put up with me. Both of you have these virtues, please be!

It is going to be something of a problem to decide whether we shall spend next winter in Europe. Berrian has been adjuring us not to go. But every letter from our friends there, and Lulu Barbi's assurances about Rome, even the letters from England, have all been hopeful of a visit. If I thought Betty could not keep warm enough, I'd decide against it.

Betty is 74, astonishing as it seems. Since I can work as well there as here, and live in a world-capital instead of 60 miles from one (too far for easy access), I am willing to take her where she thinks she wants to be. We've not yet discussed the matter with my father, who will be again it. We are assured that we shall not be taking food out of the mouths of the natives: the hotels must keep going, & the hotel-business is important in Europe's economy. But we must have ^a room with a fire-place, as we did at Mme. Dessart's in Paris, so that if the central-heating fails, we can keep warm without going to bed. Fuel is ~~essential~~ ^{essential}, and I must be assured of its procurability. I'm writing to Mme. Dessart today, for we know her person and we know her, and if she can take us in, we might remain in Paris all winter, tho the climate is not as mild as that of Rome.

Jim & Marguerite have left for California, to be gone six weeks. They expect to return early in April, but it may be as late as the 15th. Jim received your letter, and asked me to tell you that he will make inquiries while in Monrovia, but since high-pitched wheel-bases are at a premium throughout the mountain country, he is doubtful whether you'll find one, unless you buy it in the plains and

drive it out. Believe it or not, we are writing them at the "Sunkeist Lumber Co." Certainly in the lumber business they will know all about the availability of cars for mountain roads. I suggest going out in your car and advertising in a large city, say Butte or Helena. Of course then you'd have to make a circuit & come back to your jumpin'-off place. Marguerite says that Norrie, where the Biggses have their summer camp, is near the continental divide. They start from Grand Junction, near the Utah border. You'd better talk to her about it.

I didn't ask you when you'd be having your Spring recess, but of course I'd like to see you then. If you come here while the Biggses are away, I can put you up there and feed you here. If your time would be strictly limited, I'd rather be at the Seymour. Helen Rider is trying to get Berran & Flora to come, but their vacation may not coincide with yours; she will probably have asked you, so you must make your choice, & I'll abide by it. But remember we'll see little of each other if Betty & I go to Europe in the Fall.

My toe is almost cured, and gives me no pain now when walking. It's a great relief not to have to spend $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour daily giving it a treatment. I try to give it one session of Berger's exercises daily, but I have so much to do, I grudge it even that time.

What do you hear from Frank about England. Is he going to stay on?
this A.M.

Frank Kingdom discussed Britain's invitation to the U.S.A. to take over her commitments in Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean. He thinks ^{that} not we should police the globe in Britain's stead, ~~not~~ not any single nation, but rather that the United Nations should take over. One more important raison d'être for the U.N.

Betty sends her love to you. Helen is due for her second cataract (sounds like the Nile) operation late this month.

Moi, je t'embrasse. — Ronald

11 Farewell

Mar. 8, '47

Dear George : -

Betty & I are delighted you can come on the 29th and I will meet you at Harmon. Let us hope the weather will be salubrious.

As for a heart specialist who is equipped to take cardiograms and can read them himself, there is not one in Danbury. The nearest is Dr. Resnick in Stamford, but he would charge you \$25.

But the Danbury Hospital is equipped to do the job, and I am inclined to think that is your best bet. You can get the general physical and report on your heart-symptoms to my new doctor, Wolfson, a young Jewish physician practicing in Bethel. We can go to see him Saturday evening.

Then I'll make an appointment for your cardiogram at the Hospital either Sunday or Monday morning. The cardiograms are read & commented upon by Dr. Marvin of New Haven, a specialist. The commentary will be sent by the hospital to Wolfson, and Wolfson will write you the verdict.

The Hospital will charge you \$10. and Wolfson just the fee for an office visit, probably less than \$5. So you save at least \$10.

All the doctors hereabouts swear by Marvin. Dr. ~~Wick~~ Brown took me to Marvin before I went to Europe in '39. He is no alarmist (as Eckert and Delohery here seem to be), and he seems to be a wizard at electrocardiograms.

I think you're swayed not to buy too much perturbed over your heart skipping. But I would resolutely cut down on cigarettes, cut to your moderate minimum, & stick to it. Your heart would probably benefit if you could take a nap in the late afternoon. You always could sleep at the drop of a hat. Try dropping it at tea-time.

Now this must go right off. You're to decide whether you want to see Pearson or try my suggestion of Hospital - cum - Wolfson - cum Marvin.

Mavis is coming up next week-end. I saw him in New York the other day, and we talked at great length of plays to be seen. Due to his recommendation we're seeing All My Sons on Tues. 17th.

All for now. My love to you always.

Ronald

Sat. Mar 22, '47

Dear George: -

The last mail-delivery of the week failed to bring a letter from you telling what you had decided regarding your medical examination. Therefore I shall go ahead & make an appointment for you at the Danbury Hospital, if possible, next Sunday morning. We can see Wolfson on Saturday evening at the close of his office-hours.

Must you choose Harmon as a stopping-off place for Danbury? It is by far the most remote. Trains from Washington to Boston run daily via the Penn. Station to Stamford & Bridgeport. I presume you have a return ticket to Schenectady via the N.Y. Central, but if you can manage to land at Stamford, that is far easier for Danburians,

especially in bad weather.

The Colonial express leaves Washington at 10 A.M. daily & reaches Stamford via Hell Gate Bridge at 2.49. Please try for that, and any supplement you have to pay will be willingly met by me.

Yours ever,

Donald

Sun. Apr. 20, 1947.

Dear George: -

We are just back from New York, having gone down to hear Robert's recital - Robert Goldsand - at Columbia last evening. He played a half-dozen pieces by Brahms in observance of that composer's having died 50 years ago, - among them were the B-minor Rhapsody and the Variations on a theme of Handel, seldom played because of its inordinately difficult fugue. Brahms's piano style is not "grateful" to the performer. It is thick-textured and awkward for the fingers. Nevertheless, it is music of such stature and character that we ought to hear it oftener - but pianists are reluctant to put it on their programs, especially the pieces of big dimensions. Betty spoke of you during the evening and said "How much George would enjoy this!" Robert played, during the second half of his program, the D major sonata of Mozart, and Stravinsky's own piano arrangement of selections from Petroushka. This seemed to me loud, lengthy, and langweilig: piano arrangements of what was conceived for orchestra, - and conceived with such a wealth of colorful instrumental detail, - ~~are~~ to me artistic redundancies in these days of discs. Technically it's a humdinger for pianistic virtuosity, but so are Liszt's versions of Wagnerian excerpts. That doesn't give them a raison d'être for music-lovers, who now have the original conception available on records. I wish pianists would ferret out more of the beautiful and seldom-heard music written for their own instrument, as Robert did with the Brahms-Handel Variations.

As for the Mozart, it was pure joy. The Germans have got into the habit of playing Mozart's and Haydn's piano works as if they were finger-exercises. Students have to play them as technical studies. This is artistic stupidity. They should be given

as much study and care as a quartet-leader gives the phrasing and finish of one of the String Quartets. Under the hands of a master-pianist who loves + appreciates Mozart, his sonatas seem just as fine as his works for other mediums. I was convinced of this last night.

It may be that the true Deutscher has enough depth + penetration to appreciate the spiritual content of Mozart. Look at the way they used to play Bach, till the Jews taught them better!

We saw the Cézannes at noon, and I have sent you a catalogue. An entire floor, - 2 big rooms, one smaller, and the corridor - was given over to the show, so that in only a half-dozen places did one picture have to be hung above another. Cézanne needs space.

It is too bad you have to miss this show. It may travel elsewhere, of course, but we've not heard of such plans. It closes this Saturday.

On the other hand, I can suggest this comfort: any big landscape of C. says essentially the same thing. The composition has almost always the same values. I find the portraits more eloquent of the painter than of his sitters: they seem to me, as the art-critics say, not completely "realized." As for the nudes, and the groups of unclad figures, like "La Petite d'Amour" (Raymond would appreciate this painting with its erotomanic touches) - they are to me experimental. The essays in still-life are beautiful, if you like that kind of thing: I never did, tho I can admire it. But the landscapes are the ~~perfect~~ Cézanne, and if you have seen one, you know what manner of painter he was, how he loved his corner of Provence, how he illuminated it with sunlight and drew houses and trees and fields and pools and sea and clouds into pictures that bespeak its charm and radiance. Such paintings as Nos. 6, 23, 34, and 62 are very different in subject and treatment, but to me they are as alike as two symphonies by Mozart. However ~~these may differ in~~ ^{there may differ} their thematic material, they have the same distinction of phrase and ornament, the same almost-predictable contour of melodic line, the same felicity of integration within the Movement. It is a fact that my musical memory, usually accurate, cannot without some brow-wrinkling distinguish between the slow movements of Mozart's three best-known symphonies, tho I can without effort recall their openings, their Minuets, their Finales.

As I looked through that whole gallery of Cézannes, I found myself getting, from picture after picture, an almost identical reaction. I suppose a trained painter would snort at the idea, but I, an amateur not unresponsive to painting, can declare truthfully that Cézanne seems to me not to need a big show of many canvases. The Metropolitan's one is capable of representing him at his best, tho there are certain mystical ones like the Sous-Bois Provencale (65) which I would like to add as being special refinements of his prevailing mood.

I am distressed that my taking you to Wolfson resulted in so prolonged an infection. I hope you'll keep well now, tho we learn that the weather chez toi has turned wintry, with snow n'everything. More shoveling out the garage? I picked up a germ in New York, all because I neglected to take a little Oral Pentacresol with me.

The news about Joe's possible obtaining of a post in Cairo is most interesting, tho it will mean the cancellation of your hoped-for trip. Jim has his brother inquiring after possible transportation, and I'll not stop that till it becomes certain you'll not go.

My plans include the going to New York for the American Music Festival, which happens the week of May 12 and closes the 18th. I shall be there certainly the 17th. I have applied for 2 tickets to everything, and shall ask Morris + Stewart + other friends to go with me, since Betty would rather be shot than listen to our younger composers. You couldn't make a flying visit over Saturday night the 17th ???

I hope you succeed in getting into the Adirondacks this summer if you don't get to the Rockies. I wish I were up to going with you.

Incidentally, if you could get free the 17th, ~~tho~~ you'd make me very happy if you allowed me to take care of all expenses including the train trip. But better not refer to it till later.

Betty sends her love and I mine.

Yours

Donald

11 Farnew

April 23, 1947

Dear George: -

It was especially good to have your birthday letter, not alone for its message to your antique friend, but because you took time out to give me a picture of yourself viewing two ranges of hills from a sun-touched eminence, and finding a wildflower or two.

Monday was a bad day here, and we had a taste of your storm. I spent a large share of the day in bed. I think I finished my letter to you on that day, but did not have room to include our first draughts of Spring. This is a fairly normal season, for the yellow daffodils come into bloom generally in time to greet me on my natal day. They are not yet abloom at Ball's Pond.

The Norwalk River valley was a lovely sight from our train windows as we traveled into and back from New York. The Red Maples gave the key to each succeeding picture, the elms a dull yellow with their young leaves scarcely visible, the sycamores erect and muscular as naked men among the leafage. At one place I caught sight of marsh marigolds - "cowslips" we misname them locally - but that was south of Greenwich. In New York there were actually a few flowering cherries in bloom in Central Park, and two great magnolias in front of the Frick Museum. There are dandelions abloom here in the wall of the house next door, but I have not been afield and am unlikely to find much time to explore the woods unless we can persuade Helen to go during the week-end of May 30th. You see, no one to go with, ordinarily.

I heard a summer warbler this morning near my garage - a most musical, entrancing song. That means, unmistakably, that Spring is rounding the corner.

I had a book from Helen R. today, - An Essay on Morals, by Philip Wylie. I wonder how she found out I wanted it.

I hope you have a grand outing this week-end, + shall be thinking of you.

With my love, Donald



FIRST CHURCH, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.
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Post Card

THIS SIDE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Prof. G. B. Van Schaack,
Dept. of Mathematics,
Union College,
Schenectady,
N. Y.

4/27/47. This has hardly
been a perfect day for your
Catskill jaunt, but I hope
you were able to make it.
I seem to remember that
you didn't return to me the
score of the Schumann 2nd
Symphony. Do you want to
bring it next time you come to Rensselaer?
With best wishes always. III



ORGAN AND PULPIT. FIRST CHURCH, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT
Copyright, 1909, by The Swetland Publishing Co.

Sun. May 4 '47

Dear George: My tickets came yesterday from Columbia and the program for Saturday evening the 17th is for the orchestral concert by the N.B.C. symphony, who are to play the Tom Ratto Overture by Burrill Phillips, Symph. No. 2 by Halcyon Stevens, Variation, Fuguing and Rondo by Ross Lee Finney, and a Symph. in A by Douglas Moore.

In view of the bad weather last week-end and this, I shan't blame you in the least if you want to stay up-country and bottomize. But I'd love to have you over-night in New York if you want to come down. I shall go down on Thursday the 15th for ~~the~~ Vergil Thomado's opera The Mother of us All, and remain three nights. - You don't need to let me know till the 15th, at the Seymours. Love. Donald

Post Card

Place Stamp
Here
Domestic
One Cent
Foreign
Two Cents

May 7, 1947

Dear George: -

Another bulletin! I find on re-perusal of the programs for the Festival that the Saturday concert (on May 17) is scheduled for 2.45 P.M., not in the evening. Therefore if you were to come down, we might nab the opportunity to go together to a good play. Good plays, however, seem to be exceedingly scarce. I personally would have chosen The Importance of Being Earnest, but the run ends this week.

Ralph Bellamy in State of the Union might be worth spending \$6. to \$8. on, but the rest of the list of straight plays leaves me with a yen to join in a buyers' strike. I'd like to see Alice in Wonderland, - but would you?

In view of the necessity for this choice, I'd like to hear from you. Prognostications are for a wet May. Certainly the first week of it has borne out the prophets.

We have none of us heard from Elizabeth except through you. If she intends to come down the final week in May, she may find Florence Heard at Helen Tufts's. Florence has been invited, but she too has not been heard from.

Of course, if the plays fail to yield two seats, there are some good pictures like Les Enfants du Paradis. Then we could let your decision ride till the last minute and take a chance.

Love, Donald

Danbury
May 18, 1947

Dear George: -

I was very deeply pleased to have a letter from you to solace my loneliness at the Seymour. I missed you very much. I am used to living without you by my side. Even in Boston we saw each other but seldom, and then our intercourse was limited in its intimacy. It is at the Seymour or elsewhere in New York that we have been closest and ~~most~~ most free. Therefore I am likely to be reminded of you more intensely there than elsewhere, and I think you sensed this possibility. At any rate, bless you for writing.

The Festival was interesting, and I'm glad I was able to go. You will have seen the programs in the newspapers. I read only the Tribune reviews and disagreed with most of them in their allotment of praise and dispraise.

The Mother of Us All was decidedly Gertrude Stein's show. The music provided a craftsmanlike setting for the text, but would be pretty nearly meaningless in itself. The singers did an admirable job of enunciation and interval-hitting, and moved about the stage with grace and rhythmic fitness while singing. It was an amusing evening. Laurence Perry, whom I saw there, says that it will make a good piece for schools to perform. But I question whether Stein's text will appeal to the High School undergraduate.

In the choral program I liked the setting of the Canticle of the Sun by Leo Sowerby, - to my surprise, because what little of his authorship I've heard before

has failed to register above zero. I thought his sense of the relationship of chorus to orchestra was good, and I felt he captured a moment or two of ecstasy.

The symphonic program was mostly sound and fury, but contained an interesting work by Ross Lee Finney, who now teaches at Smith College. He can write contrapuntally involved stuff that interests my mind & satisfies my sense for music.

On the Wind Instrument program, the stars were the two foreign-born composers, Weiss, who used to play bassoon in Rochester, and Nareff, who is 33 and has been in this country long enough to have studied with Rubin Goldmark; - m. ca. 1935. They showed a sense for instrumentation full of idiomatic touches, quite superior to most of the other composers.

In general, there was a great quantity of stuff that sounded loud but not alive, without thematic cogency or significance, even though insistently proclaimed. And I missed both grace and tenderness: these are two qualities which seem to be ^{absent} ~~absent~~ from modern art in general.

On Saturday evening I went alone to hear the two short operas of Gian-Carlo Menotti, The Telephone (a curtain-raiser) and The Medium (a gruesome thriller à la Grand-Guignol), both very well sung, and the latter acted up to the hilt by a company headed by Marie Powers, who spends her big voice as if she had unlimited reserves to draw upon. There is also a part for an actor who does not speak or sing - beautifully

and expressively mimed by a negro dancer named Leo Coleman.

It was the first work I had heard of Menotti, and he is at the same time composer, author, and stage-manager or director. He seems to be a sure-fire hit from any angle. The music is modern but singable. The orchestral rôle is important and the instruments must be played by experts, but they will go into a small pit. It is a good show and I think you would enjoy it. (Perhaps you can go with Frank after his return.)

Emmanuel Balaban conducted, and I went back-stage at his invitation afterward; ~~after~~ after he had cleaned up, we went out to the Seymour Bar for a round of beers. I spoke of my ballet score, & he is willing to look it over and, if he likes it, try to interest one of the conductors of the Ballet Theatre. — I took the piano score to Jimmy Gullian, and asked him to look it over with the idea of his playing it to somebody like Lucia Chase, who is "behind" the Ballet Theatre. — I saw Phil Merroll for the first time in years. He and Jimmy have shared the same apartment ~~for a long time~~ since about 1930.

The String Quartet score is copied, and if the music only sounds as good as the copy looks!...

I go to N.Y. again on Thursday to take the Alice score to E.B., but shall not stay over-night.

We saw a rose-breasted grosbeak, two bluebirds, and a colony of goldfinches today on Fairview. The house is surrounded by Orioles & wood-thrushes. — By the way, what does squirrel-corn look like? Your
Donald

Not coming over Memorial Day? We'll all be disappointed, but especially Elizabeth Webb.

Sat., May 31, 1947.

Dear George: -

I hope you didn't have to teach yesterday, because it was a perfect day to be out of doors. I managed to get away alone to the farm and had a sun-bath - my third - on the terrace. There is a movable cot up there now, and it can be wheeled out on its rubber tires and placed advantageously. I am still in the cold-cream-and-limited-exposure stage. I burn my skin if I forget to be careful.

Elizabeth Webb, who was to have arrived here Tuesday night, changed her plans from train to bus at the last moment. We didn't have time for anything but exchanges of telegrams, with the usual omissions and misunderstanding. Luckily she had a minister & his wife whom she knew in New Haven. They rescued her and kept her two nights. I of course do not drive long distances at night on account of approaching headlights, which blind me & put me into a nervous tangle. I wired her to take the late bus, leaving New Haven at 11.15 P.M. But the word take was omitted from the telegram as delivered!

We think she looks very, very frail. She had a bad fall this winter. She was trying to put coal into her cellar furnace and made a mis-step. She measured her length on the cement floor, but broke no bones. She says she can find no-one to help her. I should think the residents of Wiscasset might club together and share a furnace-man. Old ladies shouldn't have to tend furnaces.

She seems just the same in mind & spirit, only she does not see as well as in the past, and her reaction to what she sees is tardy. She walked into the wrong side of a door in the Hotel Green, the other day. But I suppose if she keeps her "faculties", she can afford to put up with perceptions that are slowing down to Adagio. Only it is clear that she is in greater danger of accident.

Your letter to Elizabeth came this morning. We'll take it to her after supper.

^R
Helen had us all there to dinner on Thursday. We missed you.

The trees at the farm have been unusually beautiful this late spring. The Katsura, the beeches, the larches, and the great cut-leaf maple have been unusually beautiful. Already the tree-peonies have bloomed and I've disbudged the regular peonies and shall cut them as they come into bloom. I'm giving the perennials away. Marguerite has taken some, and the historical museum, which has an old-fashioned garden, took a lot. Crab-grass has got into the garden, due to George Clausen's stupidity, and it will entail a major operation to remove it. Oh, oh!

I have a youngster working at the list of my books and music. We intend to give many books away, and the listing is a task preliminary. He is a violinist named Rocco Gioia, and the first youngster of Italian parentage I have yet known who ~~is~~ is not an extravert. I sometimes do not know if he understands what I have just said, because he makes no reply, nor any vocal sound of assent, dissent, or indifference. E molto difficile!

We have our reservations for a Europe-bound steamer, but have not yet definitely decided to go. It depends a little on what happens to my mother and father, and a great deal on reports from over there. We are assured by our former landlady in Paris that she will keep us warm next winter. We have had a most enthusiastic letter from Ghislaine Kefer. It seems she has fallen in love all over again with Paris. I shall want to hear what Frank has to report on conditions in England. Is he to be at his former address, or at another, after his arrival next fortnight?

Gracie read us a letter from Raymond from Shanghai. He is occupied with an experiment, teaching Chinese business-men the methods of American business organization. I think he said he was sent over by the Nat'l Ass'n of Mfgs. for a 6 mos. trial period. After that he may be replaced, but if he returns to China, it will be for a three year stay. We've heard from Hilda, who finds China beautiful.

Love from us all, & my special love to you.

Donald

List of Books

to which G. B. Van S. is welcome ■
if he chooses

Asa Gray: First Lessons in Botany, etc.
N.Y. Ivison, Phinney, Blakemen & Co. 1865.
Text complete; binding partially defunct.

E. H. Wilson: America's Greatest Garden: The
Arnold Arboretum. Stratford, Boston, 1925

Richardson Wright: Practical Book of Outdoor
Flowers. Philadelphia. Lippincott. 1924.

Nellie Blanchan: Wild Flowers. Nature Library.
Garden City. Doubleday. 1926.

Walter P. Wright: Popular Garden Flowers.
N.Y. Doubleday. 1911. Printed in Edinburgh.

Robert M. McCurdy: Garden Flowers. Nature
Library. Doubleday. Garden City. 1926.

All these are illustrated, some in color.

There may be other books you would like, but
we can select them better sometime when you are
here. —

TH.

11 Farview
Aug. 6, 1947

Dear George:

A month from now we should be in our new house. It is a brand-new house, and it's too bad you missed seeing it, for I'd have valued your opinion on it. It is small. It is convenient to the Danbury - Bethel bus. It is up about 5 ft. from the level of the main highway, and about half-a-block therefrom, so that Betty has practically no climb, and has transportation in my absence. All the essential rooms are on the ground-floor, i.e. living-room, two bedrooms, bath, + kitchen. The second floor is unfinished, but there is room for a sizable studio with bath, and there are two good windows at either end. The cellar is under the whole house, and is very pleasant. The builder meant for it to house a play-room. From the standpoint of location and arrangement, the place exactly suits our needs.

Jim, contrary to your expectation, approves our purchase of a home. He is a little dubious of the building, and pointed out some details which were

less than wholly satisfactory to him. There are some which are less than wholly satisfactory to me. But I think the builder set a fair price considering the high cost of everything today.

I paid, or am to pay a total of \$11,500 for the land and the house. The builder had taken out a First Mortgage of \$7000. which has run 2 mos. + which I am taking over on Sept. 2. The monthly payment is \$42.50 and the mortgage is thereby paid up on July 1, 1967 unless I choose to retire it more rapidly.

If I understood you correctly, your idea was that I should buy the house outright now. Then it would be mine, and I'd have no need to pay interest at 5%.

I am writing to the Govt. Life Insurance office to find out what cash value my policy has today. If it is sufficient to total \$11,500. with what cash I can muster now, I think I shall make use of it. I would rather do that than sell my shares of stock, though I think I shall cash all our Liberty bonds.

This was your argument, wasn't it? That I should pay for the property now, in full?

I have a hunch that my Govt. Life Ins. is worth exactly \$7000. today, because my payments to April 1954 (when I shall be 64) total exactly \$3000. We'll see.

That would leave me with \$4500 to pay, which I could manage nicely between our Liberty bonds and our savings bank deposits.

The plot is 80' wide and 150' deep. The garage is to be built at cost, which will come to about \$600. The grading is not yet completed, nor the side walks, but they are at the expense of the builder. The planting has still to be done, & I shall do it with zest. I hope to get the family to permit me to move down from the farm our latest planting of fruit-trees. They are south of the maples & apples round the house & the sunken garden: a few apples & cherries and one surviving quince. I shall grow peonies and asparagus and Boston lettuce, and very little else.

We shall have a kitten for Betty and a collie for me — to walk with me while my friends botanize or do other unsociable things, and there will always be a bed and an affectionate welcome for G. B. Van D.

I cannot tell you how deeply we thank you & Helen R. for pushing us to this decision. It needed only a determined push.

My thoughts have been often of you since the morning of the day before yesterday, and I hope you are not finding anything at home which can't be worked out to a satisfactory solution. Give my regards to your mother if she remembers me, and don't worry if she doesn't. I hope you have reassuring news of Eva.

If you can come to us after we are installed at 1 Grassy Plain Terrace, it would be grand. Between now and then I don't think it would be practical. We still are waiting to hear from the Parker House!

Betty sends love and I my own deepest love.

P.S. Dad is slowly but steadily improving.

Donald

Hotel Seymour

fifty west forty-fifth street
west of fifth avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

21 Aug. '47

Dear George: —

I am sitting in the Seymour waiting for Stewart Remhart, who seems not to arrive.

Thanks for your letter about the financing of my house. I'm to take over a 7000 Mtge. and I have enough savings for the 4,500 balance.

I think Betty is quite happy over the change that faces us. I only hope we can find a competent woman to help her.

Helen read us your letter. I think you'd better reconsider Mrs. Pierce going to W. Coxsackie.

I take it you'll not have time to come to Bethel before departing for St. Louis. I regret it deeply, but time and the conservation of the energies of G. B. Van S. are of first importance.

2

Hotel Seymour

fifty west forty-fifth street
west of fifth avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Berrian said he would love to go back
to that cataract, so if you want a
companion + have a couple of days free,
he'd be glad to hear from you.

He'll be at College Hill, Clinton, N. Y.
till Sept. 1. and then at Piseco till
the 15th. I hope you go.

Our dear love to you.

Donald

Danbury, 1 Sept., 1947

Dear George: - We are planning to move to our new home in Bethel on the 8th, a week from today. There are several things that may prevent us; we are not yet connected with the water system, for example, - yet we expect that one more week will dispose of all the preliminaries.

I take over the \$7000. mortgage held by the Savings Bank of Danbury, and pay \$4500. out of my savings account. I haven't much idea how much the refinishing and completion of the interior will cost me beside, but I shall finish the floors myself, and the paint job has already amounted to over \$200. It isn't much consolation to know that we have converted the Kleins (the builders) to paint instead of varnish. The garage will cost about \$600. and the landscaping (after filling in), at least \$200. I hope I'm solvent after I've paid my bills!

It was a big regret to me not to be here during your last visit, not to show you the house, not be able to ask your opinion on several perplexing

matters. To be honest with you, I liked it better when I was your only close friend in Danbury. I am not jealous of Helen, but I wish she lived in parts remote where her hospitality and ours would not tend to conflict. Enough for that. You will have heard that her house has at last been sold.

Your carton of wearables amazed me by its generosity, especially since you had warned me not to expect much. If I had known a month ago that there was to be a complete suit of clothes that would fit my friend Millot, it would have saved me exactly \$27.50. But now he will have three suits instead of one - Jimmie Biggs having donated another. I hope Emmanuel Paré can wear your socks as well as Millot, and the heavy woolen ones have started on their way to a friend of H. Tufts who runs a vegetable and fruit farm on the Isle of Guernsey. Betty is sending some of the ties + underwear to friends in England. Thank you, George, a thousand times for these things that are so badly needed and will be so gratefully appreciated.

We had an interesting trip to Boston, though I hated staying at so noisy a place as the Parker House. We went principally for shoes, and we obtained them, but at a price twice what I paid before the war (my old pairs all date from then). I purchased also a new leather bag to replace the one my chorus of The Gondoliers gave me fifteen years ago.

The first evening we went to see Jane Court in a summer production of The First Mrs. Fraser by St. John Ervine, a diverting comedy I'd not seen before. Jane is still an effective actress of light stuff. I never wanted to see her in Romeo + Juliet, which she played for so long, but the Ervine play was just her measure.

The second evening we went to Great Expectations, a movie done by an English company in England, and it ranks in my opinion with King Henry V, which is the finest use of the cinema I've yet seen, both pictures far superior artistically to anything from Hollywood except the rarer flights (and longer) like Gone With the Wind. The star system hurts the American productions.

The 3d evening we saw, at a little theatre in Washington St., Crime + Punishment (Dostoevsky) by a French company, and Alexander Nevsky by a Russian, with music by Prokofiev. The French actors were superb; they made the tale gripping, unforgettable. The prosecuting attorney was a masterly realization. The Russian film was Soviet propaganda, and, I suspect, worthless as history, but it was exceedingly picturesque. I must say that the presence of state-subsidized theatres in both Moscow + Paris seems ~~to~~ to be a stimulus to acting, to the actor's art, and not to his being unduly pushed forward as a personality.

The music by Prokofiev was cogent, dramatic, forceful, appropriate at all times. It was simple and melodious. It could have been written only in these times, yet it made sense and avoided extremes of dissonance and harmonic complexity. We have no one who can do as well.

We saw Betty's cousin, Mrs. Keppler, on Tuesday, a lively old lady in her 94th year, and had lunch with Peggy Paine on Wednesday at the Women's City Club which gave us a chance to see the interiors of two 18th century houses on Beacon St. Such beauty, spaciousness & elegance are not realized nowadays.

We left H. Tufts visiting a friend in Lexington, and came home via Newtonville, where we stopped to see Charles Anthony. Charles is a wreck. He is only 67, yet has had half-a-dozen "shocks". These have left him unable to walk, and he sits on the edge of his bed and talks (tho they've taken all his teeth out) with wit and animation and an astonishing clarity of enunciation. He was pathetically glad to see us. He is married to a

former pupil who seems to adore him. At any rate, she is sacrificing herself to his care & solace without a murmur of complaint.

Your Vermeer and the Harvard document were taken this morning up to Ball's Pond where they were deposited tentatively in the South closet in the Green room. I locked the closet door & hid the key in the nearby window-frame. In case the place is sold (and Jim now seems to be making a determined effort to sell it) they will be removed to 1 Grassy Plain Terrace, Bethel.

You've not told me where to address you, so this goes to West Coxsackie. By the way, Berran is to be at Piseco till around the 15th, and he told me he would be glad to take you to the famous waterfall if you could get to his camp. It is called

~~Can't~~ Count Comfort, & the P.O. is Piseco, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

Write me your plans. I know nothing about them.

With my love always,

Ronald

1 Grassy Plain Terrace,
Bethel, Conn.
Oct. 22, 1947

Dear George: -

Here we are at last in a house which is a going concern. We have a furnace reputed to function without attention, electric range, electric refrigerator (our old one, brought for North House), a cook in the kitchen, and, last but not least, a cat - Minette - upon whom to lavish our affections. Minette used to follow me home to Margie's from the barn of the corner house where I kept my car, so she really adopted me. We had no qualms about absconding with her to Bethel, for they had a mother-cat and two younger-generation kittens in that barn.

Our cook answered an ad: she was the only one of several who called by 'phone to come & be interviewed. She is French, but has lived in this country, - in Newtown, to be precise, - since she was a little girl. So she is bilingual. Whichever language we start to speak, we slip in a word in the other when our vocabulary tends to falter. She is a corking good cook, well-versed in the preparation of soups and salads. If prices continue their dizzy climb, soups & salads are what we shall doubtless be reduced to. Jeanne lives now on Library Place in Danbury and comes & goes by bus.

We are not yet completely sure where all our stuff is going, and the cellar is like Macy's basement: a coffee-machine here, china and glass-ware there, odds & ends of brass & copper, pots, pans, biscuit-tins and other kitchen-ware for which there's no space in our minuscule kitchen. We've enough crockery to furnish two or three additional households. And two beautiful enamel-topped kitchen tables for which we've no room. We turned one of them into a counter for parcel-packaging for Europe.

Our fireplace has not yet functioned because of the protracted drouth and unseasonable warm weather. But Bernie Dolan has put in half a cord of logs, and I'm authorized to pick up kindlings from the carpenters' waste of lumber in the houses going up above us.

When we shall be able to have our Upper Room finished, we cannot tell: I hope it will be ready by the time you come East again, - which I assume will be during the Christmas holidays. We are going to line the room with wardrobes, bookshelves, cupboards, and a stall for the tail of my Sternway. There's to be a bath. I hope to engineer two couches, so that we can put our married friends up there for visits. That's the joy of having a house, & we want room for at least a flat of visitors.

The garage is built. Since we are a family with but one car, that is the only one provided for. Dad reproved

me for not providing a larger one, but if my friends who drive autos want them drydocked, they'll have to go to a public garage.

We've been taking a protracted vacation from composition, and have put many hours into the decoration of the little house. We think we have it about as we want it now. You've no idea how greatly ivory paint and the staining + waxing of the floor transformed the living-room. Out-of-doors, I've moved all the peonies down from Ball's Pond (dividing them with Louise McKee) and shall concentrate on them and on bulbs. We splurged and bought one root of *Paeonia Mlokosiewitschi* of A. P. Saunders in Clinton, who describes it thus:

"The only true yellow herbaceous peony and one of the most beautiful of hardy plants. A very early and abundant bloomer. Although not always certain to succeed, it should at least be tried in every garden." Next year I'll try *P. lutea*, the wild tree-peony from So. China.

I had recourse to your plan of the peony bed at the farm, which you made so carefully so many years ago. Of the original plants, only one had died, in spite of complete neglect during the last few years. Three trees tied at the farm I mean to plant here: The cut-leaf Silver Maple, the Katsura, and the Japanese Flowering Crab-Apple.

Your letter of Oct. 9 from the hospital sounds, or rather, reads, as tho you were determined to put your endurance to a grueling test. I'll not try to dissuade you: I think you're quite strong physically and mentally. You like work, and if you can do it all, yourself, you may thrive on it. I'd advise loafing one day in seven, but I'll not be surprised if my counsel goes unheeded. At least ^{try to} get out in the open regularly and systematically. That will freshen you up for the indoor grind. I hope, incidentally, that you have forgotten all about your attack of diarrhoea.

H. R. must have written you about Arnie's breaking her hip a week ago yesterday. It is "pinned", and coming along nicely. She gives every indication of a speedier recovery than Dad's. He is at home with two fine, capable "practical nurses" who help with the cooking and are both good-humored, vigorous characters.

H. R. moves to Terrace Place at the end of this week. She was here this afternoon. She does not look at all well. Michael Wittenman is coming to help her to move.

The Russians, I think, are making themselves ridiculous by their behavior at the sessions of the U.N. and by the wolf-cry of their press. Still, I suspect it may be good for us to be barked at. It may even teach us diplomacy: throw the dog a sausage while you pursue the right path. The right path is toward the abrogation of national self-assertion and the establishment of a genuine world-government. Where is the super-national Thomas Jefferson to draft its Constitution?

The violinist who played the enclosed program is only 17 but already a master. Brahms beautifully played, with true musicianship, plenty of ardor, and a fine sense of the right tempi and rhythmic accentuations. Complete technical competence, but no showing-off to the groundlings. If you have an opportunity to hear him, don't miss it.

Betty joins me in the hope that you'll be able to do all the things on your docket and still keep your health.

Cheers!

Donald

DANBURY MUSIC CENTRE

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1947

DEVY ERLIH, *Violinist*

PHILLIP FRADKIN, *Accompanist*

PROGRAM

I.

- Sonata in D minor, Opus 108 *Brahms*
Allegro
Adagio
Un poco presto e con sentimento
Finale

II.

- Grave and Fugue from Sonata in A minor *Bach*
(for violin alone)
Deux danses Bulgares —
Ostinato (from "Microcosmos") *Bartok-Erlih*
(First Performance)
Caprice No. 24 *Paganini*

INTERMISSION

III.

- Sonata in G *Debussy*
Allegro vivo
Fantasque et léger
Finale

IV.

- Piece en forme de Habanera *Ravel*
Danse des negrillons *Delannoy*
Danceries *Delvincourt*
Bouree — Basquaise — Farandole
Tzigane *Ravel*

SEASON 1947-1948

FIRST PROGRAM

Mon. Oct. 27, 1947

Dear George : -

Helen Tufts had a telegram this evening from Wiscasset saying that Elizabeth Webb is gone from this life. No details, but a letter is to follow. I suspect it was a heart-attack, for we had no forewarning.

We feel bad about it, for when she was here, while she looked unusually frail, ^{she} ~~yet~~ seemed as capable as ever of getting about. Had we known she would live only till October, we should most certainly have carried through our original plan of going on to Maine from Boston at the end of August. We now regret our decision, but too late. You have seen her more recently than we have.

We have talked about the funeral, and we wish we could go. If Elizabeth had anyone who had been dependent upon her, and to whom we could be of service, we should willingly make the effort. Since there is no one, flowers will have to stand in our stead. If we hear the date of the funeral service, I shall be tempted to write you, because I feel that you also would like to be represented at the service.

H. R. is to sleep tonight at 10 Terrace Place after four days of the kind of effort we understand and sympathize with. "Michael" has stood on step-ladders and groveled under tables, and they are both physically exhausted. But you will not recognize the third floor of my old home when you see it. The shapes of the rooms are the same, but the hall has become a reception room dominated by Lady Jane Seymour; the bedroom has become suddenly livable. Only the living-room remains to be arranged - my former studio - and Helen will make something attractive out of that. I think she will find the two flights of stairs trying, when she has to climb + descend them day after day, and her waste + garbage will have all to be carried down by hand. But she seems satisfied that the advantages will outweigh the defects, tho she has grave doubts about the steam-heating if my father exclusively is to operate the thermostat two floors below.

Amie is recovering more speedily than did my father, but she sleeps a great deal of the time, which seems to prove that she was in sore need of the rest she's being forced to take.

We feel that Elizabeth was blessed indeed in being taken without a protracted illness. She was very dear to us, and life will be poorer without her.

Our love to you, always. - Donald

Bethel
Mon. evg. Oct. 28 '47

Dear George: -

I called Bob Judd the florist this morning and put in an order for flowers for Elizabeth's funeral. He said he would telephone to the nearest florist on his list, who happened to be in Damariscotta. The Damariscotta man had had as yet no orders for the service, but he knew the undertaker in Wiscasset and promised to get in touch with him at once. I took the liberty of ordering a \$5.00 floral piece for you to send, as I thought that would save you time and effort, not but what you would gladly spend both for Elizabeth's sake.

We expect to hear from Mrs. Sigson, but we have not heard yet, and I thought it was better to have the flowers attended to. As a matter of fact, the funeral may have been this afternoon.

Dad was reported to have been seen being driven into our street this afternoon. Of course, he could not descend from the car, but he had to

have a look at our little house. This is his second afternoon a-riding. We visited Anne at the hospital today. The doctor (Stahl) says she is coming along faster than did Dad. She looks rather tired and frail, and finds time passes slowly while she waits for her hip to begin functioning again. She will have to subside now and let others take the responsibility at 10 Terrace Place.

We think we are going to like our little house very much, and we're still busy trying to choose curtains and accessories.

What an autumn! One of these days, Bang! and we'll be switched from hottest summer to coldest winter. I feel like praying for rain.

Have you read Aldous Huxley's article, Bridges to One World in the current Tomorrow? Quite the most intelligent analysis of the contemporary picture I've yet read.

I think the Nation is apt to lean a little too far forward and lose its balance. Such a review as Newton Arvin's of Ellery Sedgwick's Atlantic Harvest seems to me to miss the point altogether. When the prime consideration is literary style, why carp at an editor for putting artistic excellence before social ~~progress~~ ^{progress}? What is well-written deserves printing even if it is not propaganda.

But doubtless my brow is incorrigibly high.

Love to you. - Donald

Bethel, Oct. 29, '47

Dear George: -

We had today a letter from Mrs. Sigison, of which what follows is a partial quotation: (I have tried to fill in the gaps.)

Tues. Oct. 28.

" I'll try to send you a line about our dearest Elizabeth. To go back to when she visited you, Helen - I expect you all noticed a change in her & that her legs were swollen - & tho the brave soul has kept going to the Library every day & was her usual dear self, we who loved her could see she was failing.

" Sunday we asked the Doggetts to drive her down for tea. ... When they came, Elizabeth looked so well, but said she did not awaken until 1 o'clock and was afraid to go to bed that night (Sunday), and I said you must not be alone, Elizabeth & Mrs. Doggett said "no indeed, you are to come right over & sleep in our house

+ I'll take you up breakfast" - but (in the morning) she did not gain consciousness at all - they sent for Dr. Day, he could not arouse her tho she was breathing very hard. They phoned us + I went right over, but she still was asleep. I came home for a bit of luncheon and Katherine (her sister) when we got (back) there she was gone and Dr. was there. (Dr. Day was very fond of Elizabeth, and evidently stayed right by her.) Dear brave soul! so she did (not have) to pass away alone, or live to brave this hard winter, she so dreaded it. ... They ask me for her age to put on stone, etc. but I do not know - do you? (We don't.)

"Services from her home at 11 o'clock Thursday A.M. and burial by dear Mr. Webb at Bucksport."

Betty says Elizabeth was one of the few persons of whom she was very fond. You know, in spite of her interest in people + her unflinching

and admirable friendly attitude, there are only a few for whom she deeply cared, and Elizabeth was one.

I thank you for you, George, because I feel that you too loved Elizabeth half and will be one friend the poorer for her passing.

There is a disease of the heart, one of the symptoms of which is a swelling of the legs. Betty's uncle died of it. Of course whatever kind Elizabeth underwent, no one will ever know because of her gift + her reticence. But at the last, how blessed to be able to carry on ones work till the very last Saturday, not to be crippled, and to go to sleep and just simply not wake up in the morning.

My love to you, always. -

Ronald

1. Grassy Plain Tenax
Bethel, Nov 18th / 49.
My dear Mr. George:

Thank you so
much for your dear sympathetic
letter. I know my dear Elizabeth's
passing would be a real grief
to you, as I know how much you
loved her, & she, too, was
certainly loved for you. I heartily
think that you were the one person
whom she thought just about
right, & George dear, you may

will be found that for Elizabeth
was one who didn't take things
into the heart. For Mrs. Elizabeth
was one of the few persons in this
world for whom I deeply cared
& I feel her loss more than I can
put into words. I think of her
earnestly & I just can't realize
that I shall never see that bright
beard face again. Yet for her
own dear sake I can't but be
glad that she is spared any
further struggle with life. Her
was such a fine courageous
spirit!! How did she complain,

8. If you asked her how she was,
the reply was always "Oh, I'm all
right." But like you I grew worried
to much concerned as I looked
when the news came of her death,
- it was the suddenness of it - be-
cause when she came here this past
Autumn, the moment I laid my
eyes on her I saw how she had
suffered. I felt I must do something
then, but when I said good bye
to her the day we put her on
the train at Bridgeport to go
home I little dreamed that I'd
never see that sweet face again!

But George / cant but be sure did
that she was found a long, cold
hand winter! I know she made
it she said in word to come
+ will not all of her friends
from that street, it would be
been a cold & lonely. The Sogets
who lived of people here who were
transferred if we go to Washington
for the winter, & her friend John too,
Anna Belle signing the sister association
in New York or Philadelphia. It
seems too - I didn't know it -
that the man who owned the
house Elizabeth lived in, sold it,

I had told her that she must move
in the spring. Anna Bella said that
she greatly wished that I said,
"her hope God would give her an
apartment in her room," & He did,
without her going through a long
cold, lonely winter. Bless her. I
simply can't take it in yet that
she isn't with us any longer. How
true as ever though true in spirit as
she is I feel that we who were
known her have not had to deal
we shall always feel her presence.
Anna Bella met her that Elizabeth left
no more nor pains of my.

kind, so I suppose from now will be ap-
pointed to the duty of settling the affairs.
I imagine they'd have an auction,
as I don't see anything like to do.
I feel sad that I couldn't go to
Weymouth for the funeral, & if there
had been anybody there near Elizabeth
to whom I could have been of any
help or comfort, I would have made
the effort, but there was none,
only dear Elizabeth herself, & she
wasn't there. But I would have
loved to have last look at that
dear face! On Sunday, George,
the day before she died, Mrs. Belle

Leeson asked her to take him and
Elizabeth West, but she must have felt
wretched because she did say she was
afraid to go home & sleep alone that
night, so Dr. Soggett urged her to
stay at her home & Elizabeth did.
The morning, Dr. Soggett found
her unconscious. When she took her break-
fast to her, she sent word shortly for Dr.
Soggett, Elizabeth & Doctor. But she never
regained consciousness & went out that
night Monday. I think she was hard
on my suffering. Well, the dear Dr. & Dr. Gould
has gone, & we shall see her again.
You, dear George, certainly love &

full schedule! I only hope it won't
be too much for you & hope, too
that you are having no more respiratory
trouble! Please think of you, George
going here, & how I miss you &
don't know about you!
How I wish you were near to me
could come here for them!! Anne is
getting along famously, & I think
it will be long now before she'll be
out of the hospital. Mr. Tweedy
doesn't seem to be getting along so well.
I think he's a bit worried about his
leg. I'm sorry for him. He's getting
along well. Mr. Linn on little more

home my much, & am looking forward
to the day when we can be together in
it. When I read you in studio find,
then we'll have a place for our friends.
It's having difficulty, someone, getting back
of a carpenter. They are all busy.
With much love to you, dear
George, I remain your affectionate
and loyal friend.
Always affectionately
Betty

Bethel

Nov. 30, 1947

Dear George: -

Betty and Helen are running a performance of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto under Mitrofanovs - after a ghastly session with Krenek's new symphony, which I thought so hideous I hadn't the patience to listen to it. A herd of Gadarene swine incarnating a host of devils - and may they all be drowned deep.

I've not written because there has been nothing to write about unless we really initiate a correspondence - and you're not the time.

Both Dad + Amie have had hard luck with their hips. - The pin in Dad's hip has slipped + protrudes about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. The bone has healed nicely, + the pin will have to be removed soon. The leg gives Father considerable pain when he turns it a certain way. My private opinion is that the surgeon who did both operations is a nit-wit. He used to sing in St. James's choir with me, and his brains were never protrusive. I dare say the operations were performed with skill, but the post-operational care is where things apparently went awry.

Amie's skin proved unable to stand the pull of the bandages whereby the weight was attached which holds the leg in fusion. Therefore she will have the operated leg shorter than the other. She has been put back to bed and not yet allowed to experiment with any sort of locomotion under her own power.

Later . . . I've just returned from Terrace Place and found they put a special brace on Anne today. She has it on in bed & finds it quite comfortable. It is designed to accomplish what the tension weight was supposed to do for the equalization of the legs. Let's pray it will succeed.

We haven't yet succeeded in getting a carpenter started on our upper room. Should you come to Danbury, I think you could sleep in Dad's bedroom. The day-nurse takes a nap in there, afternoons, but essentially the room is unoccupied. I would like to have one night with you at the Seymours, but the room would have to be spoken for well in advance of the date, as all New York hotels are booked solid for the holidays. What are your plans? You know Helen & we will connive at taking charge of you if you're able to come here.

We're finding out some of the "outs" about this house. But in the main it's a pleasant living-place, especially in the sunny weather of this late Fall. I haven't yet got the cellar in anything like an orderly state. But the grass has come up almost 100%, and while the building lacks foundation planting, everything will be filled in by next May. There will be narcissus from Balls Pond, and Mertensia under the trees. I've put Holland tulips throughout the peony bed (the peonies will do little their first year here) and underneath

our South windows I've half-a-dozen varieties of what are called "Botanical" tulips - which means, I presume, that somewhere in the Himalayan highlands they grow wild.

I've been extravagant and bought a root from A. P. Saunders of Paeonia Mlokosevitchii, which is, I think, the wild Chinese tree peony I once saw blooming in the courtyard of Frederick Richardson's house in Charles River, and remember vividly its saffron loveliness and the great beauty of its foliage.

Betty and I have decided not to send out any presents this Christmas but to devote our available cash to the purchase of food and clothing for our friends in Europe.

Betty was much pleased with your birthday gift to her, and will write to thank you directly. She was delighted with the two lovely postcards and certainly did not expect any weightier gift.

The enclosed clipping about Elizabeth Webb comes from the Lincoln County News - pub. in Damariscotta. Will you please return it to us.

I hope this month is going to bring a visit from you, or at least, a meeting. - A good hug for you, and love from Betty.

Donald

Grassy Plains Tenace
Bethel, Dec 7th/45

My dear Mr. George, for you
are at my dear George to
be remembered so bountifully
on my birthday. I was perfectly
content with the two lovely
post cards you sent to me,
because my dear Mr. George
two of my favorite pictures.
That a thing of Mr. Hall's
always appeared to me,
it is so poetic & atmospheric,

+ The El. Grey has been one
of my chief favorites. But did
you know, my dear, that those
two were my special pets? But,
you couldn't have chosen better,
I'm sure. Great feel for them.
I shall always keep them among
my treasures. There to have
that book of stories come in
top of them, how can I help it?
You're too good to ever leave.
I shall take great pleasure
in them. I'm sure they'll
be just the thing to read to you
the open fire these evenings.

winter evenings? So far, I've
read only two stories, as Sarah
has had his nose buried in the
book, but I shall have my
turn at them later. But
I thank you, dear George, for
not coming for the book, &
for your loving thought of
me. We shall be so glad when
the studies finished & then
we can look forward to having
you come & stay with us as
long as you are able to.
Love, George & Ann, with regard

to Chintuas. I made to & made
my Helen born decided not to give
resents to our friends work clothes
this year, as we feel that what
we would spend on them, ought
to go to the Institute of Ecuador.
Here, in this country, we have
very thing that they lack, food,
heat & clothing. We are warm,
well fed & well clothed, and
they are cold, hungry & ill
clothed. If I could do better,
give to my friends for whom
I care just much, to the Institute
of Ecuador as well, I would be

very happy, but I can't do this year.
I feel that cards will come to
do for my friends in this country.
So, dear George, please remember
that at Christmas time I mean
that a card will costant come
absolutely. It's the thought that counts
after all, I wish to one of my
English friends whose husband has
been gone married for ten years
— he's a Churchman one of the
finest men I know. He was a
Chaplain in the first world war
& did a marvellous job. He has
a marvellous job in the ministry
of peace, & did so in France.

Amount for the two & they just
a word from — & asked him if there
was anything I could send Beville
that he needed. She replied
that his doctor wants him to have
milk pudding, but that they can
have two quarts of milk & eggs
only, which of course is nothing for
a sick man, & so would like some
powdered milk if I could get it.
Also powdered eggs as they could
get no eggs there, so, I have
been shopping for those articles
& finding them not easy to get.
Especially powdered, & now a box
is packed with them, with other

o will go off. the morning. Then
than George, those clothes under
from socks & ties, ^{that was sent to} the put
you send to the husband & son
& another of my English friends.
They have only 100 points for clothes
which must cost 100 points, 100 points,
& when a suit amounts 26 points,
he says one has to be, for now
that the other six points of 100
buy the suit which, of course, he
doesn't. He says if it's impossible,
one may buy paper about 100,
but if brown paper is scarce, which
it is, then one may buy himself in
new paper or paper. He says

a pair of shoes takes more points, a watch-
ter first & socks 3, & handkerchiefs
2. To you see, 20 points that go my
son. The English certainly lead a
spontaneous life - that is, the Sanku file
of them do - ~~often~~ often much what
our Americans would say no,
if our had to live like that? And
no many Americans live so much
more. Now last Thursday Saved
I went into New York to see
the French Tapestry, but before
we come home I wanted to go into
Charles to get a fruit cake
for one of my English friends - I
wanted but to have a little

Christmas not just for necessity, but
+ I got one of those plum pudding;
Milk but low of pens in things are
those! + got, there were baskets of
toys all packed & ready to be
sent out, + I just marvelled at the
way our wealthy people spend money,
for luxuries like those when
the people abroad are starving.
The tapestries, Gorge Mrs. W. W. W.
So beautiful, in design, in coloring.
They were from all over France,
but those that appealed to
me the most were the traditional
one from Augsburg. I had already
seen them when I was in Augsburg.

but I was just as fascinated with
them again as I was then. They re-
present scenes from the Old England,
& they are mammals. Then one from
my own 1/4 of the century one from
Wilt. I couldn't see them all,
time being worn, after worn, after
worn of them, so I stayed by those
I loved best. I should go many
times in order to see them all, as in
that large museum, it is impossible to
do it all at one time. I think I walked
miles, & my two poor feet were about ready
to drop off soon. With just lots &
lots of love to you, George, Mary
& children, I am again in your corner
throughout my life. Most affectionately
Bertha

Box 214

Bethel, Conn.

Sunday Dec. 7, '47

Dear George :-

I am going to try to get seats for Antony + Cleopatra on Dec. 26th and reservations for the Seymour that night. Katherine Cornell (she of The Barretts of Nimpolet St.) is putting on the show with Conway Tearle + others, + Shakespeare's text gets effectively spoken. I have longed these many years to hear this play. The passage of Enobarbus beginning: "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, Burned on the water..."

used to appear regularly on Dean Briggs's final exam for the course called The History + Principles of English Versification. I first read it about 1917.

Shaw's Caesar + Cleopatra, though an exceedingly good play, is no match for the Bard in glory of language.

I've not yet thought out just how my joining you in New York can be contrived. Perhaps you had better call me long distance from Coxsackie on Christmas Day or earlier and invite me to New York for Friday, saying you have the seats + the reservations. Then I can arrange for Helen to spend Friday night with Betty, because I'll not leave her alone. We're generally at home evenings. It could be done by letter, but I think not before you have reached Coxsackie.

I hope your teeth are all fixt up by now and that you are having no more trouble with them. It is a

serious matter to lose a tooth, & more than one
verges on calamity.

I can get to New York probably as early on
Friday as you can arrive from Coxsackie. If
possible, you ought to arrive early enough to
see the French tapestries at the Metropolitan
Museum. Could you get down about noon?

We saw them on Thursday, but one
visit is by no means adequate. They represent
an art which, especially during its earliest
centuries (1300-1600 A.D.) is unmatched for
splendor by anything save the stained glass
windows of the same period. Since you've not
yet seen the windows, you might make a special
effort to see the tapestries. They are superbly
arranged and lighted, and they take up about
20 rooms in the museum, the smallest of which
would comfortably hold our little Bethel House!

There are some illustrations in the Art News
Annual, which I hope you received safely. You
haven't mentioned Art News once during the year,
so I infer that it has not interested you much.
I may have been equally forgetful to mention
the Nation, but Betty has read it assiduously,
and I value its point of view tho I don't always
have time to peruse it entire.

We are not making Christmas presents this
year. All our spare cash is going into packages
for our friends in Europe.

To you, my love always. Donald

Bethel, Mon. Dec. 15, '47

Dear George: -

I suppose your mother's (and Eva's) address is still Mrs. M. B. Van L.

West Coxsackie, N. Y. and we are to address you there for Xmas.

When you reach there, you can write or 'phone me the invitation to try & join you in N. Y.

I enclose the theatre tickets, and you should hear from the Seymours.

TH..



May 12 '48

I'm not much good yet, - can't stand but a few minutes of social intercourse. I am thankful I planted my garden where I could see it from my bedroom window. I have a fine stand of *Mertensia Virginica* among the daffodils, & the tulips have done well. *Peonia mlokosevitchi* is in bloom, and looks like a lovely single yellow rose. I'll have it cut today so that the strength of the plant can go to the root-system. The peonies transplanted from Ball's Pond have all come up, tho some are sparse in growth.

I count on my garden to cheer me up in the face of the world & the mis-running of it. At least plants will behave reasonably well if you feed 'em & weed 'em, but men!

Dr. Wolfsohn says six weeks of quiet, so I'll not be let do much till they have elapsed. This is hard for Betty, tho we have a cook. - Our love to you. Mom

Bethel, April 16, '48

Dear George: -

I expect immeasurable gratitude from you because I have left you so long without the obligation to write to me. I have missed you, of course, but since you are so unwilling and so half-hearted a correspondent, I prefer to wait for those times when I can be with you in person, when communing with you is direct and illuminated by your presence.

I can tell you what I've been doing & you can tell me what has happened to you, but there seems to be little spark of communication in our correspondence. It was not always so, and I enclose evidence that it was not.

We have survived the winter — I sometimes doubted whether we possibly could — and thus far we've survived the Spring which must have been one of the coldest & wettest on record.

The Upper Room is done, all but the floor, which was scraped & sanded last Saturday & is to be stained & waxed tomorrow. So when you come next time to these hills, there will be a bed & bath for you under my roof, as there always will be from this day forward.

There is as yet no desk for me here, so I am constrained to write upon the cover of the Oxford Advanced Atlas laid across my knees. And Minette never sees me begin a letter but she must needs climb up in my lap & complicate the process. But she's a darling & we love her just the same.

(I hate this Parker 51 ink which penetrates the paper, and I long for true ink wherewith to write, but it seems well-nigh unprocureable. I use Carter's Black for music, but suspect it's not true ink.)

The tulips and daffodils have made a brave start in our new garden, and some of the peonies have come up with vigor. I'm not sure yet whether all survived. One from Saunders, "Mikosewitschi" - jaw-breaker of a name - looks very promising. I must learn something about hybridizing peonies. Where would I look to find out?

I picked daffodils at the farm today, & saw how many hundred plants I left to bloom there. I expect to bring most of these down to Berkel this summer to brighten my tiny patch of woodland.

I have also Mertensia, which has a long, stick-like root. I saw it once blooming wild near Rochester. It's a charming plant, & I'm impatient for it to bloom.

I've bought a young Circidiphyllum which I expect will grow much taller than the house - but maybe Betty & I will both be gone by that time.

I've not finished very much music since the String Quartet, only one song, Moon-Faring, to the poem by Katharine Howard. But I keep a flock of note-books with work in progress. Berriah is pestering me to write more for men's voices. He has done The Coming of the Trees, my setting of Guterman's poem, all over York State this winter, & he says the men like it very much.

Amie is getting along fine, but
 Dad's hip has never healed, in spite
 of X-ray photos that the experts
 decided were proof that it had. Marg
 Jim + I had a session with Dr.
 Stahl after their return from California,
 + we agreed to let it ride for a time,
 making him as comfortable as possible
 with a caliper brace + crutches to go
 about with. Soon he'll be able to get
 out in the car, + that will make a big
 difference to him after having been
 cooped up all Winter. But Stahl says
 that Amie will be able to walk with a
 cane in another month or so. They
 have 4 nurses at present. Dad is
 in the "Sun-Room", + Amie in the
 S.E. parlor. Poor Maggie is still sticking.

Betty is fairly active, but sleeps in her chair a great deal. I'm getting so I go to sleep in mine! Come evening, we are a soporific couple. But temperamentally she's the same as ever, & great fun to live with. I have always been happy with her, — she's one in a million. And so interested in all that goes on in the world. Tonight she's just been saying she agreed with you, — that humanity shows too little intelligence & common-sense to survive on this planet. And we've both been reading Churchill in Life, & he hears you out.)

What do you hear from Eva? And did you have a good hunt in Louisiana? Helen Rider is still on her trip, but you've probably heard from her.

Love from us both, particularly me. —
Donald

Danbury Hospital.

Danbury, Conn.

Sun. Apr. 25, '48

Dear George: -

Just taking an enforced rest while I recover from spending a couple of hours cultivating my peony bed! I had no notion I was doing too much - no pain - no discomfort. Yet after lunch when I drove up to the farm to pick daffodils, I had an attack characterized by extreme congestion in the lungs. I had to drive back to Bethel - or thought I had to. Dr. Wolfsohn when he came said I ought not to have done so, + telephoned for the Ambulance, rushed me straight to the

hospital + had me spend the night in
on oxygen tent. Next morning - Thurs. -
I was O.K. But he says at least two
weeks' rest in bed, drat him.

When I feel able, I'll answer your
very interesting letter, which crossed mine
to you.

My love to you, + Betty would
send hers if she knew I was writing.

Raymond + Mildred are back but
en route to their summer place. They
wanted to see us in New York, but I
fixed that - most unfortunately.

Doc says he'll get me out of here
tomorrow. —

Donald

Bethel, June 1, 1948

Dear George: -

It's a profound pleasure to hear from you. I miss hearing even when I'm well, because I want more communication from you than I get - but I want also to have you get your work done without strain, and if that means less correspondence, then that's all right with me. This last month, which I have spent largely in bed, has seemed to exaggerate your silence. I suspect you have no notion how important you are to me.

I understand well what it means to you to pull out of Coxsackie for good. I had thought either Wilbur or Harold might be living there still, but even so, their homes could neither of them be yours. Your memories of your father are centered there. You'll just have to keep it alive in your daydreams when you think of him.

As for a home, as long as I have a roof over my head, my house is your home if you wish it, and that goes for Betty too. She wants me to tell you so. You and I have been as close as anyone ever gets in this world, and that means to me that you have a regular place here whenever you desire to come. I know + Betty knows what you are like in a household, how you contribute your full share of thought and work and good-will - and we both want you, so take us at our word. This means that you don't have to have a set time for visiting us. We'll be here all summer, and whenever you're arriving, you just wire or phone or write, as if to your own.

people. We'll make room if we haven't got it at the moment.

I wish now I'd had a two-car garage built, but the O'Donnells (the Tydol station people) have a parking lot next door, and if you're here in one of Helen Ritter's frequent absences, you can keep your car at Terrace Place and we'll use mine.

The Upper Room has a couch in it now, a dresser, and the bath is fully equipped. The curtains or draperies are not yet hung, + the piano + desk are still at Terrace Place. There's to be a second couch and possibly the sofa you used to sleep on on the South porch at the farm. No pictures are hung. — We not been allowed to go up there since April 21, — in fact, I think when you come, I'll let you hang the pictures and put the books in the bookcases.

Dad + Amie are still badly crippled, but Amie ought to progress more rapidly when she knows her hip is healed. She had X-rays a couple of days ago. Of course Jim + Marg + I decided not to put Dad through the operational mill again. For the moment he's getting about with both caliper brace + crutches. It'll be a year on the 4th of July. He's well + strong, + we may put it up to him one of these days.

You must have had our usual May, for we got a druffy one. Still, the tulips have been tall and

erect + splendid for a full month. They're about finished now, and the peonies will step into their places. My back yard is really a lovely place, full of bloom and bird-song. Wrens, warblers, orioles, chickadees, and wood-thrushes cover the way at evening.

Did you ever imagine we could be so ignorant and so innocent as our "leeches" when they deal with foreign affairs?

And if you can bear to tell me, what did you think of Henry Wallace now?

Should you need a "permanent" Eastern address this summer, use E/o Tweedy, Box 214, Bethel, + I'll forward.

With steadfast love, and love from Betty,

Donald

Bethel, June 16, 1948

Dear George:

We have your letter from Holland and rejoice that you will come to us and impose upon us and make a convenience of us, because we want you to feel that "when other helpers fail and comforts flee", you belong here.

I mentioned to Berrian your intent to ask him to go with you to T-lake Falls later this month, and he is quite certain that the blackflies will make the 5½ mile walk an ordeal before the middle of July. So if you can put off going at least till then, it'll be a more comfortable trip.

Helen Rider said today that you plan to go back West in August, and if you're to have a fortnight with Frank, I can understand you must make a fairly early start. T-lake Falls would go naturally en route.

Helen starts for Naskeag next week, leaving her car in the garage at 10 Terrace Place all summer. So I hope your Plymouth is used to indecent exposure.

Your account of your mother sounds very reassuring to me. I think you may cease to be anxious about her. My own mother has good days + bad days. We leave early on the bad, + make quite a visit on the good. She has no idea of time, + never asks to be taken home.

Let us know when you're arriving in time for us to stock the larder, - that's all. With our love, and mine -
Donald