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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.

500 FIREPROOF ROOMS · HOTEL OLDS
LANSING, MICHIGAN

19th April - 1943.

Dearest George,

I can not go to sleep tonight without scribbling a few words to you. You have been in my thoughts so much today. I pray that you have had only pleasant & easy experiences. But you should feel timid & anxious with all the vast uncertainties of this adventure hanging over you, I understand only too well. There were so many things I wanted to say & do before we parted - but perhaps it was another one of the evidences of the protectiveness of that special providence which has looked after us so beautifully during the past year, that we had no opportunity to express any of those things we were both wanting to say. You are right - we do not need to put things in words. We know - you & I - ! I've never before known such completeness of understanding nor have I ever before felt such unreserved confidence in another human being's affections

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as I have enjoyed during the past twelve months. It couldn't have been otherwise - for a friendship - bound sealed with pear blossom + annointed with the soft, glow of moonlight is something very special . . . How different is this April! It is cold + has rained all day + my expedition to Mt. Hope Road was very dismal, bleak + grey. Fred swimmed (or rather was already waiting when I swimmed). I fear that nothing is to be hoped for from him. He said that his boss refused to let him be away more than two days a week - + Fred was unwilling to face the possible loss of his job. I am going to put an advertisement in the State Journal + then if I am unsuccessful - I shall just stay on here until real summer weather sets in. . . . I saw Emmons today + told him that it was possible that you might go to sea. He was very surprised. He told me that you had resigned but that the college had granted you a leave of absence. He said that he had been very deeply moved by your talk with him, describing the evolution of your thoughts which lead to your enlistment. I think that you have a warm ally in Emmons now, someone who will really back you at all times. . . I, by the way, received a pink slip from Underwood today announcing

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LANSING, MICHIGAN

a $200 raise in salary. I said quite frankly that I appreciated the gesture + considered it very generous. After all, I am only doing ten hours of teaching now. . . . A letter from Joe Evans has arrived. He is now at Langley Field in Virginia as assistant to a Chaplain. He does a small amount of typing – + plays piano – + has a grand for his practice. Isn't that good? . . . . Your cases + keys have been sent to Eva + your hat (which got very crushed in the car) is safely resting at Mt. Hope Rd. tonight. It was such a depressing sight – . that poor deserted little house. The water was dripping from the living room ceiling + had soaked the rug – + spotted the newly covered arm chair. The mice (or rats) had chewed the corner off a drawer in the kitchen + all the edges of the linoleum in the kitchen. I must do something about it soon! Mrs. Grausamm telephoned to say that she has three prospects for the place. I am to see her to morrow. . . . I look out over the lights of Michigan Avenue reflected in the

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drenched pavement of the roadway. Not many nights ago - you were looking at these same lights with me. I wonder where you are now... There is so much more I would like to say - but I think I'd better stop. I'll just add to this as I can, from day to day - & then when I get the address - I'll have a letter all ready to send you by return post... I gave Mrs. P. the papers for 10 days - & she promised to deliver them this afternoon. Now - Good night - my very - very dear George. I do so earnestly hope that you are happy in this new adventure. My thoughts are with you on this first night in your new quarters, wherever that may be - Bless you....

à demain -

20th April -

It is midnight. Tonight I looked out at the lights over snow-covered roof tops. This winter will never end. It rained & snowed without stop today. I spent the major part of my day here in the hotel & I found myself trying vainly to get some picture of your present surroundings. I have indulged in endless speculation as to your assignment. I do so intensely want you to be exhilarated & stimulated with the new life.. I wrote Doris Blackinman already about you. I wonder if you will

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LANSING, MICHIGAN

get to No. 44 before I do... there isn't much news to tell you today. I saw a few people - gave a lesson this evening - but for most of the day I have been in a fog - dreaming of you. Tomorrow I break the spell & go to college in the morning for a full day of work.. Good night for now.

21st April.

What a joy to find your note, written in the train - when I returned here tonight. It was so very reassuring to see your hand writing & I am so very grateful to you for your thoughtfulness in sending me that message. How remote that last week-end seems. I can hardly believe that it was just a week ago tonight since we left Mt. Hope Road for those terrific days in Detroit. Tonight will be your fourth night in Boston - (or wherever the navy has placed you:) I hope that they have been restful & pleasant nights for you & also I hope that the days have been full of interest & not too strenuous... There is little news to tell you from here. I went to see Mrs. Bramy's today. She is secretary to the Episcopalian clergyman - Brickman.

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She found a possible colored couple for me. But just the sound of their voices on the telephone suggested all the slovenliness & hap hazard standards I've revolted against these past few years. I just cannot face it again! I woke up to the fact today - that I have not made any very violent effort to find a servant - just because I am secretly hoping that some sign from heaven or hell will soon be manifested directing me to leave East Lansing. I must face up to reality & get back to work. I mean to return to the house next week.

22nd April.

There is nothing to say today except that I think of you - oh so constantly. The old maple tree on the west side of the house is all aglow with its dark red tassels & one daffodil is blossoming in the garden. On my walk out to the house tonight - I went through the woods & found a solid bank of snow drops. Soon I shall be able to wander in our fields & see the trillium again & all the other wild things you found last year. . . . Too bad you couldn't have been through the spring again this year on Mt. Hope Rd. . . . . I finally closed the lease with Hicks for the pasture at my price & I

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LANSING, MICHIGAN

made it a condition of the lease that he would plough up my garden for me. So I may become a really serious gardener this year... I must sleep now— I am very tired.

23rd April.

I am just home from dining with Mrs. P. Oh that never-ceasing dynamo of energy does irritate me sometimes. After dinner we went out to the farm + had a long walk. I was horrified when I saw what the winter had done to my fences. In many places they are broken down flat to the ground... The frogs were croaking in the ponds + the light was just dying away. What a lonely evening... There is no news to give you today. I hope for a letter from you soon.

24th April.

It is after midnight. Your letter was waiting for me when I came in. I am so glad to think of you living on Beacon St. You will at least see lovely old houses everywhere + you will be spared the sights of the gum-chewing workers with whom I ride the

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buses to + from college. I imagine that your mouth will be very hard during these next weeks + it probably will be ~~disgusting~~ appallingly tangled, but you will get through it with the minimum of irritation to yourself. How I wish that I could find a reasonable excuse to come east + have a Sunday with you... You tell me that you have half a large room! Who has the other half? I do hope that it is someone sympathetic, gay + amusing....

Today - in answer to my advertisement in the State Journal, I interviewed a young man 25 years old. It was a horrid experience. I think he is a mental case + was dismissed from the army in January because of "emotional unfitness for military service." He smelled to high heaven of drink - he is so... + altogether it gave me the creeps - the interview. So far - I do not have any other replies. It will be interesting to see if there will be any answers to Sunday's advertisement...

Tonight Gamer + I dined together + went for a drive to Lake Lansing + had a long talk. He told me that he had gone to Underwood to tell him that he was going to look for another job + he just thought

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500 FIREPROOF ROOMS · HOTEL OLDS
LANSING, MICHIGAN

it was a friendly gesture + he asked Underwood to consider it as a confidence. Shortly after, Underwood tells him that most other members of staff were getting raises - but inasmuch as Gamer was leaving - he couldn't recommend him for a raise. And then he asks Gamer to hand in his resignation so that Underwood could get busy & find his successor. So now Gamer goes around feeling the martyr because he feels he is being penalized for having behaved ethically. I said he had behaved like a fool! He knew Underwood & he knew his methods - + if he insisted on ignoring that, he has no one to blame but himself. Oh dear - I do so hate to settle back into this back wash! I wonder if I shall.

A year ago tonight there was a bright moon spreading magic light over this prosaic + dull landscape - + suddenly the whole place became transformed into a sort of paradise for me.

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What a full - satisfying + happy year we have had in spite of all the upheavals + troubles. I just hope that this next year will be as generous in its grant of happiness to you - as this past one has been to me.

I shall send this special delivery in the hope that it will be waiting for you on Beacon St. when you get home to marrow. Don't try to write letters when you are tired + pressed for time. Just send a note from time to time + I'll understand.

Now I must try + sleep.

Much much love to you

from

J.

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LANSING, MICHIGAN

28th April. 1943.

Dearest George,

I was very, very happy to have a letter from you waiting for me when I got home tonight. It was good of you to take time to write on Sunday & I appreciate this additional evidence of your thoughtfulness. Yes... it certainly has been an eventful year for you & when you stop to realize what a variety of problems you have had to cope with, what really serious emotional upheavals you have experienced, you should feel a tremendous amount of strength & self-confidence. I can't imagine you <u>ever</u> being placed in any position where you would feel anything less than in control of the situation. The metamorphosis from the timid, fearful George who so dreaded the return to New York last summer, to the present Lt. U.S. is really something quite stupendous to have achieved in one short year. You are generous to want to give me some credit for that evolution

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but quite honestly - you were "ripe" for action & I just was very fortunate in happening along at the right moment.

How busy you must be if even Beethoven's Ninth with Koussevitsky conducting couldn't lure you from your work. I am sorry that you did not attend that concert for I feel sure that you need some relaxation & would probably work far better if you would grant yourself some occasional diversion. Don't forget that future assignments may not place you in a position where such opportunities are available. I hope that you can soon get your work so organized that you will feel less pressed & then you can enjoy some of the advantages of living in Boston. I hope that you may continue to be on your own rather than living "in the navy."

From here there is not much news to give you. My advertisement in the State Journal brought me just four replies. One of them was the drunk - a near approach to a mental case; two were old men 75 or over & the fourth was a most superior Italian-American who wrote poetry & wants to attend the general College at N. S. C.. He can earn much more as a taxi driver than I can possibly pay him. Tonight I am interviewing a colored couple. I do not want them in the house but I am hoping I can get her to come out & clean

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for me. I may go down to Cleveland this week-end to see about getting a Japanese car & am determined now - to get back in the house as soon as possible. I was told today that I could get an electric hot water system installed. If that is possible - & I will learn to drive, the summer should not be too difficult. So that is what I shall do probably. . . When I recall what the weather was like last year at this time, I shiver! This morning at 10.30 when I went to college the thermometer at the corner of Michigan & Washington was registering 39°. The forsythia at college is in bloom & the daffodils & primroses in the garden across from the music building are blooming. But on Mt. Hope Rd. the pear trees are not yet come to life & even the forsythia is very ungenerous & withholding her gold. Winter is holding on with such commendable but hateful determination.

I've been up drinking beer with Farmer two nights this week & heard the story again of his talk with Underwood & the subsequent events.

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I don't think Garner has any alternative but to marry on now. He is being married June 19th. . .
Ed Stein turned up last week. He is an ensign. He has been in San Francisco in training - + was on his way to Florida where he will have more training before he gets on a submarine chaser. . . I had planned to see Katherine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn + a cast of other top ranking actors in Tchekov's "The Three Sisters" in Detroit Saturday - but alas the house is sold out. I am very disappointed. I had seen Komissarjevsky's production of it in London + few plays have ever made such a deep impression on me. . . .

As you see. . . I have settled back into the brackish waters of the East Lansing backwater - Perhaps I was intended to stay here for the duration for certainly no immediate means of escape into more interesting + vital employment is possible. News of the war trickles through - + letters from London arrive making me acutely aware of my remoteness from any real participation + I become annoyed with this mid western inactivity + complacency. But I do nothing!! I am like the Three Sisters of Tchekov's creation, who long for Moscow - whose constant desire is escape + who never leave their four walls. God - I hope I escape before the inevitable disintegration sets in!

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500 FIREPROOF ROOMS · HOTEL OLDS
LANSING, MICHIGAN

My- my.. what a dumber + depressing note to have struck. I really don't feel that way. I have an intense urge to get back to the piano + work - + I am determined to do that at once. I miss you so very - very much - but I am glad for you that you have managed so well to break your bonds here.

Now a few pages of G. B. Stern's "The Young Matriarch" before I go to sleep.

Yours ever

J.

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Mt. Hope Road
R.F.D. 2
Lansing · Michigan
11th May. 1943.

Dearest George,

I have you to thank for two communications. Your registered letter with its generous enclosure & now this very attractive card. I am so glad to have your news & very pleased to know that you are finding the work less strenuous & more possible to manage. It is hard to believe that you have already been through about three weeks of your training. I wonder if you ever find any leisure time for the piano. If so - I am sure that I could find

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a former student or friend in Boston who could arrange for you to use their piano if you liked. . . I have tried to recall the Mrs. Lindeman you refer to but I cannot place her. I do remember the name & have wondering if she was one of that class of eighty I had in Minneapolis? If so - she only wanted in class with me & I find it difficult to identify the people who have not wanted with me privately.

Isn't the news from Africa heartening? I was becoming so very much afraid that the Axis would go on & on stalling us off in Africa - & keeping so

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many troops & planes tied up in Africa that European invasion plans would once more have to be delayed another year. But now we have the whole summer ahead of us & I am hoping that something can & will happen soon. I am reading Omnibook's abridged version of Vincent Sheean's "Between Thunder & the Sun". It is an account of those agonizing last years of the 1930's - when democracy seemed to lose all power to act & one concession after another was granted to the powers willing to undertake aggressive action. I felt all the anguish of those years in England when any fool could foresee the tragedy ahead - & yet we

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were forced to witness that stupid lack of comprehension, + preparation for the inevitable... We had a music department faculty meeting last night - + I felt caught in exactly the same way. It was ghastly at such a time - to be forced to be on the sidelines with hands tied, listening to such inconsequential drivel! The college authorities have discontinued subsidy for our concert course. Next year we will have the Cleveland Symphony + a performance of "Faust" by the Gamuzer singers of the Metropolitan - + those will be part of the lecture course of ten numbers. We were told that we had been granted a budget of $1600 for same concerts in our auditorium

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+ I immediately suggested that we have it more a Chamber music series than a "star" course. Of course that was neither a welcome or an acceptable proposal. So we just sat for 2½ hours + did nothing that was significant - or took any action that was effective. Oh! I resent that waste of time . . .

Here at home everything is serene. My new people are very sweet + kind creatures + while their presence is both sympathetic + helpful - it is rather a lot of people for this tiny house. The food is superb + the garden is beginning to look less a wilderness. If only this gloomy, cold, rainy weather would end. Since I returned last

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week there have only been two days when the weather made work in the garden at all possible.. Next week I go to Minnesota for some concerts + shall be away for a week or ten days... I am learning to drive at last - + in an Olds car without gears or clutch. I find that very easy to cope with + I think I could probably drive one of those. I drove to college yesterday quite easily + rather enjoyed it... But I want to move on. I need to move on and get some work to do. I've gone stale here. Perhaps that is another way of telling you I miss you very, very much. Yours ever. F.

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WALTER SCHROEDER
PRESIDENT

HOTEL DULUTH

FIREPROOF
SCHROEDER HOTELS
SLEEP IN SAFETY

HOTEL SCHROEDER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL LORAINE, MADISON, WIS.
HOTEL NORTHLAND, GREEN BAY, WIS.
HOTEL RETLAW, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL DULUTH, DULUTH, MINN.
HOTEL ASTOR, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL VINCENT, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.
HOTEL CALUMET, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL INDIANA, WABASH, IND.
HOTEL WAUSAU, WAUSAU, WIS.

DULUTH
MINNESOTA

23rd May. 1943.

Dearest George,

Oh... what wouldn't I have given to have had you with me this week! I have been on tour & on Thursday night I played in Hibbing, right away in the copper-mining country. Next day - it suddenly turned warm & kind friends motored me up to Bruntside Lake, to the little log house where I spent such a happy vacation summer before last. What a paradise! The arbutus was in blossom & it grew in such rich profusion that you could scarcely walk in the woods without trampling it down. There were wild lily-of-the-valley, those lovely & delicate bell-like flowers, adder's tongues & all sorts of violets.

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you would have gone mad with the loneliness of the place. It was warm enough for my first sun bath of the season - + as I lay on the warm, sun-baked pine needles - + looked down through the grove of birch trees to the sparkling lake, I just ached to have you with me. You would love that place so much + I shall never be satisfied until you have gone there with me one day. I hope the enclosed arbutus retains some of its precious fragrance when you get it. They restored me down here - all along the north shore of Lake Superior. What heavenly country it is.

Here - I play today. I've been seeing my close friends Peggy + Jim Nye. Jim has been asked to go to the training school which is being held for officers who will take over the military government of occupied countries in the interim between victory + re-establishment of their independance. It might

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WALTER SCHROEDER
PRESIDENT

HOTEL DULUTH

FIREPROOF
SCHROEDER HOTELS
SLEEP IN SAFETY

HOTEL SCHROEDER
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL LORAINE
MADISON, WIS.
HOTEL NORTHLAND
GREEN BAY, WIS.
HOTEL RETLAW
FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL DULUTH
DULUTH, MINN.
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HOTEL VINCENT
BENTON HARBOR, MICH.
HOTEL CALUMET
FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL INDIANA
WABASH, IND.
HOTEL WAUSAU
WAUSAU, WIS.

DULUTH
MINNESOTA

mean four or five years work after the war ends. Tim is quite a bit older than Sam - & with two sons to educate - & a wife to provide for, he is not sure how far he can take risks. However - I imagine he will do it. I am going to see the officer in charge to-morrow - to see if this is something for me. The first training school opens June first - & continues for four months. At the end of your training, you may be called for active service - & you may return to civilian life until you are needed. Anyway - I am going to make enquiries while I am in Minneapolis to-morrow. (I am

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conducting some special classes at the Minneapolis College of Music to-morrow Tuesday & go to Cedar Rapids - Iowa - Wednesday to Chicago - & Thursday & return to Mt. Hope Road. Now that my playing is done for this season, I can really devote myself to the garden & I need to do some out-of-door work. If only the weather is kind now I could have some fun during this next fortnight.

I had a letter from Frances Gross recently - enclosing this clipping about Champ - which I thought you might like to see.

I hope that things are progressing satisfactorily for you. How I wish that there were some prospect of seeing you soon. With the season for wild flowers upon us - I do miss you so very much.

Yours ever.

F.

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Harvester World readers, meet Air Cadet Champlin W. Gross, whose writings regularly appeared when he was on the staff as news and feature editor. He is now in training at Nashville, Tenn., and looks forward eagerly to the time when he will have qualified for his commission.

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2731 Branch St.
Duluth - Minnesota
21st July. 1943.

Dearest George,

Your letter postmarked July 18th in Boston was waiting for me when I got home last night. Recalling that the answer of this house gave me the wrong telephone number before I moaned in, I quickly sent you a wire to give you the right number in case you would try to get me on the telephone.

I was deeply touched by your letter. It is the greatest possible help to me to feel that you two count on that post-war future in which we shall be together. Since my mother's death I have felt very "unattached". Her going marked the dissolution of the family as a unit, & while there is a very real bond with both my sister & my brother, I am not really so attached to them as I was to mother. In England, it is different; - but here I am very much alone. I cannot tell you what it means to me to have the warmth, security & "attachment" which your devotion & affection give me. It is a great source of power & strength for me & . . . I just want you to know it.

I think I understand so well your thoughts on that last night at home. It was much the same with my home. I wonder if it was a "hangover" from the Victorian upbringing of our mothers? It is sad to see the family home disappear, even [illegible] to [illegible] peaceful there.

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Its very existence suggests a curious security for one. I am sure that in practical ways it will be a relief to have the name + its responsibility lifted from your mother. I just hope that she will find a place where she can be happy + contented.

Thank you for sending on the program from San Diego. I am glad that you liked Lyell's playing. He is a rare creature - for with his subtle color sense + his curious powers of penetration - you might expect a rather vague, willowy creature. On the contrary, though, he has a will of iron, + a perseverance + driving force that carries him on relentlessly. I admire him as a person almost more than as an artist + I am sorry he is so far away. He too wrote to me after the concert + was so sorry that he hadn't seen more of you.

I am wondering if you heard anything yet as to your next assignment. If only you would be assigned to some special mission with the Coast-Guard here in Duluth! If it is to be Oregon — I pray that you will be able to stop here en route. This place really is rather special + if only I could share it with you, it would become the perfect spot that it really is - potentially. The little house is so sweet + comfortable - + the garden is just coming in to its best stage. Since we are so far north - the late-flowering spring things like peonies + mock-orange have been blossoming abundantly with delphinium, day lilies

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snapdragons & petunias. The garden is surrounded on three sides with nice woods where wild forget-me-nots, buttercups & daisies bloom in profusion. Gold finches & orioles abound & a brown thrasher is nesting over the dining room door to the garden in a thick vine. It is so quiet & I have quite a beautiful Steinway which you would love. I have placed it in the sun room where I can see the flowers & watch the birds even while I am at work. It is an ideal setting. The climate is wonderful - for the sun is hot & the days are warm without the oppressive humidity I dislike so intensely, & there is always a cool breeze off Lake Superior. In a few minutes walk from the house I can be at the lake, - right down on the huge red rocks. Oh you would love it so! I feel brutal in tantalizing you with even a description - but it only has meaning for me if I share it even that much with you.

I am working not badly. I have embarked on some new material - a Bach Toccata, the Brahms F minor Sonata, some Etudes Tableaux by Rachmaninow, & I hope to memorize a Beethoven Sonata not played previously in public. I am being very firm in my refusal to teach very much. Since I cannot get in to this war, I've got to get back to my music with complete enthusiasm. I must be engrossed by it if I am to go on. Only in that way will East Lansing be tolerable without you... I've written this at 3 in the morning - Now I must try to sleep again. Much love to

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2731 Branch St.
Duluth, Minnesota
11th August - 1943.

Dearest George,

I have been a bad friend, for I intended to send a letter to you long before now but the Duluth class is running true to form. As the end of our time draws near, everyone clamours for extra time, unexpected people arrive from unknown places + I find myself committed for every waking hour - + for many when I should be resting. It really is silly of me not to be firm + refuse to do extra work - for I had accepted several invitations, (purely social) + decided to see people a bit before I left this place. So I have that to do as well - So please understand that my silence is not evidence that I think of you less - On the contrary, I need, want + long for your company almost more intensely than ever before.

I was so thankful for your two letters + I am glad to have the card for it gives me an idea of the barren, ugly hole to which you are doomed. Your first letter sounded pretty sad but with the strain of such a schedule as yours

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second letter describes, you will not have too much time for leisure any way - I am glad that you have found the wooded walk. I have always found it possible to keep my equilibrium if I can just be alone in a not too unattractive out-of-doors spot from time to time. Certainly - you have not proved to be a "tackie learner" judging by the "plume" you pulled out this time! However - your second letter sounded more reconciled - & since your quarters were better - perhaps something will come out of this. You know my philosophy is that I can always use every experience to grow or develop into something new. Being in command is a jolly good thing for you - & I am glad that that has happened. Don't be too serious about your responsibility & don't insist too rigorously on meticulous crossing of T's & dotting of i's - Who knows what this may produce for you? Don't spoil the opportunity by resentment or dislike of the place. You know my feeling about wasting energy on impotent raging at the inevitable... God.... how funny this all sounds... I am just so intensely anxious that you should avoid the feeling of conflict which always produces unrest & increases nervous strain!! I know that when you think of me in this lovely spot, living in

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a place that so wonderfully combines beauty & comfort, it must seem maddening to have me preach like this. However, I am just so anxious to have you avoid the blockage which constant struggle against the seemingly unalterable can produce. God knows that you have had your share of bad luck - & I did so hope that you would draw an assignment which would be in a pleasant place & give you scope. Who knows -? this place may be the prelude to that more desirable assignment I so much want you to have. Anyway - wherever you are in this country - I can & will always come to you if you need me. In fact, I have toyed with the idea of dashing out before term begins. I'm afraid it is too expensive & a "dash", & besides, you are very busy now. So we'll see.

Duluth continues to be delightful. What a joy it is to be with people who are cosmopolitan, who live gracefully & entertain with charm. It makes me so painfully aware of how deep in the backwoods Lansing really is — & how far from Londa. As I told you, I've been rather social - & enjoyed myself hugely. Peggy, Tim & I dined in a large party at the home of the owner of the Duluth News-Tribune. The gentleman also owns the N-Y. Staats Zeitung. He had made a speech recently which both Tim & I branded as isolationist. It was a very exciting evening - making points gently & avoiding [illegible] pointed digs. I fear that we didn't

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effect a conversion – but we did go on record as opponents of post-war isolationism. . . Then another night there was a picnic at that huge mansion on the lake which we passed on our drive with Jim + Peggy. An enclosure right on Lake Superior (on their grounds) is all arranged with fireplace, tables, chairs, shelter, rugs + cushions. And the food! . . . It was simply a feast. Oh! how I wished that you could have been with me as we sat around the fire + watched the moon come up - + saw the ore boats going along. . . Then there was Sunday night supper with Peggy + Jim to meet a great friend of theirs, a woman of 45 or so – quite the plainest + most unlandy female I've met in years – but with a mind that works like lightning + a tongue that lashes out fearlessly. I've not met anyone like her in years. She is something of an eccentric but completely without pretense + disarmingly honest. I had heard her tragic story from Jim + so was prepared to be sympathetic – But I like that ridiculously ugly creature more than a little. I don't mean that I find her physically attractive – I find her mentally stimulating + exciting, + I shouldn't be at all surprised to discover that we became real friends. She motored me home from the Hyes + came in + we talked until long after midnight. I strongly suspect that given a chance

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we shall meet often. Her name is Hope Washburn, & you would like her! Tonight I was at the Nye's again to meet the Finnish Conductor & his wife. They are nice, warm-hearted people, simple & unassuming & I liked them - but they are not exciting. Jim showed us some color films he took in Bermuda & South America. You would have been thrilled (as I was) by some exquisite pictures of the Andes..... there have been two more classes since the Brahms evening you attended. At the class last night, I played the Brahms d minor Sonata with the Concert Mistress of the Duluth Symphony. We are having our final class on Saturday when we will have two violinists & a viola player with us - & also two pianos for concertos. It should be quite a program.

I give up this adorable place in another few days - & my luck is holding - for the Evans house in the shade of those heavenly elm trees, has been offered to me. I love that old place & I'd almost rather work on that Steinway than on any piano I know. So I leave here on Monday the 16th & that same night at 10.50. I get to Cedar Rapids where the car is to meet me. So.. for the rest of the month my address will be:
c/o Mrs. R. STUCKSLAGER, LISBON, IOWA.

Your remembrance of the anniversary of our arrival in Chipita Park touched me very deeply. I am glad to think that our holiday there

& our few days here were just [illegible] to many, many more vacations that we shall share. It is long past midnight - & I must stop & sleep now.

My love always -

F.

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Lisbon - Iowa
19th August - 1913.

Dearest George,

Forgive the pencil - but it is after midnight & I don't want to prowl through the house searching for ink - & my wretched fountain pen has gone dry. Your cards - sent to Duluth - were forwarded to me here. I do feel such a worm for having left you so long without any word from me — I know that you understand - but I have enough imagination to know what it must have meant to you to be sent to such a remote, desolate place - & I should have offered you some support if only the press of work had not been so terrific during those last weeks in Duluth. Forgive the lapse - please - & I shall try never to fail you again. . . .

I did so wish that you could be with me at the final class of the season. We had the concertmistress of the Duluth Symphony with us, another violinist from the orchestra & an extraordinary violinist who teaches at Carlton College. She is ~~a~~ Scotch — & was brought to

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this country by Verbrugghen — the former Conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony. He must be 50 or more, white haired & with the pale blue eyes & innocent expression of a 16 year old. His passion for music & playing chamber music is something I've rarely seen equalled — & certainly never surpassed. In the course of the evening we had two Beethoven sonatas the Brahms A major for violin & piano — & the " F minor " viola " (played by Bill & the Concertmistress) & also the Cesar Franck. The stimulation was unmitigated almost to a frenzy of excitement & so the class ended on a note of sheer which really was superb. I'd have given anything to have had you there! Everyone is eager to have me return to Duluth another year & I must say that except for Colorado, I couldn't find a more desirable spot in which to have a summer class. All the details of living quarters, practice facilities, piano etc. are so easily solved in Duluth. As a final mark of

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touching appreciation, the local music club has engaged me for the coming season for a recital + master class + although they know that my fee is $100 less than Petri's who was their pianist last year, they insist on paying me the same fee they paid him. Isn't that a touching tribute? .. Since planning of the Duluth concert, I have heard of two other places in Minnesota - two in the Dakotas + a possible appearance in Winnipeg which I could do all on the same tour - So now I have no alternative but to return to work with speed + determination - Fame, at present, wholly unprepared for the next season. .. I arrived here on Monday + Tuesday evening the head of the music department from nearby Cornell College came to dinner + brought his guest who turned out to be head of the music department at the Pacific Lutheran College in Tacoma, Washington! I started my campaign for

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some concerts in the west – & the response was promising. So. – do I plan to come west for Christmas? One thing I am determined to do – & that is to have enough concerts this season to take me away from East Lansing every three weeks. I never expect to stay there as long as one month without having a break. It will make the work more strenuous – but it will also prevent me from becoming too involved in any way in the department or the town. . . I've heard that Gamer & Helen have gone on a holiday jaunt & invited Mrs. Palm to occupy the house. She tells me that they have found a house for the autumn. I doubt very much if I shall live at Mt. Hope Road this winter. I've not yet solved the problem of an alternative. . . I am so much loving the peace & quiet of this village & the comfort & charm of this old house for which I have such affection. The elms are lovelier than ever. . .

so long to see you & do miss you so much. Good night for now. All my love always – Ever yours – F.

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Lisbon - Java
26th August - 1943.

Dearest George,

It is very late + I shall not write much - but at least a few lines to thank you for your good letter. Fancy your knowing the exact date of our moonlight drive up Pike's Peak! No.. I couldn't have told you the date - but the memory of that experience has not been dimmed by the passing of a whole year. How rotten for you to be subjected to that horrid creature Lt. Hulse - It is bad enough that you must be philosophical about the place without having the added unpleasantness of such a nasty personality to annoy you. I am sorry; your desire to be identified with this war effort certainly deserves better compensation than you have received thus far. I do hope that the episode of the locked desk will not be the "motif" for all your relationship with that wretch. I feel so annoyed to think that you aren't having some sort of exhilarating experience out of your Naval work. I feel that I have been thwarted too - for I can ill spare you! I need + want

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you with me + it is maddening to make such a sacrifice when it does not produce some sort of justifiable compensation for you. Perhaps this is your period of "trial" before you move in to a happier + more serene cycle . . .

I am almost shy in telling you what a blissful ten days I've had here. I've worked marvelously + the Bach Toccata, the Beethoven Sonata op. 31 No. 3 (E Flat) + the two Rachmaninoff pieces are almost ready for trial performances for friends - + I've started getting the notes of Leo Sowerby's Passacaglia which is dedicated to me. It is possible that the Hartungs + Leo may plan a week-end party on Lake Michigan Sept 3rd through Labor Day. If so - I shall join them as I promised I would. Otherwise, I shall just stay here until after Labor Day + then go to Dayton for a bit. . . Do you remember Fred Lang who lived near Fowlerville, who was considering being Dad's successor? He has written saying that he would like to work for me this year. Just as I was about to abandon Mt. Hope Rd - this offer arrived. Really - it is fantastic how lucky I am.

No more now. Much love always

Grace -

7.

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Lisbon - Iowa
5th September - 1943.

Dearest George,

If you have had any worse weather on the Island than we have had here, I'd be very surprised! The rain has come down in solid sheets & the dampness has penetrated everywhere. I had the piano tuner here day before yesterday & the fog mould had formed on the hammers. However - it has not dulled my enthusiasm for work & I have never done less than four or five hours work each day. The Bach Toccata is ready for its trial run - & the Brahms Sonata & the Beethoven E Flat have smoothed themselves out astoundingly in these three weeks. I am almost a pianist again & I promise you that I shall never again let myself slump as I had done in those months since you went away - when I was so sure I'd like embarking upon a new career. I've recaptured enthusiasm & the desire to play - & as a result, I am certain that I shall be doing much more playing this winter than last. Already - things are moving... Alas I must leave here on Wednesday - the 8th. I have a full day of work in Chicago with Mrs. Dickey. I want to try & see Ruth Ray to discuss some programs - as we may play some Sonata programs together this winter. Then I go to

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Dayton for a few days with my sister. I've announced in advance that I must do work daily. So I hope to have only a two day interruption in my practice schedule. My dates for the present are 10th to 15th - 1739 Barrington Drive, Dayton, Ohio. Then Detroit for the night of the 16th & back at M.S.C. for auditions on the 17th & 18th. I am not sure if I shall stay on there or go away for another week. The nephew of one of my closest London friends is coming to visit me Sept 20th to 23rd. He is training in Kingston - Ontario & this will be his only leave before he returns home. I am not sure if I will ~~[illegible]~~ entertain him in Chicago or at Mt. Hope Road. Gamer & Helen - who were away from the farm for a few weeks, while Mrs. Palm was there, are now back - & will stay until I return. They have found a house for the winter - although I don't know its location. So there you have my news! . . A letter came yesterday from Jim Nye telling me that he had been turned down & not offered a commission in the R.M.C.O.T. In true army fashion - there has been no explanation. If they refuse such a wonderful creature as Jim - is it surprising that they have ignored a "drip" like me? It is depressing though to think that they haven't any use for such a wonderful human being as Jim.

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I apologize for not having sent an some cigarettes to you - but with gas rationing I couldn't get up to Cedar Rapids + Sheffields where not obtainable here. Everyone I might have asked to send them for me has been away on holiday. However - they will be sent this week + I very much hope that you will have them before the week ends. You will eventually get the "States man" too. Mrs. F. has officiously taken it upon herself not to send on papers + I don't want to ask her to send them to you. So. - as soon as I get home I'll begin to send you copies.

Forgive this dull letter full of uninteresting reports all of me! I shall hope for news of you soon. We had one bit of excitement here. The grandson of my hostess, an ensign in the Navy, was home on a three day leave. He had been in the Sicilian business both at Gela + Palermo. He sailed again yesterday + felt sure that Italy was to be their destination.

No more now - I've written this in the early morning + now it's time for breakfast.

Much love to you always -

Jean

J

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1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton - Ohio
11th September - 1943.

Dearest George,

I arrived here late on Thursday evening & yesterday - when my sister went downtown, I asked her to get cigarettes & send them on to you. She brought the cigarettes home instead. They refused to wrap & pack them for posting. So we shall prepare them for posting here at home & today they will finally go on their way to you. I am very apologetic that there should have been such a long delay in getting them on their way.

My journey here from Iowa was very uneventful & not too uncomfortable. I spent one night with the Hawthorns in Chicago & had several hours of conferences with Mrs. Dickey. The season's prospects are very bright indeed & I just hope that I shall not permit myself to become so engrossed with teaching that I shall lose the grasp I now have on my playing. It is frightfully hard for me to teach with the sort of enthusiasm I am accustomed to put into my work without exhausting myself utterly. So I am going to keep a certain amount of time each day for my own work no matter what happens. The gifted child you heard play in Duluth will be with the Institute in Dayton, the twelve-year-old

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has been given a student-assistantships, Evelyn King (who got married this summer to a young ensign) will be back, + letters are coming in from various towns round about, asking for lessons. I simply cannot do it all - + how I shall manage, I cannot know. I shall need the added income of extra work - but I dare not again let my accounts slip as it did during the first six months of this year. So we shall see.

What news of you? It not only seems - but it is several weeks since I have had any word from you whatsoever. I do hope that every thing is well with you - + that you have managed to avoid any open breach with the horrid creature of whom you wrote to me. It is sickening that with so much misery + unpleasantness in life which is unavoidable, that this sort of unnecessary unpleasantness could not be eliminated. I hope that you are finding some chances to escape to the beautiful surrounding country occasionally - + that you may soon have leave to get away for a bit. If I thought that you were really certain to be there over Christmas + would have any free time to be with me, I would start planning now for a trip west - because reservations should be made early if travel in comfort is at all in the picture. However - I don't suppose you

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Russo anything for certain & I hate to get myself tied up with contracts for concerts in the west unless I am certain of seeing you... So. I shall not do anything meantime... I do wish that I could be with you this coming week to celebrate your birthday. I shall be thinking of you & sending you all my love & every wish that the coming year will be a happy, healthy & satisfactory "Lebensjahr" for you. I have tried in vain to find something I could send you - but either my imagination lacks fertility - or else I am right in assuming that most things I would send you would only clutter up your luggage as you move about & just be a nuisance. Is there something you need? If so - please let me supply it as a birthday present. I did remember that you wanted a new zipper-bag - like your present small one - But that would be so very difficult to send that I'd almost prefer that you buy it out there. So be kind to me - & choose a birthday gift for yourself & let me send you a Cheque for it.

The weather is most disappointing for it is extremely autumnal & cool. I hate to think of Mt. Hope Road with the thermometer dropping to 40° & no fire in the furnace! I shall start my search at once for a small house with gas heat within bus distance of College where I shall not be so dependant on [illegible]

My love to you always -

F.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing, Michigan.
10th October, 1943.

Dearest George,

Your card arrived telling me that you had been ill and I am not unnaturally concerned to know the exact cause of the illness. Your vague explanation of "a bug" was insufficient, and I also want to know if you have been sensible in having proper treatment. You have been working so hard that I cannot think that your resistance is up to the high level it was last year at this time when you had just returned from Colorado.

So please do be cautious and sensible. Is there anything you need which you are unable to obtain at the post there? If so, please be generous enough to ask for it.

You will doubtless be intrigued by the new address at the head of this letter. It bears some explaining, I will admit. I had made up my mind that Mt. Hope Road was untenable for me this coming winter and besides, the summer in Duluth with a comfortable house to myself and no servant under my feet all the time, made me long to have some such arrangement for the winter. So I started looking. Houses to rent were non-existant. And if you think that East Lansing prices were high in the good old days, you should see the prices that are being asked today. Even out in Okemos where I thought I might go, the houses were simply priced at prohibitive rates. I found a four-roomed house in Okemos which I very much wanted. It was quite new and of spacious proportions, but the lawn had not been graded and of course no landscaping had been done. It was an ordinary, pleasant frame structure, with only a living room, two bed rooms, bath and kitchen. Price? $9,300!!!! So I came in town and ten days ago I looked at this house and last Tuesday I moved! UNAIDED!! Do you recall the big fraternity house at the corner of Harrison and Grand River? Well, University Drive is the next street west of Harrison and the fraternity owns the land at the corner of University and Grand River. It is quite an extensive plot, of lawn and thickly wooded bits. My house is just next to the wooded bit. (I am the first house north of Grand River on the East side of the street). It is a yellow brick house some fifteen years old. I have a large, pleasant living room on the south side (next to the trees so my music should not disturb the neighbors), a dining room and kitchen. Upstairs I have FOUR bedrooms and bath and I have made one of the upstairs rooms into a small study. I have gas heat and an air conditioning unit in the basement. There is an open fireplace in the living room and a huge porch at the back of the living room with a fine awning covering. That too looks right out into the wooded bit. I have woods behind me too, and an excellent garage for two cars. One side is already rented and as soon as I sell my car I shall doubtless rent the other side. The one snag is the bathroom. It is tiled in pale orchid-colored tiles and the wash stand, bath tub and john are all deep violet in color. It looks to me like a whore's dream of supreme luxury, and I suppose that by East Lansing standards a bachelor who takes a house with FOUR bedrooms and a lavendar bathroom must certainly have impure thoughts and even less pure intentions. However, the place is bright, cheerful, sunny, and gay and I am extremely happy here. The room is excellent for the piano and music sounds well here. I shall plan to have much music here and I shal certainly do all my private teaching here and much of my college work too. I feel that in that way I shall keep out of the departmental intrigues and bickerings and I can get much more of my own work done too. I really WANT to play again. I have made a deal on pianos too! I found the local piano dealer, Affholder by name, willing to take on my Colorado piano and try to sell it. I asked for just the $800 I put in to it and I give him the chance to sell it for whatever profit he can make on it. He, inreturn, will give me a style O Steinway he has (a piano about 15 years old) to use until next June. If he makes an adequate profit from the sale of my piano I will have the use of his piano this winter and get my $800 back. If he doesn't

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sell the thing I will have to pay him $10.00 a month for the use of his piano. I am so relieved to have this arrangement for it assures me a piano on which I can work and teach this winter in comfort and I also imagine that he will sell the other piano. I have a sneaking feeling that this will undoubtedly be my last year here and I am going to try now to unload all the major big items I have to dispose of. My car I shall sell next month. At the moment I am going over to Grand Rapids each Monday to coach a group of eight pianists who are palying a concert in Grand Rapids early in Novemeber. As it is so very convenient to go by car rather than by ~~xx~~ train and then stay over night there. I imagine that since this is such an "old" house, by American standards, that I paid far too much for it. But I have rented the house on Mt. Hope Road and the rental that I get from Hicks for the fields and from the new tenant for the house just pays the monthly payments I have to make on this thing. So I shall manage that way for a bit. Can you imagine ME being a landlord? and the owner of two properties? I considered the purchase of this place just about as much as I did the piano and I just hope that I am let off as lightly for my quixotic behaviour. I had no help whatsoever with the move, except that Lenore came and washed all the dishes for me. Other than that, I had President Hanna's colored man wash woodwork for four hours and a seventeen year old student help house clean. The rest I did myself. However, I feel repaid for my efforts becuase I am so cozy and comfortable here and it is such a relief to have independance. I can use taxis and get around easily.

At college everything is very friendly and very pleasant. I have taken fourteen pupils and I have some rather good talent. Everyone is so enthusiastic and the term is too new for "situations"to have developed. We have a NEW Steinway for our music building auditorium. I was able to get N.Y. Steinways to release a piano for our special purchase. It will be used for our own series of concerts. Underwood is very friendly and I must say everything looks rosy for the moment.

I am dining with Mrs. Palm tonight and as I am neither shaved, bathed or dressed I must leave you now. It is a most unfair trade, but unavoidable, I fear. I do so wish that you could be here with me. How long will it be, I wonder before I shall see you again?

Write when you can, just a card from time to time until you have time for letters, but let us not allow too long intervals of silence to occur between communications.

My love, my very dearest love to you always.

Y.

P.S.

Did you ever get the carton of cigarettes from Dayton? Do you want more or can you get them now out there? I can send them regularly. Just let me know. Do you need some warm house shoes? I saw some fine ones lined with sheeps wool. Would you like them? If so send me your size.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing, Michigan
27th October, 1943.

Dearest George,

Your card has just come telling me that the order for your equipment to be sent to Adak had just come. I do hope that this message will reach you before you leave. As a matter of fact I haven't the remotest idea of where Adak is, so I have just telephoned to Mrs. P. who is calling the geography department to find out for me what your destination is to be. I did so hope that you would be sent East and could give me a little time here. I do so much want to see you.

One thing I want to make clear: In your letter you speak of post-war plans and the probable separation which would result from my return to England, if that is to be. Frankly, I have so constantly thought of you as part of the post-war picture, that I never once thought of my return to England causing a separation. I feel so certain that you will fit in to the life over there and that you will be so much happier in the England I knew than in the sort of academic world you know, that I have quite made up my mind that you are going to England too. I intensely want a little country place in England and although I could not be there all the time, I would plan my life around that place as my permanence. With your resources and your love of the out-of-doors, you would be purring with joy at the slow tempo and charm of living in the Dorsetshire countryside where my Lister family want me to be. It is not impossible that we can manage to make that sort of life attractive, self-supporting and peaceful. With our combined small resources we could manage it, I KNOW. You would enjoy my friends and you would have freedom to make your own life as well. Such commitments as I have over there are not in the way of any life we would plan, I KNOW! So don't again speak of any plans I may discuss for the future as being without you. The life I picture for us is both attractive andproductive and it would provide the sort of year's vacation you once said you would want after the war was ended. This vacation would be a constructive one, preparing a house, a garden and a basis for a leisured life which combines the things you want; i.e. beautiful countryside, slow tempo, civilized companionship, out-of-doorlife and occupation and accessible metropolis for occasional variety. That is the post-war picture I have planned for US not for me! So please don't upset my plans. . .

Mrs. P. has just called and via the geography dept. I learn that Adak is a large island in one of the far westerly groups of the Aleutians know as Andrenof. It is far out in the ocean and you will certainly be getting a taste of something foreign. It sounds exciting and except for the prospect that it might be a very long time before I see you again, I should welcome your chance of seeing something so new and so unlikely for an ordinary tourist to visit. Will you continue to do instructing out there? Naturally I am very curious and eager for information and you will, I know, send on such news as the censors will pass. It is simply incredible to think of the YOU of April 1942 contemplating such a journey with calmness and pleasurable anticipation. How far you have gone in one short year and a half!

In case you find any Picquet players at your new base, I shall answer the query in your last letter. If both scores are 100 or over, the winner gets the difference plus 100 points. If the loser has a score of less than FIFTY (not 100 as you said) then the winner gets double the score plus 100. If the loser has more than 50, then the winner gets the difference between scores plus 100. Is that clear?

Lis owns SCHLEPPLE the Cocker

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I bought you the slippers lined with sheep's wool (size 9) and they should have gone off to you Saturday or Monday the latest. I had them sent direct from De Camps Store in East Lansing. I do hope that they arrive before you must leave Washington. I didnot send the cigarettes for I thought that if you were transferred you would probably be able to get them yourself at a port of embarkation. After you get to your new place, I can easily send you a carton every ten days which will keep you supplied, if you cannot Sheffields out there. So let me know. . . The book on esthetics I think I have traced but I didnot order that either until I knew your plans. Erwin Edman has the following books which all might interest you, although I imagine that you know the two earlier ones: "The Contemporary and his soul"(1931)
"The world, the arts and the artist" (1928)
"Arts and the man" (1939)
I assume that it is this latter one that you want. Is that right? As soon as you have your new address, I will send it on to you.

I have so much more that I wantx to write to you, but I am due at collegein half an hour and I still have to shave, dress and grab a bite of lunch. I shall try and write again in a day or so to give you more news before you move so far away from me. Wherever you are, I think that you will not forget that my devotion and love will follow after you and you know how eagerly I shall await any opportunity for a reunion.

With much love, Yours as ever,

J.

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WALTER SCHROEDER
PRESIDENT

HOTEL DULUTH

FIREPROOF
SCHROEDER HOTELS
SLEEP IN SAFETY

HOTEL SCHROEDER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL LORAINE, MADISON, WIS.
HOTEL NORTHLAND, GREEN BAY, WIS.
HOTEL RETLAW, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL DULUTH, DULUTH, MINN.
HOTEL ASTOR, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL VINCENT, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.
HOTEL CALUMET, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL INDIANA, WABASH, IND.
HOTEL WAUSAU, WAUSAU, WIS.

DULUTH
MINNESOTA

3rd December. 1943.

Dear George, I am very, very much ashamed of myself for neglecting to write you for so long a time. I think that I should be psycho-analized. It was impossible for me to write until I heard from you. Sending a letter off into the blue was quite beyond me. And so I have waited with dwindling patience & increasing attacks of self accusation until today when your first letter arrived forwarded from East Lansing. Now I am overcome with guilt - for I realize what a long gap of silence this means for you before this letter arrives. There is no excuse - for I recall only too vividly the importance of letters during the last war. I hope that I may not fail you again.

I am, of course, longing to have a detailed account of your voyage into that strange part of the world. My imagination can only give me bits of the Scandinavian Coast as a clue to what you have seen. I suppose it was a terrible [illegible]

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about the place which is to be your final destination. I do hope that the sunrise over those glorious snow-capped mountains will be of such blinding magnificence that you will lose sight of the mud. I do hope that censorship will permit you to send me some other descriptive bits concerning your surroundings - for I can better understand your situation, mentally, if I have some clue to the countryside in which you live. I am not curious about the identity of the exact spot where you are, unless you are free to disclose that. Knowing how you respond to certain kinds of country, it would be comforting & helpful to know something of the nature of the countryside.

I can well imagine that you will be very dependent on reading matter for entertainment. As soon as I get back to Michigan, I shall send off a batch of English papers & also some back numbers of Punch book. I'll arrange for "Encore" to be sent you too & I've asked my brother to start two cartons of Sheffields on their way. If you can, give me some idea how long it takes for these things to reach you. And also - please try & remember to date your letters so I can judge how long it has been since the news you send was "fresh". As near as I can decipher it, your letter is postmarked Nov. 23rd. I had kept the Chicago daily news special section over Christmas & New Year & I shall forward it to you

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WALTER SCHROEDER
PRESIDENT

HOTEL DULUTH

FIREPROOF
SCHROEDER HOTELS
SLEEP IN SAFETY

HOTEL SCHROEDER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL LORAINE, MADISON, WIS.
HOTEL NORTHLAND, GREEN BAY, WIS.
HOTEL RETLAW, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL DULUTH, DULUTH, MINN.
HOTEL ASTOR, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
HOTEL VINCENT, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.
HOTEL CALUMET, FOND DU LAC, WIS.
HOTEL INDIANA, WABASH, IND.
HOTEL WAUSAU, WAUSAU, WIS.

DULUTH
MINNESOTA

to-morrow. It might interest you.

It is difficult to know just how to catch up on my little news-events - so it might be best to begin with today & work backwards. I played two, different, full, recital programs today here in Duluth. I played a mid-day recital at the college in which I played the Vinci, some Bach & the Schumann "Kreisleriana" & some moderns. In the evening I played a program which was on their regular concert course. In this program, I launched both the Bach "Toccata" & the Brahms "Sonata". Oh how I wish that you had been there. I doubt if I have ever played better in public. I have worked hard this autumn & I have worked well, & I am most gratified with the results. If I can get the notices in duplicate - I shall send you copies. The college people were very insistant on getting me to sign up for another summer class, but I am not willing to be tied. Who knows what may happen & it pays to keep free. I should be

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managed not to be free for some holiday - although I doubt if we could improve on the little French house in Salute which I am assured I may have again. It is good to feel so much wanted & to know that I have approached something pretty good in public performance. I must say - I expected less, for I had a period of unbearable strain immediately preceding this tour. The whole family assembled at University Drive for Thanksgiving. The Detroit couple went home the same night, but my sister, her husband & her daughter stayed over while I taught frantically all day Friday. Then on Saturday morning the four of us left by car for Chicago. They took my car & I said good bye to it without too much regret. It was foolish to have it there with so little use for it... But the real cause for strain - was a visitor I had just before my family arrived. A young man who had worked with me in London arrived for a visit, on the verge of complete mental collapse. I had him on my hands five days, & he only left on the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving. During all that time, I did not have more than four hours sleep any night & I drove myself through routine teaching & practice. So I began this tour feeling tired & I am so glad that even under these conditions I could successfully

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DULUTH
MINNESOTA

introduce some additions to my repertoire.

In Chicago - while I was at the Steinway place doing some practice, I discovered Marian Anderson in another room rehearsing with her accompanist. He is a young German who had heard me play in Europe + came rushing out to see me. We had a delightful visit - + I feel again as I always have in the past, that Marian Anderson is one of the great ladies of this generation. She is so genuine, so simple + so deeply sincere. She + Myra have many qualities in common. Oh dear - I must try + sleep a bit now - for I take a train at 8 in the morning.

Sunday - Dec. 5th.
St. Paul.

Yesterday was such a full day that when I finally got to my hotel at 9 P.M. I fell

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into bed + I've slept eleven hours. I feel more human now — for I am back at the old trick of writing in bed. I must get up shortly + try my piano for to morrow. I am playing both the Bach + Brahms again to morrow on my St. Paul program.

I expect to be home by the end of the week + I propose staying there over the holidays in spite of family insistance that I go to Ohio. We'll see.

I shall be writing to you again very soon — + regularly.

Ever your devoted -

J.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing
Michigan
12th December - 1943.

My dear George,

After an incredibly mild & gentle autumn, winter has finally come to East Lansing. Can you recall a winter here when we got through until this time without snow? It really has been another bit of luck for me since I must now walk everywhere or use taxis. However - this dry, brittle cold with exciting nights illuminated by the blue light of a full moon, I find enchanting & I have loved the quarter of an hour walk to my studio. It is just enough to be exhilarating. My house seems to be draught-proof since the storm windows are up & except for the noise of the blower

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(which seems unavoidable) my gas furnace is a complete success. In fact the house is so snug & comfortable I find the tendency becomes greater all the time to withdraw more & more from East Lansing Society. My students are doing such good work. Lenare is going to play a program here in my house on Sunday afternoon - Jan. 9th & Phyllis is going to play her graduation recital on January 18th. So I have plenty of work with students... My final concerts on my tour were achieved with the same success as the Duluth appearance. At one college where I played for the sixth time - they assured me that something had happened to me - & that I had never played like that before. The notices have been "flamboyant" - So I think I've been successful in lifting

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for Sheffields. Might as well ask me for anything else you want - for I'd like to send you whatever I can to add to your comfort.

I shall send the Book-of-the-month reviews - It will keep you au fait with new publications - & this week the omnibooks will be on their way too. The Erwin Edman book will be sent to you direct from the publisher. I hope it arrives safely. Also - "Encore" will be on its way each month.

I read a book on this tour which interested me enormously. It is by Jennie Lee - the Scotswoman, daughter of a miner, who became a Labour M. P. for a Session. It is a brilliant review of the years 1929 - 1939 in England. There is the awful feeling again of that dreadful inertia which attacked all parties & made the Conservatives support Chamberlain & the Labourites default when it came to offering aid & recognition to their working class brothers in Spain. The book is written

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myself by the boot straps out of the bog of teaching. Now the job will be to keep above water.

There is little news to give you from here. I saw that Marshall Knappen - (now a Captain) was to be speaker at the short course graduation exercises yesterday. According to the newspaper he is now stationed at Custer.

Our successor to Miss Buckley made his initial appearance as conductor of the girl's glee club at a concert today. He is competent but wholly undistinguished. Poor Sascha led his gallant orchestra of ladies (with a few men in key positions: Tata, Julius etc.) in very nice readings of the Siegfried Idyll & some Bach transcriptions. It was a tour-de-force to get those results with such material.

I sent you some copies of "The Nation" last week & I shall see that a fresh consignment of reading matter is sent every 8 or 10 days. My brother was unable to send the cigarettes without a written request from you. I shall see what I can do & meanwhile perhaps you had better send me a request since I

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with enthusiasm rather than passion. It
lands criticism at conservatives + labor
party alike - but without bitterness - + it
appraises virtues with scant sentimentality.
The belief that the post-war problems of
class privileges, labor abuses + capital's
intimidations will be successfully coped
with is, alas, supported by a rather nebulous
faith. But when you read of the way the
working people of Britain + Russia have
defended, fought + struggled - it makes me
wish that I had the capacity for being a
champion for their cause. God knows -
they deserve every consideration for
improved opportunities. . . . I overnighted
with Roberts (in Pasadena) on my way
back + he pressed two books on me. I've
just started the one - "Lessons of my
life" by Lord Vansittart. What a terrible
experience to have known, felt +
known every one of the German's

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duplicity + to have been shouted down for all of his diplomatic life. This book is written with white-hot passion tempered with a fine sense of humour + made spicy by a really glib pen which invents wonderful epithets that sum up the whole picture. His appraisal of his countryman + of us is that we are saps, ostriches, gullible fools — + the German is just the most bastardly demon any satanic power could create. Cure? We must become realists + after policing + educating the Germans uninterruptedly for a half century after this war ends, possibly a sane nation might be evolved.

I must stop this rambling on. How I miss you! What a joy if you were near enough to pop in for some third rate sherry + smoked cheese. I'd even put a match to the fire + sacrifice some of the fire wood I'm hoarding. I'll write again soon — at least every week + I trust you will do likewise. Yours ever

J.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing. Michigan
19th December - 1943.

Dearest George,

It was a great pleasure to have your letter of December 5th + to have the assurance that your letters can get through to me in ten days. I know that there isn't any assurance that they always will get through in that time - but it is a great matter to know that on occasion they will. I just hope that my letters to you will arrive with equal promptness. It was splendid to know that so far as creature comforts go - food, lodgings etc. you are not too badly off. The problem of living "en masse" at your age takes a bit of adjusting + I give you credit for your determination + will not to be upset by the radio, the conversation + the people themselves. I recall so well - the world of imagination into which I fled for refuge under similar circumstances in the last war. Poor Travis suffers from the same thing now + has written me a most touchingly affectionate letter. His escape is [illegible] He has [illegible] a miniature [illegible] with

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time - & he writes of the work he has done on the Meistersinger overture & the Brahms 4th. Of course he descended from that lofty plane before the letter ended to tell me that the scarcity of female company was making itself felt - & a friend were concerned lest continued abstinence & lack of provocation should reduce their regenerative organs to mere vestigial remnants...

I was glad to hear that you find your present setting placed in a beautiful spot. I know how you are affected by your surroundings - & the presence of some scenic beauty - near at hand - will surely be compensation for other lacks. I assume that you are in hilly or mountainous terrain for you would otherwise not feel the setting attractive - I am not trying to identify your present whereabouts - but I am curious (just as solicitation for your health) to know something of the climate. It is surely cold - but is it the dry bracing kind, even sub zero - or damp & penetrating...? Of course you will know whether it is permissible to reply to that query. I am also curious to know if your part of the globe is nicely wooded, or is it barren...

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There is little news to give you of this past week. Perhaps, like my English friends, you will welcome a report of little events - to have a feeling of sharing more fully - a normal life. And for you it is easier than for them, for you know the people & the place. One night I dined with Mrs. P. - Good food - but a very dull evening! Then - Bill Kimmel & I were guests at the annual Matinee Musical dinner & Musicale at the People's Church. The program was appallingly long - dull & not too well performed. Bill came back with me afterward & we finished off a bottle of West Indian peach brandy. As I said to Bill - all through that concert I kept wishing that I had eaten more baked beans at dinner! But was my only reaction to the music.

I went to tea one day with the Stulbergs & spent an entirely enjoyable hour playing with that adorable baby of theirs. It really is a sweet child. Franklin is so engrossed with Mathematics teaching that he rarely practices any more. He is a good creature & so genuine. My new graduate assistant (the refugee girl) is playing the Brahms A major Sonata with L. at a recital early in the new year - & I went through it a bit with them. It needs work & I've promised to help them a bit after the new year.

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I had the Underwoods + their two guests here for dinner last night. I find it so easy to entertain without service. I have my rough Sicilian Rose prepare a stuffed bird + have the vegetables ready to cook. Then when my guests come, the feminine part finish the dinner while me drones finish such drink as we can find. (We are rationed — you know.) It was a good party — very gay + amusing. Underwood had some good new entries in the little book, or at least they seemed good listened to through an acoholic haze. . . . .

Term is work is over + I am so pleased to have done with teaching for a bit. When you take that famous year's vacation at the end of the war — please may I come along + have a good respite from teaching? I wonder how much longer I shall continue this? . . As a holiday venture I am going to memorize that lovely Beethoven Second Sonata — op. 2 — No. 2 in A major. I shall not go to Dayton even though I shall be the only member of family absent at Christmas time. I shall shake my resources for ten days or so in the East early in February. Had a good letter this — but I'll leave it better material + more legible when next week. Yours ever — F.

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21 Dec 43

Cascade Colorado.
September 11 1943

Dear Mr. Mannheimer.

I was happy to hear from you again. I have wanted to write you for some time but have been so busy that I just neglected doing it. So many things have happened since I last wrote you that I hardly know where to start to tell you.
I have been working at Camp Carson here in Colorado Springs for a year and that with some of my other work I am pretty busy. However I have given up almost all my work in Cascade for it was just too much for me and too there are so few of my reguler people that came out this year on account of the gas rationing.
You ask me if Fred was still at the Mill, Yes he is. If you remember the trouble I had had with him for so long ,well it just to the place where I just could not stand it any longer so I just seperated from him. I have been divorced now since May. So I guess that our comming to Michigan is out. I would have liked very much to have come there for I am sure I would have liked it very much.
I have been quite ill, I was operated on the eighteenth of last month and have just been back to work a few days. but I am feeling very good again. I persume you are very busy at this time with all your College work. I was surprised to here Dr. VanShaack was in the Navy.
I am working in the Motor Pool and I like my work very but it is a little heavy for me . I have gotten two raises since the first ot the year. which makes it more interesting. I also am doing a little secret work. It all is so different than what I have had to do that I really have enjoyed it a lot.
This Camp is quite large I believe they say we have about fifty thousand Soldiers here. We also have about three thousand German prisoners. we did have about that many Itilian prisoners but they transfered them else where.
I hope you had a nice rest while in Iowa. I received your letter while I was in the hospital that is why I did not write then and since then I had so much to do and too my Dr. made me keep quiet for so long and that is a hard thing for me to do for you know I have always had so much to do and had no time to really rest. My Dr. said I was so run down that if I rested a year it would not be too much. But I have had to work so hard so long that it is hard for me to rest when I have a chance.
There were a good many vacant houses in Cascade this year. I have lived up there since May and I was fortunate in renting my other house for the summer. I think I will move down town for the winter . I have a nice little house promised me the first of October. It would be too much for me to drive back and forth this winter. That Pass road gets pretty bad at times and too I dont care about keeping up the fires.
Do you still send packages to England , If you would would like for me to send one at any tine be sure and let me know. I would be very glad to do it. I saw in the paper some time ago where they had all now

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director in the Chipeta Land Co. I heard that Mr. Henson Was not there now and that he was living in Wichita Kansas. I had several letters for him after you wrote him. but I dont think he liked my r eplies.
This town is so over run with Defense workers that it is difficult to get any thing. How do you get along with the point system. Since I am alone I find it hard to get along on the points. If I did not go out to eat a lot I dont think I could get enough food. especially meats. other things is alright . for I like fresh vegetables and they seem to be plentiful. cantilpoe ,peaches, pears and grapes have been wanderful this year. I would like to run in and bake a ham like we had last summer. But I am afraid I will have to wait some time for that for I never would get enough points to get one.
I bring my lunch every day here and we have a perculator and make coffee every day and that is good with a cold lunch. I am so tired of sandwiches now that I can hardly eat one.
I see that there is Casa Blanca. Wine now I think of you when ever I see it. I just finished my Creme De Coco just a short time ago. I sure like it. I have only been up to the fishing Club once this year I get a liberal allowance of gas but feel too tired at the end of the week to make so long a drive.
Well it is lunch time so will close for this time.
Would be happy to hear from you again.

Sincerely

Martha E. Schneider.
Cascade, Colorado.
Box 154.

To Dee.

I have just come across this which I meant to send you ages ago. Perhaps it will serve a good purpose to send it on now to smell your post & to help bring back a memory of some happier times. I am just sending Mrs. S. a little Christmas greeting & also including wishes from you. . . . I had quite a visit with the dead today. Apparently there has been a hell of a row over his proposal that the language department should adopt the army plan of teaching conversational German, French, Spanish, Italian etc. in addition to their present course - the student

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being given the option of which course he would take. The Language department formed a solid block of obstruction. I suspect that the majority of them do not speak the languages they teach + so much afraid of their jobs - but they would still have all the grammar classes + that would be required of everyone. Well - the upshot of the matter is that Emmans called a S.A. faculty meeting + the motion was carried by unanimous vote - to start the Conversation courses. The Language departments en masse refrained from voting. You can imagine the pleasant feeling there is on Campus just now. I have asked the dear + Mrs. Emmans to come in for sherry to-morrow as they have not yet been in my house. He will probably appreciate a little friendly gesture at this point. . . . I've just finished reading "C/o Postmaster" - a rebald + slightly bawdy account of army life in the antipodes. The lad who wrote it has a distinct flare for coining apt + highly entertaining phrases - It is very slangy - profane + yet with a suggested rather than expressed note of pathos. It

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is good entertainment & short enough to go through quickly. . . .

I've just had sad news from the Grosses - their adopted son - Bill who has been at a Pacific air base for over year wrote to say that he had only five more bombing expeditions to complete & then he would be sent home to instruct. On the very evening of the day that that letter arrived, the news came through that he had been killed. It will be hard on both Frances & Ted. I remember that it was after we had put Ted on his train "on the banks of the Mississippi" - that I wired Bill - to congratulate him on his graduation. I fear we have only tasted the beginning of such tragic tales. Oh my God - how I long for this all to end. . . No more now for it is after midnight.

21st Dec.

I must just add my brother's two comments on my orchid-tiled bath & purple john! "This is exactly like a successful whore's idea of grandeur." & later he said - "Say you have a throne that is really royal." On that ribald note I'll say farewell for today.

Yours -

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44, St Leonard's Terrace,
London, S.W. 3.
Flaxman 5498.

(1743)

Christmas Day.

My dear George,

I have wished for you to be here to spend this day with me - I have wished with such intensity that I felt you must walk in - If the doorbell had rung - + I had found you on the doorstep - I think my first reaction would have been rather that I had expected you - My surprise would have come later.

How a fairly good size sheaf of my old London notepaper has survived all these years - I can't explain. I just unearthed it at the back of an old case - + I have decided that it must go to you today as a symbol of those times ahead when we shall enjoy England together. My often renewed wish that those times may come soon, is the first one that comes to my mind on this Christmas Day. I am spending this

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day alone. In spite of telephone calls & special deliveries from the family - I have refused to go to Ohio where I am the only member of our immediate family who isn't there. I have likewise refused all invitations to family dinner parties here. After a while I shall have my bacon & eggs & coffee & feel so much more luxurious & well cared-for than all those hordes of people who will be gorging. The day is most un-Christmas-like - for the sun is shining brilliantly & it has turned much warmer & there is almost a whiff of spring in the air. Later & I shall dress & go to have supper with my little Rachel who could not get home for Christmas. So I have promised to look in at the Freybergers - where the child lives - & have supper with the two old ladies & Rachel - Then - a "nightcap" with Samen & Helen & Bill - & Christmas will be over. I hope that it will be at least as peaceful & pleasant a day for you - if not offering quite the comforts in which I am indulging here.

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44, ST LEONARD'S TERRACE,
LONDON, S.W. 3.
FLAXMAN 5498.

As for "little" events this week - they have been very little. I dined in a rather large party at Mrs. Carlton Brown's house in Lansing but oh God! how awful is this provincial social stuff. Last night another dinner at Mrs. R.'s with enough drink this time to give the lift which Conversation there certainly does not provide. Then I gave a little dinner party to discharge some long overdue debts. We were just four - Elsa Richards (daughter of my predecessor at college) Mrs. Arangi + Knappen. It was pleasant + this house offers such a good + comfortable setting. But it was rather funny. Kitty Arangi is the pretty woman who has been a success as a woman. She just drips charm + S.A., while Elsa R. has great charm + warmth - but almost no S.A. They are both women of the world with complete European background. They are

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both cosmopolitans - + Knappen has none of that. He has the charm + inconsciousness of innocent youth. Mrs. A. likes to hold the floor. She finds it dull to listen - + Knappen finds it hard not to revert to the small town clergyman addressing not too bright students. I was greatly amused + enjoyed my evening. Knappen reports on the 27th at Ann Arbor for continued training in the A.M.T. program. He will be doing German as his language. Just imagine - he could have gone to Boston for this training, but chose Michigan - I really think he has identified himself with his place + has an affection for it. Bits of news I gleaned, which might interest you include

1. Dr. Orbeck was married last night to a school teacher from N.Y. State. She will not come here to live until the school year ends.

2. Mueller has graduated from his course at Columbia + expects to be sent into foreign service at once. He rather thinks he will be sent to Europe first + later

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he fully expects to get to the Pacific too.

3. The wife of your friend Combs has given up her former job in Cincinnati (if that's where she was teaching) & is now teaching in the Lansing schools. Another triumph for officialdom!

I have had more than my usual lot of Christmas cards - & a lot will still be coming or have got lost in being directed first to Mt. Hope Road. How I wish that I could send on to you some of the cookies, cakes, sweets & fruits that have poured in to this house. As soon as the Christmas rush subsides in the Post offices - I shall see what I can manage in the way of parcels to you. I hope that the reading matter I send is arriving with some degree of regularity. The next parcel will leave here the middle of this next week.

No more now - except to repeat that I miss you very much - & I shall indulge in daydreams about those future Christmases when we shall perhaps be together.

Yours as ever -

J.

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PALMER HOUSE

CHICAGO

New years Day. [1944?]

Dear George,

I think of you & wish you were here with me even if only for the hasty - short visit we had here since six months ago. I came down here on the 30th to meet the man who books me on the road. The usual meeting of the concert managers in New York will take place tomorrow & most of this week, & my man wanted to see me before he got into that conference. I had a glorious new years eve celebration - the best I've had in years. We went to the ballet where a performance of "Dim Lustre" was the highlight of the evening for me. It is a highly fanciful tale which uses Strauss' piano concerto - "Burlesk" as its music. I thought it a wonderful performance & a splendidly imaginative creation. We looked in at the Opera bar afterward & that started my unexpected, impromptu party. Paul Morris, former music critic on the old N.Y. Herald turned up with his daughter Anne whom I had not seen since they brought her to London as an immature ten-year-old. She is now a member of the ballet company. Through her other members of the ballet & press crowded

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round - & I caught glimpses of & had snatches of conversation with at least a dozen people I hadn't seen for three or four years. The drinking went on steadily - & I was unaware of its effect until, on leaving the bar, I overheard someone saying, "Jesus, look at what F.M. can do without roller skates." I got into a fairly large party going to the north side & finally ended the evening in serious conversation with a young millionaire & his wife from Connecticut, a brilliant young architect now a sailor, his enamorata, a very amusing newspaper woman, & a member of the ballet. After breakfast at 4.30 we parted company - stone sober! I am feeling fine today & except for being rather vague in my remembrance of how I got to the restaurant for breakfast - I recall the whole evening with real pleasure, but I haven't the faggiest idea of the names of the people with whom I shared the pleasure. It was the sort of irresponsible, gay time one could have in Paris before the war - but I've never done it here. I must say it was good fun. Will it seem to you like "breaking faith" to know that we here at home are being so abandoned & frivolous? Frankly - I agree that it is wicked waste of time, effort & money at this moment when all our energies should

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be directed towards a single goal. For the great part of the crowd of people – it was only a letting off of steam – a safety valve from the over burden of anxiety. There was more of a quality of hysteria than of gayety in the mood of this new years eve. For me – it was a wonderful feeling of release from the provincial constrictions of Michigan – to be with a group of cosmopolitans who can be drunk without becoming bawdy & unpleasant, & for whom wit & nimbleness of quick repartee are a challenge. Yes it is a good antidote for M. S. C. atmosphere...

Coming down on the train I sat with a young sailor who had many stories to tell. He has been in the Pacific area for 18 months & told me much of the Aleutians. He described them as being absolutely barren & treeless but with a coarse greasy growth that grew to a

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heights of 12 to 15 inches. The mountains he thought very beautiful - but he gave me the general impression of a place of remoteness, of barrenness, unpleasant climate & yet, more desirable than the jungles of the South. The dullness of the Plateaus must make it a dreary & depressing place & not particularly healthy. So I hope you will take precaution against malaria if you are in the South - & against colds & flu if you are in the north. He told me most, my young sailor, about both & Adak, neither of which sounded too enticing.

Now I must drag myself in under a cold shower & hope for reviving effects. I am having dinner at the South Shore Country club tonight with the Hartsrups. Tomorrow - I am seeing Kathryn Shay & her mother in the afternoon, supper & bridge with Leo Sowerby - & Monday morning I go back to dancing feeling that I've had much more than a four day break.

I think you know what I am wishing this new years day. May you come through this experience without mishap & return to a happy civilian life which I may share with you. And may that all happen soon. Yours as ever -

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544 University Drive
East Lansing
9th January - 1943. [1944?]

Dear George,

I don't have your memory for anniversary dates but this sad day I will never forget. How grateful I was for your presence, a year ago today when we got the news of my mother's death on our arrival at Mt. Hope Road. How very long ago all of that seems - how mirage-like that memory. The impact & shock of that experience comes back to me with poignant reality & also, the comfort of your sympathy & help, stand out in my memory. I shall not ever get over the feeling of finality that that experience gave me. It represents an end of chapter for me which is followed by a period of numbness. Strange how that feeling of attenuate numbness & reminiscing went on in 1943. There was another feeling of irreparable loss when I returned here from Detroit last March & April - Then there came a moment of aliveness when I had those two days in Chicago & again when my Duluth stay was highlighted for a few mind days. A strange year it has been for me - with great suffering & yet, moments of almost exalted ecstacy. The most important thing for me, though, is the bright hope for the future for I don't think I have ever felt so sure of any band of

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affection, understanding + real love - as I do of the present one + it gives me a feeling of such very real security + support. It is hard to let Boo know how I feel about this - for this is not the sort of thing I can say or write very directly. I just hope that I can somehow make B. feel that at all times + under any circumstances, my abode will always be their home. I can hear your Colorado voice yet, admonishing me not to indulge in sentimentality so I'll not continue. . . .

The past week has been full + certainly not dull. Lenore has a program prepared which she will play here at my house very soon. Phyllis will play her graduation recital on the 21st. Two other students are entering the competition in Grand Rapids for an appearance with their Symphony Orchestra. Bill Buchanan is to play his graduation program on March 31st + little Rachel will play a program sometime this spring. So without consideration of same work I'd like to do myself - it is a full program of work outlined.

Fletcher was here to see me yesterday - + told me that he had purchased a small furnished house at Palmer's Lake. Apparently he got the place which is some six or seven blocks away from Mrs. Holmes' Cottage. It faces the same as the Holmes place

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& is worth of it. I gather that he got it for $1000 or $500 to settle an estate - & there is a detached, two-roomed guest house on the place, also completely furnished. He plans to go out in July & stay until Sept. 15th - & he is going to paint & repair & fix the thing up. I don't think I would ever want to own anything at Palmer's Lake - would you. It would be nice to have a pied-a-terre somewhere in the mountains but not there!

On Sunday - Garner - (who is now choir master & organist at Central Methodist Church at a salary of $2000 a year) brought his choir to the college where they performed a rarely done Bach Cantata. It was a fine performance & the dull people came to life & sang with real enthusiasm if not with insight & inspiration. It was splendid! But Garner felt it necessary to give some comments first on Bach & then the words to be performed etc. The vanity of the little man came out with such blatant frankness, that I found myself cringing with embarrassment. He made occasional "mots" & then would refer to them at least three times before he could bear to give up his effect - & so pleased was he with dubbing Bach "St Sebastian" that he rolled that about on his tongue at least five times. He was the epitome of the erudite scholar

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impressing an undergraduate audience of how fortunate they were (+ how patronizingly kind he was) to have the privilege of being in his presence, mixed with the provincial clergyman leading his flock. The pressing that went on - the joy at being in a prominent place before the public - was just so apparent, that my one reaction was a desire for screens to hide his vanity. It was really ~~embarrassingly~~ embarrassingly revealing. Once the music began it was fine. . . Ugh . . . how catty that must sound - Well - perhaps it will make you laugh.

I've recently come on to a big collection of old Atlantics + Harpers magazines + I am going through + clip out poems, short stories + articles which I think will interest you - + I shall make up my own little "encore" for you. I've ordered that magazine but it hasn't come. The Irvine Edman book is on its way + also a new batch of the Statesman. I do hope that these things reach you safely + with the minimum of delay.

How I wish you could be here to enjoy this blazing fire with me. How I can stick three winters without a fireplace I don't know. . . .

No more now. Love to you always +

Jane J.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing - Michigan
25th January - 1944.

Dear George,

I have your two letters of Dec. 26th + Jan. 11th. I can well imagine that this period of continued, enforced inactivity is rather hard for you to bear. It is wonderful of you to be so philosophical + patient - The alternative would simply be incessant complaint that would lead nowhere - except to constant restlessness + dissatisfaction. I am glad that you have recourse to some reading matter - + judging by "Paris Underground" + the Exupery book, you have a not too dated or bad selection available. "Paris Underground" I read a few months ago + was reduced to a state of such agony - The author is so entirely the usual American ex-patriate - that quite without intention she gave me such a swirl of memories of all the people like her + I knew in Paris. Her love for our beloved Paris was very moving. I simply could not bear to think of how many of my french friends might have suffered her fate - or worse still - Kitty's fate. But it is astounding to what heights of magnificent courage those two unreservable old women could climb? I agree

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with you that it would be terrible if that heroic Kitty has been put to death. . . The Exupery book I am hoping to read on my journey to New York this week-end. As an economy measure - I am taking the Empire State Saturday from Detroit - arriving in N.Y. that same evening. In addition to the Exupery - I have George Santayana's new autobiographical book - & a new novel by Bruce Roberts on - "The Signpost" which has its setting in Ireland. So the journey should not be a dull one. . . . I am being unashamedly dishonest in allowing everyone to suppose that I am playing — but this is just my winter holiday, only - don't breathe that to anyone. I am so looking forward to it - for it so happens that a lot of my friends will be in N.Y. while I am there - Lilias Blackinnan from London — the Ryes from Duluth - Mrs. Stuckslager from Iowa - & even a musician friend from Chile. So - it should be a gay week.

What a doubtful compliment you give me. "You tell me of your "Oh so slovenly" ~~words~~ - but mate - & then add - "However you taught me how to deal with this sort of thing - . . . . I have laughed such a lot over that. Don't worry - I know that you intended to tell me that even when faced with the distastefulness of living with another human

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being's slovenliness - you can still manage not to be upset. I refuse to believe that you compare my tricks of slovenly living with the dirty-sock variety of your hut mate!

As to your requests: I have found an all-wool sleeveless sweater which is ready to send to you. I haven't been able to find one with sleeves which didn't have a "crew" neck - & I fear that you might not be able to use that. I shall try & find you a sweater with sleeves & a V-neck - where I am in New York. Lenore's sister is here this term & is working for Mrs. Spencer at the College Drug Store. She says that there is an eyeshade in the store room which she will get for me. You see that is considered "summer stock" - & the shops just say they haven't any rather than to rummage in their stock rooms. I have the cork-screw for you - & we hope to get the Sheffields for you. So far - not a single shop would sell me a carton. I hope to find your drinking cups & glasses & dispatch all of this in a day or two. At the moment Lenore's sister is ill with "flu" & it rather holds us back. However - we hope to get the parcel on its way early next week.

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I enclose Phyllis' program which was simply magnificent. I have heard much less distinguished performances in the Concert Halls of London - Paris + N.Y. Underwood was so impressed that he told me that he would give her a graduate fellowship for next year if she stays. I thought she would stay on here. But I do not think that that would happen unless there is no other alternative for her. We'll see.

Today at our Student recital only my pupils played - Joan Bendell in a Mozart Concerto + Bill Buchanan playing Brahms Op. 116 - did superb playing. Oh how I wish you could be here to see the results of the past few years' efforts. It is so heartening.

Later

I am just home from hearing Josef Hofmann in the most appalling program of over-roasted chestnuts which, when he played the Minute Waltz of Chopin - + Rachmaninow's C# minor Prelude as encores - just nauseated me. How can any one, capable of his artistry + with such a magnificent equipment stoops to such cheap success. It is a sad spectacle! - Oh I could write on + on tonight - but I must stop + get some sleep - I'll write next from the Farm. Yours - F.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing, Michigan
13th February - 1944.

Dear George, I have so much to tell you I scarcely know where to begin. The New York trip was a completely happy one, unqualified success. With my usual penchant for good fortune, I selected just that little interim period in mid-winter when there was the deceptive impression that spring was just around the corner. The sun shone brilliantly each day, it was never cold once - & the nights gloriously clear & bright without a trace of stinging frost or cold. Coming from this bog, the bracing air of the Atlantic was like champagne. I simply adored it & I rushed about seeing people, going to theatres, concerts & even a Metropolitan performance of "Tosca" which was pretty awful. - - For quite some time now I have felt that I must break away from East Lansing. It is not because of professional reasons, nor of any sudden change of heart. I just feel that I have exhausted the store of reserve, inner [illegible] because it is [illegible] possible for me

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to live here these past years with enthusiasm + a philosophical tolerance. Now - I find I need people more. I am so very tired of being alone - in such a barren spot. I have moved about so much in my life - I have had so much variety + excitement - that I crave change. I don't know how long I could stick it in New York - or if I would regret leaving here - but I do know that there is a terrible staleness about everything I do here + I have so little enthusiasm for my work. I am not going to do anything rash, for with the insecurity which the transition period from war to peace will produce, I am very lucky to have such splendid security - but oh... it is so tempting to break away + try to live freely again. I would like to take a little studio in New York + just be in the swim again for a year or so. Perhaps - by the end of that year - I can return again to London. I could take my little Rachel, Phyllis + Bill will both be in N.Y. + I could very soon surround myself with a pleasant, stimulating + serious group of students. The plan sounds so pleasant, but I doubt if I'll do it - I'm just feeling terribly let down after New York - I agree such shocking self-indulgence in the face of what you are reading [illegible]

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I read a charming little thing on my return trip to Michigan. "The Little Locksmith" is an autobiography of a hunch-backed woman. It is exquisitely sensitive, beautifully & smoothly written with an effect of spontaneity & yet great polish. The account of her first real house - an old, beautiful house on the Maine coast, was most moving - & I found myself staring out across the Hudson wondering if we ever will do some of those planned expeditions in the mountains of New York State & New England. There were so many times when I found myself wishing for you with me. Especially was that so at Carnegie when I sat listening to Bruno Walter's performance of the Mozart "Haffner" Symphony.

Later.

I interrupted this writing to go out into this zero weather for a long walk with Bill. He telephoned to say that he had been over to hear the pianist Firkusny in Flint - & felt in a talkative mood. So we walked through this bitter cold, starry night & Bill chattered away. It was the first time I had seen him since my return. He told me that Underwood had told him that Bill Fletcher had been reclassified in 1 A - & would doubtless be [illegible] before the end of next month. &

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he suggested that Bill might begin teaching the last term in Fletcher's place... We also had some talk about the competition in Grand Rapids for an appearance with their Symphony Orchestra. Because of restrictions imposed only two of my pupils were eligible to compete. There were 15 pianists - & my two children walked off with the first two places. Joan Beadell - the winner - will play the Mozart C major Concerto with the Grand Rapids orchestra on March 21st. Quite a "camp"!!...

I found a good sweater for you (with sleeves) at Hudsons in Detroit - & it, together with a carton of Sheffields is on its way. I was lucky to find an all wool sweater & I hope it is what you want as to size & weight. Do you need warm (knitted) gloves? If so - what size?... The sleeveless sweater with another carton of cigarettes, cork screw & eyeshade was sent from Lansing. I hope it all arrives safely. I hadn't been able to find any small drinking cups in "nests". So if I can't do better - I'll send you a few heavy glass liqueur glasses & pack them very carefully. The first Encore has arrived & I shall send it on at once.

I must stop - I suppose - & get some sleep - for I have a full day tomorrow. Yours always -

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544 University Drive
East Lansing - Michigan
22nd February - 1944.

Dear George,

Since last I wrote you I have two good letters for which to thank you. The earlier one arrived just after I had posted my letter & then today came your letter of Feb 9th postmarked Feb 12th. It is excellent to be able to keep in such comparatively close touch with you - & to read news which is not so dated that it might appear irrelevant. It is a great satisfaction too to know where you are located. I am delighted that my informant was wrong in telling me that it was a completely useless part of the globe. Knowing what it means to you to live in the sunshine, I should hate to believe that such a sacrifice was asked of you. Certainly you are near enough to the scenes of action to be hearing tales & seeing evidences. I just hope it isn't too depressing. Now that you are given some work to do until your gear can be set up - I am sure you feel less distrait. It must be boring in the extreme to have to mark time under the conditions you have imposed on you. I am glad that you have such an excellent store of alcohol, chocolates & other things. I'll do my

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best to keep "Sheffields" on their way to you - although it is almost impossible to get cartons. However - my present source of supply continues to provide - so for the moment they are assured.

I am sorry that you have had such disheartening news from home. You acted very wisely to send your mother that advice & I just pray that she will do as you have instructed. It would be idiotic to permit Eva to run the risk of such a set-back as it might prove to be, if she attempted to rush home & aid your mother. I suppose your brother would not be the one to undertake the thing? . . . I am sorry to hear that Eva has already had one bad set back. I know how you will worry. - - - On our family front - I hear that the only news is that my niece - (who has always been brought up as a pampered, only child of rich parents) decided that she was bored at the University & wanted to leave school. So home she came & as a consolation for getting bored - her mother (so glad for any excuse to travel) has taken her to Florida. At one time she wanted to come & live with me - but that will be out - I am sure - for since I have not any domestic help - she would have to work here - & amuse herself!

I hear that Knappen has gone abroad (Europe presumably). Quite confidentially - I was told that he went to see Emmons & offered his [illegible] before he started [illegible] it was

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unfair to his colleagues not to have a permanent head of department in residence. I gather that the Dean absolutely refused to consider his resignation & the Status Quo is maintained!

I am so glad that the reading matter is reaching you. My friends in England will be so pleased to know how much the New Statesman is appreciated. I had read "The Human Comedy" by Saroyan before the abridged version arrived. No - I had not read Mrs. Daman's book. I am so glad - though - that you are enjoying these various things. Many parcels are on the way & I just hope that they reach you speedily & safely.

My week end was very sadly broken up by an unexpected visitor. On Saturday afternoon Bud appeared on my doorstep. He brought me three huge, tenderloin steaks, a dozen fresh eggs & a very expensive-looking tie. His joy at being with me again was so touching. Poor child, I think I understand him & I am sorry for him. He is deeply devoted to me - & in his own way he just adores me. I came closest to representing a home, an anchorage, a family for him. He has quit his job at the bamboo plant & is now chef in a restaurant in Ann Arbor. He doesn't want any one to know of the change & I think the whole

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of his visit was to see what chance there was of "coming home". He took a top out to Mt. Hope Road just to look at the house - & to visit the Blacks & the Hopkins brood. He prepared dinner for me here both nights - & I must say I sank back easily into the delicious relaxation of a well cooked meal, beautifully served in my own house. & I sat in front of the fireplace having my coffee - I purred with the luxury & comfort of living decently again for a few hours. However - I did not rise to the various bits of bait thrown out. I did say that if I went to Duluth again & if he wanted a holiday we might make an arrangement? I can just feel you bristling as you read this - feeling sure that I would meekly take him back. No - not in Lansing - but I might take him if I went to another place...

I am simply deluged with work at the moment. People are turning up from all over this state asking for lessons - & I simply must sort down. I have just in the past fortnight started in people from the colleges in Albion & Mt. Pleasant (staff members of the colleges), two from Grand Rapids, one from Midland, one from Holland & one from Lansing. This in addition to 14 at college, little Rachel, Lenore & a few other private pupils. It is getting very much too [illegible] I must [illegible] my step.

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I did tell you - I think, that Joan Bendell had won the competition in Grand Rapids - + will appear there with the Symphony on March 21st playing the Mozart C major Concerto - It is a work you would love. Bill is playing in Kalamazoo, Owosso + Flint before he plays here. Phyllis will play the Etudes Symphoniques as soloist with the girls glee club at their spring concert in the BIG auditorium. I have another student (Marijane Bird) playing in Grand Rapids in April as well as in recital here + two others playing joint recitals with singers in the music building auditorium. In addition, I go up to Minnesota + North Dakota again for the whole week of March 19th + today came a wire from Friedberg asking if I would include some Pan-American music on a program for which I have been requested as the artist - somewhere in Oklahoma in May. So with two sets of juries to face + all this teaching + playing - the coming months are not going to be exactly idle.

. . . . I feel very guilty for having sent you that whining letter last week. The change from the sparkling air of New York - + the

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stimulation of being with educated & sophisticated human beings again - was almost too much for me. However - I have regained my balance & my usual serenity - Once I got back to my work - I was alright. After all - time to work, pleasant environment in which to work & a decent instrument is a good combination. For the present, I am alright - if I should make a move presently - it will be because of reasons other than restlessness & self-indulgence.

I just go gossiping along here & tell you almost nothing of importance - but them - perhaps like my friends in England, you will get some amusement & perhaps a feeling of support from this sharing of all the little happenings of my busy if not very exciting way of life just now. I just regret that you aren't here to share it all more actively.

Yours ever -

F

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A Report of the Results of a Discussion, by Staff Members from many Liberal Arts Departments, of the Effects of the "Eleven-Months Basis" Plan upon the Liberal Arts Staff.

A group of members of the teaching staff in Liberal Arts, after carefully considering the facts and probable effects of the Eleven-Months Basis Plan as the facts were available as a basis for discussion, wish to report their joint opinion on the Plan. A high degree of unity was reached on the points included in this report, which is being made available to all departments for their own use in whatever manner seems suitable. It is recognized that some facts may not yet have been available; naturally the staff will welcome a full statement of the Plan and a full opportunity for adequate open discussion of all its aspects.

I. Fundamentally the staff taking part in these discussions approved the Plan as intended to develop the best interests of the staff and of the institution. We recognize that the Plan is not merely an emergency wartime expedient, but that it is set forward as part of the reorganization plans aimed at putting the College on a full four-quarters basis in preparation for an expected large post-war enrollment, reaching possibly 12,000-15,000. We recognize that under a four-quarters plan many departments which have not previously taught more than three quarters will be on a four quarters basis.

The teaching staff in general heartily agrees with the principle, stated by President Hannah at the February 24th meeting of the American Association of University Professors, that generally a full annual teaching load should consist of approximately three quarters of full teaching.

The teaching staff also approves and recognizes as professionally wise and sound the encouragement, by the administration, of the use of the fourth (or non-teaching) quarter for the professional development of the staff, by means of study, research, travel, writing, creative and field work, and other professional experience, as well as for at least one month's vacation.

The teaching staff gladly joins President Hannah and the administration in recognizing the truth which has been found by long experience in the first-rate American colleges--that (except as a temporary emergency measure) the regular, year-in, year-out use of staff for four quarters' teaching inevitably results in the degradation of teaching to a level of mediocrity or worse.

Among the advantages of the Plan the teaching staff also finds this point, that the Plan removes stimuli for competition for summer school teaching.

The teaching staff is generally encouraged by the concern of the administration over salary readjustments in a time of marked increase in living costs.

II. On the basis of the Plan as now known, there are however a number of important point which need clarification. If the Plan is to work as we understand it is intended to work (and as in most Divisions it will work), and if the Plan is not, unintentionally, to result in substantial injustice to many staff members and to the Liberal Arts division, then there appear to be needed a number of modifications and remedies.

A. A number of questions have arisen concerning the financial operation of the Plan. The highly unified opinion of the staff on these points follows.

1. This plan should not mean an actual reduction in compensation for any member of the teaching staff, nor should the rate of compensation be lowered. That is, no one should be expected, in all fairness at this time, to do the same amount of teaching as in the past, or more teaching, for less compensation. Unless proportionate pay increases reward teaching increases, the result will obviously be a cut in the rate of salary payment for teaching performed.

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1a. We jointly believe that to request trained professional teachers to serve (except in an emergency, such as wartime) without payment proportionate to teaching done, or to services rendered, will seriously degrade the teaching profession and the teaching level in Liberal Arts in Michigan State College. We believe that as a result the standing of the College, in the state at large and in comparison with similar institutions, will in the end be seriously injured.

2. Additions to salaries in prospect under an eleven-months basis, made in consideration of a fourth quarter devoted to the college (and including a month vacation) should not be considered as normal merit increases, or as taking the place of merit increases. The question of merit increases, it appears to the staff, should be considered separately, now or in the future.

3. The change-over from the academic year (Sept. 1-Aug. 31) to the fiscal year as a basis for salaries should not result in permanent withholding of the two salary payments (July, August) which represent the balance earned by June 30th of an annual salary for three quarters of teaching for those who began September 1st.

3a. It seems desirable that a clear statement be made as to the way in which these July-August payments will be made to the staff to whom they are due.

4. We should welcome clarification of the effects of the Plan upon the schedule of salary levels considered to be the minimums for promotion to the various ranks.

B. In order to maintain the Plan as it is apparently intended (about three quarters on teaching to one quarter non-teaching), certain points need to be clarified if adequate professional standards of teaching are to be maintained:

1. To maintain, as Pres. Hannah has suggested, annual teaching loads at an average of not much more than three full quarters of teaching, adequate provision for additions to staffs will be necessary for the four quarters of college operation. Such additions to the staff should not be made at the expense of salary readjustments and merit increases for the existing staff.

2. Assurance is desirable that teaching loads shall be kept as far as possible at a fair level, according to standards established by the professional teaching staff and in harmony with comparable institutions. (This we understand to be the viewpoint expressed by Pres. Hannah at the A.A.U.P. meeting on Feb. 23. With this viewpoint we strongly agree.)

2a. A nine-months teaching schedule should not be achieved by adding to the normal, pre-wartime teaching load.

2a-1. If exigencies cause request to staff members to teach a fourth quarter, compensation for fourth-quarter teaching, in an emergency, might be in the form of credit in the future toward a quarter's relief from teaching after the emergency has passed. Again we refer to practice of comparable instituions of high standing.

2b. When the wartime emergency is over, the wartime teaching loads should end, and loads should be returned to normal. Each department should work out the fair distribution of loads for its staff, as usual.

3. Time allotted to staff members for professional study, research, writing, travel, etc., and for vacations, should be in one continuous full quarter, as far as possible.

4. Gaining valuable professional experience, by short-term employment at other institutions or in private enterprise, should be approved. However the staff member who undertakes such approved projects should not be penalized for so doing. It is suggested as desirable that, if the project is college-approved, the member's salary during the project-period should be so adjusted that, with the payment received from his temporary employer, his income will equal not less than his normal income plus extra expenses (double rent, etc.) unavoidably incurred.

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Not enclosed because I forgot to bring one away with me!

Ht College.
5th March 1944.

Dear George, I have arrived here rather early & until the enclosed program begins, I shall write you a few lines. There is great agitation on campus occasioned by a college order that on July 1st we are to go over to an eleven months basis rather than the existing nine months arrangement for which most of us were engaged. We are informed that the college has no intention of asking us to teach more than three terms any one year - eventually - but for the present it is not only possible but probable that in certain departments there will be eleven months of teaching for the present staff. The proposal is to increase salaries slightly more than the usual summer school pay, plus the usual yearly stipend. BUT - they propose to begin the increase on July 1st - so that the money OWED to us for work which we did until June - will be paid as summer school pay plus whatever the raise in pay amounts to. It is a scandal that such a policy of immorality & intimidation can be imposed in what we call a democracy. What really sickens & revolts me is that I was

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called in to Underwood's office & told that although this would stand on the books as an eleven months arrangement - it is clearly understood by both Hannah & Emmons, that neither Patton or I would be expected to stay here in the summer unless they engaged us on our own terms! So some tracks through - both Patton & I are to be given slight increases in salary. I am really very distressed for I would respect them much more if they tried to impose their ruling & make it a blanket law applying to everyone. I suppose that I should be flattered to have preferential treatment offered to me voluntarily. However flattered I may be at this value which they place on my services, I am, nevertheless, very much disgusted at the procedure.

Later.

Underwood & Tata played extremely well in their recital of three Sonatas (Brahms G major, Hindemith in E♭ & the early Fauré in A major). After the recital the performers & their wives came here for supper - & they have just gone. So I shall try to finish off this letter before I go to bed. . . . All the preceding bit is confidential - for I believe that so far as I know we are the only people on campus to get this preferential treatment & it would be very unpleasant to

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have it Rhoma. Of course - I am not at all sure that I shall accept their generous offer. For the moment, I am not thinking about it. I enclose a sheet which I found in my letter box today which might interest you.

I wrote to Duluth today to say that I would return there in the summer. Already I have eight or ten applications for lessons - + as I would like to keep under 15 students as my maximum, I shall have to watch very closely or I'll have another rush like last year. I have written off to ask if my same little house & garden would be available this year - + also my same Steinway. If so - I shall probably take the place from June 24th to Sept. 1st - + only teach 8½ weeks of the time with ten days before the class + a fortnight afterward in which to rest + work quietly alone. How marvelous it would be if you were to have a leave that would make possible a surprise visit like last year. Only - I would hope to have better luck + keep you with me for more than two days.

On Thursday night I received a cable from London from a friend who is living in my place - I have no clue as to when it was sent as it was not dated. It read, "Getting along nicely things are quite tolerable." Evidently they have had some very serious

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bombings + are trying to let me know that they are safe. It might mean that the house was struck or that the neighborhood got a bad plastering. I have a certain amount of affection for my things - but as you know - even total loss would not cause me to grieve. I would be horribly upset if there were casualties. To have a guest suffer, would be quite frightful. It will be a long time before we know what has been happening in England. I have been very uneasy because of an almost complete cessation of news about what is happening in England. I interpreted it to be either pre-invasion caution - or a desire not to give the Nazis the chance to bolster home morale by our admitting their skill-ful air force. The complete silence (about England) is very marked - + for me, disquieting + ominous.

Tomorrow begins our last week of teaching + then juries the following week - + I am finished with teaching until the 29th. I go to Minnesota during the vacation + among other things - will give a lecture-recital on Chopin - Schumann - Brahms in St. Paul. So I must get busy + do some work as I want to use the second Ballade (F major) as my link from Chopin to Schumann as the composer dedicated it to Mr. R. Schumann. Then I shall use the Schumann Abegg-Variationen (Op. 1) which Brahms borrowed as the theme for

a lot of variations. That will get me to Brahms. It is going to be rather fun doing this - + I long for your advice + appreciative ear - you know - James F.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing. Michigan
18th March - 1944.

Dear George, I hope that I am able to achieve legibility for I am writing from my bed. I caught a frightful cold, (like the Palmers lake attack) & have had to call off the Chicago week-end I had planned. I go to Minnesota again for concerts all of next week & I had planned a restful but diverting week-end in Chicago en route. With luck, I hope to be able to travel by the 20th & will only overnight in Chicago. It is very annoying to have this stoppage of much-needed practice at such a moment. However - I'll get through somehow I suppose.

I did so wish that you could have heard some of the music I had the privilege of hearing during this past week. With the remnants of a chorus plus a few faculty volunteers & soldier recruits, Bill Kimmel died a most commendable performance of Bach's B minor Mass last Sunday at Peoples Church. It really was a great experience to feel the enthusiasm of those farm children supported by Gamer at the piano & Mrs. Hall at the organ - & guided by Bill. You would have had respect & admiration for the effort & I know how the music would have moved you.

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(I noticed that your friends Frame + Welmers (not sure of the latter) sang in the chorus.) ... Ben.. a few nights later Lotte Lehmann sang a Lieder recital in our music building auditorium. How you would enjoy listening to the programs of these artists in such an intimate +, acoustically, kind auditorium. Her recital was one of the most deeply moving + beautiful performances I've ever heard anywhere. When in the climax of Schubert's "Das Wandern" she cried an anguished, "Mein Land, mein land, wo bist du?"; it was simply unbearable. I have enclosed both these programs in another parcel of clippings that will go on its way next week... I am also enclosing in that parcel this week's blue sheet. It will serve as the most satisfactory Commentary on the College plan to change over from a nine to an eleven months basis....

I am so glad to have your letter of February 23rd Yes... the prospect of either the thatched Cottage or the Queen Anne house is enticing. You are quite right in thinking that spring blossoms, anemones, crocuses, primroses + violets will be blossoming soon. A friend wrote to remind me of the almond blossoms in my terrace, for which I've always watched each Spring. To enjoy such things again with freedom + leisure - will be such a

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I am so in accord with all you write about the guilt for the death of people like Romain Rolland - lying as heavily on certain citizens of democratic nations - as it does, more obviously on Hitler & his ilk. A propos of that, I was very much interested in the excerpts from the diary of de Sales which appeared in the Atlantic. As a picture of the inertia, demoralization + stupidity (+ alas I could add cupidity) of the democracies, it struck me as a most remarkable document. I have included that too in the before mentioned packet. I feel that his appraisal of us as a nation is so very right + his observations so penetrating - that it comes rather as a shock to have a foreigner so able to give an honest + unprejudiced appraisal. It is rather a help to me to see the background so well drawn without obscuring major events. I feel sure you will enjoy reading those pages - though it will not be the same for you as for me. I have this passionate admiration for the French intellectual + for that element of French esprit that no other nation duplicates. When I was in N.Y. I got a reminder of it from the masses of French people I saw there + more recently when I saw the French film - "La femme du Boulanger" which the B.S.T. boys had on Caribbean. Alas, I am afraid of that part

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of artistry & taste will go by the boards in favor of the Hollywood stuff with its cheap publicity. I read a scathing report of the Hollywood version of the Hemingway - "For whom the bell tolls" - written by Eliot Paul - I'll add that to my collection if I can find it. And while I'm speaking of France - I was very sad to read of the death of Yvette Guilbert in France. I shall never forget hearing that she had agreed to join the cast of a play running in Montmartre to help some gaming people recoup their losses. I was among the mob that stormed the place for tickets - She came out on the stage wearing a duplicate of the gown & long black gloves in which Toulouse Lautrec had portrayed her on that memorable poster - The applause was deafening & prolonged interminably - When it finally subsided she remained silent for a moment & then looking at her gown - she said - "Oui - c'est le meme - seulement ... passionement enlargé!" There was such a charming appreciation of her artistry in one of my recently arrived London Sunday Times. I'll try & find it though I have a sneaking suspicion it went in to start the fireplace blaze.

I am very - very sorry that you have had the anxiety of the home situation. Have mine & you seem to be philosophical about it. As you

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so rightly say there is nothing you can do about it at that distance. I just hope that your letter arrived in time to avoid any hard words for Eva — + that she could return to Holland without suffering too much exhaustion from the journey. I shall be eager for the next news you receive.

I am much amused by the clipping from P. M. which you sent me - I am giving it wide circulation. The F.D.R. stories multiply + abound - + one of the favorites which was told me several times by my wealthy, anti-Roosevelt friends in N.Y. was of a meeting of Churchill - Stalin + F.D.R. They were discussing post-war social security + Churchill assured them that his people would be provided for from the cradle to the grave. Stalin insisted that his people would have better provisions for their security since they would have a program of protection from the womb to the tomb. However - F.D.R. insisted that we exceeded even those provisions for he was proposing protection from erection to resurrection. . . . I don't for a moment think F.D.R. will be defeated - but with the promise of a Republican Congress what can he possibly hope to achieve? I must say - the picture is neither a pleasant or promising one.

I am grateful to you for writing so

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frankly + freely about your feeling of present situations + post war possibilities - Please don't feel that you need apologize for a "crabby" letter. I am glad to know how you are thinking about the future + how you react to the present. I would object if you were to join the ranks of the chronic malcontents (like Gamer) who seek to build their own ego through destructive criticism of others + adopting the air of superior brilliance. It is so easy - + so unconscious a process. As you know, I feel very strongly that constant complaint about a situation which is unalterable only serves as a destructive force. Either complain + get out, or shut up + stay on - + make something that has constructive value to you of any situation. There is rarely a middle course. I am astounded at the way you have accepted the series of not too exciting assignments you have had in this year since my brother + I saw you to your train in Detroit. It is incredible to me that an entire year should have slipped away since then. . . There is one point on which I am curious. Please ignore the question if you prefer. Do you hear from Con? + have you had any change of heart or

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desire to alter the decision you had taken in that affair? You will have had so much time to be alone – & so much time for speculative thinking that you might easily have decided that you wished not to lose the attachment & devotion which that relationship had to offer. I could understand that happening, I think – .. As I say – you are to ignore my prying if for any reason you prefer not to discuss the matter.

The weather has been hateful for the past few weeks – Rain & sleet, muggy days would be followed by frigid winds & icy blasts. I would certainly welcome a chance to climb St. Peters Dome & lie again in that grilling sun on those warm friendly rocks. I don't believe I've ever really confessed to you that I have always had a vague fear of mountains which almost amounted to instinctive antipathy – You certainly cured me of that. Your very real love of mountains, your exhilaration & excitement transferred itself to me – & I was astounded to find myself so easily overcoming

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what was a defense against my own timidity. That overcoming of a fear which I had never really acknowledged or recognized has been a very salutary thing for me & I am rather ashamed that it has taken me so long to tell you of it. I really think it was your casual remark about having met someone from Cripple Creek at your outpost station which brought all this to my mind.

I suppose I should stop this rambling now & try sleep as an antidote for my throbbing head & aching back. . . Some more States man copies are on their way to you – & today two more cartons of Sheffields were posted by Lenore. I do hope to hear soon that the parcels posted several weeks ago have reached you.

Now a reluctant but affectionate Good night.

Yours ever –

J.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing - Michigan
2nd April. 1944.

Dear George,

It seems incredible that we should be starting April already! It seems impossible that the first quarter of this year has slipped away already. I am not sorry though, for it means that only some ten or twelve weeks remain when I must continue in East Lansing. Your were very good to send me those V-mail letters & I appreciated your opinions about leaving here. It is a very difficult decision to make & I am extremely happy that I needn't make an immediate choice. I am too young to stagnate here for much longer without danger of sacrificing initiative. I look about me at Sascha, Bill & Gomez - & I feel that I want to run. What good is security if it means mental deterioration & musical inertia? Just physical comfort & a secure income are not enough. I feel so out of touch with musical life & so [illegible] to recreate back-bench - that

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I am amazed at my capacity for learning, which becomes apparent as soon as I leave this bog! I spoke to my friend Larry Northrup in Chicago & his opinion was that since I had no dependants it was absurd to stick here if I am not happy in my work or feeling myself progressing. I spoke to Tim Nye who met me in Minneapolis last Sunday & he felt that it was a mistake & an unnecessary risk to walk out on this place at this time. He pointed out that if the war didn't end this year - drafting of manpower might become necessary - & it might include women. In that case my whole class of private students might be taken & I might be entirely without income except from Concerts. Besides - if I were not attached to any institution I might easily be considered "unemployed" & drafted into some industry. My answer to that is - that if the labor situation becomes so acute I'd probably do something about it voluntarily. My sister telephoned from Dayton today to make sure that I had recovered from my recent "flu attack" & when I said I was thinking of

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resigning, she asked why. I replied that I thought it was largely boredom & some fatigue. Her immediate reply was, "Why wait? Resign now & come down here & have a rest." However, I am not going to make any hasty decision, for I can see advantages here & if I am becoming limp & inert - very likely the fault is my own.

I feel ashamed to use so much time & effort in even discussing this thing - but it helps to clarify my own thinking - so bear with me & forgive this long harangue. I should be ashamed to even mention this to you - when you are faced with such abundant sources of irritation & discomfort which you accept so stoically. I really think that at last my trouble is that I've lived precariously & rather excitingly all my life & I am fearful that as I approach the mid-century accumulation of years, I'll lose the abandon necessary for

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the adventurous sort of life I've always had. God knows I'd haunt every room on the campus if I thought I was doomed to spend a long series of remaining years here before death! No... I don't want that. ... But enough of me & my egocentric concentrations.

I wish that you could have been here Friday night to hear Bill's recital. The Mozart & Brahms were the best things - but he played extraordinarily well. He has the rare gift of playing a slow movement with such a deep, inner intensity that an audience almost holds its breath. When (& if) he begins to have regular activity in his life - & learns to be the warm, outgoing person he is by nature, his playing will take on an expansiveness & warmth which will be very moving. His limitations were well covered up on this occasion - though they will always stand between Bill & a very outstanding career as a performer. He was elected to Sigma Xi last [illegible]

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graduate fellowship in musicology. Alas - he has also been called up for re-examination by the draft board & if they continue to classify him as 4F - I imagine that he will have to go into a defense industry for the duration. We hope to know definitely by the end of the week what the verdict will be!

Your air mail letter of March 21st arrived yesterday. I am so glad the parcels all arrived safely & that the contents were satisfactory. Please don't hesitate to ask for anything which I can send which will add to your comfort. A parcel containing two cartons of Sheffields should reach you by now - & also several packets of reading material. I am sending you a compilation of English & American literature done by Somerset Maugham which I think will be a valuable volume for odd moments. It is full of good things & not too bulky. It is an inexpensive edition so don't worry about it if you are too busy or burdened to

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brother with it.

I am so relieved to know that your mother will probably not sell the house meantime. Is Eva going to stay on with your mother meanwhile? I am glad you have had such reassuring news about her. . . I've had two letters from England which explain the cable. Raids six nights out of seven - near hits + hysterics, nervously - one wrought friend feared I might hear the usual American journalists' over-dramatization, + worry. However - things are very "mouvementé" in London, to say the least - + these constantly broken nights + resulting inadequate rest - are proving very trying.

An adorable photograph has come from Matthay - "Praying for your return" - is included in its autograph. If I had a picture to send you I might easily borrow that autograph. Ever your devoted - J

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"Peterbrook"
Bedmore - Pa.
29th April, 1944.

Dear George,

I am ashamed of myself for neglecting to write you during the past ten days or more. Life at W.S.C. was unbearably hectic. Dr. Barbour, Gomez + I were the committee to try + fit the new basic college requirements into the music department program + we met four or five hours at a stretch. It has been very hectic + dull. So to find myself here in one of the most exquisite, modern, country houses I've ever seen, at a time when the prospect, the magnolias, violets + daffodils are blossoming - was like release from imprisonment after long months of incarceration. I am sitting out on the terrace on

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a luxurious chaise-longue in the warm sunshine looking down to the clear waters of a swift running brook whose gentle lapping-sound is pleasantly friendly. Look across a field studded with daffodils to the fresh, trailing green of the willows + the brilliant color of the judas trees on the hillside opposite. This is so completely a setting that you would love + a day of the sort of enchantment that you would enjoy, that I more than wish for your presence. I almost feel that you are here with me. It is this kind of living, this graciousness + charm in an easy + slow tempo, that I want to see survive in this war. Alas - if we carry more + more of our fanatic devotion to physical comforts + mechanical mass production to the far corners

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of the world - this retired + gentle sort of life for the individual will become a relic less than a practiced way of life. This is closer to the English way of living than I have encountered any where in this country. As we passed the lovely old stone houses + barns that are every where in evidence round about here, I realized again how much I missed that sort of charm + dignity in Michigan. I think that dignity is one of the important attributes missing in the Michigan scene. How tired one gets of frame shacks + pseudo - everything in architecture. It is so good to feel roots somewhere - even though they are not your own.

I only arrived here last night + I shall stay on until Monday when I go to N.Y. for a week. Then - I shall only have another five or six weeks to get through before this year's stuff finally be ended.

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I had a letter from Dulutha finally giving me the assurance that my house would be available this coming summer. I have had to take it for two months + I don't think I shall regret having two months there. In fact, I have the house from about June 24th to Sept. 1st + the rent is to be $200 - Not too bad - is it. Why Can't you be near enough to join me? Who Knows - you might !!

Have you heard that Emmons was named to head the new "School" of liberal Arts + applied Sciences + the new head of the "division" of Music, Art + Dramatics is ..... Underwood! I am not sure what this will mean, but I do know that with each recurring opportunity to come East - + be in an atmosphere of civilized living + sympathetic companionship, I regret the completeness in which

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I pass my days in Michigan. I am fed up - & I shall have a serious talk with Emmons when I get back to Lansing. I feel reasonably sure that unless he has some solution to suggest beyond what the present situation offers, I shall not return to Michigan next winter.

I took the seven-year-old son of my host to the museum this morning. The building is beautiful & there were many beautiful things that would have been a joy to you.

Since this is really a holiday trip it is not surprising that I miss you so very-very much. One of these days we shall start out again for our vacation together.

Yours ever -

J.

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544 University Drive
East Lansing - Michigan
21st May - 1944.

My dear George,

It is almost a month since I have had any news from you - & it is a fortnight at least since I've written to you. What a wretched correspondent I am. Since you told me in your last letter that you thought a place was a bout to be found where your gear would be set up, I assume that you have had your hands full. & know that you prefer useful occupation to a desultory inactivity - so I am hoping that you are busy, interested & well.

Just a week ago today we played the enclosed program & I wish that you might have heard it. Keith & I worked together every day, & at odd times we had trio rehearsals with Sascha. It went extremely well - & I enjoyed the Sonata particularly. Mrs. Mueller was there & came back stage for a talk. Her husband is in England & I sent him the names of a few London friends I thought he might enjoy meeting.

On Friday - I was informed that the

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State Board had voted on six advancements in our department. Barbour, Kimmel & Stein have been made Associate Professors - & Patton, Schuster & I have been moved up to full professors. I also got a $200 raise! I suppose I am mad to throw away the situation I have here - but honestly, I do not work well - & everything is so stale, flat & flavourless, that I feel as though I would choke if I had to stick it much longer. Is it just end of term fatigue? I had conferences in N.Y. with various people & everyone advised my hanging on here, for if the war situation becomes worse - or if there is an inflationary move, I am as safe here as anyone could possibly be. If travel is curtailed & if girls are drafted for war work - both private teaching & concert playing would be choked off. Then what? My own feeling is to fling caution to the wind & be free. Well - I'll go to Dalutte this summer & that will be a help... I believe that I am doing much more playing next season & so I shall have to do less teaching. I so dislike these periods of indecision....

I haven't told you of my thrilling time with Samaroff in New York. She was delighted with

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Rachel + has promised her a scholarship at the Philadelphia Conservatory next year where Samaroff goes to teach one day each week. Then when Rachel finishes high school - Samaroff will take her to Juilliard. Her only comment was "This is the real thing. But why don't you continue teaching her?" I explained that I wanted Rachel to have more music + concert - going opportunities than were provided in this community - + she agreed it was desirable. Of course - if I go to N.Y. it would be a temptation to keep Rachel with me - but I doubt if I would. When I asked for criticism - She had only the comment I feared she would make, "Well - you know - the American public wants virtuosity!" But would be my only reason for keeping my hands on the child - - Besides, Zae Evans' 15-year-old brother Phillip has just started work with me + I could make a two-piano team out of them that would be thrilling. He is more interesting + full of temperament than Rachel - but he lacks her sure fingers. How I wish I could just play + teach fine or big really gifted pupils like these youngsters.

The impatience of waiting for the

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invasion to break is pretty fierce. It seems that it must have started in earnest by now - & yet - except for the Italian attack we have no word. I simply cannot imagine what it must be like in England today with all these men "on the mark" ready to leap into action at the signal. It is hideous to think of the cost - but I suppose we must concentrate on the thought that the sooner the price is paid - the sooner you will return to a normal life again.

I think of you on this Saturday night in May. I am sure my pear tree is in blossom & it will miss both of us I hope.

Keep well - & write when you can.

Yours ever.

J.

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HOTEL SAINT PAUL

BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY

Saint Paul, Minnesota

25th June. 1944.

Dear George,

I find it hard to realize that many weeks have elapsed since I have written to you. D-Day has come & European liberation seems to be started & I have every hope to see Paris freed of German domination before too much time slips away. It is five years ago today since I left London & I can ask for no greater gift to commemorate the occasion than the news of Cherbourg's falling into allied hands. What a difference it should make having such a port at our disposal. Also - surely the ports nearer to England like Le Havre, Calais, Boulogne will soon be imperiled, for we need not now approach them from the sea. How good

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS

Hotel Spalding, Duluth, Minnesota — Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa
Hotel Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois — Hotel Spaulding, Michigan City, Indiana
Hotel Blackhawk, Hotel Davenport, Hotel Mississippi, Davenport, Iowa

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it is to be this much closer to the man's conclusion. I would very much like to continue about this - but I must try & bring you up-to-date with my news & I must soon get to sleep. So... enough of the war. ... But before I embark on my news I must give you a long-delayed acknowledgement of receipt of your letter with cheque enclosed. I shall send a proper reply to that letter a bit later.

To go back ... some weeks ago I went to see Emmans (without Underwood's knowledge) & bluntly said that I felt I had come to an impasse. I said that M.S.C. offered me nothing more than financial security - & when an artist accepted that as his only reason for staying in any situation, then retrogression was inevitable - And since I wasn't ready to accept the post-middle-age downhill slide just yet, there was nothing to do but move on. He was very upset & begged me to work out a plan, any plan, that would keep me at M-S.C. & give

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HOTEL SAINT PAUL
BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY
Saint Paul, Minnesota

one adequate freedom & yet not jeopardize the student's health. After quite some consideration, I told him that if I were really dealing direct with him, I would suggest having an assistant & building the department to justify this addition to staff. But with R.U. in control this was not possible & I felt that I had no alternative to suggest. The result was that he refused to accept my resignation & insisted that I apply for a leave of absence. This I have done - & the State Board has granted my request. This really is the perfect solution. If, after a year in N.Y., I am still unable to get back to England, I might easily welcome the chance to return to East Lansing. So I have my freedom & I have not had to burn my bridges to get it.

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS
Hotel Spalding, Duluth, Minnesota
Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa
Hotel Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois
Hotel Spaulding, Michigan City, Indiana
Hotel Blackhawk, Hotel Davenport, Hotel Mississippi, Davenport, Iowa

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Psycholagically. I think this might make a great difference to me in the course of this year. I have gone out in a "blaze of glory". Three out of four students of mine who graduated this year were honor students. Bill Buchanan graduated with high honors, being the first person in the Liberal Arts division to complete honors work under the new system begun last year. Orbeck, as chairman of the honors committee, attended Bill's oral examination & said that only once had he sat in on an "oral" comparable to Bill's - & that had been for a master's degree - not a B.A. ... I sent Phyllis to the University of Illinois to compete for a scholarship open to architects, sculptors, painters, composers or performers who had a bachelors degree. The prize was a one thousand dollar grant for study anywhere in the world. I believe there were between 35 & 40 entries - & when I arrived here yesterday, Phyllis was sitting in the lobby to tell me that

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HOTEL SAINT PAUL

BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY

Saint Paul, Minnesota

She had nerve! Isn't that a camp? If I weren't already so intolerably conceited, these successes together with the evidences of appreciation which my exodus from M.S.C. provoked would make me inflate to the Gambrustian state! But fortunately, I am already so egotistical that a few more laurels are pleasant - but not dangerous.

You will be wanting explanation of my presence here. I am conducting classes at a huge summer school (attended by about 250 nuns,) on methods, materials + general musical + technical problems. I agreed to do a series of 8 2-hour classes. I had two sessions today - + shall have another two tomorrow - Then I return after

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS
Hotel Spalding, Duluth, Minnesota Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa
Hotel Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois Hotel Spaulding, Michigan City, Indiana
Hotel Blackhawk, Hotel Davenport, Hotel Mississippi, Davenport, Iowa

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the middle of July for another two-days visit. Tomorrow I go to Duluth, arriving there (on the train you took)- at about 8 P.M. How I look forward to two months of quiet in that sweet little house. The address is 2731 Branch St. Duluth - + I have taken the house until Sept. 1st.

I have put my house up for sale in East Lansing + if it sells at the price which Mrs. Grannum has put on it, I stand to make a profit on it. Mrs. P. has agreed to see about moving + storing my belongings - + my sister came up in her car + took my linen, silver, glass, books + clothes down to Dayton until I want them. I'll stop there on my way east + leave summer clothes + collect winter things. So... according to my "pink-slip" - until Sept. 1, 1945 - I am free + without income. God what a marvelous sensation! Forgive a letter so concentrated on my affairs - I'll write soon from Duluth + send you know my news. I'll have no reason to carry on with so much emphasis on myself.

Yours ever -

F.

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2731 Branch St.
Duluth - Minnesota
11th July - 1944.

Dear George,

I was delighted to have your letter of June 21st - forwarded from Michigan. I am not surprised at your observation that people on your island, regardless of age, seem robbed of a certain vigour. The accompanying comment, that the climate is not really unhealthy, I found very comforting. I feared it was rather soulless, very wet & damp - & with rare spells of good, clear weather. If you had been here with me during this first fortnight's stay, I am sure that you would have observed that, like your men on Attu - I seemed to require an incredible amount of sleep. I found that I actually slept 18 hours out of 24 one day! However, I am gradually catching up in rest, & feeling ever so much better. My little house is as delightful as ever - but the weather has been rather beastly. There have only been five good days when the sun shone. Otherwise, it has rained & poured - or great gusts of impenetrable fog have come in from [illegible] & Superior & I am sick to death of wet

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canvas - aweek us for days. Thank goodness the sun is shining again today - so I can resume my sunbaths.

The class has got off to a good start. Lenore is here - & little Rachel & Shirley Shaffer has arrived with a pupil - Mr. Edsan begins work today - & from now until mid August I shall have a busy time. By the way, Shirley Shaffer - in telling me of home & family was speaking of Alan's development - (You remember her sweet little red-haired baby?) Well, he is an adopted child. Doesn't that rather surprise you? Oh that we were planning to return to an overnight stay with the Shaffers again - en route to any place for a holiday together! Never worry - we shall have many holidays together.

With the obvious pressure on the Germans from all sides & the all-too-slow push toward their homeland - it is inevitable that we should think in terms of this war's conclusion even though we are perfectly aware of just how much lies ahead before that conclusion of hostilities may be enjoyed. As to M.S.C., I am sorry that you feel such intense hatred of that place - for the simple reason that it is harmful for you. Feeling as you do, there isn't the slightest reason why you should ever return there. Just put that prospect out of your thoughts. There

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are so many alternatives available that it is just silly to even worry about such an eventuality. After all, the academic world is not your only possible setting. I think it quite likely that you might find country life in England really entertaining. You know something of living on a farm & how, up to a point, things should be managed. The Sisters, my dear friends, have thousands of acres of the most beautiful Dorset farm land. They would welcome you to our little family - & you could be of inestimable value to them. It is only a few hours from London where concerts, theaters, galleries & all the advantages of a metropolis await you. You would live charmingly, with graciousness, simplicity & comfort - You would have your music, leisure in which to enjoy it, just enough work to keep you busy - & good friends. That is just one alternative & there are many others. So please get over feeling that N. S. C. hangs over you as a doom from which you cannot escape. I am trying to be clever about my Mt. Hope Rd. place. I can very easily build a few places on that land & after the work quite a tidy sum in reselling it. That, I plan to do. I am also included right now on another real estate deal which Mrs. Palmer is

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managing for me - & that should also prove a good source of income for quite some time to come. You should be accumulating something during these years of reduced expenses - so when the war ends you will have something to begin with. Do you have anything now which you could & would like to have invested safely for about 4½ or 5% interest? If so - I can possibly arrange something for you. Just tell me the amount.

I have been so very distressed by the news of these robot bomb raids on London. I am so very grateful for recent letters from my former pupil Ray Loos who is in England & went back stage to see Myra Hess after a concert. His letter was dated June 29th. The week before that Mulder (to whom I sent the addresses of a few London friends) wrote to say he had lived on June 19th with my good friend Dorothy Watson. Today - another "all well" cable arrived which means that raids have been particularly hellish - & there have been many hits. . . (Somehow - I feel (as you do) that I shall never want to return to Mt. S.C. All that seething unrest, friction & jealousy is so antipathetic to me. So probably I'll get over that once I've been away long enough.

Anyway - the future holds something much richer & brighter in store for us. So

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2431 Branch St.
Duluth - Minn.
24th August. 1944.

My dear George,

I have been a wretched, poor friend to you - for this interval between letters has far exceeded all others. It is a good ten days since the class ended & only now am I beginning to recover. It was far the largest, the most remunerative & the most gifted class I've ever tried to cope with. I badly needed an assistant - but then I also needed secretarial & domestic help & I had no help of any kind. You can judge how I was driven when I give you an idea of the people I had here during the six weeks! of the "old guard"; I had Bill, Joan Bendell, Phyllis, Lenore & Rachel; there were four from Minneapolis three of them brilliant public performers; Shirley Haffner was here with a gifted 16-year-old student from Hastings who now wishes to come to New York; two people from North Dakota & 14 Duluth pianists & teachers. Our final evening of music was a thrilling event & most of the playing was really brilliant. How I wished that you could have been here with us. Lenore leaves tomorrow & then I only have about half a dozen lessons to give before I leave here after Labour Day. Alas, now that I have the time to enjoy

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my garden - the workmen have arrived to put right a leaky foundation - & great mounds of red-clay soil surround the garden. They have dug up all around the dining room & Kitchen so that my only useable door to the garden is from the sun room.

Isn't the news from France superb? We had a celebration dinner last night with the Myers & a couple of British sons, (members of the Paterson family) whose presence I can neither understand or explain. It was a gay evening & it was good to be with real Cosmopolitans again. It is disappointing to have the news today that Paris' liberation was prematurely announced & that fighting & destruction in the city are increased. God - what a lot of things those Germans must eventually answer for! The Rumanian desertion of the axis comes as welcome news - & I feel certain now that the end is not far off. Oh for the time when some semblance of sane & normal living may be enjoyed again.

I am so much intrigued by your collection of wild flowers. How wonderful it is that you have all these resources. Would'nt you be interested in eventually compiling a work of your own on this subject? With collaboration - it might prove an interesting second bow to your professional fiddle. Think twice before you turn back your collection to the novice who has started the collection of which you wrote to me.

I was deeply touched & am greatly indebted to you for writing to me of your experience at finding

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those records. I know what that must have meant to you - + I am so glad it happened. Music will always be your link with a happy, adjusted life - + I urge you not to be afraid to enjoy it - regardless of the reaction. I am sure that in the long run it is salutary + constructive. You made the intensity of your response to the Brahms so real that I wanted to listen to that very same recording. Alas - our local music shop could not produce it. I shall hear it - though - as soon as I can find the record - + I am sure it will make you feel much less remote + inaccessible... I wish you could go with me tomorrow night when I go over to Superior to visit a man who has been in my class this year. He was formerly a railroad engineer + has became a pianist + teacher of distinction. He has a collection of over 5,000 records - + practically every piece of published music I've ever heard about - + he has duplications in every known edition. He is a most unprepossessing male +, to me, singularly repellent. But he is a real scholar + possesses vast knowledge.

I wish you could have been present at a recent party at the Nye's house - which was attended by Margaret Banning - the author, + Sinclair Lewis who has also been summering here. I have so consistently refused all invitations here, that I have become a sort of mystery figure - + apparently created the illusion of being very hard to get. It was very funny to see how these two were out to

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impress me. Mrs. Banning is far the more interesting person of those two - + while she isn't a particularly original or profound thinker, she does express ideas (which I suspect she pinches + represents as her own) + she presents them well - in well chosen words + with a beautiful speaking voice. Also - she is an attractive person with great charm. The one thing that she + Lewis have in common in addition to their writing is social pretentions. She likes being a "lady" + he is so unsure of himself socially, that he resorts to being a rather hearty, shirtsleeve midwesterner. He was easy to intimidate + I was naughty in making him squirm a bit. He flew the white flag almost at once + called me by my Christian name - + so I desisted. It was an amusing evening + you can imagine with what relish Peggy, Jim + I thrashed over that evening.

Last week-end, the owners of this house took me to their country place for a few days of rest. Oh how you would have loved it. Their house is far away off the road - + is reached by a sandy trail which only a small car can penetrate. The house is situated on a tongue of land lying between two lakes - + the house is placed on the highest point - You look down through a fringe of pine trees to the glistening waters of Clear Lake on one side - + on the other side down a long clearing in the wooded hillside you see Bass Lake. Both are very small bodies of the softest + most buoyant water I've ever been in.

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I bathed twice - at least - each day. They very kindly had me as their only guest - & so it was delightfully informal & restful. The food was delicious & drink was constantly available &, for these time, of unbelievably superior quality. Yes... you would have enjoyed those few days of complete isolation in the Wisconsin woods - the comfort & the fare.

My only other sortie into the "grand monde" was to be this next Sunday which I promised to spend at Mrs. Rice's place on Sunshine Lake. (You may recall our charming dinner at her house last summer.) This year - instead of you being here to accompany me - I shall have the army! Irving Travis - now a Lt. in the air corps wired to ask if he could visit me Sunday & Monday en route to the Pacific Coast where he expects to be assigned to overseas duty. I look forward to seeing the boy again & I am pleased that he wants to come here. I saw him in Lansing just a day or two before leaving.

I am, like you, wondering if you aren't due for a change of post soon. It would be too cruel if you were to be moved elsewhere without a furlough interval first. I do hope that I shall be settled somewhere in comfort, in a place that you will enjoy staying - when your furlough time

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does come. According to present plans I shall leave here about the 6th Sept. Iowa Sept. 8th to about the 18th I'll be practicing in Iowa. Address is % R. Stuckslager, Lisbon, Iowa. Then I'll be in Chicago for a night or two probably with the Northrups - at 5803 Blackstone Ave. After that I'll spend about two days in Dayton with my sister collecting winter clothes - music - etc. The address in Dayton Ohio - is 1739 Barnaughs Drive - finally in N.Y. Mrs. Stuckslager has offered me the use of her apartment on 48th St. between 5th + Madison - until the early days in October when she arrives. By then - I hope to be settled. Until I have an address I'll get my mail % Annie Friedberg, 251 W. 57th St. New York 19.

Et voilà tout!

That puts you a bit more au fait with my news - + that makes me feel better. Oh how very eagerly I look forward to the time (with such impotience) when you will be here to share things as they occur. Then I'll feel like the Frenchmen who were shouting over the radio yesterday: "Le jour de gloire est arrivé!" Yours ever

F.

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112 East 65th Street
New York City
20th October, 1944.

My Dear George,

Your lens has just arrived and I shall take it to West 44th Street tomorrow. I shall impress upon them the urgency of replacement and trust to their patriotism to act promptly. I shall, if possible, get them to state a time when the thing will be sent and then either send it off myself or check and make sure that THEY have sent it.

I am full of apologies for the length of time which has elapsed since last I wrote to you. The problem of getting here, and finding a place suitable for my winter's work was much more of a puzzle than I had anticipated. It is practically impossible to get any hotel accomodation whatsoever, and the prices that they are charging for apartments is simply unbelievable. I found only one that I would have considered and that location was most unsympathetic to me. However, I would have compromised. It was on West 86th St., a duplex pent house at $300 a month. Five bed rooms on the second floor and a spacious lower floor with fireplace etc. However, even that I could not get without signing a two years' lease. The most unpleasant complication, however, was that I came down with a very violent influenza cold (which is VERY prevalent here just now) and I had to keep moving and get settled in spite of it. I am still far below par, but I keep going somehow! My usual luck has attended me here even in these difficult circumstances. My good friend May Salinger offered me the use of her mother's house, a palatial mansion which has been closed since her Mother's death about two years ago. I must say to have the responsibility for a five story house in N.Y. TODAY, was not my idea of the way to get through this winter with the minimum of domestic responsibility! After a rather half-hearted search for an alternative abode, I finally decided that I couldn't resist the temptation of this sumptuously comfortable and luxurious house. So I galled an employment agency in Harlem, I got the old housekeeper of this place (who is pensioned) to come in and supervise and the furnace man to get back on the job, the plumbers, electrician gas man and God knows who else, and when the three black ladies sent from Harlem arrived, the water was on, the hot water functioning, and within two days I was living here. Of course everyone is most impressed for, as you know, this is just about the swankiest address I could have chosen. To come from East Lansing to a mansion just off Park Avenue is SOMETHING at any time, but is fantastic today! The ground floor is a spacious and elegant foyer and behind that the kitchens. The next floor I have closed off entirely. The third floor is my suite. The front room, with damask-covered walls and handsome mahogony woodwork, was formerly the library. It is now my studio and the Steinway from the drawing-roon below has been moved up here. The bedroom is to the backof the house and joins on to the studio by a small dressing room. From the bedroom there is a littlepassage, (big enough for a small closet on one side and the dumb-waiter from the kitchen on the other) which leads to my bathroom. The fourth floor I have closed off and on the top (fifth floor) my friend Hannah Angel her Rumanian friend Eva Marcu and the latter's adorable ten-year-old daughter Monica live. They send up breakfast for me and except for some occasional outside help they will keep the place tidy. It is an ideal arrangement in every respect except expense and that cannot be avoided.

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Phyllis, Lenore, Rachel and Joan Bendell are all here and today I started a new girl from Winnipeg. I am determined to avoid too much teaching, for I want this year to enjoy New York and to play a bit more myself. So, for the present all is serene.

From East Lansing, I have various reports. Apparently Underwood has laid it on thick to all my former students how much more Dumesnil (who is at M.S.C. in my place) will do in the matter of technique building than I ever did. The enclosed program arrived today and I am sure that Underwood will do everything in his power to push this man. Good luck to them, for I feel certain that unless there is some sort of financial crisis which makes it necessary, I will never return to East Lansing again. I can't begin to tell you what a joy it was to return to cosmopolitan society and the impersonality of living in a metropolis again. Besides, the variety which a place like this offers, is my milieu, and although I might have to make certain sacrifices to live here, I prefer meager sledding in my own groove in a place like this, to padded luxury in a back water like M.S.C.

I feel so reticent to try and discuss with you the problem you are faced with, for I know so little about it that I am rather afraid to hazzard an opinion and certainly I would not have the temerity to offer advice. I can understand that you feel caught, making a sacrifice which the results you achieve donot merit. I just wonder how much you are able to get sufficient perspective to appraise your contribution and importance. About that I am completely in the dark. Morally, though, I do think that you must be perfectly SURE that what you are doing and might still be called on to do is very definitely not urgently needed before you put in that request for a return to civilian employment. If you can be certain on that score, I donot see that there is any other consideration which should influence you. Frankly, if the navy doesn't REALLY need you, you are doing the country a service to relieve them of maintaining your present salary. I feel absolutely SURE that you would not have any difficulty finding a place that would appeal to you more than M.S.C. I have the feeling that you aren't even considering that as an alternative and I think that that is excellent. I am incommunication with the Penders and shall probably be staying with them before the end of the month. I don't know if I ever told you that Mrs. P. was a student of mine and she now talks of resuming work and coming to town twice a month for lessons. In any case I shall see them soon and I will gladly speak to Hal about you. If he is at all interested, I will let you know and you can then suggest the best procedure.

I may have to make a hurried trip to Lansing or Detroit any minute now. Mrs. Palm suddenly announced that she was going on a vacation and wanted to be relieved from all responsibility of looking after my affairs. It sounded a petulant letter and I can only think that I gave unintentional offence. However, I turned everything over to the real estate agent from whom I bought the University Drive place. However, with Mt. Hope Road and University Drive both unoccupied at the moment, I may find it necessary to"get out from under some of this investment. I don't worry though, for that is all of such minor importance. My poor brother has been going through dreadful anxiety for more than a fortnight and I may feel it necessary to go to him. His wife collapsed and went into a state of coma on October 9th and has never regained consciousness. The doctors are completely unable to explain the cause or to give any explanation of the situation. He, poor creature, sits there helplessly and waits. it is appalling and I have said that I will come if and when he wants me. . . . . What a dull letter this is, and I had intended to tell

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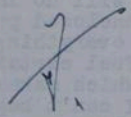
you some of the amusing things that have happendd. I daren't write ~~me~~ more now, for I am due at Carnegie Hall in less time than I can possibly get there and I still must change. So, the better part of the letter will have to wait. WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO HAVE YOU HERE THIS WINTER. Who knows you might still get here!

Yours ever,



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112 East 65th Street
New York, 21, N.Y.
6th November, 1944.

Dearest George,

I was just rushing out, already late for a luncheon appointment, when your letter was handed to me. So I took it along and read it en route. Never was it easier to meet a request, for I had just discovered some of the Swiss cards at Scribners on 5th Ave. It so happened that I had to be at 48th & Madison anyway, so I just went around the corner and was amazed to find that many of the best cards were already gone. So I took three dozen of the best ones and I think that you will not be too disapproving. I think that they are a find. I was told that to send them air mail I had to have them put into four separate parcels to meet the requirements of no parcel weighing over two ounces. So that was the way I arranged it and I do hope that they arrive safely and soon. If not, be sure and notify me. Your check was perfectly calculated. The lens had cost $3.50 and the three dozen cards were $1.80 with 64 cents postage for the four parcels. So I am in your debt for six cents. Someday I shall try and remember to send you an airmail stamp! but today you will NOT get it for my stamp supply is very low.

I am very very much intrigued by your terse statement that the problem you set me (concerning your immediate future) has too many sides to discuss by letter and then you continue, " the time is now short enough till I can deal with it otherwise." Quesqu' este que ça va dire? I must say that gave me a slight rush of blood to the head! Almost within the hour, I read in my times of some actor who had been placed on the navy's inactive list and was soon to reappear on Broadway, and so I lined all these circumstances and utterances up together and I was left in rather a state of too great excitement. If you are really contemplating the possibility of an early return to civilian employment, it is one thing. If you are still in the state of wondering if you should take the necessary steps to GET back to civilian life, that is another. Not unnaturally I am very eager for your return, but I am also eager to have you return to a not too hectic routine or another unsympathetic milieu. I am sure that you will know how to make the preliminary moves and take each successive step in your stride and you also know that I am only too glad to be on the sidelines with whatever help I can offer. I see that you have committed yourself by saying that you are not taking action at once. I shall get to see the Penders, I hope, before too long. I have had to delay my visit now because I go on tour next week and shall only get back here the 26th or 27th. I hope to be in East Lansing for one day, so I may have some news from there to give you.

I laughed aloud at your admonition to me not to feel that my letters must be "so full of the amusing and exciting". Poor, patient, George! Did I lay on the dramatic quality with a trowel in that last letter? I agree with you that life isn't all like that and just at this moment I am all too aware of the rumblings of ominous thunder! I just wish that you could hear the statements of the reactionary Republican group I happen to have been in touch with here. Some of them have gone so far as to say that we need not be at war at all just now. The European part of it is not our business and the Japanese are only fighting us because THEY WERE PROVOKED TO TAKE action.

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Only last night, over the dinner table, in well-bred society, when a comment was made concerning the change in politics which the Times took (did you ever see that wonderful editorial giving the reasons for their support of Roosevelt in this election?) someone sitting just across from me said, "Well of course we all know that the Times is a Jewish newspaper and that explains their attitude!" I could have wept. Here are the rumblings of the same thunder that I/witness burst into such violence in Europe.

The unfortunatething about a campaign like this one is that people have heard the untruths stated, they have heard the misrepresentations uttered and they have seen the hatred. How much of that they will eventually adopt into their lives UNCONSCIOUSLY remains to be seen. I cannot help but feel that the harm has been done. I don't think that I could be accused of having a persecution mania, but since I have come East I see so much of the unpleasantness of prejudice and discrimination that I am saddened and depressed by the picture. I have not experienced any sort of unpleasantness personally, but that does not blind me to existing conditions.

My flock seem to be thriving. Little Rachel is doing magnificent work. Lenore is managing somehow to get along and she, Phyllis and Joan Bendell are all living in the same apartment building where they do communal meals. They have all landed on their feet marvelously. Apparently they are very much indemand for accompanying jobs. Joan is on the regular staff for ten hours a wekk at the the 3rd Street Settlement School. Lenore accompanies for a voice teacher in the Metropolitan Opera Building, for a Chorus downtown and also plays the piano for a church service on Long Island somewhere. They are all amazed to find that they are thought to be such outstanding musicians! Phyllis has a job as accompanist for French Diseuse which brings her in a small extra income. I have an interesting girl from Winnipeg working with me and teachers from various near-by places who come in for occasional lessons. So my time is full enough to keep me occupied and yet not too full to be enjoyable.

I heard Casadesus play the MOZart C minor Concerto which I am to play in Duluth in February. It was a wonderful performance. He has great delicacy in his playing and yet admirable vitality. His pianism is superlatively fine and his taste is always good. All the ingredients are there for what should be a great performance. And yet, I come away from his playing each time with the same feeling of reservation. Just that little extra edge which would lift me out of my chair has been lacking. What is just <u>that</u>?

You ask about Dumesnil. He is a French pianist who has had a big career. At one time he went to South America with Isadora Duncan and he played a not inconspicuous part in her memoires. He has toured this country, Europe, South America and Australia. Just now he is living in Detroit having a married one of their local doctors. He was a pupil of Debussy. One of my students wrote to me after his recent appearance at M.S.C. "I wonder into which category of Debussy pupils he would fall? The favorites or the inevitables!"I'll have more to tell you about M.S.C. in another fortnight, but I shall doubtless write to you again befor e then. Is it too much to hope that you will do the same?

Yours ever,

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112 East 65th Street
New York, 21, N.Y.
5th December, 1944.

Dear George,

I am delighted to have your letter on this morning's post. I am relieved that the parcels of cards have arrived. I do hope that the remaining packages will get there too in ample time for you to send the cards out. . . . As for the lens, the people in your shop were DETERMINED to have you order a new pair of spectacles for they were CERTAIN that you would be unable to put that lens in to your old frames. I was equally determined NOT to buy new spectacles without your authority for doing so, and I held forth at great length on your extreme cleverness and adroitness. The mere putting in of a lens was a simple matter to one of your talents and achievement. If ever you must return to that shop, and if the same people are in attendance, don't be surprised at the awe your name will inspire. . . . Did I tell you that on the day I went to order your lens, my friend Carlos Buhler, the slightly mad Chilean pianist, who has been my friend for almost twenty years, accompanied me to the shop. When we left he was full of rage at the "racket" practiced by these optical companies. He proceeded to tell me a long story about the new "group plan", a sort of social service in the care of eyes. I was so intrigued by his story that I accompanied him to their offices and left an hour or so later having given an order for spectacles after a most thorough and complete examination. Of course, I haven't once worn the damned things, and I don't really need them except for the very fine print, but I suppose that the comfort and confidence that it will give me to know that I am armed against failing vision, will act as a stimulus to my eyesight! The spectacles just magnify slightly and I have a vague fear that if I use them too much my eyes will gradually get so that I really cannot get on without them. So I keep them for that evil day when I really MUST wear them. I am sure that you would have a theory about my relying on them NOW if you were here, but I assure you that unless I experience more discomfort and strain than I do at present, they will remain an aid to morale and nothing more!

I am greatly interested in your comments about the easily perceptible change that you have detected in my letters since I came to live in New York. You say that I sound more as I did in those early days in E.L. Was there such a change between those early days and the latter period? Frankly, I had started to wonder if perhaps a certain lack-luster, a diminishing of enthusiasm and a feeling of staleness and indifference might not be the inevitable processes of age at work in me. After all, I am approaching fifty. It is very encouraging to know that you feel that there is a change, for perhaps acceptance of the E.L. doldrums is not so inevitable as I had imagined. On my recent tour, I went back to M.S.C. for one night. I cannot remember if I told you that I planned to go and explained the reason for my going, so forgive me if I repeat. My last year's graduate assistant, Ellen Wistinetzki, a german-refugee girl, was playing her recital for her masters degree, and there were rumblings in the department, (so she wrote to me) to lament the fact that since Mr. M. had done the work with her on her program, he would not be there to pass judgement on it. So I let Ellen know I might get there just in time for the program, and I insisted that not anyone else must be told. I arrived (by car from Jackson) at about 7.30 and remained backstage with her until just before the

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recital began. Then, I made a most dramatic entry. It was all too theatrical and amusing to describe adequately and satisfied all my exhibitionism tendencies! Ellen played superbly, a program that she could have done at Town Hall or anywhere else where cultivated, musical people would be in attendance. She opened with the E minor Partita of Bach, then played Beethoven's Opus 101 sonata and concluded with the five moevements from Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" Afterward, I had a regular reception and people whom I had known only so slightly before came up and shook hands and were so friendly. Dean Dirks, your friend Coombs, that horrible Dr. Felber and of course all my former colleagues in the music department were there together with a large section of the downtown crowd of music teachers and public. I spent the night at Schuster's house and I listened to the same tales of obstruction, duplicity and petty jealousies. I lunched with Underwood and his wife and there was never one word spoken of the department, my students, the work being done, or my successor. I saw Kimmel for a moment and also Gomer. I went to see his new baby who is really rather sweet. My whole impression was of a pleasant little interlude. It was so pleasant having such a fuss made over me and feeling myself so much wanted and of having a place there if I chose to accept it. It was pleasant sop to my vanity, and YOU know I can take a lot of that! Schuster was so touching in his pleasure to have a sympathetic person with whom to talk. He produced a bottle of REAL Scotch, he made such personal and subtle efforts to make me comfortable and he poured out a devotion and attention on me that were really moving. Like most everyone else in that place, he feels repressed and limited and he has both a need and a capacity for devotion which that place seems to stifle. So once the floods were on us, he just showered me with attentions. I enjoyed waking up in the morning to look out upon a forst-covered pasture where horses were grazing and where the light in the East was veiled and soft. I felt the charm of the whole country side in a most pleasant and slightly nostalgic fashion. It was both a pleasant present and a reminder of a not too unpleasant past, and as I went about the campus next day, I felt the charm of the small community and the beauty of the surroundings and I was glad to be there. That pleased me enormously. I have no bad memories of the place and any fear I may have had that the place would haunt me like a bad dream, or that I would dread an eventual return there if that ever were demanded, was dispelled. I laid any ghosts that might have existed or that I might imagine COULD exist if I ever chose to return there. Frankly, I liked the place and I was sorry to leave it so soon.

Later.

At that point I had to dress and dash out to a dinner party which proved a dull enough affair but provided marvelous food and drink. You will probably be glad that I was interrupted for you probably had stood about as much as you could of the preceding hymn of praise. Seriously, though, it is(and was) very important to have the assurance that as a place E.L. was not stamped with anything bad or bitter for me. I have a few such haunts to which I return with a never failing sensation of dread or apprehension. No. . . for me E.L. is not one of the possible nightmare places. That is important to have established. I don't mean that as a forerunner to an announcement that I mean to return there, or that I WANT to return there. I am happy to have dispelled the memory of unpleasantness. However, I am perfectly realistic about the situation there. I went to see Emmons and had a very warm welcome and a charming visit. I THINK that I detect a slight change in attitude, but I am not sure. He is a little afraid of me

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because I am one of the few members of staff who is not afraid of him. Like most bullies, he rather admires me and certainly respects me for it. I said,"I see and hear that the same gripes go on in your music department." He replied, "I don't hear anything of them". I smiled and said, "You never did hear officially, but that doesn't mean that you don't know". I wish that he had the light enough touch to say "touché" but he only got very red in the face and smiled. Not one word was said either by Emmons or Underwood about my return and when I asked E. about the summer, he told me that Underwood had just been in to see him to say that as it seemed very unlikely that Dumesnil could get back to France this summer, Underwood was suggesting that they get out publicity for a summer school. I complimented him on that and said I hoped that it would become an annual event. Gomer, I learn, is devoting more than half his time these days to the Fine Arts Course offered in the new basic college set-up. He no longer teaches orchestration AT ALL. I believe that Barbour does that now. He, Kimmel, Schuster, Julius, Keith Stein and Price are all VERY unhappy. They insist that the whole tone of the place has been ruined. It is no longer an artist's training school. It has become a sort of factory turning out public school music students. Too bad but inevitable under the present requirements and director. . . . . I saw Mrs. P. only in the office. There is no doubt about the cool reception which I got and which I pretended not to notice. I took exactly the same line I have always taken with her, of rather free cameraderie. Her attempts to meet these "thrusts" of friendliness with aloofness were very funny. She has refused to send me any statement of what I am to pay her for all the work she did for me in taking care of the conversion of those houses. She wants me to set the fee. I reply that since I donot know what it meant in time, effort and expense and since I donot know the value placed upon her time by her job at present, I have nothing to go by. So I INSIST that she tell me what I owe her. She promised to write and so far I have not heard a word....It is midnight now and I have a heavy day tomorrow. I MUST stop and get to sleep. I'll try and finish this and get it to the post tomorrow. For now, Good Night. I do wish you weren't so far away!

6th December

A gray mildish sort of day. The sort of weather for leisured strolls and the beginning of Christmas shopping expeditions. How I wish you could be here to tell me what it is that I could send you. Isn't there something you want or need that I could provide? I hesitate to burden you with books unless I know that you want them and if there is any specific thing that you desire, please be generous enough to voice that wish. Did I tell you about the Stefan Zweig autobiography that I read recently? It is an enchanting picture of the European intellectual's education and development in the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. It was like a picture of a lost land, all that first part of the book and, to me very poignant and moving. Towards the end, the man's weakness and inability to adapt himself to a changing world, I found rather unpleasantly revealing a flaw in character and I found my sympathy dwindling. Later, though, I could see that the very qualities of sensitivity which produced such a subtle artist might easily justify the absence of sufficient stamina to survive the present. I suppose that his suicide is in some ways a perfectly understandable and artistic end to that sort of life.

My playing went well on this tour of a week ago and I enjoyed playing. I have escaped from the E.L. feeling of dullness and I could let myself go as much as I liked. I was completely in control and could do almost anything I liked. On my next tour in January, I shall play different works and that will be an even better

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program on which to test myself. I shall include the Brahms F minor Sonata on that program and that always is a test for me.

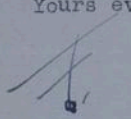
After Lansing, I went to Detroit to spend a night with my poor brother. I think that I told you that his wife collapsed two months ago and has never come out of the state of coma into which she fell at that time. After various exhaustive tests, the specialist has now definitely established the fact that she has had a cerebral haemmorhage and if it is absorbed she can not look forward to anything more than a semi-invalided sort of existance, and the doctors warn my brother that a recurring attack is not only probably due but will almost be inevitable and it should prove fatal. For two long months he has sat alone in Detroit not wanting any of us with him. Now I think that he hasgot control of himself and is prepared for the worst and so he rather welcomed some time with me. He is so tragically alone. I think you saw how pathetically he clings to me and how delighted he is if I will call on him to do things for me, to ask his advice about little things and to make him feel that he is needed. It was heart-breaking to see all the preparations he had made for that one night I was to spend with him. I went with him to the hospital to see Florence and it was a ghastly experience. I shall not dwell upon that. He asked about you and it has occurred to me that he would be so pleased if you would write him a little note. You can tell him that I have told you of his wife's illness. You can also tell him that he need not feel it necessary to reply. I know that he would be happy to hear from you and it would give him a feeling of sharing a friend with me. I apologize for asking you to take time for this, for I know that you must be strained already to keep up with the demands of your own correspondence, but it would be a help to him to hear from you, I know. His address is:

Mr. Sol Mannheimer, 1343 Napoleon Street, Detroit, 7, Michigan

By all means tell Donald to let me know when he comes to town. I would be delighted to see him and I would be curious to have his reaction to me! If you think that he would like to come and see me, do please write to him, for I would enjoy meeting him.

I must stop this prattling. I have a luncheon engagement for which I am already over due.

Yours ever,



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112 East 65th Street
New York, 21, N.Y.
4th January, 1944.

(45?)

My very dear George,

You would be quite justified to consider me a faithless friend, having allowed these holidays to pass without ever a word from me having been sent to you. I haven't any reason other than feeling the futility of a formal Christmas greeting or letter, and my imagination breaks down when it comes to gifts. I had a copy of the London Illustrated News to send you and it just became one of those things that I couldn't bring myself to do. Why? I cannot answer that. I suppose a good psychiatrist would line me up as a perfect ppsychopathic so deep in his xxx neurosis that nothing pentetrates. However, I feel an intense longing to break out of my state of passivity and communicate with you. In fact, I wish that I could wire you!

I am just back from a long New Year's week-end with the Penders. I had quite a long talk with Hal and from what I told him of your past work and positions, he said that as far as he could judge, they would welcome you for research work in his department at the college. He is Dean of the Moore's School of Electrical Engineering which is run by the University although its funds are largely derived from an endowment given by Moore. As you can imagine they are involved in all sorts of research enterprises, some of them bearing directly on the present situation and others anticipating our return to normal living. He tells me that they have had to "import" all sorts of strange people in order to carry on their work. He cited the case of a former professor of philosophy who joined them on their research work and has been so successful that the University has asked him to divide his time between the philosophy department and the School of electrical engineering. That is certainly a broad swing of the pendulum! I told Hal that you were interested in seeing and knowing how things work and that you had a definite feeling for mechanical things. He told me that he felt reasonably sure that if you were placed on the inactive list, there would be a place for you there. What that means in income, type of work, sympathetic environment or associations, I could not say. I was careful not to be too pressing in my enquiries. Any information you want that I can get without appearing too officious, I will gladly get. If you want to communicate with Hal personally, I see no reason against it. I donot know his office address, but I should think that you could always write to his home saying that I had supplied the address.
Dr. Harold Pender "Peterbrook" Ardmore, Pa. I felt very encouraged by his response and I hope that you will. The one point, which I only realized later I had neglected to find out, was whether this is a temporary appointment or would be a permanent thing. I can think of nothing more desirable than to have agreeable work in a metropolitan center like Philadelphia which pays adequately at least, and be able to live in the country (as Hal does), have the orchestra concerts regularly, New York only two hours away and if your income is large enough, I'll probably come and live with you until you get married again! What more inducement do you want to get home?

I enjoyed my week-end so very much but chiefly because of little Peter. He is an enchanting little boy and has inherited his fathers passion for mathematics and all things mechanical, as well as his mothers love for music and flare for piano playing.

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Peter and I have always been particularly close friends and now at the age of about 8 or 9, he is more companionable than ever before. We spent quite a good portion of each day together and when I left he asked me how often I had visited them at Peterbrook. I replied that I had thought I had been there at least once each year since they lived in that lovely house and he replied, "Why don't you come oftener? I like you a lot, you know." There is something touching about the trusting affection of a child of that age to which I always respond. I am very fond of his parents too, but Pete is rather special.

The previous week-end I spent with friends who have a lovely little eighteenth century house in the country just outside Wingdale, N.Y. You doubtless know this part of the state extremely well, but to me this was new country. It is, I am told, just at the beginning of the real Berkshire country. My friends have converted the old barn into the most glorious studio you ever saw. They use it as a guest house and I was the sole occupant during the Christmas holidays. We had the tree and presents there on Christmas morning and it was simply heavenly. In spite of sub-zero weather, the insulation, oil-heater and huge open fireplace, made the place admirably snug and cozy. This is country in which I COULD take roots if I were to settle permanently on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, on our walks, I discovered the most perfect little house which I am longing to possess. It dates back to about 1790, I think. Alas, it was in such a state of disrepair when the present owner bought it, that he has had to have complete new siding put all over the outside. It has been given new chimneys and the electric wiring is done and a fine new front door provided. The interior was just about to be begun when the restrictions on lumber made it impossible to proceed. It is near a wee hamlet thatcalls itself Webatuck and is just off the main thoroughfare. The road on which the house is located leads only to the farm of the owner (who is the local gentleman-farmer-squire) and beyond that to another farm which ends the road. The house faces a fast-moving little stream called "Ten-Mile River." Just beyond the house, the river is joined by "Cedar Creek." The place stands absolutely alone and has only an acre of ground and no houses are seen anywhere near by. It is isolated but so friendly in its situation. It is tiny, with just two room on a floor with halls and small "apertures" for bath and kitchen. The insides are all torn out and are just waiting for some one with taste to do the place with affection. I have simply fallen for that house as I have rarely done for any PLACE It would be nice, wherever I might happen to be, to know that I had that tiny retreat. It is quite practical too, for it is not more than a two-hour journey from Grand Central Station. The road is kept open all winter to bring in milk from the farms and the delivery trucks from grocer, butcher, baker and dairy call several times each week even in these war times. There is a taxi service which meets all trains and anyway it is only a three mile hike from the station. My visit to this place has given me such nostalgia for the country again, and I believe that living in a place like that where New York is both available and accessible, I would come as near to the ideal solution of living accommodations, as I could hope to achieve. It is only a quarter of a mile to that famous trail which leads through the Berkshires up to the White MOuntains (or are they Green?) What wouldn't I give to have a place like that ready for you when the time comes to leave your Navy duties and have that promised year of holiday and rest before you resume active civilian life. Who knows, I might be crazy enough to embark on such a venture. I believe that it is quite near Danbury too, which might make it pleasanter still for you.

I had an enormous influx of M.S.C. people during the pre-holiday period and the days I spent in town between Christmas and the New Year. Sascha was here and we had an evening together dining first and then

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going to see the Werfel play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel". We enjoyed that play enormously and I feel that it has greater originality andinvention than anything I have seen on the stage in many years. Sascha was at his best and we had a delightful evening. Next day I took him to meet my agent and she has agreed to try and book us next season for some joint appearances. I think that Sascha is rather impressed and certainly pleased to have even this slight hope of some occasional excuses for escape from M.S.C. I am not too hopeful that Friedberg can do much for the combination, but she has expressed her willingness to have a try. . . . Then Lucille was in town and I had her out to lunch. She tells me that she feels that she MUST escape from that place too and she is even contemplating doing work other than music in order to get away. It is pathetic to see all these dad disillusioned people gradually accepting the fading away of their youthful dreams and ambitions. For her it is particularly sad, for she is such a fine creature. Alas she has set her heart on a certain mutual friend who has behaved rather cruelly and her disappointment is a poignant pain. Poor creature, it is a hopeless prospect. . . Then Mrs. Aranyi was here and I dined with her and some friends from Luxembourg. She was full of questions all leading around the real query which was " Will you be back next year?" Evasion was easy and I gather that in certain official circles that question is being asked rather frequently. I wonder if I will? She said that I could probably make ANY demands I wanted and Lucille suggested that I should insist on spending less time in East Lansing and be more in the role of a guest teacher and in that way be free for concert travels and still maintain a New York address. Something like that could be worked out, I am sure, and although Underwood would disapprove, I am sure that I could wangle something of the kind if I WANT it. But do I? Then someone else who is close to the President of M.S.C. turned up and told me that HE had asked if I was seriously considering coming back to the college. You can imagine how important I feel!!! . . . I had a sherry party for the N.Y. group of former M.S.C. students who are now studying here. I invited Mary and Oscar in to meet them and the party was such a success that the guests didnot depart until after ten and then Mary and O. insisted on my going back to their house with them for eggs and tea. Not only did I go, but I left my keys here at home, and so had to spend the night at their apartment on the divan in the living room. They are nice creatures, both of them and I hope to see them from time to time before this winter escapes altogether.

I must stop now for I have promised to get through my whole program in my work this evening and as I have only another eight or ten days left before I go on tour again, I dare not delay longer. I shall be going as far afield as Texas this time and with present travel difficulties it will not be too easy a time, I fear. I am trying to plan a week-end with my sister in Dayton on way to St. Louis and at least over night with my brother in Detroit on my way from Chicago back here. So I shall have a busy fortnight.

Please be generous and don't pay me out with my coin and make me wait so long for news of you. There isn't any excuse for such negligence as I have shown, but then,I just am that way. In essentials I really am a faithful friend, I hope, but in little things I am perhaps rather casual. So please know all the good things I am wishing for you in 1945, and in my usual selfish manner, I am wishing chiefly that the year will still be very young when I may have the pleasure of seeing you and being with you again. If only I prayed, I would pray for a most abundant shower of the choicest blessings the year had to offer to be granted to you. Since I don't pray, I'll have to be content with wishing very intensely for your welfare and protection; and that I do constantly.

Yours ever,

J.

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Cable Address
"Frates" Cincinnati

The Frank Tea and Spice Co
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

Detroit, Mich. Jan. 12, 1945.

Dear George:-

I received your ever welcome, and really swell letter, and to say the least was surprised but well pleased to hear from you. When you talk about the swell fishing you sure are right down my alley as that is my one hobby.

You can tell from your letter just how much you like it, and what a nice place it is that you really are a good soldier. That is the correct spirit, and makes it much easier but let us hope and pray that you as well as all the other boys will soon be back home with there friends and loved ones. soon.

Well I surehavebeen on a merry go around. No doubt Frank has informed you the bad luck that overtook me. Well I also must be a good soldier, and take it, and make the best of it.

Florence has been lying in a hospital since Oct. 2nd. and has been unconscious, and in a sort of a coma ever since, and it sure is pathetic to have to see her lying there helpless, and then also I am helpless as there is not a thing I can do. She is just like a baby lying there, and her mind as well as her speech and her right side is paralyzed, and they have to feed her, and she eats like a young colt, and looks wonderful. If you was to llok at her you wouldthink she is just lying there resting and would get up, and get dressed to go out that is how wonderful she looks.

Frank was here last month on his way west, and then stopped off again on his way west. Or rather I went to Lansing, andpicked him up. Well George let me wish you for the New Year which has just begun all that I could wish for myself. Frank is going west middle of month, and wrote me last week he would stop off on his way west. Hope it will not be long before we all see you in person, and that this nasty war which is so necessary will be over. When not to busy write me as am always glad to hear from you, and surre you will answer. With the writers kindest regards, Beg to remain,

Sincerely, Sol Mannheimer.

SM/fg

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112 East 65th St.
New York, 21, N.Y.
1st March - 1945.

Dear George,

I found your letter when I returned from Carnegie Hall last night. You are quite right in your assumption that I did not write to you because I was awaiting news of a prospective move - & had gone so far as to leave your watch (which has long since been repaired by the Girard-P. people) in case you turned up here during my absence. So I was surprised & disappointed to find your letter coming from the far-off Aleutians as before.

Some comments are in order on the contents of your letter. . . It was not at all necessary to do anything immediate about Dr. Pender. If you have written to him, I think it will help in the eventual plan - & it would be a valuable association to have established in any case. However - you need not be too concerned - for he did not commit himself. Since you have written, I shall follow up with a note & I shall probably spend Easter week-end with the Penders when I can speak to Hal.

Alas - (or perhaps fortunately) the little

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It is quite near Pauling - which I am sure you know. It was a charming house - but would not be practical, I am sure. I am told that it is very hot in summer & it is not near enough N.Y. for students living on Manhattan. It was a nice day dream - no more.

I am so impressed with the success of your contributions to the Smithsonian. Really - George - I know few people who have such a wealth of inner resources as you possess. To have mathematics as a professional interest, music & literature & botany & all the outdoors as variety for your leisure - seems to me a picture for future bliss such as few people ever comprehend. If the war does not too seriously affect life in England by accelerating tempo - I want you to try living there. I cannot help feeling that you are among the very few who would feel so happy & at home there. Not to feel pressed is the thing I find it necessary to strive for here. There is so much going on here & I find that after my four years of banishment at U.S.C. I grab too avidly at the sumptuousness of the fare this place offers. In London - the fare was just as varied & rich - but one took it in smaller doses.

In the interval since last I wrote to you, I have met & twice seen your friend Donald Tweedy. On the first occasion we lunched together & the next time I was his guest at the "Bohemians" when the French

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baritone Martial Singher - sang superbly. Tweedy's former student Lawrence Perry was with him - a nice, enthusiastic, young man without very much distinction. Of Tweedy - we can & will speak one day. He is a rare creature - & would be an invaluable & helpful friend. You are lucky to have so dependable a human being as a friend.

I am just back from another tour. This time I played with the orchestra in Duluth, the Mozart C minor Concerto. It was one of those memorable concerts that happens only a few times in the career of any artist when the whole orchestra, the conductor & the soloist are all touched by that quality of magic which we call inspiration. It was almost the peak of perfect ensemble the way we tossed themes back & forth, prepared for one another's entrances & blended tonal values. Even the audience felt the magic - & the critic referred to it as "an experience to be remembered for a lifetime." The conductor (permanent conductor of the Helsinki orchestra on leave for the duration) embraced me & said such flattering things that I am much too modest to repeat. I will tell you that he said that as a Mozart player I had no equal & he would not be satisfied until I had played Mozart with him in Finland.

I don't like travel all alone. What about it?

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I must also tell you about a beautiful performance of "The Tempest" I saw here - produced by Margaret Webster. She really caught the elusive fairytale quality - & presented it in a manner that was both dignified & moving. She had such a "grab-bag" of talent that only a producer touched with genius could have assembled them into a harmonious ensemble. Zorina (Russian ballet-dancer) did the Ariel - two Czech comedians played Trinculo & Sebastian, Canada Lee (Negro pugilist) played Caliban & Arnold Moss superbly & movingly portrayed a powerful & benevolent Prospero. How I wished that you could have been with me. . . . Last night I heard Wm. Kapell at Carnegie Hall. He is a young pianist of prodigious gift. Alas he has been taught to put value on glitter rather than beauty of sound & proficiency has been emphasized in his training rather than meaning. But what a talent! . . . Tonight I am going to see the musical period piece - "Up in Central Park" . . .

Due my way back to N.Y. I spent last week-end in Lansing. For the first time the place rather palled on me. It was so tame, so dull

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& so remote. I had only one impulse - & that was to escape. However - that was temporary - for I began to see the students, to feel their warmth & enthusiasm & that, I decided, was the one & only thing M.S.C. has to offer. The same little intrigues persist - the same malcontents grouse on - & stay riveted to their jobs - & the strivings continue with impotence & a trapped, defeatist outlook. It is not a pretty picture & I am so acutely aware of the breath of a free, outside world which I bring to those people. A sort of adolescent, self-sacrificing attitude which probably feeds my ego, makes me want to go back - but a selfish joy in my present freedom revolts. I wonder if ever "the twain" can find a middle course?

I saw my brother in Detroit & dashed to the hospital between trains to have a painful quarter-of-an-hour. That condition is unchanged except that my sister-in-law gains in strength & looks vanishing & in blossoming, good health. That there is no absorbtion & consequently

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the paralysis continues complete. It is heart breaking - + the doctors offer no promise of a change - for better or worse. This could continue for years. It is five months already. My brother, you would find very aged - but courageous. He clings to me piteously - + I manage to get to him at least once every month + he has twice been with my sister in Dayton since the New Year. It is all we can do. Val Spoke again of your kindness in writing + if you think of it - do send a postcard to say you are thinking of him. It would be appreciated so much.

Please try + avoid such interminable intervals between letters + I'll too try + mend my procrastinating ways.

P.S. I've meant to ask you for such a long time + always forget. Are you still St. (y.q.) or are you a full St. - + since when?

Yours ever -

J.

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"Peterbrook"
Bridmane. Pa.
10th May. 1945.

Dearest George,

What events have occurred during these past weeks! Enough to rock the whole world, but insufficient to shake either of us out of inexcusable lethargy so that this too-long silence might be broken. Where are you? What are you doing & is there any plan on foot to get you back here? Naturally - with war in Europe now ended, I look ahead to the time when the Pacific War too will end - & we can gradually have a return to some semblance of a normal life. However - the picture for the future is not, to my way of thinking, too promising for a lasting peace.

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I just had with rage when I read of our rather placid acceptance of the Germans arrogance in the face of defeat - & in a radio forum on VE Day itself - there was discussion of the re-education of German youth - & there were speakers who insisted we must allow the Germans to learn it out for themselves rather than risk the opposition & antagonism we would meet if we imposed new educational principles on them! The speakers were not non-entities either: they were distinguished men in responsible positions. It really made me very sad. To dare to trust those people in the face of evidence we now have - is really treasonable! ... I've just had my own personal experience with the Germans. I closed my house in N.Y. for the season & although I had given months of tenancy notice - I almost had to evict one of my German guests - & then after

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record of destructiveness left behind that it is just imputable that standards of behaviour which we accept for well bred people - just don't exist for Germans. Every cane seat & back to any chair that had it - was not only broken - but shredded. Two handy occasional chairs were badly damaged - the are beyond repair. Ink was spattered on Persian rugs - & the walls utterly ruined by pasting things on them & then pulling off at random what was no longer wanted. You can imagine my humiliation at having to face the generals owner who made possible my residence there. However - he accepted the inevitable gracefully & made every thing as easy as possible for me & I have been offered & accepted the offer) the use of the house - without my guests - for next autumn & winter. So it has been a not too bad conclusion - & I can make

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suitable amends for the damage when I return East in the autumn.

Now - I am enjoying a few quiet days with the Penders. This place is looking enchanting just now - It really is one of the most delightful country places I know - I go on to Montreal to Dayton - where I shall visit my sister for a week or so before I go on to Lansing... I saw Emmons in Lansing a few weeks ago & told him that I thought it fair to tell him I was not contemplating a return as a full time resident professor - (I would go in occasionally as a guest teacher.) He asked me to wait a few weeks before I made any decision, as interesting developments were taking place. So - I shall go up & see him... After that I go to Chicago (which should be about the 20th) & after a few days there - I go east to Texas for a month of rest & practice. Just in case you are coming home - or will write to

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I add addresses + appropriate dates.

Until May 16th to Sol Slavin
1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton - Ohio

18th to 20th Lansing

May 20th Until May 24th c/o L. Hartsuff
5803 Blackstone Ave.
Chicago - Ill.

Until July 6th Go R. Stuckslager
Lisbon - Iowa.

I go to Duluth again for a summer class which begins July 9th. I am eager - of course - to get back to England - but I imagine it will be quite a long while before I can get a permit. Meanwhile - I am in a quandry what to do about students who should go to Juilliard if I am not to be here - + applications for scholarships must be in by July 6th. I have much more news - but I must stop. Emmons told me a story of Mrs. Palmer leaving him that beggars anything I've ever heard. She went to California to live. - No more now - except to implore you to write soon to your devoted - F.

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Van Cleve Hotel

DAYTON

CLAUDE J. CANNON
MANAGER

B. H. ESHMAN
EXEC. ASST. MGR.

16th May. 1945.

Dearest George,

Your letter of May 2nd was forwarded to me here from New York. I am so glad to have your news & extremely interested in all your botanical enterprises. The manuscript you are preparing on the flora of the place sounds a most ambitious enterprise & I wonder if something more permanent than a mimeograph version is practicable. In any case, please do something to copyright your manuscript before it goes into circulation. The study of grasses & lichens seems to me a pretty highly specialized study for an amateur to undertake. I am simply consumed with admiration for you in having so many resources - so much variety in your interests & such real capability in carrying out your plans. When I recall the way you attacked music after so many years away from it - & then the wild flower

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collection out there, I am consumed with admiration. You are so very fortunate both in the possession & choice of your "avocations". Besides which you have a most unusually facile pen - a fact which I sometimes wonder if you fully appreciate! I am sure that research rather than teaching might be the channel into which you should throw your energies once you discard your uniforms. The prospect excites me - does it appeal to you? You are so much more the European in your interests & in the tempo & style of living you would choose, that I cannot help but wish that you could taste of that life before you settle down to anything in this country after the war is ended. Of course I know that life as I knew it abroad is ended - but there are enough people of my generation left, changed though they are - to give a background - & the universities have continued to function without too much change in their standards - & that will be training some people in the tradition. Somehow - I can't help feeling that you are a retarded version of my former self. It took a long time for liberation - but once it came I went straight forward with so much joy & constantly increasing power & confidence. It lies ahead

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Van Cleve Hotel
DAYTON
CLAUDE J. CANNON
MANAGER
B. H. ESHMAN
EXEC. ASST. MGR.

for you somehow - somewhere - + my only anxiety is that as a trailer - I might not be able to keep up - + I don't want to lose you.

I understand so well the peculiar + perverse psychological block that makes letter writing impossible. I've had it with friends in England - even when I was fully aware how much my letters meant. My silence during these months was not due to such a cause nor was it unwillingness to write when you didn't. I was just really oppressed with the numbers + quantity of things I had to do. I just hope that you haven't upset yourself too much on the score of not writing to me. I miss your letters - of course - but I understand that the silence in no way means a lessening of the bond which exists between us.

My stay here has been utterly fallow. It has been rather touching to find my pretty niece dancing attention on me - + following me about like a little puppy - just as she did as

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a little girl. We have gone out together to work in the garden, weeding, cutting out dead wood - & cultivating the Shrubbery. We found our scratches & sunburn out of all proportion to our achievements. Tomorrow - my sister & niece have to take their car to Kalamazoo for repairs - & they are dropping me in Lansing en route - (a considerable detour for them.) Tonight - we are seeing the opening night of the local Metropolitan Opera season - "Lives of the Three Kings" is the opera - & I am to be an official guest together with members of the press from N.Y., Chicago & all the music papers. There is a supper party afterward & to morrow I am off.

I plan to see Emmons as soon as ever I can after I get there - & get it settled that I either discontinue all association with the College or plan to return as guest instructor. I very much doubt if he will - (or can) accept such a proposition as I am prepared to make - But we shall see! I go on to Chicago after that & before the end of the week, I shall hope to be in Iowa. I expect my address until the end of June: c/o R. Stuckslager - Lisbon - Iowa. If you should get back while I am there I would come in to Chicago to see you. If you travel by Northwestern R.R. I could get on your train in Cedar Rapids. You see I'm not given up keeping you this summer. Yours ever. F.

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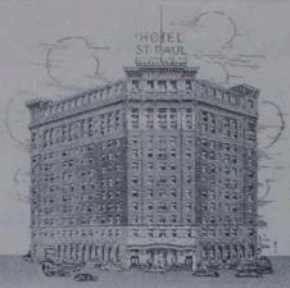

HOTEL SAINT PAUL

BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY

Saint Paul, Minnesota

12nd July. 1945.

Dear George,

Your letter, written on my birthday & sent to Iowa - has just reached me. Thank you very much for your kind thoughts. Even though I may not have acquired quite the maturity I should possess as I embark on the final year of this half-century of my life, I have gained enough wisdom to prize the friendships & devotion of the few people in the world with whom a bond of mutual affection & confidence has been established.

Yes - I understand perfectly what your long periods of silence mean. It is a combination of Donald's diagnosis of the situation +

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS
Hotel Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois Hotel Spaulding, Michigan City, Indiana
Hotel Blackhawk, Hotel Davenport, Hotel Mississippi, Davenport, Iowa
Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa

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a certain inertia (emotionally) which probably sets up an obstacle for you to fight through. Fatigue & nerves produce that same response in me & I have learned not to worry or set up too much activity to combat the "numbed" state.

I am delighted to hear of the gratifying results of your recent collecting expeditions. What a coup - to find twenty species to add to the list of things known to exist on the island. I don't know if I told you that I loaned the copy of your pamphlet to the husband of one of my most gifted students. He has been attacked by a rare spinal trouble & is completely crippled & probably, dying. His courage has been magnificent & he has constantly adopted new interests that were within the realm of his constantly diminishing physical powers - His most recent passion has been identification of wild flowers growing in or near their hill top house. I haven't had the heart to take your pamphlet from him & if you have

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HOTEL SAINT PAUL

BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY

Saint Paul, Minnesota

another to spare it would be both prized & cherished by George Church - "Highwood" Rt. 2, St. Paul, Minn.

Your request for the Bisodal preparation will be taken care of at once. I am just intensely sorry to know that you have this intestinal or digestive disorder. How I wish that the moment were here for you to have that promised year of vacation, peace & rest. In fact, I have heard of an enchanting house in the mountains in North Carolina which sounds like the perfect setting for the winter portion of that holiday! The place was built by an artist. It has one room only on each floor & I think

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS
Hotel Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois Hotel Spaulding, Michigan City, Indiana
Hotel Blackhawk, Hotel Davenport, Hotel Mississippi, Davenport, Iowa
Hotel Hanford, Mason City, Iowa

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the house is octagonal in shape. There is a dining-living room & kitchenette on the ground floor - bed room & bath on the second & the top floor is a studio. There are balconies on every floor & magnificent gardens. The town it is near is TRYON - N.C. I'd like nothing better than a winter home there to practice when I am not on tour. Does it appeal to you? ... Yes, I have thought of my return to England - but there is little prospect of any legitimate reason for going back until the food, fuel & housing shortages are somewhat eased, I doubt if the civilian without some real job to do, would be very welcome. It is curious though - how every mental thing which should be taken care of before I leave the country is being adjusted. Even the University Drive house in East Lansing which I still have not got all my money out of - has produced an offer to buy my equity in the place. So perhaps the way for a return to England is being prepared - However - whatever course I do pursue in these next years, be

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HOTEL SAINT PAUL
BLACKHAWK HOTELS COMPANY
Saint Paul, Minnesota

assured that my plans will always have a sub-plan arranged that will try to induce you to be not too remotely distant.

The class in Duluth is going along swimmingly. It is much too large for my comfort & just large enough for exciting programs. I hope to have a Mozart Concerto festival during the final week or two of class. I hope that we shall have performances of some eight or ten different concerti. How I wish that you were to be with me at that time!

OTHER BLACKHAWK HOTELS
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I am so delighted with the Concert grand (Steinway) which I had moved in to my house, that I think I shall stay on + practice until around Sept. 10th.

Did I tell you Oscar Zimmerman has accepted the position as first bass player in the Eastman + Rochester Orchestras? He will also teach at the Eastman School. They have taken a ten room house in Rochester + I am selling them the entire contents of my house in E.L. So I must be there Sept. 20th to oversee the removal + extract the few bits I have on loan. . . .

Wow!! The June bug has got round to this side. I must escape to the air conditioned dining room.

In closing I should explain that I am in St. Paul conducting classes at St. Catherines. I finish tomorrow + time to get the teaching fair Duluth. I cannot relinquish the hope that I shall see you there.

Yours ever, F.

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2915 East First Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota.
1st September, 1945.

Dear George,

It was a moving thing for me, to have your letter in which you look ahead to resuming civilain activities once more. For me, that letter was the symbol of war's end. Thank you very, very much for writing so freely and so fully. I only regret that you cannot talk things out for I can imagine that in the sort of life you are leading at present, thoughts of the future must race through your brain rather constantly. I hope that you will have the necessary weeks on your island to complete the work you would like to do and then I pray that your return to this country and to civilian life will be speedily achieved. Meanwhile, I should think that I shall be almost as impatient as you are for this transition to take place.

It is perfectly reasonable for you to want to have time for rest and leisure in order to gradually accustom yourself to civilian life. I think that you are very wise to see the wisdom of making such a choice and I see no reason on earth for you to hasten into a job. Your plan of looking about before you make any decision, either as to the course of your future career, or the place where you will work, is extremely wise. I also think that it is important that you should have that time in congenial surroundings, without any personal demands being made on you and with as much freedom from economic pressure and emotional strain. The place I wrote about in South Carolina sounds ideal but actually, it is remote and rather isolated. The house must be really enchanting, but the owner wants to sell it for $15,000. She has said that she would rent it to me for a "nominal" rental of $100 per month. I have thought about it a great deal and as I would be cut off from any possible income use from teaching, I decided against it. I feel very strongly that I should, these next few years to build up some sort of capitol so that I can, within a few years, feel that I COULD do less if I chose. So I have decided to return to New York in early October. I shall occupy the same house I had last year. I have planned to have Johnnie Kidwell, a friend for over twenty years, live in the house with me. He will have just a bed-sitting room and bath and will take all the burden off my shoulders of seeing about the running of the house. That will relieve me enormously as he is both competent and reliable. He will also do a certain amount of secretarial work for me. Johnnie is a dull but nice creature who would never be in the way and is as insistant on independance as I am. He has a small private income from his father's estate and need not work if he doesn't choose to. He is the kindest creature in the world. He and I will be the sole occupants of the house (a five-story mansion just off Park Ave) until you arrive. Then I propose that You should accupy as much of the suite at the top of the house as you would like. It is on the fifth floor and consists of a very large front room, two smaller rooms at the back and a bath. As it is the top of the house and there are no apartments on either side to obstruct light, it is the only really light part of the house. You will have no expense except telephone and food. I thought that you might get a small car and you could then go down to Washington, or up to Donald's or home to mother and have complete freedom to move about with ease and comfort and the minimum of expense. I plan to have the house until the end of April. At that time, I am hoping to go to England for a few months. Then I shall probably return here for the summer where I already have the offer of that sweet little house where you visited me. I shall hope that you would come up here with me for the summer for I would need and want your help. I simply must never again try and do what I did this

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summer. It is too exhausting to work as I have done this year without any one here to help me in any way. The running of a menage, doing my own secretarial work and as much as ten and eleven hours of teaching in one day, is just asking for trouble. (I had it too! When the class ended I was in such a state of nervous exhaustion that I developed alarming neuritis in my arms. I am thankful to report that it has subsided and I am resting sensibly and effectively now.) I know that living in New York is not your idea of this year of freedom as you had wanted it, but the country is very accessible with a car and you will not be restricted to any one part of the country. You can go down to the mountains in South Carolina if you choose, or up to the Berkshires and you can also be in New York to hear music, see pictures and go to the theater. I hope that it is not wishful thinking on my part to believe that the plan I propose will not be too bad a compromise. On the economic side, I believe that it will permit you to spread your resources over a long period, more effectively than any other plan I could think out, without feeling that you are either receiving help from anyone or making demands on anyone. Your independance would remain intact, your expenses minimized and you would not have incurred obligations to anyone. As a "BASE" from which to operate, it should prove successful. Of course, you understand that I am not exactly disinterested in the plan. I have so long hoped that when you returned we could spend some time together and the prospe ct of sharing the winter while I carry on with my work as usual, is just about the happiest winter I could outline for myself. I shall be away on tour at frequent intervals and it might even be practical for you to join me on some of those jaunts. I realize that I have over-elaborated the plan, but I am to be forgiven, please, on the score that I am eager to have this plan not seem a too serious let-down from the former idea of going down into the mountains. You will write freely and frankly, please about you think of this suggestion.

I am inclined to agree with Donald that you should use this opportunity to sever your connections with the teaching profession. By that, I mean that you should have that idea in mind without actually being committed to any definite plan. I think that you should look around during this next year and take a leisured tempo of living and see if you can find a driection in which your enthusiasm could be whole-heartedly placed. I don't think that you eve r again need make a choice from sheer feeling of being safely berthed. You know now that you can always provide for your minimum needs, you can always meet such obligations as you have assumed and you know that you have many talents which you can develop and use. As to being afradd that delay in choosing your place will "leave me out in the cold", I think you know what my reply to that would be. I firmly believe that you should be guided ONLY by feeling both capacity and enthusiasm for the work you undertake. You have had the experience of the frustrating effect of doing a job for which you haven't any real heart of working in an atmosphere of pressure and lack of sympathy. A certain amount of compromise will always be necessary for a person who is an indiviualist, but it need not be unpleasantness and lack of amenable people with whom you work. I feel very strongly that your one danger is to use past techniques in your search and investigation of places in which to work. If I may be allowed to influence you during that period, I should like to feel sure that that is avoided. Fear, lack of self-confidence and any under valuation of talent MUST be avoided as factors. The one thing I very much hope this navy experience has brought you, is greater trust in your remarkable versatility, an honest appraisal of your worth with a clear understanding of your merits without constant stress on your limitations. I feel such a glowing excitement about the possibilities of your future without having any clear picture of what it will be or where it will take you, that I am perhaps naively eager to transfer to you that enthusiasm. A new career at your age is thrilling, and with your knowledge and wisdom to throw into it fearflessly and with confidence is a prospect I envy you. I do ask you to be generous and share with me, as fully as possible, this transition period of decision and choice. Just remember that you are not committed to continuance of your former work and neither are you committed to any new program. You are

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in the enviable position of being sufficiently gifted to have a choice of careers, free from too many obligations to make that choice immediately necessary and wise enough to appraise opportunity justly. Really, George, it is a most enviable position you are in.

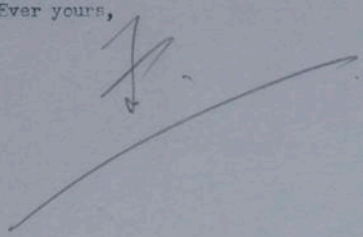
But enough, for you will begin to suspect my motives and as you might gather, I am not as disinterested and as objective as I might be, for I am so intensely eager [redacted] to make sure that from now on your life is to be fruitful, happy and free from outside interferences.

I shall not give you much of my past news for I have so little time now. I must pack and be ready to go to a sweet little place on one of the smaller lakes over in Wisconsin where the owners of the little house I had last year are giving me a Labor Day week-end rest. Then on Thursday of next week I shall leave Duluth and go to Minneapolis where I have a full two or three days of teaching to do to make up the work I was unable to give Minneapolis pianists while the out-of-state "invasion" was on. Then I go on to Chicago for a day and finally I shall get to Dayton just in time for my niece's wedding on the 10th. Her fiance has just returned from the Pacific and she telephoned to say that since she was my ONLY niece and she just had to be my favorite niece and therefore she felt quite justified in insisting that I should be present for this occasion. I shall be in Dayton for most of the time until I go East which will be in the early days of October. I must go up to Lansing as I have sold all my household possessions to Mary and Oscar Zimmerman. He has accepted the position of first bass player in the Rochester and Eastman orchestras and will be instructor at the Eastman School as well. They have bought a ten-room house and were desperate for refrigerator, stove and various other unobtainable articles. So I shall extract a few things that my sister wants and send them all the rest. I am hoping that my sister and I can motor up to Lansing sometime between the 12th and 18th. The things are being moved to Rochester on the 20th. After that, I shall stay with my sister a bit as she will doubtless feel terribly at a [redacted] loss during the first days after her only child [redacted] leaves her. I plan to begin work in New York on the week of October 8th and shall probably get there about the 4th or 5th. So until that date my address will be c/o Sol Slavin
1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, Ohio.
After the 8th the address will be 112 East 65th Street
Telephone: Rhinelander 4-5184

If you should get back while I am in Dayton I could and would meet you somewhere on your way East

No more for now except to repeat how eagerly I look forward to your return.

Ever yours,



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112 East 65th Street
New York 21, N.Y.
6th November, 1945.

Dearest George,

It is strange how I reacted to the sound of your voice! When you asked rather incredulously if I didn't know who was speaking, I had a sudden wave of terror come over me that if I spoke your name you would vanish. It was a curious moment of unexplainable superstition. I don't think I could have possibly uttered your name if you hadn't given me the reassurance first. The instant you said "George" the spell of fear was broken and I felt the relief that one experiences when a greatly feared spot has been passed without incident. I'll not try to explain it, for I don't understand it myself. It was very real while it lasted and the joy of hearing you and knowing that it was really you and that you were not an elusive ghost was very great indeed. I am all too eager for these intervening days to pass so that I can be with you and I assure you that that will be as soon as I can manage it.

I am leaving here inb half an hour for Philadelphia. I am not sure just what I shall find in Dayton, for inaddition to the anguish of playing the optimistic game with my brother I must try and see that my sister gets some sort of break. I wired her husband urging him to take her away for a long week-end while I am there to look after our patient. Just what he can and will do, I canno t say. My plans, however, will be largely dependant on theirs. I have said that I would stay until Monday or at latest Tuesday. I have arranged my schedule so that I donot have to teach here until Thursday. So if I can get away from Dayton Monday early, I might be in Albany that same night about midnight. Failing that plan, I should certainly manage to be there Tuesday. IF I arrive there early enough in the day, we can easily motor back here in a few hours I imagine, or we could overnight some place en route if you would like a free day or so in the country. I am doing what I can to make things flexible enough to give you a little option in your plans. As soon as I know what can be done I shall wire you so that you can make your plans. However, be prepared for short notice if necessary. Monday, late, is the earliest I can ~~xxxxxx~~ manage, I think.

You know what a great joy the anticipation of seeing you is for me. It does much to hearten me as I start on this sad journey.

Yours ever,

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112 East 65th St.
New York, 21, N.Y.
28th December. 1945.

Dearest George,

I am very sorry to have the news of your mother's accident. The shock of a bad fall can be very serious for one of her years & I trust that there have not been complications that were either serious or unpleasant. I am delighted that you plan to be here soon again. I am prevented from carrying out my proposed plan of leaving to night for Dayton. Ever since your departure I felt rather seedy & so was not surprised when I finally came down with all the usual. Known symptoms: sore throat, a streaming head & a high temperature. I am still in bed & the doctor promises that I may get up to morrow if my temperature continues normal today. I feel pretty washed out - but a bit of fresh air & normal physical activity will soon

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restore me - I am sure.

I've told my sister that if she had planned a bit of holiday, I would travel west on Monday + stay with my brother for the week - returning here by Sunday the latest - as I begin work on the 7th. I feel positive that she has not made plans. So you can assume that I shall be here on Friday to welcome you unless I send you word to the contrary. Let me know when to expect you.

I am very distressed to have to miss a memorial service for Mr. Matthay to-morrow. Yet - in another way - I am relieved to be spared an experience that would certainly be painful + sad.

Knowing that her suicide is of such recent date - you can contemplate the week-end senza la Tosca!

A bientôt. Yours.

J

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FORD HOTEL MONTREAL

FORD HOTELS
BUFFALO
ERIE
MONTREAL
TORONTO
In OTTAWA
THE LORD ELGIN

FORD
FEATURES
ACCESSIBILITY
COMFORT
CLEANLINESS
POPULAR PRICED
MODERN-FIREPROOF
RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

Dorchester Street at Bishop
750 ROOMS WITH BATH

1st November. 1946.

Dearest George,

I know that your boundless faith in my good fortune leads you to more or less assume that everything always goes smoothly for me. So I was glad that you didn't see me last night when I got back here from Montreal from Three Rivers. I was quite near my lowest ebb of depression. . . . I had gone to Three Rivers (about a 2 hours journey East of here) in the morning. After a taxi ride of considerable distance, I

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arrived about noon at the most pitiable excuse of a boat I'd ever seen. It was very small, incredibly dirty & I was obviously not expected. My spirits went very low as I saw my bags go on board & I followed them. I discovered that the young Canadian with whom I was to share cabins had arrived the previous night. He was a perfectly charming creature & I wouldn't at all have minded him as a cabin-mate. I sat through a revolting lunch which almost made me ill & later I had a view of the only lavatory & bath! I really could have cried with disappointment & disgust at the prospect of ten long days in such squalor -

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However they had my money & I kept quiet until I heard that they weren't sailing until Nov. 5th (next Tuesday) - & they were going to Dublin where they would stay a week & then proceed to the Welsh Coast for coal. It would cost me a fortune to transport my luggage from Dublin to London & besides I had no intention of sitting in Three Rivers until Nov. 6th - I trudged from the boat to the town & I telephoned my Mr. Duke. Somehow, I never once assumed that he had deliberately deceived me & I wasn't angry. Either the news I gave him of delay in sailing

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& change & destination was really news, but he did a very good imitation of surprise. I said that I had to be in London by the 15th & he agreed to make investigations & telephone back. Half an hour later I was informed that the only available space was a berth in a dormitory such a cabin other men on the Scythia - sailing from Halifax - a 30 hours journey from here. He managed to get that held for me until I got back to Montreal... I was here in the hotel by 9.30 last night and was given a miserable coop without a bath! I could have very easily taken a sleeper back to Albany - I was so depressed. (My checked luggage was still in Three Rivers)

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This morning I went with the incredibly helpful Duke to the Cunard Line where I had to accept that hateful booking on the Scythia which means that awful trip to Halifax & then from Liverpool to London. This sounds like a too dramatic tale to be true - but I assure you I am telling you exactly what happened! As the funny man was making out my ticket - another chap came up to Duke who explained our situation. He was called to the telephone just after we had been introduced & returned to say there had

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just been a cancellation on the S.S. Fort Sproule sailing tomorrow from Montreal. It is a freighter & only carries three passengers. It meant sharing a cabin too. I grabbed at it & said I would take it & to my GREAT joy, I see that my destination is London. So right up to my front door, practically, I shall go by boat. Recalling the "Finland" at Three Rivers yesterday, I am a bit nervous about what I shall find - but since this is listed as Carrying Cunard passengers & costs $5 more, I am hopeful. I just pray that I shall be lucky in my Cabin mate! The indomitable Babe just telephoned to say that my baggage had left Three Rivers & the checks would be here in

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the morning when I accompany Jake to the station to see that my baggage gets moved to the boat by noon when we embark & must be on hand to comply with Canadian customs regulations about the things we take out of the country with us. What lies ahead - God knows! ... It has not been the easy, well-oiled exit I've usually made! In the future, I shall begin my plans EARLY & stick to the regular passenger services.

Et voila ... that ends the tale. I had an enchanting day

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wandering around the old town. I strayed in to Notre Dame Cathedral as a very colorful & musically beautiful mass was being held. It was All Saints Day - & shops in the old town were closed. It is a very charming & picturesque place. Montreal - & I spent my time amusingly. I found a charming baroque church built about 1750 - & the building which houses the "Marché au Bonsecours" is a lovely, huge structure which probably antedates the beginning of the 19th Century. There were the picturesque court yards, the uncomfortable cobblestones, walls that leaned with age at ridiculous angles & to complete the illusion of France, there were the usual smells, untidiness & a few

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human derelicts. I can't wait to wander around strange places with you - to hear your words of praise for what is beautiful & to discover what things attract you most. . . .

Dear - dear - I must stop this rambling on - or you will have to resign your job to read all of this - & I shall never be up in time to get aboard the "Fort Spokane"

And so - a reluctant but very - very affectionate

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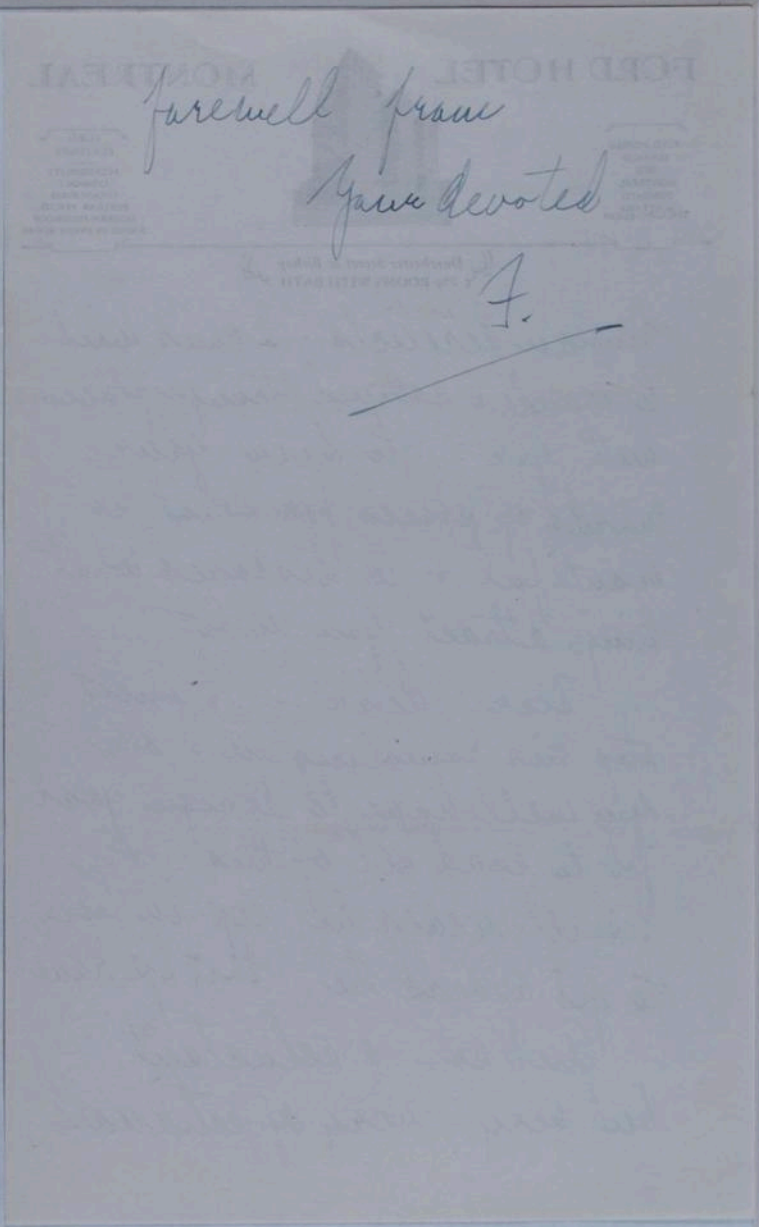
farewell from
Your devoted
F.

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3.
28th November, 1946.

Dearest George,

Your letter was waiting to greet me when I finally arrived here on the 16th. That voyage was quite the most fantastic of a series of experiences which you must now make up your mind to hear about. . . Our departure was delayed first by rain which made it difficult to take the remaining cargo on board, and secondly by the necessity to move across to the opposite bank of the river to take on coal and finally, (thirdly) we SHOULD have been delayed still further by the drunkeness of practically all the officers on board, but that is accepted, apparently, as a normal condition. I shared a cabin with an ex-sergeant-major of the Canadian army. He is a rough diamond, reliable, kindly and lonely. I listened to interminable tales which were thinly veiled pleas for sympathy. It went on by the hour, and my only escape was to flee to the lavatory. However, since on cargo ships that is apt to be a not too savory haunt, I was limited in the amount of immunity I could have from his company. My grudging nobleness in being his sympathetic listener, reaped a rich harvest, for in the absence of a steward, (our room steward had deserted at the last moment in Montreal,) my Canadian appointed himself as my batman. In spite of the fact that he had paid exactly the same amount of money for his passage as I had done, there he was cleaning my boots, bringing me tea in the morning before I got up, and finally packing for me and bringing my baggage to the house and carrying all those trunks into their right places in the house. Today he is coming to look over the house. He is a first class mechanic and is planning to install some sort of electrical bars to provide much needed heating for me, to make up for the restricted amount I can supply for myself due to coal rationing. . . . My other great piece of luck on the ship, was to find a revolting chief steward who made rather pointed suggestions of supplying me with extra food supplies to take ashore, I found that he was an absolute sot and only needed to have a drinking companion to warm into a generous giver of all the ship's supplies. So when we arrived in London, I had acquired (in addition to the 25 pounds of food I had brought with me from the States) a case of beer, 4 bottles of sherry, 3 dozen eggs, a pound of butter, 3 pounds of cheese, jam, marmalade, tea, AND a 17 pound ham! How he managed it for me, I shall not question, but I settled with the customs official with something like a $6.00bill for duty on sherry. . . The crossing was very dull and neither the food or the company were diverting enough to compensate for the interminable time it took us to get here. I was most grateful for your various contributions for my entertainment. The Roosevelt book was highly interesting, but it is regretable that it was permitted to be published. The slanginess of style is hardly in keeping with the dignified utterances which our late president made. Besides, from the picture Elliott gives, it would be perfectly natural to assume that the president would never hesitate to demand the presence of one or the other of his children when it suited his pleasure to have their company, regardless of the inconvenience to the national plan or expense to the country. This might have been so, but it is sad to bring out one word of criticism which can be substantiated at a time when so much is being done to discredit that noble man. Concerning the light which is thrown on Roosevelt's attitude towards Britain, there is food for thought. It will certainly refute the isolationist claim that F. D. R. was quite

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prepared to sell us down the river to serve Britain's empire demands. According to the son, F.D.R. was constantly "bucking"Churchill and was actually extremely suspicious of the latter's motives much of the time. I shall not pass that book around to English friends just now. It is too controversial at a time when they certainly need sympathy for the grim restrictions which victory has imposed. You will be delighted to know that a little booth has been erected in Trafalgar Square to take up contributions for a great memorial statue to F.D.R. which the people of this island will erect to our late president. I have presented a small contribution in your name as well as one in my own, for I know that it is a gesture of appreciation and respect with which you too want to be identified. . . . And so the journey finally ended. . .

We arrived in the port of London on a gray, foggy morning (16th) when the dampness penetrated the bones and a thin Whistler-like mist hung over the whole city. I went out on deck to peer through the haze at the opposite shore, but the haze was too thick to see much clearly. I returned to my cabin to find a messenger looking for me to say that XXXXX friends were on the dock looking for me. It had never occurred to me to look on the docks, for I had never supposed that anyone would come down. However, there was my closest friend from the Matthay School, (also on the staff) and Mr. Mtthay's secretary. They had come down with the car to fetch me. So I went with them, while my batman followed in a taxi with all the luggage. Oh george, that drive through the dock area, the East end (workingmen's quarter) and finallywhat is known as "The City", past St. Pauls, then on to the embankment to Westminster , past the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey and finally grimy Chelsea and home. The scenes of horrors are all too apparent still, but the growth of softening weeds and wild flowers somewhat gave the impression of an interesting ruin rather than the spectacle of a recent, murderous scene. I shall not attempt any description, but it was heart-breaking. The feeling I had of what remained was one of neglect and drabness. Everything looked so in need of kindly and affectionate tending, and even though I knew that it was lack of material and governmental restriction that kept it from getting that attention, yet, I could not escape the feeling of regret and sadness for the neglect that poor old London was suffering. My own place was a nasty shock. When you think of ten years without paint or redecorating, the ceaseless clouds of dirt and dust from nearby bombings and demolitions, and realize that neither soap or other ordinary cleaning materials have been available, you will understand why the place looked so drab to my eyes coming fresh from our spoiled land of such wasteful plenty.After ten days, of course, I have become accustomed to this sight and by degrees, I shall be able to alter it somewhat, but I still quite a bit as though I were slumming. I am comfortable enough, and I am ecstatically happy to be back. No one could fail to respond to such demanstrations of affection and devotion as have been showered on me. When I got here, I found the place looking so warm and festive. From all over this island, gifts and flowers had arrived. There were some seven vases filled with blossoming things; a pot of white cyclamen gave me particular pleasure as it would have you. There was a bottle of burgundy, eggs from Dorset, milk from Northamptonshire, bacon sent up from another friend near Winchester, cheese sent over from Denmark and telegrams and letters from near and far. My London friends had got together and from their own little rations, they had pooled together enough of all the staples to provide a store in the larder from which I could have breakfasts and teas at least. A fire blazed on the hearth. The coal too had been collected a few lumps from each one. I could have cried for as you know the last thing I wanted was to impose any least hardship on anyone. Still, as one of them pointed out, I could never know what it meant to them to have some one WANT to come over here to [illegible] the bitter fruit of victory for no other reason than a desire to share their experience [illegible]

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out of pure affection and devotion. I am so glad that I did not give my manager any least idea of the date of my arrival, so that no bookings could be made for me, and I am free to give my full time to being a friend. As though to justify this decision, I was only in London a few days when through stupidly putting a blade in that sharpener and then drawing the thing toward me without first securing the blade in place, I took off a rather large piece of the middle finger of my right hand. The doctor was angelic in appreciating how important it was that the end of the finger must not heal with a lump or thickening. So without stitches he managed to press the severed piece back in place by putting on a fresh dressing ever hour for four hours. It has healed beautifully and I think that by Monday next I shall be able to get to the piano without any discomfort. So, it is, like everything else which has happened, seeming to be part of long-established pattern. Really, George, it is quite unbelievable the way things are happening. . . I must stop now for I am due in Westminster for lunch shortly and I am still in my pyjamas. It is fantastic the way I continue to share each thing with you, and how much I look forward to that day when you will be here to share it all with me. Somehow, I haven't the least doubt about the consummation of that plan and I imagine that it will happen sooner than we ever dare to hope. I shall resume this long, detailed account before too long.

Sunday 1st December.

How I wshed for you today! The sun was shining brightly this morning; the first glimpse of it I had had since my return. I feel so sure that you would respond in the way I do the peculiar charm of this dowdy old city, that I find myself looking at things and mentally pretending that I am pointing out things to you. I remember coming home the first day I was here, and there at the end of my street, stood the four smokestacks of the Chelsea power station. They were a ceaseless target for the German bombers and with the river as a guide, you would have thought they would have been easily demolished. But there they stood, veiled by the London blue mist but standing erect and magnificent like a symbol of challenge that has fought through to victory. It was quite moving. . . And then when I discovered the tiny pale green spikes of the crocus coming up in my window boxes. Doris Mackinnon had contributed those. Silly, I suppose, to find little things so touching, but I go on and on with the little experiences of living impressing me with so much more importance and significance than the parallel experience at home had done. I cannot escape the feeling of being far more at home here than I ever have been in America.

When I arrived here, I was afraid that I would find the exterior drabness and the restricting influence of rationing making life too difficult to be pleasant, but I assure you that I donot. Each situation has been managed so easily and pleasantly as it arose that I have ceased even thinking about those details. The servant I inherited is an absolute treasure. She is a real cockney with a glorious sense of humour, a a rather wild and reckless joie de vivre, great good sense, untiringly willing and not too good or fussy about details. She cooks well, understands the rationing system (which I donot) and spares me all thought of shopping or domestic concern. The only snag is that she is not young. Mrs. Godfrey must be 65 or more. So I have a man coming in to carry coal and do odd, heavy jobs for her, and I am insisting that she rest each afternoon for an hour. However, when I am not here, she is as likely as not to find some odd job to do to justify neglect of the prescribed siesta When the pianos were being arrnged yesterday, she was in great form, having a corps of workmen in the house to appreciate her jokes. Her pet

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expression for denoting approval is "Smashin' I calls it, smashin' ". Like all the Cockneys, she has adopted the war-time habit of addressing everyone as "dear". So one day I am told "Dinner is served sir," and the very next night I will be told "Dinner's ready dear". As like as not the girl-conductors on the buses will take your fare and say "thank you dear"! I am told it was a general feeling of all being in danger together during the blitz, that accounts for this.

My man at Steinways was in great agitation when told that I was returning, for Steinway's storage place at Park Royal was hit by bombs and 150 pianos were completely destroyed. So their shortage is acute. However, he shook his head when I saw him on Friday and said that he might have known that I would be looked after somehow. It really is quite incredible what has happened. My beloved Angela and Tom Hankey had their piano moved in here before my return since they hadn't place for it in their flat. Angela's brother is married to one of the American Kresge heiresses and when the war started she went to America with her children and put their NEW Steinway in storage. They are here now for a short visit and have asked me AS A FAVOUR, to house their piano (and use it) while I am in England. It is a glorious instrument, absolutely, brand, spanking new! If it has been played on for four hours, I doubt it. So I have two really superb instruments. What a pity you aren't here now!

I have regained the desire to work and play, but I am indifferent to the career aspect of it. I dined last Sunday with my managers and was really touched with their sweet solicitousness. I insisted, though, that they were not to try to get me engagements at the expense of opportunities for any of their British artists, and I am being firm in my determination to have time for all the travel and fun that I can have this year. My good friend Hilda Tederich has already invited me to join a house-party at her glorious place on Lake Maggiore at Easter time. Unless I go out earlier for a short Swiss visit, we shall travel out together on March 23rd. I shall stay there until April 10th or 15th. I MAY have a short visit in France on my way back, and then have just a month or so more before I face westward once more. This coming week, I shall go to spend a last few days in Mr. Matthay's house. It has been sold and the new owner takes possession Dec 12th. I preferred to remember it as I knew it last with the vibrant and warm presence of that benign old man, but I could see that Denise was disappointed and was so much wanting me to have a last visit. So I'm driving down with a friend on Wednesday. Later, before Christmas, I have promised to spend a few days with my friend Maurice Horn in that sublime little Elizabethan house of his near Winchester. Alice Burton, (who did that drawing of me which you liked) appeared the other day bringing me honey, eggs, tomatoes and God knows what else) says that she has found the ideal cottage for me near her place in Northamptonshire. There are three Elizabethan cottages, which she thinks she can get for me, and she insists that her builder can restore them and take out walls so that the three wee houses will make one very charming and spacious country house for me. So I am going to spend a night with Alice as soon as I can get away and look over those places. It is a part of the country which I donot know and if it is as pleasant as she says, as unspoiled and accessible, I daresay I shall go right ahead and acquire them. Then, week after next, I may go to Dorset to the Listers. They wired and wanted me to come down immediately I got off the boat, but I couldn't. Elizabeth is going to have another baby in February and therefore I am rather reticent about being a visitor when she has so little help. They want me for Christmas, but I am not sure that I want so strenuous a holiday, since there will be their brood of four rather unruly children about and E. in no state to cope with them, the menage and the illegitimate child of the maid! It sounds far too boisterous and mouvemente for my sober taste.

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I must stop this rambling on sometime, or this news will never reach you. I hope that I shall hear in your next letter that you are finding life a little less strenuous and that you have been able to arrange a schedule that permits you time for your own work. I trust that conditions in Coxsackie have not worsened since I left and also that Eva is continuing to find her work agreeable and the life she leads is proving both helpful and healthful for her. If you think it advisable, do let Mrs. Ehret know that I have not forgotten her kind hospitablity and asked to be remembered to her. I trust that her watchfulness for your welfare is proving more beneficial than irritating and that the remainder of this school year will be productive in your botanical work and happy for you personally. Do look after yourself, keep well and write when you can. The combination of those three requests will constitute a real favor to me.

all my love to you as always.

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3.
9th December, 1946.

Dearest George,

It was a most pleasant surprise to find your letter here at breakfast time this morning. I had more or less resigned myself to a long month of waiting for news of you. I'll not try to tell you with what eagerness I read your news, but I shall trust you to know how very happy I was to feel so close to you, and to be able to share things with you as before. One of the greatest trials which the war imposed on friends who attempted to keep in close touch, was the length of time it took for a letter to reach its destination. It was such a serious deterrent in writing, for you always felt that you were writing with an eye on the future, avoiding the relating of such news as might appear stale and uninteresting when it would be read, weeks hence. To have a letter which was posted only Wednesday of last week removes that ban of the time element, and makes writing so much easier. However, before I go on to answer your exciting letter, I must apologize for the delay there has been in the arrival of my first letter. I find that it was sent by surface post instead of airmail which explains why you have not yet had my news. I am sorry, and I shall watch carefully now that that doesnot again occur I trust that by now you will have had that long overdue letter.

What a pity that these thousands of miles cannot be eliminated so that we could talk over the St. Louis situation. I can see how eager you are to get to botanical work, and I can see that it would be an extraordinary piece of luck to have the opportunity which this job seems to offer you. However, I cannot escape the feeling that 12 hours of mathematical teaching as the price for work that is so desirable, seems to me a POSSIBLY large price to pay. If we consider the fatigue which that teaching would create for you, add to that the restricting and uncongenial atmosphere of a mid-western city which you would have to accept, and then realize the additional fatigue which getting about in a big city entails, I fear that you would have the constant strain of WANTING more time and energy for your botanical work, than you would have. There might easily be created just the conflict between DEMANDED work in mathematics and desired work in botany which would set up the whole frame work of strain and misery which I am determined that you are to avoid at all costs. I don't know what your duties in the botanical part of the job would entail, but I do know that 12 hours of mathematical teaching spread about over the week, on days and hours that suited the mathematics department, might easily so cut up your time that you would be exhausted by the va et viens. What is the alternative? . . I should think that there might easily be two alternatives. The first is that the mathematics teaching would be lessened to about 8 hours, and that you arrange those hours to be distributed in a way that seems to you the best way to conserve your time and strength. Even that will produce strain. The other alternative is to see if they can offer you anything reasonably acceptable to do the herbarium work and then be generous enough to augment that income to a sum that relieves you of any feeling of strain. Ioffer that as a gift, you know, but you are free to consider it an indefinite loan if it would make it more acceptable for your uncompromising Dutch conscience! Of the other aspects of the situation which you mentioned, I donot feel too concerned. You are both wise and reasonable in the appraisal of the situation in Coxsackie. You can as easily cope with

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that in St. Louis as you can in Schenectady. It seems a pity that the whole burden of decisions and realization of plans should be thrust on you when your brother is on the spot, but I readily agree that since greater intimacy exists between you and your mother than she feels in the relationships with her other children, you donot have any alternative unless thr situation should become acute in your absence. I VERY much hope that it will not be too painful, this finding adequate means of providing for your mother's welfare. It must be unbearably hard for you to have to witness this slow disintegration. Poor, dear George; I am sorrier for you than I can say and I just hope that you will be spared in every possible way. . . . . The other possible thing against going to St. Louis, the uncongenial midlle west and the unpleasantness of life in a big city, is not too serious a handicap. I feel certain that if you have reasonably comfortable quarters, pleasant surroundings in which to work and time to devote to the work you want to do, the absence of more beautiful and sympathetic landscapes will not be a too great price to pay. From every point of view except the possible creation of an atmosphere of strain, through conflict, I would say go ahead, loathe though I am to see you committed to any plan which makes it impossible for us to be together. That one exception looms as a rather serious consideration and you must be the judge as to just how much that should count in making your final decision. . . . I feel certain that they suggested your coming in December because they thought it was holiday time for you and would leave you much more free to travel than a later date might do. I feel certain that your suggestion of postponing your visit will not meet with any serious refusal. One thing I do beg you to do if you go to see them: DON'T forget that while you dealing with individuals in this first instance, ultimately you will be having to cope with an institution. You will be valued by that monster (the institution) by exactly the valuation which you place on yourself. I BEG of you to make your salary almost unreasonably large so that you have a bargaining point to which to descend without having the final salary established at a figure which hampers you. You speak of asking only $4,000 for doing 12 hours of mathematics teaching in addition to allthe other work which your botanical duties might involve. I understand perfectly well that they are, in a sense, doing you a favour by accepting you, the novice, for such an appointment. On the other hand, don't lose sight of the fact that they NEED you urgently in the mathematics department and will use you relentlessly once they get you. Surely, you with a Doctor's degree and your years of teaching experience, should DEMAND much more for a job that takes you in two departments, than a person could ask who has no experience and only an undergraduate degree. Just remember that my boy, Travis, without experience and only a B. M. degree is getting $3,000 for nine months of teaching in an agricultural college in a small village where living expenses must be appreciably less than in St. Louis. You must demand for yourself and be both firm and determined. They want and need you and under those circumstances any big institution will pay. I feel perfectly sure that if Union College had any idea that they might lose you, you might easily find them taking up the matter of your appointment all over again, reducing you teaching load and increasing your pay. The advantages which St. Louis offers you are NOTHING compared to what it means to them to have you, who will manage both those jobs for them. So don't be modest in your demands. You MUST have a fairly large income if your are to have any freedom.

13th December, 1946.

I was interrupted at that point by an S. O. S. from Denise, saying that all sorts of complications had arisen over the vacating of Marley

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(Mr. Matthay's country place) and getting moved to her own little house. I know that looking after her, is the one thing darling old Punkey would ask of me, and so I dropped everything and went to the country. I got home last night in the worst fog London has had this winter. You would have gone mad with joy had you seen the garden of Denise's little place. Killing frosts had not yet attacked the garden and some warm, rust-colored chrysanthemums were still in bloom, quite a lot of roses and remnants of snap-dragons. It was unbelievable. The rock garden was full of tiny blossoming things which I am sure you would have identified easily and which must remain anonymous so far as I am concerned. We found one of the winter iris in bloom (Am I right in thinking it called "styloso"?) Ohyes, and we found one primrose already in bloom and one clump of violets. It sounds as though we are having spring weather, but I assure you that I have never felt the cold so terribly as I do just now. Here in my own rooms, I discover that nothing fits any more and the draughts rage through the place. The little gas fire in the back studio room produces a tiny blue flame that gives out no heat and costs pounds to maintain, and the large fireplace is built on such generous proportions that I can only have it lit on rare occasions, for my coal and wood ~~ration~~ RATIONS are inadequate to supply fuel for it. I do have a small electric heater that runs off the light and that helps out a bit. I am having a man in today to see what we can do. I doubt if the radiators in the studio can be made to function again and so I may try for an anthracite stove that will go day and night. Anyway, don't worry. I don't feel the cold so long as I am active and moving about, but sitting about, reading and writing, is acutely uncomfortable for me. Mind you, I am no worse off than other people but they have gradually adapted themselves to this situation and I find it a bit trying coming from the over-heated American houses.

I shall not attempt any more news in this letters for I must get this to the post now. These first four weeks have been spent in seeing friends and getting myself more or less settled. Everything takes such a lot of time and I was determined to give all friends the feeling that I had nothing to do at first but BE a friend. Today I am having my first serious interview with my managers. I WANT to play again, but I am not ambitiously wanting a lot of work. There is talk of quite an ambitious series for the B. B. C. and some odd recital appearances. I am sure that I shall find my managers not too sympathetic about my wish to keep time free for my proposed trip to Italy in the spring. However, I am determined to stick to that plan. I shall have to finish long-hand for my typewriter has suddenly gone funny & refuses to function properly. I am invited to go to France to play for the British Council for Foreign Relations - but I'm not sure about learning new English words which are requested. We shall see!

There is much in your letter on which I have not commented - but that must wait until later.

Much - much love to you always from -

Frank

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3
25th January, 1947.

Dearest George,

Your long letter of the 13th (posted the 15th) was very welcomely received. I beg of you ALWAYS to feel perfectly free to write to me in whatever mood you happen to be when you want to write. I can by now discern what is real trouble, what is temporary annoyance or malaise and what is genuine, alarming news. Also, perhaps more than you intend, I can find "symptoms" which give me a clearer picture of your state of mind than any attempted, personal diagnosis could possibly provide for me. I am sorrier than I can tell you that at this moment the thousands of miles of Atlantic Ocean separate us. I should like to have the pleasure of being with you and sharing what must be extremely difficult times and unpleasant uncertainties. All that you wrote to me gives evidence that my original premise is not far from wrong. You are really not strong enough to do a full time job of teaching and have anything left to devote to your beloved taxonomy. Only yesterday, Doris Mackinnon and I were talking about the purely physical strain which is involved in being a GOOD teacher. It is all that one person should attempt and here, with the slower tempo of life and the shorter hours and longer holidays, people are just able to manage to do some small outside work. By and large, though, most people who are successful teachers here, find it taxing if not impossible to devote much energy either to serious research or avocations. In America where the nerves are stretched much more tightly by reason of our insane pace and superficial standards, it is more than a sensitive nervous system can stand to devote energy and time required for conscientious teaching and yet have enough left to carry on any outside work with real passionate devotion. I am SURE that this is not just an imagined condition which I create out of whole cloth, but it is a fact. I know that I found myself doing less and less playing under the strain of maintaining a full teaching program at M. S. C. and yet that "full schedule" would have been considered child's play by almost any other member of staff. You know how I gradually did less and less playing and how I unconsciously took defense behind more and more teaching. It wasn't until I had got completely away from Lansing that I became aware of this transition. When the strain of anxiety and the horrible emotional struggle of trying to support my brother through that long last illness made its demand, I suddenly realized that what little reserve I had left was gone. The road back to DESIRE to participate once more is a VERY hard and unpleasant one and I would do everything in my power to prevent you from having to trudge its weary miles. I am by nature a most indolent person and since there isn't economic necessity for "getting back" and only occasional spurts of enthusiastic desire to get back, I find myself wavering occasionally. I know though, that I would never be satisfied for long to be completely divorced from what has been the motivating force for the whole of my life. So I am FORCING myself to make that steep climb back. Whether I shall really get back to active participation on the scale which I once demanded of myself, I donot know. I DO know though, that it will not be because I couldnot get there and it will not be because I haven't worked. It will finally be a matter of my own choosing once I have re-established my

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position. I tell you all this so that you should not be discouraged or easily diverted from your objective. The cases are not completely parallel, but YOUR cross-roads will eventually lead you either to more and more discontent or towards your chosen objective. I have said before, when you wrote to me first about the prospects for St. Louis, that I considered it inadvisable for you to undertake a full teaching job in mathematics or even so large a part-time one as you indicated would be expected of you. You are incapable of sparing yourself for your botanical studies. With your Dutch non-conformist conscience, you would feel it necessary to overwork in mathematics in order to justify the time you give to taxohomy. You aren't made for dividing yourself in that manner. If you could do some "job" in which you gave yourself less, where there was the minimum of responsibility and even an element of impersonality in what you were doing, then you would not be tired for taxonomy if the job were not one that you disliked too much but which you had accepted philosophically as earning you the freedom for botany. When you were on Attu, you had such a job and you managed an enormous amount of taxonomic work. I agree, of course, that the strain of outside interruption such as the normal course of a social animal's life was spared you. Just the same you DID your army job and you did a magnificent work in taxonomy. I feel that if you insist on making yourself self-supporting, then try and find some means of doing that which is sympathetic and sufficiently flexible in its demands to make the doing of two jobs possible WITHOUT strain. The conflict which will always arise for you in a divided position such as St. Louis offers, (and which is practically what you have at present) is too much of a strain for you. With your passionate interest and desire to devote your best efforts to your real work there MUST be a way in which that is possible without the sacrifice of your health or undue strain on your nerves. I know that you think that compromise is inevitable. I am not so sure. I am not in a position to know exactly what the alternatives are, but I AM sure that your own notions of what they are hasn't started to explore the possibilities. It doesn't have to be mathematics teaching and it doesn't have to be in connection with a mathematical job. Perhaps it could be some quite simple thing which provided you security and income and leisure. DON'T BE BOUND IN YOUR CONCEPTIONS OF WHAT YOU CAN DO!!!!!!

Be flexible in your thinking and be rather dashing and uninhibited in looking about you. It might be a county agent job (although I haven t the slightest conception of what that entails), or it might be some governmental supervision job that kept you out in the country. Oh I am so sure that it is NOT necessary for you to accept such intolerable strain as you are prepared to do, just to get time for your own unselfish contribution to a science which you love. It is too bad that you didn't get that Guggenheim award for then the desired freedom for a year would have been yours and you could have decided after that what to do. It would have got you TIME to devote to yourpassion. Do you think you would like a year like that? After all, the Guggenheim would have given you only about $200 a month, I think you told me. Why couldn't I give you an award for a year? you could consider it as a loan if you liked, of indefinite duration. It would be jolly good for me to feel that I HAD to work more since it was helping you too. (I am not suggesting that I would feel it a strain to make you an allowance of $200 a month and that I would be making sacrifices to do it!) It is so hard for me, feeling myself so FAR from you when I so

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intensely want to be near you, to help you inany way that I can and to support you in any decision which you consider wise.

The report of the Coxsackie situation is tragic. I am very sad to know that Eva's condition is so little hopeful as you describe. What that constant anxiety must be for you, I well understand. I hope with all my heart that she weathers this trying period and will, with her doctor's help, get through this teaching year without any really serious set backs. If she can get through this year and then have a restful summer with her helpful and protective mIss Boyd, perhaps the future will be a bit more promising for her and consequently easier for you. What a blessing that you were able to get that efficient woman to return to look after your mother. I think that I should be tempted to dissemble (if not actually to misrepresent) the arrangement to your mother, so that she need not know on what terms the woman was to be there. I am sure that all the rest of the family would realize the wisdom of such a slight deception and help you. Certainly, at ANY cost, that woman must be hired and KEPT. What a relief it would be to you (and to me) to have the comfort of knowing that someone was concerned for her welfare. I do hope that nothing interferes with this admirable plan and I trust that it works out to everyone's satisfaction. Do let me know what has been done.

Dearest George, your complaint about Schenectady being so grossly ugly, so im;ossible as a place to use a base is really not a just criticism. It is no worse than most places where you would be working and certainly better than some. All your complaints about the present situation are symptoms of your discontent at being torn in two directions simultaneously. Your college work is strenuous and exhausting, and your welled-up passion for botanical work sets up a feeling of constant, unfulfilled desire to pour yourself into the wo k you love. Under these conditions, I fear that even Paradise would appear to be situated far too near the River Styx to be habitable! How you can have the cheek to complain about Schenectady as a place of residence with all that superb country available with a short motor trip, and yet tell me that St. Louis is POSSIBLE is ludicrous. The place is not important to you at the moment IF you can pour out all this repressed enthusiasm in a way that makes you feel happy. Your whole mood at this moment (when your letter was written) was one of understandable discomfort at being placed in a position of such uncertainty when a decision is bein gasked of you which means a compromise at best and a form of banishment at worst. All the mechanism of defense under strain is at work, and you, poor dear soul, are so alone. I know that there isn't any cause for anxiety or least worry, but there is much cause to regret that I am so far from you for my own comfort.

There, let me end with this sententiousness. I know that you realize how intensely important it is to me to know that you will have made a wise and happy choice. So please send me full details about the visit to St. Louis at your first opportunity.

My very special love and devotion tonight and always.

Yours,

Frank

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3.
10th February, 1947.

Dearest George,

Your letter has just arrived today and I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I am with the report of your visit to St. Louis. All that you tell me about the place, the people with whom you would work and the opportunities and understanding which you had, seem to me to indicate that you are quite justified in feeling that you probably have found the ideal situation. What you tell me about Leighton leads me to suppose that he is a person with whom you could work amicably and whose standards and methods you would respect. That is a very important consideration when one considers that he is the person who sets the "tone" of the entire department. I have always maintained that it is the head of a department who sets the example of the sort of atmosphere and behaviour which should be expected. Obviously, he is a person who would be direct and fair in his dealings as well as competent at his job. That he should also be understanding enough to accept you as a good teacher of mathematics when he knows that your real heart lies in botany, indicates that either he values your contribution to the department sufficiently to not care about your outside efforts, or else he is so understaffed that he will make the concession to get a good teacher. Both, of course, might be true. In any case, it should give you a realization of your value. If, as you say, earning your living in any other way would create greater difficulties than the strain of teaching, and the sacrifice of those precious summer months of freedom as well, then I think you MUST consider this offer as something as a gift from heaven. It is very evident that the offer is a generous one, and as it provides you to be identified with the botanical world while holding a well-paid mathematics job, I should think it is reasonable to believe it a unique opportunity. What you tell me of the "garden" and herbarium seems to indicate that either the place must soon be placed on a more organized and stable footing or it will not survive. Knowing you, I feel sure that your efforts at seeing that the thing is well arranged will soon attract attention to the place and put a value on your efforts. I donot have any doubt that given sufficient strength to carry the double load, you can and will CREATE a position for yourself there which will definitely and completely identify you with botany. I shall be very surprised if this does not materialize in a far shorter period than you ever anticipate. So, from the point of view of opportunity in your chosen field, adequate pay for the minimum of work you could expect to do, and yet sufficient income to meet your needs without uncomfortable economies, I should think the offer is quite ideal. You say nothing about the disadvantage of being banished again to the mid-western plains, to a climate which is notoriously unpleasant and to residing in one of the monstrously ugly cities which our countrymen know only too well how to construct. Personally, I don't think ANYTHING matters, really, except that you have time and energy to devote to your taxonomy, and enough money to be self-respecting and independant. I am sure that IF the situation advances you in your study and experience in botany, and you can feel and know that you are

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making a telling contribution, you will be blissfully happy. I can see that your decision is all but made to accept the offer and I must say that I can't see that you could possibly improve on the situation which you describe to me. You certainly have my approval and blessings for the move. I dislike the feeling of having you removed just that much farther from me, but then, who knows where I shall ever be at any given time? I never felt less conviction about establishment of permanent residence ANYWHERE than I do at this moment. So I shouldn't mention that little point. I am wondering what Mrs. Chase and other of your Washington friends will think of the offer, or will you find it unnecessary to discuss it with them? Is the Garden recognized as a representative collection, and to whom does it belong? Is it part of the University or is it a Municipal possession? I can just feel you fairly itching to be at that grass collection and I know that it will eventually become your real job. One thing I should like to know. Was there any discussion of the times for your classes in order to spare you chasing about too much? You mention the restriction in the size of the class but nothing about the more important matter of conservation of time at the University. How are the Gardens and the Mathematics department placed in relation to one another? Would travel between them entail very fatiguing journeys? I hope not. . . . Anyway, I feel that St. Louis is sure to claim you next winter, and I just hope with all my heart that the move gives you the opportunities you want and need , and that that provision met will give you happiness and real, inner repose. Isn't it absurd, that only on Attu, where you lived in miserable discomfort and often in danger, did the repose borne of fulfilment possess you. I just hope that something of that same quality of peace (without war) will be yours.

You will doubtless be reading highly dramatized versions of the fuel crisis here. It is the extraordinary feeling of living with human beings who can submerge personal opinions at a time like this which gives the situation its quality of a great experience. Can you imagine what would happen in our country if hope were pinned to an appeal to the populace to make voluntary sacrifices? Mind you, I feel that the situation has been shockingly handled, and the confusion (if not misrepresentations) which the minister of fuel subjected the people to, is not a thing that will be easily surmounted by this government. I've just listened to Atlee making his broadcast appeal to the people and it was lamentably watery, weak affair. What a crying need for the rousing verbiage and delivery of old Churchill. If this crisis could have been avoided had the government not gone all out to establish their involved social reforms, I think a future observer will reveal. Certainly it is true that with all the bombs and the dislocation of services and destruction of vital plants and means of transportation, the people never suffered such discomforts, such shortages of food and limitation of effort until victory descended on them. Certainly, difficulties were inevitable, and reforms were badly wanted. It does seem a pity that the reforms could not have come later after a little more comfort had been vouchsaved for these so sadly tried and abysmally fatigued human beings. It is just a blessing that IF this had to happen, that it occurred under a Labour Gov-

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ernment. At least the usual rabble-rousers are deprived of their usual weapon of incitement of the poor. This time, it is the government of the poor who have inflicted far greater hardships than the so-called government of the rich. It is protection against what might otherwise have been cause for serious internal strife. So far, everything is accepted with only futile grumbling, and I hope it will not go beyond that. And to think that all of this is due to weather which is accepted ly an "act of God". What havoc He does create! My friend Doris M. was telling me that someone had related the tale of seeing a placard outside a church announcing the clergyman's title for the following Sunday's sermon, which was "Is God a Christian?""Humph", said M. to whom the story was told, "He's not even a gentleman!" . . . . I don't want you to get the idea that I have suffered any serious discomfort or that I am in any way made to feel this bitter cold. I stay very close to my own fireside and live a very quiet and simple life. I have quite enough coal to keep warm and we still have constant supply of hot water You can feel secure about that. In fact, I have been in far better health this winter than for a long time past. So far, I haven't even had a cold this winter, and yet I bathe and shave (even this weather when the thermometer is below freezing) in a bath room that has not one single means of heating and worse still, it is a little room built on at the back, completely exposed to every wind. The war damage repairs done there were so badly done that in the bath, the cold air from the ill-fitting window frame pours down my spine as though it were a fan attached to some secret source of north POle winds! And yet I am well and thrive. . . I was due to play my first program in a series of broadcasts on Sunday the 16th. Now it is uncertain whether I shall play, for as an emergency measure, to conserve electricity, the whole of the Third program at the B.B.C. has been temporarily discontinued. There are artists who had come over from all parts of Europe for certain special programs on this Third Program and they will, unless we get a thaw and fuel arrives, return with their fees (I suppose) and without their appearance. So I donot know what to expect. The next in the series is on the 27th and I feel sure that conditions will have returned to normal by that time. I have put off the sixth in the series because it would have meant delaying my departure for Italy. So I may have to resume the series in May when I return. There is much work entailed in doing so many different programs. (I think I did mention that it is a series devoted to the piano music of Faure.)

I had a friend over from France last week and I have promised to visit him and his wife in Toulouse in April. If they can possibly arrange for petrol (and time) they will motor to Monte Carlo and I will meet them there motoring back along the whole length of the Riviera Coast to Marseilles and then to Toulouse. We expect to make several expeditions in the Pyrenees and possibly to the Basque Coast and Bordeaux which I have not visited since I was there as a soldier. Thank you very much for sending the parcel to Italy for me. Please understand that that is a"commission" for which you will be reimbursed. You really must not send me any more parcels, for I assure you that I am more than adequately provided for.

I am thrilled at the prospect for you of a summer in the Rockies. I couldn't have chosen a better holiday for you. Do get some idea of dates as soon as you can. Perhaps you can return East via Duluth. I am being pressed to commit myself already for the summer. I have taken a passage on the "Queen Elizabeth" for June 4th. Is that in time to see you before you start west? Do let me know, for in due

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course I must make some plans. I arrive about the 9th or 10th, I imagine. I want to get to Duluth about July 1st and must see my sister for a bit and possibly have a little "breather" in Iowa in between Dayton and Duluth. Is there any chance of seeing you or even of motoring west together, or will you and Ewan and the party all start out together from Washington? As soon as you get any definite plan set, please let me know.

No more now. I must get to bed.

Much love to you always from your devoted

P.S. A letter from Cardiff! Helen & Gomer Jones had another baby girl on Jan. 23rd. Helen writes, "I am well. Gomer is busy composing a Mass for a doctorate, which he hopes to finish by the end of April and submit for the June Awards."

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Apr. 9/47

Ane Giorgio
on Lake Maggiore
Easter Sunday.

Dearest George,

This ends the first fortnight of my stay on the Continent. It has been somewhat marred by ten days of incessant rain, with the ensuing dampness & chill of the house & the not too pleasant feeling of the out-of-doors. But then our third day of brilliant sunshine & cloudless blue skies obliterates all memory of those early days of my stay.

Arriving on the Continent was a sad experience. The whole of the quay-side at Calais is altered. None of the buildings or installations which I knew so well are there anymore - A new station - new docks & remnants of the old site are all there are now. Along the route to Paris as far as Amiens, twisted frames of buildings & great piles of rubble give evidence of the horrors that took place there. In England the immediate evidences of bombings have been cleared away & the gashes & holes seem less painful than this derelict

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remnant that the French have left untouched since its collapse. Their characteristic untidiness which creates a rather picturesque spectacle in most instances, seems now to suggest abandonment to dejection + defeat. I could not escape a feeling of sadness. The people seem to have lost their exuberance + gaiety - small wonder! I felt the subdued atmosphere which low-hanging, threatening clouds of doom create. I think it is this inescapable feeling of gloom + doom which I have felt ever since I arrived in England which I find most difficult to cope with. Only here - where I have returned after an absence of ten years, do I feel release from that oppressive atmosphere. In the return to these villagers who have never lost their close touch with the soil, I have felt restored to a gayer, freer world. I know it is delusion - but it is none the less pleasant.

How I have wished for you - (+ have done) ever since I lay in my berth on the train + looked out at the snowy peaks of the Alps. I almost have wished that the St. Louis position might seem less desirable + I could induce you to come here for a year to wander about. study - + be free. It was heart-warming

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to find faithful Adolfo at the Stazione di Stresa to meet me. He is the peasant with a real artist's soul, a craftsman of the first rank - & the sensitiveness & instinct of a person of breeding. He built this house & its maintenance is now his chief consideration. When our boat had crossed the lake to the little port he has built for this house, there I found the group of village people & servants to greet me. We were like a religious procession mounting the two-hundred odd steps which lead from the water's edge to the top of the cliff where this house stands. Oh my dear George - what this place would mean to you! From the terrace we look out across the lake to the Mottarone en face, which was still covered with snow. Our view gives a clear sweep straight to the Simplon. To see those snowy peaks rising above the sparkling blue waters of Maggiore is a view which is almost too majestic for comfort. This same view at midnight last night - with a full moon had a quality of magic that I shall not attempt to describe. You will be able to imagine how this scene changes. Occasionally only the mountain tops are seen brilliantly illuminated by the sun

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While the lower slopes near the lake's edge are obscurred by streaks of mist. The color varies almost from one minute to the next. But this is not our only view. Behind the house - we go immediately to a rural country scene - Vineyards in terraces + small cultivated plots pattern the valleys + gentler slopes - + on the horizon looms the great pile of the Sabine Mountains with little villages at its base - The whole place is a solid mass of white + blue violets, yellow primroses, white anemones + deep blue scillas - The profusion of blossoms is even greater than the carpet of lupins we found in Michigan - A hedge of scarlet camellias is just bursting into flower + at one point we look at the blue water of the lake through a golden fringe of forsythia - In another week the hilary stone walls will be draped in wistaria blossoms. It is an absolutely enchanted spot. The owner of this glorious house is a very close English friend who will use it only for Easter (until about May 1st) + from mid July until mid September. We have

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already discussed the possibility of my taking the house for part of the year - & dear Adolfo has taken me up the hillside above here & shown me a spot where he would like to build me a little house. The view from there is even better than this one. When Italy becomes a bit settled & the present inflation (which is raging) becomes controlled, it might easily be a project I would undertake. What a retreat - for you as well as me.

I have still not answered your last letter - but I must not write more now, I must rejoin the party. If I have a chance, I shall add to this before the post is collected - If not: it brings you, as always, much, much love

from -

F.

2731 Branch Street
Duluth, Minnesota.
24th August, 1947.

Dearest George,

Your letter has come and made me extremely happy. I feel guilty, selfish and ashamed to have you make such a long trek for such a few days. Frankly I had given up hope of seeing you here until you revealed the fact that you had to go to Lansing in any case. I had supposed that you would head south immediately. It does rather lessen the extra mileage somewhat, since you will be that far north in any case. Still, I feel guilty in permitting you to add to your fatigue and strain by adding these extra miles of driving to your already long journey. Would it lessen the feeling of strain if, after you cross on the ferry, you left your car and came up here by train? Or would you like me to come south by train and meet you & drive back with you? Frankly, I feel that we can be so much more relaxed and quiet here in the seclusion of this house and garden, that I am not going to propose meeting you for a few days elsewhere, as I could do. Perhaps your car will be so full that you would prefer NOT to have a passenger, since it might mean repacking etc. Anyway, do PLEASE try and get away as early as ever you can, spend as much time here as you conveniently can and I shall promise to try and make your stay here as restful, relaxing and enjoyable as I can.

There seems some doubt now about my being able to have tx this house for all of September, since the owners have the opportunity to let the place for the winter if they will give occupancy by the middle of September. At the same time my sister writes to say that her daughter is arriving in Chicago on September 14th from California for a visit and she is very eager to have me join the house party. This is scarcely the restful and productive month I planned for myself, but I fear that some compromise will have to be made. When the decision here is made, I shall make alternative plans. I MUST work! I begin playing around the middle of October and if I can continue to enjoy the work and routine of practice as I have started it here, I should feel unusually happy and free in performance. I shall try and have some things ready to play for you when you get here week after next.

I haven't done anything about any of the properties yet chiefly out of indolence, but I shall have to go to Lansing this autumn and perhaps I shall make a move at that time. Bud was in Lansing in the summer and sent me a wild S.O.S. imploring me not to sell the farm until I had heard from him. When I did hear, it was an appeal to allow him to buy the farm from me, since he would like to open a restaurant there. He is in Minneapolis now and wants to come up to see me. I shall try and see him sometime when I have little free time!

I pray that you have not felt too enervated and exhausted by the excessive heat. I have been very distressed thinking of you embarking on the arduous job of packing while the thermometer soars between 90 and 100. I do hope that my fears have been groundless and that you have escaped the terrific heat which most of America seems to have suffered from. The immunity here has been unbelievable. During the class we had only three oppressively hot days and yesterday and today have been a bit tiring. Other than that, it has been an ideal summer.

Much, much love to you. If my eagerness could only consume the intervening days, you would practically be on my doorstep now.

Ever your devoted,

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2731 Branch Street
Duluth, Minnesota
16th September, 1947.

Dearest George,

Your second letter this mornin giving me the good news of your extraordinarily lucky find of such delightful and satisfactory quarters made me very happy and gave me a great feeling of relief. I am so grateful to you for passing on that information so promptly. I shall just assume that this beginning will set the standard of pleasant things and easily adjusted situations which the winter will present. May it be a start to a really good "cycle" for you, free from worries and troubles of every sort. I must say the room you took at Mrs. Berger's house sounded too dismal, and I was sunk to think of you cooped up like that while trying to start your work. This new arrangement sounds so very good. I assume that since the family is so musical, there must be a piano in the house and probably you can do a bit of playing occasionally. After that appalling journey south, you really had some good fortune coming to you as compensation. I could have cried, when I read that you drove all of the night. How you were able to face anything, least of all that coop of a tiny room, I don't know. I am sorry that you had to pay so dearly for those few days up here which gave to me such deep and lasting satisfaction, and a renewal of that hope that the time will not be too distant when we can arrange our lives in such a way that our periods of being together need not be so rare or so brief. Now, you have all my wishes that this new situation will produce abundant happiness, achievement and chances for development in your chosen work.

My news is all good! I found that I felt certain, last friday morning when I awakened, that my hand was better and the proof was so definite when I went to the piano that I felt reassured. I fear that the doctor was very annoyed with me when we had our interview that day for I INSISTED that he cease his charming bedside manner and speak to me as though I were an adult rather than an infant. I took every possible cause for the trouble and insisted that he give me reasons for eliminating them. [redacted]. The result was that I extracted from him a statement, reticent though he was to commit himself, that the cause of my disability was doubtless either a sprain or strain which I had got grabbing at something while climbing about on the rocks. The intensive day of work which I had after that tended to intensify the inflammation and he prophesied that I would continue to feel discomfort for about a month. I took myself in hand after that, and I carefully analysed every action which involved use of the thumb in any way that produced discomfort and the result was that I COULD manage to use the finger without producing pain by eliminating tension in the forearm muscles. So I put that in practice at the piano. It meant days of very slow work and rather irritating nervousness, but I got over the worst in a few days and I felt amply repaid for my trouble for each successive day of work made me feel more comfortable at the piano even though I did have a sensation of lameness and often acute pain in the hand when I WASN'T playing. Today I had my best day so far, and I was able to put the test of playing the Schumann Sonata up to tempo and with the indicated dynamics. So I am going ahead with my plans, assuming that I shall play in a few weeks. How thankful I am for the remaining ten days of isolation and peace in this ideal place and with this superb instrument. Today is the first time I have felt that I would be able to face an audience adequately prepared.

Bud was up to see me yesterday from Minneapolis. He is quite unchanged. In his own way he feels t he same devotion for me he always felt. I could easily attach him to me and have him for life, and if I were settled in exactly the one place I thought I would like to have as a permanent residence, I would be tempted, but I would not be deceived into

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expecting things to be very different than they were on Mt. Hope Road. His mind is unchanged and his standard of honesty remains unaltered. In essentials it is alright and I would just have to be prepared to put up with his particular kind of slovenliness in all things. It would be a small price to pay to have immunity from domestic worries if I had that so much-desired country place. As for his buying the Mt. Hope Road place that was just a dream and a sort of excuse to get here to see me. I have arranged to have him come up and pack me for leaving next week IF my hand isn't perfectly well. I thought that that might be a wise precaution.

My sister telephoned to me yesterday afternoon from Chicago where she and her husband were staying at the Drake. My niece arrived there from California on Sunday and they had motored there to meet the girl. My sister was terribly upset by a horrible accident they had had. They had stopped at a railroad crossing to make sure nothing was coming before they crossed, when a car came fro behind them at a terrific pace, hit their front fender in passing and left the road going into a ditch first and then up onto the rails. A young couple with a four-months old baby were in the car and my sister said it was all that could be done to get a truck which was just there to help to remove the car from the rails before a train came tearing along. The whole thing happened in less than five minutes. The passengers were not injured but the car was a total wreck, while my sister's new Olds had to have a new fender and a few other minor repairs. But they were so frightened by the accident that they took several hours to drive the remaining 35miles to Chicago...How I wish the Harrisons had made it possible for me to stay on here until I play in St. Paul October 8th. I shall probably go to Chicago for the interval between Sept. 25th and my first engagement. Anyway, this address will get me until the 25th at least. So do send me news when you have a mintue . . . . I trust that your office "mate" Mr. Paul Rider proves to be less garrulous than I remember his wife, and also less strident-voiced than I seem to think she was. As plans are developing, it will probably be early November before I get to St. Louis. The Lansing plan, by the way, was accepted as I outlined and I am to hear soon if they can manage to raise the guarantee. They assure me that they can. What an absurd situation it will be, my return to that place to TEACH!

The thermometer took a sudden drop and I have a furnace fire going! It has been just above 40 in the mornings when I come down to a solitary breakfast, but as the day wears on, the sun comes out with such glowing heat that it is delightful to sit out . Then when night descends it gets cold again. I do feel so well in this place and at the moment, now that I've seen you so recently, I feel so full of enthusiasm and real vitality. How I wish I could give you some of it. In any case, you do know, that what it represents in strength is supporting you in all you do. My dearest love to you and the always renewed wish that I shall see you very soon.

Yours ever,

J.

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2731 Branch Street
Duluth, Minnesota.
27th September, 1947.

Dearest George,

There really isn't time for a letter, but I want to send you a word to give you at least a skeleton outline of plans so that I can know you will have addresses at which you can reach me should you need me.

I am leaving here Monday the 29th Sept. From the evening of the 30th until the 3rd or 4th I shall be in Dayton. From the 4th until the 7th c/o of L.R.Northrup, 5803 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. 8th & 9th I shall be at the St. Paul Hotel, St. Paul, Minn. 10th, 11th & 12th I shall be in either St. Paul or Minneapolis. 13th & 14th c/o Mrs. Charlotte Dunhowe, 215 Manitou Street, Northfield, Minn. 14th to 19th I shall be in Chicago again. The week of the 20th I am in Lansing.

My hand is not too difficult to cope with, but the situation has not cleared up as I had hoped it would. However, I am able to play without too much consciousness of the disbility and I hope that after the bulk of the playing is over, I can get more expert advice as to cause and cure of the condition.

I hope you are well and not feeling the return to work as a strain. I do wish I had been able to be there to help you settle in comfortably.

My love to you as always.
Yours,

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THE COMMODORE

WESTERN AND HOLLY AVES. • SAINT PAUL 2, MINNESOTA • TELEPHONE ELKHURST 1061

9th October, 1947.

Dearest George,

I just want to report that I played my first concert yesterday. I have rarely had worse pre-concert nerves, and rarely had greater control, freedom and enjoyment at the actual time of performance. The hand discomfort was negligible and I feel quiet and happy about achieving complete recovery in time. I saw another orthopedic man in Columbus, Ohio who assured me that the root of the trouble was strain or sprain which has resulted in inflammation of the tendon sheath. He INSISTS that I must go on using the hand to prevent thickening of the tendon or adhesions. He gave me X-ray therapy which eliminated the pain to a great extent and I am following his advice of nightly poultices with antiphlogistine. Today I have considerable pain again, but I had another treatment of heat therapy and already it is better. So I feel that the worst is over, and certainly there is no longer any cause for anxiety.

Tomorrow I am at the Minneapolis Colleg all day and I am giving myself a quiet week-end before I play at St. Olaf College on Monday. So all is well. It now looks as though I shall motor most of the way west with my sister and her husband. They are now planning to arrive in St. Louis the night of SUnday, November 2nd where I shall join them and we start west next day. I have planned to come on to St. Louis by train to see you if that is a convenient moment for you. PLEASE be perfectly free to make the arrangement that is easy, desirable and pleasant for yourself. If you would rather have me avoid spending time in St. Louis at this time, I INSIST that you tell me so frankly. Anything less than frankness would be unforgiveable. Remember, there must not be strain or effort in any plans that we make. It now appears that I shall get away from Lansing the 24th or 25th. I shall go to Dayton to repack for California and I

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MEMBER AMERICAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION

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THE COMMODORE

WESTERN AND HOLLY AVES. • SAINT PAUL 2, MINNESOTA • TELEPHONE ELKHURST 1061

imagine that I could get away from Dayton about Wednesday or Thursday (29th or 30th). If you are free and would like to go away into the country that week-end I would be perfectly delighted. If you prefer to stay in town, that would be equally agreeable. So feel free to suggest ANYTHING that makes any plan we make simple, easy and pleasant for you. If you will tell me at which hotel you want me to stay, I will get my brother-in-law to have a reservation made through his hotel. If you think my coming at this time is inopportune, you only need to tell me.

I realize that you must be pretty hard pressed for time these days, so don't attempt a long letter, but send me a line to indicate what, if anything, you would like me to plan. The journey from Dayton to St. Louis is easy and direct on the Pennsylvania R.R. So you can even indicate the train by which you want me to arrive if you wish.

I'll pick up mail in Chicago the end of next week addressed c/o L. R. Northrup 5803 Blackstone Ave. and after the 19th at the Olds Hotel in Lansing.

No more now other than send you such an abundance of love .

A bientot,

Yours ever,

F.

P.S. I should explain that I am at this hotel because of the noise and confusion at the St, Paul Hotel where I usually stay. A terrific convention is in session there. If you wrote to me there, I'll have your letter forwarded as they have been good about sending things on.

F.

AIR CONDITIONED COCKTAIL LOUNGE • GARAGE ADJOINING
MEMBER AMERICAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION

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Dearest George,

I am spending a day completely alone here in Highland Park. Robert (recently returned from his job in military government in Germany) is full of tales that make one despair of seeing anything like harmony evolve from this chaotic situation. However he believes that it IS possible. Of course, his violent hatred of the British makes me discount much I have heard.

I am so intensely relieved to have your cards telling me that the tests at the hospital have revealed that you doNOT have an ulcer. I trust that they have been able to trace the cause of your recent upset and put you right. It sounds so like the attack which a woman friend in London had for so many long weeks and they never did find out why. I shall be eagerly waiting to hear how you are. I know how extremely devitalizing such an experience can be, and I just PRAY that you are better. Do please keep me informed.

My playing has gone along marvelously. I don't think I have ever in my life suffered worse pre-concert nerves, and I KNOW that I have never played when I had greater confidence, assurance and pleasure in performance. At this place (St. Olaf's College) my success was so great (what immodesty!) that the head of the music department came to me to ask if they could make my visits an annual event. There was quite a large crowd of people who came down from Minneapolis and St. Paul and the place was simply packed. I really enjoyed myself. The hand is no worse certainly, and probably quite a bit better. So long as I continue to have the chance to work regularly, I can keep the trouble under control. Apparently that is all I can do for the moment.

I've written my sister saying that I expected to go to St. Louis (from Dayton) on the 30th and asked that my brother-in-law should make a reservation for me at the Chase. As soon as I hear, I shall let you know. Should I do anything about your staying there with me? If you want me to do anything let me know. I leave here Sunday for Lansing where I shall be at the Olds Hotel until the 25th. After that I go to Dayton. Forgive this inadequate letter.

Much love to you as always from your very devoted

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I.M.Seidner
1578 Queen's Road,
Los Angeles
California.

THE HERMOYNE
FIVE-SIXTY-NINE NORTH ROSSMORE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES CALIF. NOV 9 8PM 1947

AIR MAIL 5¢ SAVE THE EASY WAY

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
Mathematics Department
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri.

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THE HERMOYNE
FIVE-SIXTY-NINE NORTH ROSSMORE AVE.
HOLLYWOOD

9th November, 1947.

Dearest George,

It is hardly credible that a week ago today we were together. My progress across this continent was so fast and the transitionsfrom rolling country, to flat spaces, to mountains, to desert and finally the sea, were just too rapid to give me a chance to acclimatize myself to the scene in any one place. Some day, I insist that we make this trek westward together. There were unforgettable spots of beauty. I shall not be ungracious by complaining about my hosts, but I shall only say that our interests were(and are) too diverse to really share anything for long. Their kindness, consideration and constant thoughtfulness for me and my comfort were touching and deeply appreciated. I shall leave that part of my report there!

We had scarcely got beyond Gray Summit when we had a flat tire. That reminded my brother-in-law, that he had started on this journey ASSUMING that his tires were good, but never having checked them! Our first decent sized town after that was Rolla, where instead of checking the tires, we simply acquired two new ones! That was our only car trouble on the entire 2400 miles of driving. While we were waiting for the tires to be changed, I was astounded to find myself greeted by Dr. Horvalik, a young Czech physicist. He used to be in Duluth and is now on the staff of the College of Mines in Rolla, a branch of the university. I promised to try and see them on my return rather than try and see them then and there as he tried to insist.

It was pleasant country that we went through that day before we finally came to Claremore, Oklahoma just outside Tulsa, where we spent the night. Next day we went through that dull, uninteresting stretch of Texas' Panhandle and spent the night in Amarillo. From then on, the journey became really exciting. We got to Galup,New Mexico the next night and found a thin covering of snow and ice when we got up next morning. Unfortunately, it meant that we went through the painted desert and the petrified forest when they were covered with snow, but the latter was sufficiently exposed for us to see clearly. Instead of small pieces or tree stumps of the petrification such as we saw in Colorado, there were entire trees ten or twelve feet in length completely exposed. It was a most impressive sight. We found an exquisite mountain road through the San Francisco Mountains going to the Grand Canyon which was, I believe the most memorably beautiful drive of the whole journey. Such color as we saw in that valley as we came throughthose mountains, I shall never forget The Canyon was all that I recalled only much grander and more beautiful than my memory of it revealed. You MUST see that with me some day. Of course our sojourn there was ex-

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THE HERMOYNE
FIVE-SIXTY-NINE NORTH ROSSMORE AVE.
HOLLYWOOD

tremely brief, I regret to say, but that was unavoidable under the circumstances! Another over night stop at Prescott, Arizona an d then we had a glorious drive through the rest of Arizona and California and finally here. Oh, how glorious this warm sunshine and clean air! I adore this climate but I LOATHE this phony, movie infested, Coney-Island-like city! We have a sumptuous suite here with a charming spaciousness but not quiet enough for my taste. Fortunately there is kitchenette and dining alcove so that we can manage our own breakfasts, which is much pleasanter than going out all the time for food. I am quite determined to get out in the country or on the ocean if I stay on here rather than go to Europe next month. I am tempted to think I shall NOT go abroad for the letter I have just had makes it apparent that I shall not have an easy time in January. My brother-in-law returns to Dayton on business after Thanksgiving, and does not return until after January 10th. My sister VERY much wants me to stay on with her at that time and since I could do so without too much sacrifice, it would seem exceedingly selfish and ungracious not to do so. I could still go to Italy after that time and have three or four months there. My manager has written to say that I am probably going to have a difficult time in London in any case, because the B.B.C. have had to cut engagements on artists coming from the "dollar area" because they need and want the engagements for their native artists. More and more nationalization! Apparently the cut in basic petrol rationing has cut down the number of concerts, and many of my colleagues in England are having a rather thin time of it. It is all very upsetting and makes planning increasingly difficult. Of course, my feeling of confusion is not lessened by the complete lack of privacy I have trying to be fraternal and part of this family picture. I hope within another week to have worked out some plan that will give me some independance and a chance to live quietly, if not alone.

Continue to use my niece's address, for we might move from here any time now.

It was so good to be near you for even those few days. I do hope that you were not penalized with fatigue for the pleasure your company gave to me. I am so delighted with the way you have worked out the present arrangements for yourself, and I very much hope that you will keep well, free from overwork and continue to enjoy both your work and the place in which you do it. My devoted love to you always.

Yours,

H.

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[27 Oct 1947]

500 FIREPROOF ROOMS · HOTEL OLDS
LANSING, MICHIGAN

In the Train en route to Dayton.

Dearest George,

I was very glad to have your message in Lansing. I do hope and pray that all this discomfort and misery you have been suffering will have completely disappeared by now and that you will have freedom from physical worries for the remainer of this year. I do so much want you to xxxxxx have this year as a test, to see just how much you can manage of this"double" sort of life. If you can manage it, then all will be well and good. If not, we must find a way in which you can do construct work in your chosen field, without strain and such seriously depleting drains on your vitality. So keep well and free from nerves, so that you will be in a position to know just what you can undertake with ease and pleasure in working.

My week in Lansing was a professional success and in other ways, amicable and pleasant, but the memories of past deceits and unchanged policy, does not make for inner comfort when I am there. On the surface all was wonderfully flattering. The class, I am glad to report, was an unprecedented success for that town. They not only made their guarantee for my fee, but each collaborating organization made some money for their treasury as well. That pleases me! In addition, people came pouring in from all parts of the state for private work, and I taught most evenings until after eleven O'clock. When Friday came, there were still requests for lessons which I could not possibly meet. So I left on quite a "blaze" of success. I refused all invitations that were purely social, but I had the Underwoods down for breakfast one morning, Schuster for dinner one evening and Mrs. Aranyi another evening. Financially, it was a rewarding enterprise, but musically rather barren.

Now I am looking ahead eagerly to seeing you ina few days. I plan to leave Detroit at 10.2o on Thursday morning on a train which is called the " Sunshine Special" I think. It is due in St. Louis at 4 in the afternoon. If you are not at the station, I shall go at once to the Chase. I have their reservation confirmed, for the 30th through the 2nd. If you want to get away (if the weather is decent), we always can manage that. In any case, I shall look forward to seeing you Thursday. Until then, all my love as always.

Yours,

J.

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P.S. Until further notice address me at Hermoyne Hotel
569 Rossmore Ave.
Hollywood, Cal.

La Quinta Hotel
LA QUINTA, CALIFORNIA

22nd November, 1947.

Dearest George,

I can just hear your exclamations if you could only be standing here beside me, looking out into the rocky slopes of the San Jacinto mountains. This country is the final word, I feel, just as the climate represents an ideal and the people an all-time horror of dreadfulness. Los Angeles was beginning to get terribly on my nerves, (or perhaps living in such close and necessarily constant associaition with my relatives was the real cause of my feeling of tension), but when Reg arrived and suggested that I come to Indio for a bit, where he owns date gardens and runs a real estate business, I snatched at his suggestion quickly. We left Los Angeles late in the afternoon on Thursday and drove to the ocean at Santa Monica where we dined. Then we followed the Coast road, a most romantic drive especially on a moonlit night, and got to Laguna Beach, where I had spent some time in 1940. We overnighted there in rooms looking out over the Pacific. Next day, we motored down the coast to the old mission at San Juan Capistrano and then turned inland through the mountains and visited his father's summer place in the mountains. There we were in snow and the isolation and beauty of that spot is something I shall not soon forget. By easy stages we descended from that elevation of (I believe) close to 7,000 feet, to this floor of the desert which is below sea level, where palm trees flourish and sub-tropical blossoms are colorfully blossoming in unbelievable profusion. You would go quite mad with the beauty and charm of it. Of course, most everything is arranged for the wealthy tourist to enjoy a fallow life in luxury. This hotel is lavish, and the rooms are small Spanish type buildinga, spread throughout an expanse of hundreds of acres The appointments are simple but beautiful, and the service and food is the world's Ritz-type. I infinitely prefer something much more simple and closer to the earth. However, Reg has XXXXXX planned this as a special treat for me, and I shall not be so ungrateful as to suggest that I would have been equally or more happy in a less pretentious place. We got here in time for dinner last night, and today, I shall visit his date gardens and explore the country. To be able to sit out in the sunshine, to bathe in a swimming bath out-f-doors, and to see blossoming. colorful plants around you the year round, is something of a treat. And yet, the stimulation of snow-covered mountains in winter, of the smell of pine and cedar, is yours for the effort of a short drive of not more than two hours. Similarly, within a few hours the sight of the Pacific with swarms of pelicans flying about with the gulls, is also yours with a few hours of driving as the price. This seems to me about the ideal for living in quiet retirement and peace. I am being bitten with the bug of POSSIBLY finding a small ranch where I can establish something to which I might some day wish to retire, and where I can spend some months meanwhile in quiet work when I am not on tour. Would the idea appeal to you? How I wish that you didnot have to go East for Christmas, for I would otherwise insist that you come out here and see this with me. It

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really is unique. I visualized the possibility of this as a permanent pied-a-terre for both of us, and I feel certain that with your love of sunshine, out-of-doors, mountains and interest in growing things, this is probably your paradise. It would be a wonderful spot to live and work in peace and surely not too distant from any spot we would choose, you would find the libraries of the University, or one of the other colleges, available for your use ~~use~~, even if not immediately available at all times. People out here drive great distances without any thought, and I daresay, you too, once the climate had revivified you, would do the same. Perhaps the unsettled state of affairs in both Italy and France have made me think twice before I carry out my intention of going there in January. I have given my decision quite definitely now, that I shall not attempt to go there for Christmas. When mid-January arrives, I shall decide what to do. Meanwhile, I am going to look about me for the ideal place. Reg has a house in his place which he has offered me, but I am not sure that that is what IX want. . . . I have seen Fred and Frances Gross out here. They are separated (not for the first time and not in any unfriendly way). Frances has a sweet redwood house in the hills above Los Angeles with a spectacular view of the city below which I would find impossible for daily consumption! Fred is living in Santa Monica, near the sea, in a tiny apartment all alone. He too is looking for a small country place. He is trying to get his mother, brother, sister-in-law and their three children out of Germany, and he wants a country place where hisbrother can work and where he, Fred, can have a small house near them and yet live quite independant of them. He begs me to take a place near him. I am not sure that I would choose that, but I have promised to join him for a few days of motoring through the country to look at available properties. Oh George, I do so long for you to see this part of the country and see if you feel as I do, that a place which could be productive enough to support itself and yet leave us free enough to do the work we love, might easily be the way to achieve the ideal life, and yet neither of us need be bound. How I wish that you were coming out for the Christmas holidays.

Your letter was so welcome and I am so glad to know that you continue to be so happy in your work. I almost feel guilty for suggesting anything which would interfere with its continuity If you donot get any word from Mary Zimmerman (or elsewhere) to make the skiing holiday possible for your Norwegian friend, I shall make enquiries out here. I discover that the maitre de hotel in this swanky place is Ole Olson, by name, and should be helpful in suggesting a plan for your young friend. I am sure that we should find some way to help the lad. . . . . The news from Coxsackie is far better than I dared hope for you. If your mother's former companion stays on until July, it should give you a great feeling of comfort and reassurance. As you say, by that time, you can never tell how circumstances and conditions might have altered to makeafuture course simple. So don't worry. You don't mention your health, so I assume that you are well and not feeling too tired. . . I have just read a volume of letters written from Germany in 1914 by an astute young obeerver. How complete they reflect present conditions. Alas, we donot learn or profit from past experiences as nations, so I suppose I must deduce that we are the fools who learn the hard way! God, what a state the world is in. Yes, an adobe house into which I can crawl might be the answer. My devoted love always - F.

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1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, Ohio
13th February, 1948.

Dearest George,

Here we are, Friday the 13th and I am not any nearer New York than I was last week-end. I had expected to leave earlier but when my sister and her husband got here from California (they flew from Los Angeles to Chicago in 4½ hours!) my brother-in-law had to go away at once on business and I didn't have the heart to leave my sister alone so suddenly. So I shall wait until Sunday now and then go to Lansing. I shall miss Myra's last concert, but that cannot be helped. I began by trying to give my sister support, and I might as well finish it off with graciousness. I shall get to New York by Tuesday, I imagine, and I sail the 24th on the Holland America Boat, "New Amsterdam". I should arrive in Le Havre March 2nd. I plan to meet Denise, the girl who gave Mr. Matthay such devoted care for so many years, and we travel to Italy together the next day. My next guest arrives the 7th. From then on until I leave about April 20th the house will be full. The address there, c/o Adolfo Contini, Arolo, Leggiuno-Sangiano, Prov. di Varese, Italy.

You will be pleased to hear that after long consideration, I have at last given my consent for my new "personal representative" to get busy on next season's bookings. It rather terrifies me to hear all the plans for publicity, appearances in all parts of the country etc. I find that psychologically I had really escaped into semi-retirement. I was not aware how far I had withdrawn myself from professional life. It is sheer laziness and I must work out a pattern of living in which I can place the proper emphasis on my work. Certainly,

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I shall have to work between now and next October if I am to successfully carry out the planned program. In this week I have been here, I have found and worked on some more new material and I look to these months abroad to be both productive and refreshing.

I am glad that Mr. Anderson found the snapshot of the corn field sufficiently good to be useful. I shall not forget to collect any relevant material I can find. I suppose this sort of thing and carrying a vasculum for you will be my contributions to science. Thank you for your card (which was so VERY charming.) I always come away from a visit with you with a feeling of regret. Being with you gives me such a satisfying feeling of completeness, the loss of which I am only too aware of when I leave you. I hope that we shall manage again sometime to have a period of making our work be possible in the same place, so that we can have a repetition of the Colorado holiday, when we can be together in peace for weeks on end. Do take care of yourself and be sensible in getting proper rest. I leave the country with a so much happier feeling about you this year tha last. Obviously you are at last working at the thing you love, in a setting that is sympathetic and in an atmosphere which is warmly friendly and where you are appreciated both as a human being and as a scientist. I have only one regret, and that is that I am not privileged to share more with you, in this happy life.

I'll send you a card at least before I sail. My love to you as always and I am sure that it is unnecessary to remind you of the devotion which is showered on you always by

A.

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HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

R.M.S. New Amsterdam

(2 March 1948)

Dearest George,

Your special delivery letter to the boat was brought to me just as we were steaming out of the harbor - & New York's spectacular skyline was receding into the dim, misty outlines of the West. I had a curious feeling almost of regret at leaving America this time. God knows I am glad enough to slip into the leisured tempo of life in Europe, but I also like the vibrant aliveness, the full youthful vitality of my own land... Perhaps I was tired & my feeling of regret was wiped up with fatigue.

I can well understand

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HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

R.M.S.

your concern about Anderson's possible acceptance of the Illinois post. I can imagine how lack-luster & dull existance would be for you without that gay, vital, gifted creature near at hand. You are quite right when you say his presence is quite indispensible. Curiously, I have the feeling that your presence is almost as necessary to him - & should he leave, he will not lightly give up what you represent for him. Who knows - he might find a way to keep you in his entourage. Do let me know as soon as you can what decision he has taken.

Yes - the plans for working are get back into a more active participation in the cancer world

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N.A.S.M.
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
R.M.S.

have moved along much faster than I ever dreamed they would. The new personal representative who will work in collaboration with Sundberg - has contracts ine already & talks of a few appearances with major symphonies. I made it clear that I didnot want to be driven - & now I shall just sit tight & wait to see what happens - & meanwhile enjoy working.

I'll repeat my plans: Until about 20th April I'll be - % Adolfo Contini, Arolo, Leggiuno - Sangiano, Prov. di Varese, Italy - & after May 1st until I return - 44 St. Leonards Terrace, London S. W. 3.

My love to you always - F.

P.S. I'll send this ashore at Southampton. It should reach you quicker that way - F.

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San Giorgio
on Lake Maggiore
4th April - 1878.

Dearest George,

I have been extremely lazy about letter writing + I am appalled when I realize that I have already been here a full month without once having sent you any message - I do apologize -

This place is quite the paradise I remembered it to be + I could find rare, search a very long time before I could find a spring time retreat which was then saintly comparable - In the month I've spent here we have had two days of rain + perhaps another three or four days that were cloudy & overcast - The rest of the time the sun has been hot + constant - The profusion of periwinkles, anemones (blue + white) primroses + violets has exceeded anything in my memory - A camellia tree some eight feet tall, a solid pillar of flaming scarlet with magnolias in the background

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was a sight I shall not soon forget. The fruit trees are a solid mass of blossom & to see them about the countryside just now is a touching sight. The fragrance of wisteria flands the terrace. The great advantage of this place is that it offers the two sorts of landscapes. From the terrace we look over blue water to the Borromean Islands with Alps beyond. It is grand, impressive & noble. It is a little too "picture postcardy" for my taste & if it were the only view - I should find it oppressive. However - we walk out of either of the garden gates & we are in simple country where people till tiny plots the size of a postage stamp, tend their terraces of vine yards & collect even the minute bits of dead wood for their fires. Ox-drawn carts rattle over the cobbles in the village - & in most ways these peasant folk live as primitively & simply as before World War I in the early part of this century. It is heart breaking to see what so-called civilization takes in the name of "modern" development.

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Surely this must be one of the few places where such complete insulation from the ramblings of the world can still be enjoyed. Except for the fact that the Venice provincial post offices are on strike & we are cut off from receiving letters or telegrams, we are unaware of the approach of that test day - April 18th. I plan that we shall all leave here by that date - or a day or two before if sleepers are available. We HOPE that the strike will end to-morrow for we have only had four or five deliveries of post in the past 18 days.

Your letter of March 11th was one of the few to get through. I do hope that your journey to New Orleans materialized & was very enjoyable - & that Dr. Anderson joined your party. I have arranged for corn to be sent to him this summer - & I am posting you a paper with a "polenta" picture for him to be clipped.) I am sorry that your family situation is so sad - but I know that by now you have taught yourself to adopt a philosophical acceptance of situations you are powerless to alter. It is sad to be cut off from Eva so

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completely - but if that seems to be best for her - there is nothing to be done. I do hope that your cousin can manage to take over that house + if my aid can help to make that arrangement, I hope that we can make that plan as soon as I am back in June.

Now I wish that you could spend a evening here with me one year. It would be such a joy to witness your pleasure. No matter where you look - your eye rests on something of unspoiled beauty. My little home had the appearance of comfort + enjoyment - My only disappointment is that the piano was removed because of a law suit before my arrival + I haven't been able to find another - I've worked at memorizing new material - but this two-months interval without an instrument is serious in view of next season's commitments. ~~[illegible]~~ else - I had no alternative. . . In another fortnight I'll be in harness. If you have a minute do try + get me some of REEDS butterscotch + peppermints. They come in rolled packets like lifesavers - + I found them at the St. Louis Union Station. My guests devoured them with so much

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pleasure that I'd be glad to have news of them in London. Don't make a burden of this request please. You might find these things at local drug stores.

I'm scribbling away propped up in bed as usual. I see that a fresh lot of snow has been deposited on the mountains last night. How I long for you to be here with me.

My love to you as always.

J.

Address after 20th April

44 St. Leonards Terrace

London - S. W. 3.

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3.
11th May, 1948.

Dearest George,

April 15th Your letter has just come. I must admit to you that your air letter traveled to Dorset with me last week with the intention that it would be available for reference in the reply I hoped to send you from there. I am so very relieved and happy for your sake to know that your family problems seem to be settling themselves quite satisfactorily with out too active participation on your part. I am so thankful that you are spared something and I am extremely glad that you adopted such a wise and philosophical attitude about letting Eva and your brother manage without you. The fact that Eva has just made this journey East, been successful in getting such a good post and is being so wise and helpful where your mother is concerned, must indicate that she is far better in herself. I know what that means in relief to you, and the fact that you are again in communication with her must mean that she has recovered from her imagined pique. I must say, the family scene promises you more relief from concern than for many months past. Your summer plans sound quite pleasant, I just hope that they will be restful as well. I think that after the isolation you endure during the winter, you are extremely wise to choose a place for summer holidays where you are assured sympathetic and agreeable companionship. I am just sorry that my own summer plans can not be bit less committed and that we might have undertaken a holiday comparable to the Colorado one. Your proposal to come to Duluth in August will suit me perfectly IF I have a house, or can make arrangements for satisfactory quarters. At the moment, I donot have the remotest idea where I shall be in Duluth. The last I heard was that the Harrison's house (where you visited me) is let on a lease which does not expire until December and consequently that place will not be available to me. So far, I have not made any too exhaustive effort to find a place and none of my Duluth friends have volunteered suggestions. However, I have always managed in past years, and I feel certain that I shall do so again this year. If possible, I shall take a place for a period of time extending beyond the weeks when the class is in session, and I xxx shall count on having you there until you need to move on elsewhere. As soon as I can, I shall give you more definite information. If it is possible, perhaps I shall see you in the East before I go to Duluth. My present plan is to fly on June 11th. I shall want a day or two in N. Y. and I might have to go to PHiladelphia to see the publisher there. As soon as I can, I mean to go to the Salingers in Dorset for about a week. I am not sure if I told you that Mrs. Salinger had been very ill and is far from well even now. The piano there has been put in order so that I can work regularly. I shall be ready to leave there sometime between the 20th and 23rd, I should think, and if you are in Coxsackie with Eva, we might manage a meeting if it is convenient for you. I think that I shall try to sell the farm and if necessary, I shall go to Lansing, but I hope to avoid that. I shall have to have a few days in Dayton and not later than July 1st I plan to be in Duluth.

The spartan, monotonous life of England is such a contrast to the more colourful, free, comfortable existance in the land of the vanquished Italians. Certainly, the tempermental differences of the two people contributed appreciably to this contrast, but also the open law

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evasion and black market practices of a land like Italy, give the transient visitor a feeling of less restricted life, evn though one recognizes the dangers inherent in the practice. Here, law evasion is far less open and less general, but the effects of relaxing the strict adherence to truth, are all too sadly evident. It is very discouraging to witness the moral decline of a place one had accepted as the one sure abode of real honesty. It has been the usual delightful experience to be reunited with close friends and certainly I know of few places where I am fortunate enough to have such a number of people assembled to whom I feel such deep devotion as I have there. You can't know what intense pleasure it gave me to give them the Italian holiday and I hope to be able to repeat that experience another year if conditions here continue to be so restricting. . . .I have the most divine Steinway for work here, which Myra so kindly arranged to have moved in to my house on the very day I arrived. I am working very hard to make up for the lost weeks in Italy. There is so much more I want to tell you, but I must not take more time now, for I am trying to cope with the summer school correspondence unaided. The applications far exceed what I am able to cope with. The unpleasant task of making eliminations MUST be done today . So no more for now. It will be good to be back in a month where I know I can at least talk to you over the telephone and I shall hope that it will not be too long after my arrival until I see you again. I am sure you know how much I long to see you. My devoted love to you as always,

J.

← First fold here →

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Dr. George B. VanSchaack.
Mathematics Department,
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri
U.S.A.

A DISTINGUISHED CAREER

POSTAGE

← To open cut here

Sender's name and address:-

← Second fold here →

To open cut here →

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AIR MAIL

Lt. (j.g.) G. B. Van Schaack
West Coast Aerial School
San Diego - California

VIA AIR MAIL

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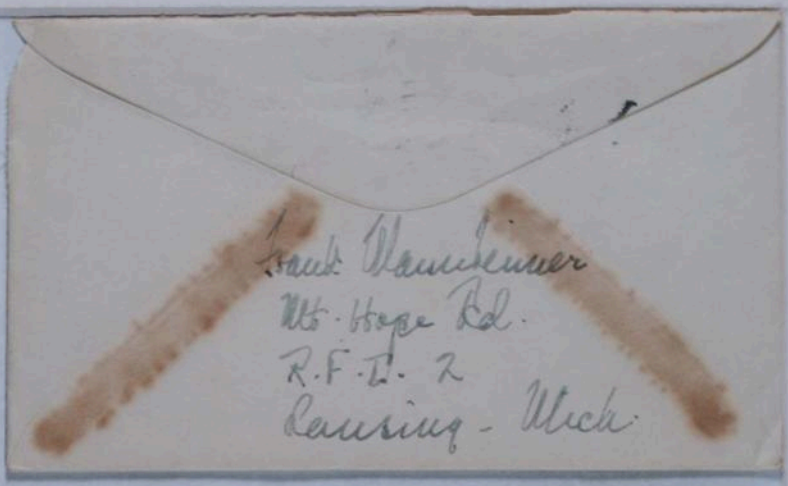

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No. _____ August 7 1942

Received from George B Van Sahaack

One Hundred Thirty and no/100 Dollars

Rent Waterman Cottage one month

including Elec. Lights & Water

$130.00

A. H. Henson

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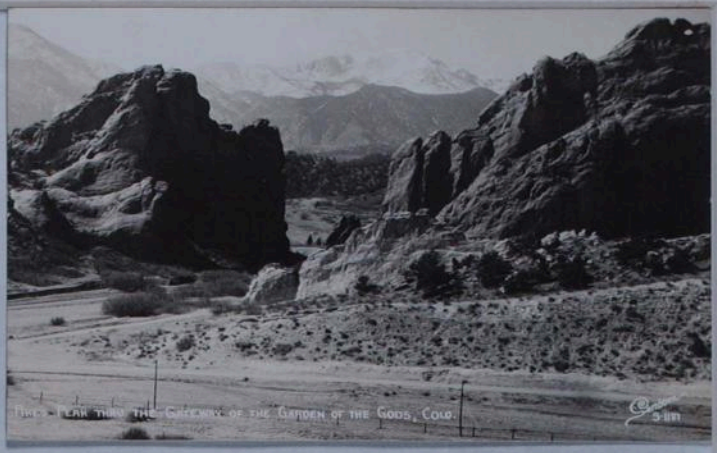

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Monday - + Ex Gamer + Helen are coming here immediately after the wedding - (to stay until Sept.) Shame a herculean task on my hands.

I'll write from N.Y. Meanwhile much love as always -

F.

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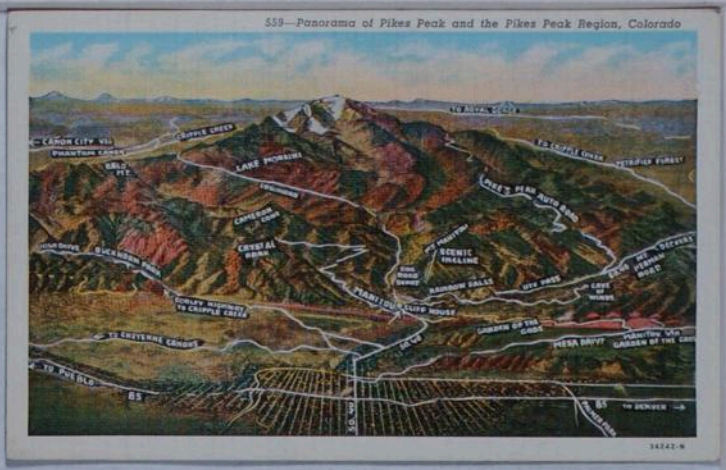

559—Panorama of Pikes Peak and the Pikes Peak Region, Colorado

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it is this year. Sam acting as usher at Tanner's wedding Sat. evening + then Mrs. P. is driving me to Detroit + I leave for N.Y. I'll be at the Hotel La Salle, E. 65th St. between Park + Madison Aves. until the 17th-18th or 19th. Sam gives this hasty scrawl but you can imagine the mess here since I'm alone! My couple left on

POST CARD

PLACE ONE CENT STAMP HERE

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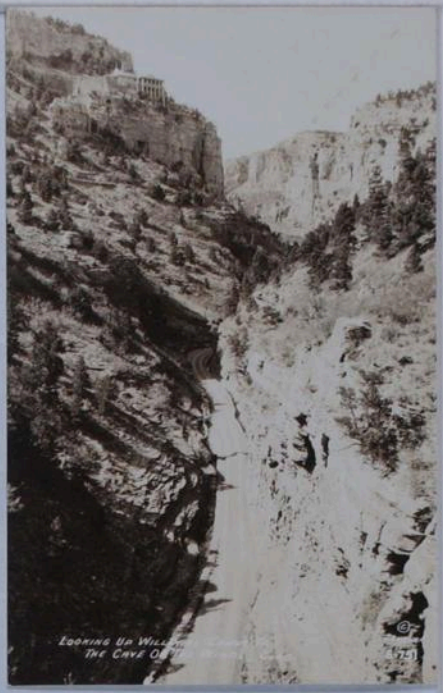

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(18 Jun 1943)

Dearest George. Thank you for your letter + also the card of Salida. All these oddments turned up today as I begin packing. It is just evidence of incredible slamenlikeness, not sentimental hoarding. Even the seeds of the two flowers with turned-back petals turned up. What a different packing

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