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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.

2722 East Superior Street
Duluth, Minnesota.
11th July, 1948.

Dearest George,

I shall not attempt an apology for this long silence, but rather, I shall try to give you a brief resume of the "complications" and events that have piled up since I saw you and you will appreciate my situation and forgive me, I know. When I got to Dayton, I found that miss Friedberg was becoming difficult in working with my new representative. The latter in order to get the situation well in hand, came out to Dayton and stayed there for the whole of the five days I was in the city. It was EXTREMELY difficult trying to be with the family as much as I should have done (and wanted to do), go through papers, books, clothes and music preparatory to coming here, and yet cope with the New York situation. It gave me an intolerable feeling of pressure and conflict. After four days in Dayton, I got a long distance telephone call from friends here saying that a house WAS available but it was so lugubrious that they refused to take the responsibility for my decision. I implored them, but they steadfastly refused and I had no alternative but to get on a plane the next day and come here. (That was the 27th). It happened to be the day that Jim and Peggy were celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary and I had to go from the plane to a reception at their house. Next day I saw the house and while I understood the feeling of my friends, I also saw that the spacious and seclusion plus the advantageous position for my students, made the place perfectly adaptible for my use. The owner of the house is suffering the same sort of disintegration as your poor mother and the local bank acts as

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guardian. So I had ENDLESS red tape to get through and finally by Tuesday it was decided that I would get the house. It is of the "goldenoak wordwork and mission and leather furniture" period. The assembled collection of monstrosities was incredible, and I saw there was so little that was possible to salvage. Bad taste when new and spotless is one thing, but when old, worn and snabby besides, is too dismally depressing. Finally, howver, I managed to rip pictures off the light-absorbing dark green and brown walls, and remove most of the furniture, hide my chest of drawers in cupboards and finally I was able to move about without feeling oppressed by the darkness of the place. The only abundance of which the place can boast is bedpans! I could give a LARGE house party and assure each guest an individual bedpan! I got a crew of people started to work on Wednesday (the house had been closed for a year), taking down storm winddws, putting up screens, and doing all the endless jobs that opening a house involves. By friday midday, I had the place in order had telephone installed and piano moved in, my books and music unpacked and my clothes put away. I was never so tired in all my life! Then, the news came through that we were being refused permission to use the Catholic school for practice rooms as in previous summers. So kind Jim got busy, appealed to the Board of Education, and within a few hours I had permission to move pianos in to the High School near the place where the students live. I then packed my little bag and went to the "hide-out" of the Harrisons in northern Wisconsin where I just went in to the lake for refreshment and stayed in bed the rest of the time. On the 4th July, I came back and next day I began teaching. The crowd exceeds ANY I have ever had. I begin at 8 A.M. and with a scant hour for lunch, I go straight through the day until 6.30 or 7 every day including Saturday! I haven't been outside the house and garden since I began to teach. Not having taught all winter, my excitement, stimulation and enthusiasm seem boundless. I admit that

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I am close to complete exhaustion when the day ends but I DO enjoy it so much.

The advantages of the house are that there is an enchanting terrace at the back of the house looking into a heavenly grove of birch trees and I lie out there every evening and get real refreshment. So long as the weather isn't too hot, I manage admirably. I also had the good fortune to inherit a VERY helpful and kindly soul as housekeeper along with the house. She does an 8-hour-shift at the hospital with the owner of the house. So she gives me breakfast and dinner and then leaves the house having prepared some cold food for my evening meal. This is a prefect arrangement, for when my work is done, I am alone in the house in peace, and she only returns about midnight. There is a sleeping porch where I think you might enjoy sleeping when it isn't either too cold or rainy. The alternative isa dismal little room or we can move a bed into the upstairs sitting room which has a fireplace and could be made very attractive, (monstrous furniture permitting!) You will have your own bath, there is a garage with a sort of upstairs loft room which you can use for drying your specimen if you like. The house is large, perfectly comfortable and quite spacious in feeling, if you overlook the darkness and general gloomy aspect which the furnishings and bad taste impose. It is a good base too for getting into the country. So here it is, such as it is, whenever you want to come. I have the place until 1st September with an option for another month. So let me know your plans when they can be made. The telephone number is Hemlock 5700.

Now, I find that I have misplaced your ~~xxxxx~~ Danbury address, so this must go to Coxsackie. Do PLEASE let me hear from you soon. I long to know what you have done, where you are and HOW you are.

So much love to you always from your devoted

J.

P.S. Friedberg wrote to me last season about an enquiry from a Miss Rider in Danbury for a recital appearance before their music club. Is that YOUR Helen Rider? If so, what has happened?

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2722 East Superior Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota.
18th July, 1948.

Dearest George,

This will not be an attempt to give you an adequate reply to your letter, but just a note to say that I am delighted with the plan you outlined, except that it suggests a not too restful time for you before you start your term. I just hope that you will find your stay here restful enough to compensate for the intervening weeks. I do hope that you will not be depressed by the gloomy horror of a house which I have. If the weather holds, the terrace and birch trees surrounding it will gladden your heart. If it is wet and cold and you will have to spend much time indoors, I shall hope that the darkness of the place, so accentuated by the bad taste in which it is furnished, will not upset you. In any case I shall think of you leaving your present hosts on the 26th (next week) and trust that you will give me some indication of where I can get in touch with you in the interval until I can welcome you here.

I am well, incredibly happy in my work and, considering the work I have already achieved in this first fortnight, not too tired. I trust that my letter to Coxsackie has reached you long ere this.

My love to you as always.

P.S. If you should mention having heard from me, do please give my greetings to your host.

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2722 East Superior Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota.
24th July, 1948.

Dearest George,

You will know what acute distress your letter brought me. I just wish that it were in my power to do more than surround you with protective and affectionate thoughts. That your feeling of loss will assail you only after you recover from the emotional shock which Donald's death caused you, I feel sure. In some ways, it is salutary for you to stay on with Mrs. Tweedy for a bit, for I know what a help it will be to herx, and you will derive comfort from doing the thing which you know he would appreciate and desire.

With your skepticism, you will scoff at the idea I have, that your acute depression of the previous Monday evening when you wrote to me, was almost pre-experience of the misery which Donald's death would cause you. I feel sure that THAT was the occasion when you had the reaction (a "pre-experience" as Dunn puts it in his book) and it also explains, perhaps, why the first conscious knowledge of his death did not smite you with such a feeling of loss and devastation as you should have expected. In any case, you are alone with the realization that you have lost one of the most valued and secure supports which you have known in all your life and for that there isn't any substitution.

Don't worry about future plans. You can let them evolve as events there seem to dictate. I shall stay on here in any event and while I shall selfishly regret the sacrifice of any of our time together, I shall understand your present situation. For your own welfare, though, I do implore you not to invite any additional responsibility or worry which you can

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avoid without giving Mrs. Tweedy the impression of indifference. You do have an obligation to your other friends to look after yourself and be prepared to face the next year's work without feeling strained and tired at the outset.

More than ever, now, I think we must face this matter of having a real base, an establishment that offers some secure permanence, either jointly or independantly. It is not good to have this feeling of being suspended always, dangling in furnished houses provided by other people's tastes, and never having your own things so assembled that you can handle them and enjoy in leisure the few possessions to which you might wish to become attached. I wonder if there is any significance in the letter I had from John Kidwell just this week (after a year of silence) saying that he was facing the time when he felt he wanted an achorage. Perhaps the aquisition of an acreage where small houses could provide the anchorage for each one independantly might be the answer, or since we should rarely all be there at the same time, a sufficiently large place to give individual independance. Curiously, I had this feeling so strongly before I left Dayton, that I wrote to my friend Horace Johnson near Wingdale, N.Y. asking after the fate of the dear little house I admired there some four years ago. He tells me it is still unoccupied and unfinished. Should you drive westward that way, it might amuse you to see the place. The post office in Wingdale could surely direct you to Horace's place. Do call on him and Helen if you are near there.

I continue to be well, miraculously endowed with inexhaustible energy and undimmed enthusiasm. I am so VERY fortunate in being able to do work which I love, which I believe I do well, in a setting that is both peaceful and amicable, and with human beings who are sympathetic and appreciative. I really do count my blessings and not least among them, I assure you, is the love which comes to me from you.

Ever your devoted,

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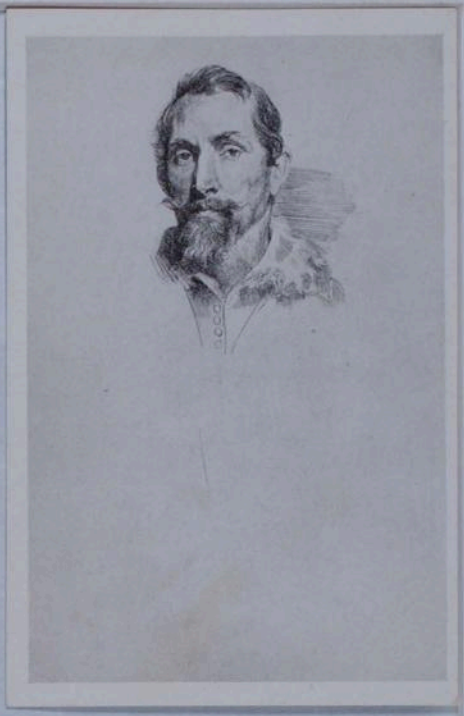

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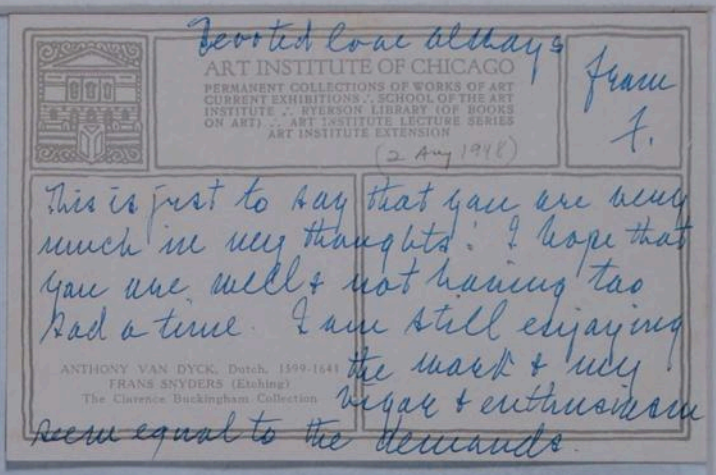
Devoted love always

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
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ART INSTITUTE EXTENSION

(2 Aug 1918)

Frame 1.

This is just to say that you are very much in my thoughts. I hope that you are well & not having too bad a time. I am still enjoying the work & my vigor & enthusiasm seem equal to the demands.

ANTHONY VAN DYCK, Dutch, 1599-1641
FRANS SNYDERS (Etching)
The Clarence Buckingham Collection

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2722 East Superior Street
Duluth, Minnesota.
9th September, 1948.

Dearest George,

You are so much in my thoughts that I cannot resist the impulse to write to you even though it is just a few hours since you left me. Of course, I must also confess that I am using this as my exercize, for I am determined to keep my vow to learn the touch system on this wretched machine and I don't know anyone else on whom I could inflict the stop press sort of letter that my present pace makes so inevitable. This gloomy old house seems so very dead and deserted, that I would feel unbearably depressed if I hadn't forced myself to concentrate on work most of this day. I gave one lesson and I took a bit of a walk, but otherwise I have worked consistantly all the day. Wow!! what a supreme effort this takes. I must rest now for a bit.

10th September, Exercise No. 2.

Yesterday ended peacefully enough with a short visit from Bob and William Harrison (at my invitation). Of course they regretted not having seen the delightful doctor again before his departure, and at that point the telephone rang and they could hear me making an appointment for this afternoon late, which automatically ruled out a visit to Gordon this week-end. It did not rule out comment! However, I think that they will understand ultimately that I simply cannot be counted on to be available as a constant companion for "perpetual vacationing." It is possible that they will be less helpful in the future since I don't "pay off" in being tamed, but that cannot be helped..... Now another day looms up with work to do. The thermometer dropped to about 40 last night and faithful Mrs. Unden saw to it that the fire burned well in the furnace before she would consent to be pushed out of the house to keep her appointment with the income tax inspector this morning. Now she is back crashing her way through the housework before she sets out to shower her daily devotion on the dying semi-lunatic, Soon I shall be giving a lesson on that not too favorably reviewed Rachmaninoff Concerto, and after that is over, I shall see Frances Peshak who has finally arrived from Iowa. And at that point I am acutely aware of the necessity for rest. I am also aware that I have made some progress since yesterday. . . . Now for the xxxxxxx rest.

11th September,

I do hope that I shall soon have news to give Mrs. Unden of Dr. Van Schack's safe arrival in St. Louis. She is quite worried about Dr. (and what she calls you sounds like One Shock!) My work continues to absorb me and I am enjoying this completely insulated life. Today the weather has altered and we have the sort of warm delicious temperatures we had for your stay, I must bring this exercizre to a close now, so that Mrs. Unden can take it to the post. As you can see for yourself, my progress is painfully slow. I have got in touch with a business school who are xxxxxxxxtrying to get an advanced student to come here to the house to help me regularly. This was a friend's suggestion and might be a real help during these next few weeks. I hope that this reaches xx you on Monday to bring you my love and best wishes on your birthday, I hope with all my heart that this will prove to be a record year for you in health, happiness and achievement. Let me hear from you soon.

Ever yours devotedly,

J.

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2722 East Superior Street,
Duluth, Minnesota.
17th September, 1948.

My Dearest George,

Iwas very relieved to have the news of your safe arrival, for while I am not exactly an alarmist, Iknew only too well how anxious you were, and we had had too much evidence of Pricilla's undpendability.I am so thankful that the journey was so easy,pleasant and without untoward incident. I just hope that your new car will arrivesx before Pricialla has time to develop some new symptom. It was good that you did have a day in which to collect yourself a bit before youx had to start to see people. It was disappointing to sacrifice a day of your company, but I feel less badly about it knowing that it gave you a little breathing space.

Here everything continues much as you knew it. The weather has been superb with the thermometer flirting with 90 much of the time, a thing which has never happened before here at this time of the y ear. I am planning on going out to Grand Lke with Hope after lunch today and shall come in with Maren after dinner, meeting her at her Pike Lake house.

Ibelieve that the English boy of whom I spoke to you will be arriving next month and I am eager to do what I can to help him. If you really think the Raymond Tweedy's could use him as a chauffeur, I'd be extremely grateful if you would write to them. Mr. Tweedy could write to me for any information he wants, I shall be here until Oct. 1st, and after that shall use the Dayton address. As you see, I am persevering with my typing but with scant evidence of progress. I miss you so much!

All my love as always.

J.

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2722 East Superior Street,
Duluth, Minnesota.
26th September, 1948.

Dearest George,

Your special delivery letter has arrived and I have already posted my letter in reply to Mr. Tweedy. It is such a pity that my Gordon should have missed this golden opportunity through the usual incompetence and indifference of the clerks who represent officialdom. Before leaving London I went to the American Embassy armed with all sorts of papers to show them that I was a "person of substance" perfectly able to care for the lad if he should need my help in this country. The young lady in charge assured me that not any of those papers were necessary and that all that was required was my signature to a document they had prepared. So the boy has followed instructions implicitly and retunred at the appointed time for his papers making his journey to this country possible, only to be told that he could not be granted a visa until I produced the very papers the clerk at that same embassy refused as unnecessary a few months ago. So his arrival in this country will be delayed and I very much fear that such plans as I h d for him must now all be scrapped. I explained this briefly to Mr. Tweedy and thanked him for considering the boy. (I assume that you erroneously informed himthat the boy was German? He was born in Germany but is a British subject and has served in the British army. He can't even speak German!) I am so sorry to have requested you to take this trouble when I know how busy you are. I only felt jusitifed to do so when I realized what it would mean to me to help the boy. I am sorry that your efforts, which would have been fruitful have been made so ~~fruitless~~ useless by officialdom. How often that happens.

The weather here continues to be a dream! One sunny, golden day succeeds another and I am blissfully happy inthe isolation of my morguelike maison! The work is beginning to drag a bit, due entirely to overwork and insufficient relief from work. Last night,I did go out, though and had a perfectly delightful final evening at Grand Lake. The "boys", Frances' tow friends from ST. Paul, had come up to pack up for Hope and help to transport her and her things to the Twin cities. We had a lovely evening and they brought me back, just as the honey-colored moon was appearing over the edge of the lake. Looked at through the birches, it was just too, too, too picture-postcardy to be true. What a shame that in so many ways exquisite things have been made to seem almost tawdry because of our mania for horrible, cheap reproduction.

I am planning to work hard this week, go to Gordon for the weekend, where I plan to get my Friedemann*Bach transciption finished and copied for the publisher, and I shall come back here Sunday night. I plan to take the 8 A.M. train Monday morningfor ST. Paul and make almost direct connections for Iowa, where I plan to spend three or four days before I go to Chicago, where I hope to spend another few days before I go on to Dayton. My sister telephoned this morning to ask my plans and was uncomplaining when I said it would be another fortnight before I got there. If I go to Lansing to see about the farm, she will meet me there and motor me to Dayton. Use the Dayton address after I leave here, as I shall keep my sister informed for forwarding letters.

Renewed thanks for your letter to Mr. Tweedy and mylove to you always. Yours ever,

J.

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The Buckingham Hotel
SIXTH AVENUE AT 57TH STREET
New York

28th October.
[1948]

Dearest George,

I find that there is a possibility that I shall have a few hours in St. Louis on November 4th on my way to play in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. My train leaves St. Louis about midnight although I believe I can get in my sleeper much earlier. I can get a morning train from Dayton on the 4th arriving in St. Louis at

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4 P. M. If I am very tired (as if you are busy on the 4th) I shall take a later train arriving in St. Louis at 10 20 P. M. - & then get into my sleeper at once. Send me a note to Dayton by return post.

I went upstate to see the little house & studio near Wingdale but I have decided against them for the present.

All other news when (& if) we meet on the 4th. I hope that you are well. All my love as always. Yours ever -

Frank

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Hotel
DURANT
TELEPHONE BERKELEY 8981
DURANT AVENUE AT BOWDITCH
Berkeley 4

30 October, 1948

Dear George:

Your letter of October 3 has waited far too long for an answer. Our last days at Rockport, between completing the transaction of selling the cottage, getting ourselves packed and winding up our affairs generally kept me on the jump. Some of my pleasanter duties got scrambled in the shuffle. Shall try to do better next time.

Hilda, Dr. Pauline Owyang, a woman Chinese physician in whom we have long been interested, Hermon Erwin, a Rockport friend, and I got started on the transcontinental trek early in the morning of October 15. We drove to Danbury where we had an hour-or-two's visit with Betty and Helen. Your ears must have buzzed considering the number of times your name was on our tongues. They couldn't say enough about you. We were very sorry for Betty - she seemed so frail - but you had prepared us for that. Apparently they have given up all idea of going to France; but they seemed to be seriously considering going to LaJolla for the winter. If Betty can stand the flight, we think that that would be very sensible. The spot they are in seems poorly suited to two feble old ladies without car or driver and facing a New England winter.

After leaving Danbury we drove directly to Pittsburgh, where he got in several hours visit with Harold, Marjorie, Douglas, Stuart and Joan. It poured cats and dogs the whole day we were there, but this did not prevent us from having a very satisfactory visit in view of the fact that it may be some time before we have another chance to see them. From that

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point on, we stuck strictly to our knitting, kept one foot on the gas and headed for the Grand Canyon and the Hoover Dam. We dropped Pauline at Barstow, Calif. (She wanted to stop over in L. A.) Hilda, Hermon and I arrived in Berkeley last Tuesday noon. Hermon took a plane the same evening and flew back to Rockport. The speedometer said we had covered 3728 miles on the trip in approximately 11 days. I get quite a thrill out of thinking that Hermon covered the same distance in 16 hrs! Really we had a very enjoyable time on the whole trip with no unpleasant incident of any kind. I hadn't supposed that it could be half so good.

Yes, indeed, Mannheimer wrote me a very decent note in which he regretted the inability of his friend to join our party. I acknowledged Mannheimer's note forthwith.

I haven't yet made up my mind as to what I think of Human Destiny. It has some interesting lines of thought; but I am not quite convinced that the book does not contain gaps in the logic, unwarranted analogies, or what you will, similar to the unlike laws which govern the actions of atoms and electrons. E.g. He states without going to the trouble of proving it that Christianity represents the highest pinicle ethics has achieved. What does he mean by Christian ethics? He keeps referring to St.Paul and the Church. Very little is said about Jesus. To my way of thinking, St.Paul never understood the real fundamentals of Christianity; and, since the Christian Church has been built from the ground up on the teachings of Paul, rather than on the Sermon on the Mount, the organization is anything but Christian. Again, I'm not just sure what du Nouy means by man's lower instincts. I have a hunch that some of the things he includes here are pretty closely related to some of our finest and highest impulses.

We must get together at the first opportunity and get some of the questions ironed out that should have been settled in Rockport. That visit of yours to which I had looked forward with keen anticipation is tantalizing in the retrospect for what it left unaccomplished.

Don't work too hard. Be easy on yourself. You've had a hard year and have been through deep waters. For the present use the above address. We think we're on the trail of an apartment. I'll write more when we are more settled. In the meantime, my best to you in which Hilda joins.

Jared

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Hotel Muehlebach

KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI

12th November, 1948.

Dearest George,

I am late in writing to tell you how deeply I valued that short visit with you in St. Louis. I am always slightly overwhelmed when I find you again, overwhelmed with the barrenness of the time I cannot near you. And then when I leave you, I am saddened by the thought of your semi-aloneness. I do wish that it were possible to work out a pattern which enabled us to have a little more regularity in our times together and less long intervals of separation. However, there seems little enough prospect that either of us will be able to effect sufficient change in our ways of living, to make that possible.

The concerts have gone glowingly well and I am quite certain that although the performances fall far short of what I should like to do, they do mark a definite step forward in my progress. I've never played better in public, of that I am certain.

I had promised to hear some of the students play at the University here today and when I walked out of the auditorium, I was simply swamped in a flood of gushing words vomitted forth by one of the most appalling females of my memory. I had no idea who she was until someone, seeing my confusion whispered that it was Mrs. Paul Rider. Really, George, she is the most dreadful person I can remember meeting in all my life. She gushed forth in the presence of everyone there about her brilliantly successful recital the previous week and told everyone within hearing distance that it was the most brilliant program the club had ever had and then gushed on about Mr. Matthay and the help I had given her in London. She also told all and sundry that her husband was making a great deal of money out of his textbooks now and that she no longer needed to teach, but she was doing so anyway. And she had played "that prelude" on which I had showed her just what to do and she was sure that I would have been overwhelmed with her playing

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Hotel Muehlebach

KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI

LATER.

I have just had a telephone call from the agent's office saying that it is not possible to alter the engagements already made for me in the middle west in December. This means that I shall not stay in California for more than a ~~xxxx~~ fortnight at most. Now what would you like to do? If the piano situation could be solved, I could have the studio near Wingdale where we could be right out in the country. The Duluth house would probably be available, but I would find it VERY difficult to avoid being included in the Christmas social activities which I should loathe. However, it is a possibility. If you would like a few days in New York, I think I can have the penthouse apartment of my new agent who will be in Florida. For the moment these are the only alternatives I can think up, although there are doubtless others. Since I am playing with the Detroit orchestra on January 7th, I simply must be working during that December period. If you have any other ideas or want to propose any alternative plans, please do. I shall hope to hear from you along the way ina few days and shall not make any plans meantime.

In haste.

J.

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4077 WEST THIRD STREET . AT KINGSLEY DRIVE . LOS ANGELES 5 . CALIFORNIA

KIPLING
HOTEL

In the train
3rd December, 1948.

Dearest George,

Your letter to Fort Collins did not arrive there until after I had departed and it appeared to be delayed in its forwarding to the above address. So I only received it when I got back there Monday after spending the week-end with Lyell in Escondido, which was by far the best part of this short stay in California. I felt as though I should have postponed my visit, because I contracted the first cold I have had in yeard just the day before I went to see Lyell. However, he was insistant that I should not change my plans and he didn'tseemt o catch the bug. I still have the remains of the wretched cold which was too deep on my chest to be ignored. Otherwise, I did little in California other than to spend hours and hours with a sick friend (from who I took the cold). I did see Frances Gross, but not Fred and we are now planning a scheme whereby I become a ranch owner in Escondido where Frances' son Champlin will raise avocados. Would you care to retire to a California ranch? Nothing is definite yet, but Champ is so eager to do something with his hands and h e longs to escape his office and live in the country. He is so interested, that he might be in St. Paul when I get there Saturday evening to discuss the venture.

I haven't been able to make any plans for Christmas yet. Nothing has materialized beyond the assurance that my sister and her family will be in Dayton which rules out that possibility for us. I think it very likely that I might just stumble on some sort of arrangement while I am in the Twin Cities or in Iowa where I go after Minneapolis. According to present schedule I am at the Commodore Hotel, St. Paul the 6th, 7th & 8th. Then I might move to Minneapolis where I am to be at the Minneapolis College of Music 11th & La Salle the 9th & 10th. I plan to go to Lisbon Iowa the 11th (or the day before if I can.) I'll be there four or five days. Then ???? I do hope that I can manage a plan that wil give us a little time together. Forgive this dull letter, but the motion of the train makes my head spin.

ALLEN H. WORCESTER, MANAGING OWNER

Much love -F.

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In the train -
Enroute to Albany.
26th December. 1948.

Dearest George,

Your letter reached me in Lisbon - & subsequently your extremely charming Christmas card & enclosed note arrived in Dayton. I was so very glad to hear from you & appreciated very much that attractive greeting. It is very beautiful, original & genuinely appreciated. You did not hear from me at Christmas because I didn't know where you would be. It never occurred to me that you would stay in St. Louis for your letters have all stressed the fact that you would go to Michigan no matter what else you did or did not do. I was unable to make any proposal other than New York City where a delightful penthouse apartment was at our disposal - However - your stress on your unwillingness to give

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possible offense to Betty by going East (which I completely understood) ruled that out - I couldn't stay in Chicago without becoming involved in the big National Music Teachers Association Convention which I had refused to participate. The Duluth thing - was frankly too expensive since you could not leave until after the 20th - So I went to Dayton for my sister's birthday on the 16th & stayed until today. I worked fairly well - as they were out so much of the time. I am determined that this part of existance can not go on, I simply must have a "home base" of my own somewhere, even though I am not there all the time. Since Duluth seems to be the one place which has "raison d'etre" perhaps I should find a place there in which I can live from September

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& return for a short time at Christmas & New Years. It at least would spare me the annual anxiety about a place in which I teach in the summer. We shall see - but this I know - when next autumn comes, if I am to remain in this country until March - I shall have a place of my own - (perhaps just a furnished house for the season) & I hope you will spend such free time as you have with me there.

I had an interesting time with Champlin Gross in Chicago last week. He & his wife are determined to escape from a big city & office life. In January they are resigning their extremely lucrative jobs & going to California where Champ will take a job as a laborer on an avocado ranch to learn the ropes - & when a ranch is found

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that we are advised is good & to be bought at a possible price that is reasonable - We shall strike up a partnership & get the ranch. The glow of enthusiasm & relief at being able to leave Chicago was touching to see in their faces. A life in the hills of an unsmart section of California does sound attractive & I shall be so glad to share the feeling of creating & developing something.

I must stop now & try to sleep for I must rise early in Albany where I get on the train for Manchester by which the Dalingers will travel from N.Y. I stay with them until the 30th at Dorset. I have my heavy army shoes with me & mean to enjoy the country as much as the weather will permit. It is understood that I practice all

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the morning & again after tea. On the 28th I go to N.Y. & shall have the penthouse of my new agent. (Address: C/o Miss Miriam Rosenthal
Buckingham Hotel
101 W. 57th St.
N.Y.C. 19.

Ill probably go to the Penders in Philadelphia for a couple of days on my way to Detroit where I play Jan. 6 & 7. After that until mid February - Lam again free & the same problem of "where" assails me. My sister & her husband leave Jan 10th for Florida - but I must not go even

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though it would give such pleasure to my devotedly unselfish sister. We shall see what happens + I'll keep you informed. For now — all my love as always + such an abundance of good wishes for 1949.

F.

P.S. I came across a couple of bullets in Dayton — Did you ever replace that dilapidated relic you were carrying this summer?

F.

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San Giorgio [Italy]
25th May 1959.

Dearest George,

What a glorious morning - & what would it give to have you here to look out over lake Maggiore with me to the glistening snow peaks of the Simplon range! My friends Tom & Angela Hankey have just departed for the Mt. Cenis region of France, Denise Bessemanse, Mr Matthay's adopted daughter, is still here - & this afternoon Irving Davis arrives from Zurich for a few nights. It will be two months tomorrow since I got here. Late March & April were superb - but May became rainy, cold & often unpleasant. The past week has brought ideal weather & I have gone on long expeditions through the country which would have delighted your heart. The slow tempo of this casual life suits me although it has been a great disappointment not to have the piano I counted on. A Rechstein grand was sent out from London in February but due to carelessness no Italian import license was obtained. Although we have expressed willingness to pay the duty, the red tape cannot be unwound & the piano is left to the dubiously sympathetic care of the customs officials in Milan. Meanwhile I feel the imminence of my Duluth work & can do little more than study scores. It has been - otherwise - a perfectly heavenly two months & it is a source of the greatest happiness for me to have made possible really good holidays for about a dozen people.

I was sorry to hear that you felt such an acute need for a holiday as you did last month - Is there any cause for such extreme exhaustion other than overwork? I am so very glad that the holiday proved so right, so enjoyable & so refreshing. How I wish that you could be free to devote yourself to the botanical work entirely. It would obviously be easier on you - & you would possibly find it less strain than the present program you give yourself.

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I have had no message from Professor Anderson + Consequently I have done nothing about sending him some.

I am delighted to hear that you got a new car and a camera - I am know what pleasure you will get from them both this summer. I do hope that the summer trip will work out + that you can have a really long holiday.

Now prepare yourself with fortitude to meet the impact of this revolutionary announcement! . . . I have just about decided to return to Europe in the early autumn + spend the entire season over here in work. There is a very remarkable old teacher near Zurich (to whom I sent Irving) whose work interests me enormously. She must be a very extraordinary woman. She is 76 - crippled with arthritis + lives in an old schloss surrounded with her pupils. Music is her whole life. She sees only her pupils - never goes out of her rooms + works until all hours of the night preparing a new edition of Chopin Etudes. She is supposed to be simply a wizard in her system of creating technical facility + even though I cannot resume public playing, I would value this special trick of hers enormously. I am now planning to leave here June 7th or 8th + go to see her in Zurich on my way to Paris + London en route to New York - I imagine that I shall fall under her spell as everyone seems to do. Then - I shall decide later if I want to live there - or here - + go to Zurich for monthly visits. I imagine I could, after a preliminary few sessions with Madame Langenhan, come here for most of October - November. It should be very beautiful here at that time. Later - (end of November) I should think I might like to get right up in the mountains in Switzerland where I would stay until early March except for a Christmas holiday - possibly. I would

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when the summer comes back - Then late April to June I would work here again - or in Switzerland. Now the revolutionary part of the plan is this: it just occurs to me that this might be a way for you to have a taste of Europe. If I am to be running a course - it would be almost no additional expense for me - + a very great pleasure to have you here. You want to see Italy one day - + from here Florence, Siena, Venice + even Rome are less than a day's journey; in some cases the journey is only a few hours. Leaving your love of the mountains, I imagine some time in the winter in Switzerland would be healthy + exhilarating for you. - Paris + other Continental places are easily accessible. I know perfectly well that your first reaction will be to say you cannot do it. However - after your journey over is paid - your expenses will be negligible. It does involve asking for a year's leave of absence, and, in case of refusal, facing a possible hunt for another job in a year - Or - possibly something could be worked out in the course of the year on a direction that we cannot foresee now. A year of freedom from strain + pressure - (and you must know you would be free to wander in Europe as you wish) should be exciting + salutary for you - + it would give me the greatest pleasure to see you enjoying it. Please do not push the idea from you because all your Dutch ancestors rise up in revolt against such a new + free pattern of living. If you would like to entertain the idea - consider it + seriously ask yourself why you should not do it.

I'll get mail here until the 7th June. Between about the 12th & 17th address me at 44 St. Leonards Terrace, London S.W. 3. I hope to get to America by the 20th + go up to Dorset for some days. Then to Dayton + Duluth.

My dear Ted, love to you as always + I too hope that we can meet here after I get to Florence

J.C.

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Buckingham Hotel
New York City
10th March, 1949.

Dearest George,

Here I am with the hour of departure almost upon me and I haven't yet written to tell you my news. You have been much more in my thoughts than you can ever know, and on more than one occasion I would have given much for your presence.

I am not sorry that this hectic and mad year of travels in this country is ended. I feel depleted mentally and spiritually, but I have rarely felt better physically than I do at this moment. I have purposely waited until now to write you so that I could give you a complete picture of the horrible experience I had about ten days ago. While playing with the orchestra in Chicago, my right hand and arm suddenly became out of control in a most alarming fashion. I felt as though I had suddenly got an attack of palsy. The shaking was impossible to control and how I got through those Mozartian scale passages, I shall never know. The attack was of short duration and came on me AFTER I was playing, when I was enjoying playing and almost free from nervousness. I dreaded the moment when the cadenza would expose me! To my astonishment, I embarked on the cadenza with complete sang froid, was free from the terrible nightmare shaking, and played the second adn third movements with complete control and absolutely note perfect. I can't tell you what it was like to sit on that stage with the orchestra on one side of me, the audience on the other side and feel that I had lost control of my hand and arm. The agony was indescribable. On my arrival here, I went to see Herman Lande. Knowing that my father had succombed to a cerebral hemmorhage and that my mother suffered from palsy in the last years of her life, you will understand that I was perfectly willing to believe that this attack had some significance. I played a recital four days after the Chicago Orchestra appearance and was totally at ease and without even a slight recurrence of the experience four days earlier. Herman gave me a very thorough going over and tested me very minutely and questioned me indetail in order to expose any least trace of what might be an indication of a major nervous disorder. He found me absolutely sound, with the blood pressure of a much younger man, and in every respect gave me a clean bill of health. He says that if I wanted to, I could consult a neurologist who would doubtless make exhaustive tests and X-rays. Herman feels reasonably sure that the conclusion would be the same as he has drawn, that it is entirely a momentary emotional block which hasn't any least significance. As a matter of fact, while I was talking to him, in what I thought was a perfe ctly relaxed mood, he pointed out that my hand was shaking slightly and I realized that the muscles of my forearm were tensed. When I released that tension, the shaking stopped. So I must conclude that unconsciously I tensed muscles in my forearm, which under the pressure of nervous tension of public performance, produced that same result only in an exagerated form. It is true that I do everything with my hands rather more violently than I need,(the recent trouble caused by typing was an example.) Anyway, I have been through a rather anxious time from which I am now released. I have refused all engagements for next season, and I feel now that I donot wish to resume public appearances. I have instructed the managers NOT to accept engagements meantime. This might be the moment to start the avocado ranch in California!

I leave tonight by plane feeling so relieved and so very free! It is a good moment to escape to the more leisured tempo of Europe and I only wish that I had you with me to share the joys that lie ahead. It is a rather wonderful feeling to face the world without long range commitments and feel free and ready for any directing that interest will follow.
Until March 25th address me: 44 St. Leonards Terrace, London, S.W.3.
After April 1st: Villa San Giorgio, Celina, Leggiuno-Sangiano, Prov. di Varese, Italy.

I hope that all goes well with you and that the proposed spring holiday with the Andersens will be a happy, restful and productive one for all of you. How I envy the Andersons!

All my dearest love and devotion always.

J.

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Villa San Giorgio
AROLO.
LEGGIUNO - SANGIANO
PROV. di VARESE
1st April - 1949.

Dearest George

Your letter to London arrived just as I was leaving England. I am so very glad to think of you making such good plans for the spring & summer. Obviously the combination of an out-of-door life & botanical field work is the ideal life for you - & to have that with the added luster of Edgar Anderson's sympathetic & stimulating companionship, should make a radiantly happy holiday for you. I shall be thinking of you in Oklahoma after the next few weeks & wishing that the weather will be kind to you too.

Please tell Professor Anderson that the corm was not sent to him because the Italian post refused to accept a parcel large enough to contain the specimen Adolfo collected. I shall see if it can be sent by American Express or some other shipping agency without involving ruinous costs. My one anxiety is that Adolfo did not accurately label

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I found the damp cold unbearable + the general discomfort + monotony of life rather depressing in its drabness. + the simultaneous achievement of a bloodless social revolution + a recovery from the almost economic bankruptcy which was the fruit of their victory is a magnificent thing - + a spectacle to admire + praise. I know of no other people who would accept voluntarily such privations for a national cause. The sad thing is that those people who took both wars in their stride - as adults - will never live to see the re-emergence of the British Commonwealth as a major world power. Their sacrifice is for the post-war generation. When these middle-age + older people die off - an entire population will be left who never knew the more gracious standards of living - + then the new England will be established. The present transition period is hard on the individual while offering super + benefits to the masses.

Here (+ in Paris) the post war tension has perceptibly relaxed since last year. Except for one or two things - rationing has ceased + the shops are well stocked. Prices are not too high + the whole tone of the people is gayer + much nearer their natural [illegible] + easier going attitude.

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I never come back to this place without longing for the joy of showing it to you. How you would respond to the beauty of it. The tops of these mountains are fast - snow covered & glistening in the sunshine, while on the other side there is a moving quality about the serenity of these villages scattered around the countryside, perched on hills - or snuggling cozily under an overhanging cliff. A glorious piece of land is for sale here which would tempt me if there were some plan for our being together at frequent intervals. You would come to love the place & the people as I do.

I was much more exhausted by the past year of work and travel in America than I ever dreamed. I am only now beginning to revive. I must have real periods of quiet, contemplative living if I am to keep my inner resources alive. Various plans are whirling around in my brain - & music is coming alive for me again. I'm memorizing fugues from the 2nd Volume of the Well Tempered Clavichord a piano for discipline - Good fun it is - but a real test of concentration - How I long for

you to share the peace, joy & real bliss this place would & community would be to you. Ever your lover

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2402 East Second Street
Duluth, Minnesota
5th August, 1949

Dearest George,

I was delighted to have your letter and to know that you are having such an enjoyable trip and finding everything so pleasant and satisfactory. You will forgive me, I know, if I write briefly, for I am really driven with the demands of this summer's work. Having decided that I would take as many students as I could fit in (since I have decided to sacrifice all income this winter) I find myself teaching solidly from 8.15 to 7.15 six days a week. Next week, we begin the Mozart performances and the playing of orchestral parts for some eighteen concerti in addition to having taught the works and have the strain of the insecurity of student performances, is going to be a pretty stiff ordeal. I had planned to accept the extra students I had to refuse for the class, after this session ends on August 20th. So, from the 22nd to the 31st, I shall be working with yet another group. I had taken this house only until September First and had thought that I would then try and get to the country or to one of the lakes for a few days rest, so your suggestion to join me here would fit in admirably IF you would enjoy being on a lake in the woods somewhere. I had thought of asking Hope for the use of her little place or even the Harrisons for their place. The latter would be more desirable because of its absolute remoteness. But it would mean hauling ice from the village and using kerosene lamps, but it also means being able to bathe in the most sublimely soft water in the nude, for no one ever is there. The Harrisons go to the Bar Association meeting in St. Louis, leaving here the 4th Sept. and returning about the 11th. Is there any chance that you could get here a few days earlier than you originally intended. I shall vacate this house on the 1st September and spend that week-end on the loose! Then, I would enjoy having a week with you and possibly I might motor south with you part way. It would be so good to see you before I go abroad again and I hope it can be arranged. If you come back through Canada and want to make your way north of here, I can meet you in Ely where I know of a charming spot where we could get a place though again, we should have to do our own cooking. Nearer here, I could get my present cook to prepare food which we could take out with us, and replenish from time to time. However, that isn't too important. Let me know, as soon as you can what you would like for me to arrange. If you could get here the 4th and we could have the week at the Harrisons while they are in St. Louis, that would be perfect. Otherwise, I'll try and arrange something else. I might be able to stay on here although I'd rather be out somewhere and I know you would too. My love and all best wishes for continued enjoyment of this glorious holiday you are having.

Yours,

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2402 East Second Street
Duluth, Minnesota.
20th August, 1949.

Dearest George,

You cannot think how delighted I am at the prospect of having this short holiday with you. You well know with what eager anticipation I await your arrival.

The Harrisons have very generously offered us the use of the house at Gordon, and fearing that we would not be comfortable, they suggested that we should use their house in Duluth as our base and just go out to the country for a few days at a time. I vetoed this suggestion as defeating our purpose, since being in the real woods and having the seclusion of the country was the one thing we wanted. I assured them that we were quite prepared to look after ourselves for those few days. So it is settled that we go to Gordon.

The original lease on this house expires on September first and I shall probably find it next to impossible not to accept the Harrison invitation to go to their house until you arrive. It just occurs to me that September 4th (the date of your proposed arrival) is the Sunday before Labor Day. I very much dislike the idea of your driving on the crowded roads during that week-end, as I am sure you do too. So if you can move your arrival date forward to the 1st or 2nd, I would ask for the use of this house for a few days more. We can get in to the house at Gordon on the 3rd for sure and if the Harrisons do go to St. Louis before that, we could go earlier. Please send me a wire if you want to escape the week-end traffic and get here early. If you CAN arrive before the 1st, please do so. Today ends the class and although I am going on teaching some until the 31st, I would not feel handicapped by having you here if you wouldn't feel uncomfortable with the music going on. The house is attractive and excessively comfortable and the cook is a joy! The telephone here is Hemlock 265. If I got to the Harrisons on the 1st, the telephone number there is Hemlock 3854. I shall await you in Duluth and not at Gordon as I think that might be rather involved. I shall await your wire as a prelude to the great joy of seeing you.

I have stood what has proved an almost superhuman undertaking with amazingly little fatigue. I am almost afraid to face the cessation of work, for I have so completely eliminated all else these past weeks, that a return to a less attractive and spiritually less rewarding world will be a terrific let down. I can't tell you what it means to look forward to your companionship at the moment when the work ceases entirely.

Much love to you as always and
A bientot,

F.

P.S. If you want to give me an address to reach you en route here, I can send youword giving definite plan. I could wire you to any address you give, or even to a Western Union office in any given town.

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1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, Ohio
24th September, 1949.

Dearest George,

I was so relieved to have your letter and know that you got to St. Louis without the tooth having caused you difficulty. It would have been such a pity to have had any clouds cast over that pleasant last interlude in your holiday. I do hope that it will remain dormant and not have to come out.

I agree that the Gordon holiday was one of the most completely unified and happy times we have had together. I feel so restored and fresh that I almost completely forget the more than ten-hour-a-day six weeks which preceded that holiday. I am sure that if I had not had that interlude, I would have reacted very differently to the proposal of my personal representative who came to see me here and discuss the possibility of a tour next year. Strange, but I never hesitated to accept it, for I daresay I never really contemplated discontinuing public performance at this stage. Apparently, the local Symphony has wanted me and are prepared to make plans now. I am to discuss concertos with the conductor before I leave. It is doubtless good for me to have the objective to this winter's work which this prospect will give me.

I found an enchanting letter here from the old lady in Zurich of whom I spoke to you. She makes plans for our collaboration and her letter is one of such genuine friendliness and warmth, that I am impatient to be on my way to this uncharted season of work. I don't think I have ever gone abroad with less plan for the year than I do this time, and I rarely have had

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a more positive intuition that one of the most significant periods of my life were to begin. It is wonderful, at my age, to feel the impetus and stimulation of new work. I must get there soon.

The devaluation of the pound came at the very worst possible moment for me. I had a substantial sum of money in transit at the very moment the decision was made. It left England with the prospect of producing $4.02 for every pound and I shall have no alternative but to accpet the new rate of $2.80 to the pound. The loss is great. I shall ask you to hold that $325 you were going to use for the bond until I see how things are going to work out for me. I shall send you the $50 within a month or else ask you to send a check for the whole amount to the East Lansing bank.

I shall be leaving here tomorrow for Cleveland where I stop overnight with my former students (now man and wife) at Baldwin-Wallace College. I'll get to New York Monday and try to leave for London by Thursday the latest, xxxx although I shall get away Wednesday if I can get everything done in New York I have to do. I'll get letters sent care of Annie Friedberg, 251 w. 57th Street and in England I shall get mail always which is sent to 44 St. Leonards Terrace, London S.W.3.

My love, my very dearest love to you and every wish that this coming season will be a record one for you, of good health, happiness and achievement. You know how eagerly I shall look forward to our being together again.

Yours as ever,

1/
1.

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Frank Mannheimer
Konstanzer str. 130
Berg, (Thurgau)

[2 10 1949]

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
Missouri Botanical Gardens
St. Louis, 10, Missouri.
Vereinigte Staaten.

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Berg, (Thurgau)
Switzerland.
29th October, 1949.

Dearest George,

How intensely I have wished that you were with me many times. On many occasions I could almost hear your exclamations, especially as we emerged from the St. Gotthard tunnel into the clear sunny air of Switzerland. (I should explain, I suppose, that before coming here I went to San Giorgio to leave my things that I wouldn't immediately need. Then I came on here.) This is sweet, gentle country, completely given over to agriculture/. Judging by the apple and pear gathering that goes on, I should say it runs dairy farming a close second in this area. All the cows wear those charming bells and there is an amusing jangle of sound as they parade through the village street on their way to new pastures.

I was warned on my arrival that it was out of the question that I should find a house. The best I could hope for, so I was told, was the possiblity of a couple of rooms in a peasant house as even the tiny country inns would not permit a piano. Irving wisely had taken a room for me at the little Bahnhof Gasthaus where I struck up such a warm friendship with my host and hostess that they offered me two tiny rooms with a most enchanting view to the Austrian mountains. They were connecting rooms and I was assured that the absence of any method of heating in the larger of the two rooms was not serious since the stove in the smaller room adequately heated the whole. I was dubious. I paid a call on the local postmaster and retold my tale of need. He was more encouraging and told me of an unfurnished house on the main street of the village. I went at once to see the owner who assured me that nothing could be done about it but I insisted on seeing the place and I worked hard!!!!! Three days later I moved in, the owner having agreed to furnish a small sitting room, bedroom, kitchen and den for me. These rooms all are on the ground floor (together with a gorgeously sumptuous tiled bath)/ The second floor was occupied by the owner's mother in whose memory it must remain empty! So here I live in bliss with the spirit of the departed mama. My main reason for being so determined to get this place was that it is only five minutes walk from the Schloss and it has COMPLETE CENTRAL HEATING. To cap this good fortune and make it complete an English friend who had to return to England until after the holidays has offered to rent me his grand piano and I have found the most adorable and devoted old Swiss woman as a servant. The whole thing could not possibly have been easier or more rapidly arranged. The piano does not arrive until next week and meantime I am doing technical gymnastics on a silent keyboard I borrowed at the Schloss. Now that I see what a rural community this really is and how far removed from the usual amenities of city life, I realize how extremely fortunate I am to have found this place and what temerity I had to come here with such sang froid and assurance that I would find a suitable abode.

I have started the work with Frau Langenhan. My first impression of her as a person hasn't altered, if anything I am still more deeply affected by her human warmth and sweetness. We are Very sympathetic and she is all out to be helpful and supporting. Frankly, I am going to put myself through some technical work of which I have long disapproved. I feel that it might give added security and certainly it will not do me harm beyond taking time away from more purely musical studies which I might have done in this time. That her system of teaching can and does produce bravura like technique I am convinced. It damned well aught to, if you put up with the sort of work she demands. What is disappointing, is that the place is something of a musical desert. Her entire approach to work is on the basis of building a technical equipment and since her pupils adore her, they rarely

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go on to more serious musical study and the result is that her pupils play piano magnificently but the musical development which should go hand in hand with the technical development is sadly neglected. This, I should add is a quick judgement based on hearing one of her star performers. It is quite possible that I shall alter this opinion after I have worked more and heard more. For the present, I am quite content to concentrate on technical work and do some memorizing of new music away from the piano. The old lady is very sweet and insists on seeing me every second or third day for an hour or so to keep in touch with what I do and what I discover. She is enormously intrigued with me because I suppose I go beyond what she suggests and find causes. Tonight there is to be "Vorspiel" at the Schloss when some of the students who are prepared will play. The "star" who leaves for a tour next week will play two Mozart concerti. (I have already heard him do one complete Mozart program and a mixed program of works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.) I think that most of the others are playing romantic music. It will be interesting at all events.

I can' tell you how wonderful it feels to be at work in this way again. Somehow, it links up with my youth and gives me the feeling of being much, much younger than my years. It is quite an extraordinary thing, at my age, to be able to set out to study all over again. My enthusiasm is boundless and in this stimulating air I feel so well. I have gone a few walks and can see that this countryside is VERY rewarding for the avid walker. If you have a large enough Swiss map, you will find me right up in the corner of Switzerland which looks across Lake Konstanz to Germany. If your map is large enough, follow from Zurich through Winterthur, Frauenfelden, Weinfelden to Kreuzlingen on the Boden See (Lake Konstanz). I am in this village which is under an hour's walk to Weinfelden and something shorter to Kreuzlingen. On clear days I can see the lake and from a spot in the country just above me, I can see Germany, Austria and Lichtenstein. The country is sweet but not in any magnificent. There is a fringe of Austrian mountains on the horizon but nothing important close at hand. I am just as glad, for you will recall how uncomfortable I felt at Estes Park with those high mountains almost coming out of your back door. I find the Swiss a dull, uninteresting people as a whole. Their smugness, bourgeois qualities are so enfuriating. I look at these dull bovine faces, scrubbed so that they shine and I find myself being enraged. I want to slap or spit at them, I don't know which would be most effective. Their kindenss to me has been unbelievable and my old Frau FRiederich must be watched to prevent her from almost killing herself to make me comfortable. I breakfast in bed, I lunch at the inn every day and in the evening the faithful Frau Friederich gives me a meal. As she lives just across the road, it is quite convenient. Her husband has taken over the central heating for me too. So I am as completely installed in comfort and peace as I could well hope to be.

As I left Lake Maggiore I saw one of the most breathtakingly lovely sights I have seen for ages. There was an avenue of huge old pine tress into which a vine had grown and festooned itself with terrific profusion all through the trees in the most graceful garlands. The trees were a rich dark green that looked almost black in the bright sunlight and the leaves had all gone every shade of red you could dream of. It was incredibly beautiful, those festoons of red hanging on those green trees.

I enclosee a check for $50 and shall ask you to buy that bond for me when you find it convenient. Buy it in my name and make it payable on my death to you. Thank you.

I was glad for you note to London. I hope all goes well with you and that this year will be a deeply satisfying, happy and productive one for you. At any rate, you know that my thoughts and love will be very near you always.

Yours ever,

J.

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Chez Monsieur Andre Casanova
34 bis rue de Longchamp
Neuilly-sur-Seine, France
Christmas Day. [1949]

Dearest George,

In case you haven't had any evidence on this day that I have thought of you, let this letter make amends for what appears like negligence. I am so glad that I managed thos few hours at least in St. Louis, for we human beings are such strangely adaptible animals, that if a gap between meetings lasts too long, it might easily be taken as the standard to be accepted in a relationship. I should be sorry indeed to have such a standard established, and I should, I fear, revolt against it rather furiously. It was reassuring and good to be with you again and I very much hope that the next meeting will be sooner than this last one was from its predecessor, and also that it can be for a longer time.

I had a fiendishly full time from the moment I left you until I got here on the 20th. As you will recall the week just previous to our meeting was not exactly an easy one and the rest of the time before I left New York was about as bad. In london I found Doris very much on the mend but in such a state of nerves about her health, that I found it extremely trying to know what sort of attitude to take to be most helpful If her condition were the result of a physical cause then one would want to have endless patience and sympathy, which I hope I would have. If it is a psychological situation induced by so many years of supreme cautiousness and anticipation of troubles then the helpful thing would be to jog her out of her caution. It was not a pleasant or easy week, and I left England feeling that the help I had hoped to provide for Doris, was practically non-existant. I simply can't BEAR to see the disintegration of human beings for whom I have had respect, admiration and real affection, and in this case, it is, perhaps, the most important friendship of life that is in jeopardy. I don't mean the friend ship is in jeopardy, but the human being is in real danger. I kept very calm and gave every evidence of being relaxed and not at all uneasy, but it was far from the way I felt. That sort of thing takes it out of me more than any other situation and I felt pretty near to the end of my resources when I got here.My kind pupils had arranged a big champagne supper for me the very night after my arrival and the two days I spent answering the telephone and making enquiries about apartments left me so completely done in, that when these kind friends invited me to use their apartment for ten day or a fortnight while they are doing winter sports in Switzerland, I accepted with alacrity and came to the flat Saturday night. I turned out the light just before midnight and never regained consciousness until 12,30 next midday. When I tried to get up, I found that I was still VERY tired. So I stayed in bed and slept until 5. Then I picked up"The Sea around us" and read in bed until 11 P.M. when I felt drowsy again. I slept until 10 O'clock the next morning and hadn't had a bit of food since Saturday night. How I do thank you for providing just exactly the sort of reading for that occasion. I've not finished the book yet, but it has absolutely fascinated me and I've promised to let Doris and one other friend borrow the book when I return to England.

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The author seems to me to have a particularly fine gift for presenting factual material in a way that avoids heaviness and her feeling for words is so beautiful. I feel as though I am having a real adventure, a submerged adventure! Again I do thank you very warmly for the book which I shall enjoy having after I've read it through completely. . . . Curiously enough, an English friend gave me for the journey from London a book on falconry published in England this year. Like "The Sea around us", "The Goshawk" tells of training hawks in a manner that is sheer joy to read. It is a close approach to genius to take such material and weave a tale that has intensity, poetry and real beuty. The prose writing is exquisite and I do urge you to have a look at the book if you have a chance. I had ordered the Kontiki and Finistere sent on to you, but I am sure that my order was placed much too late to reach you in time for Christmas. Forgive the delay and just believe me that they come to you with perhaps added love just BECAUSE they come a bit late.

Two of my French pupils are engaged for performances of the G minor and F# minor Sonatas of Schumann on the radio soon after the New Year and so I had to begin at once to give some help. It was curious that tired as I was, there was something almost sustaining, like a real physical support in the complete absorbtion in music. I felt like an animal that had been too long out of its natural environment and was purring with contentment to be back. Tomorrow I begin the joint project of my own practice routine and the search for a flat. I am told that finding what I want will be nothing short of producing a miracle, but since so much in my life seems miraculous in retrospect while I accept it as normal at the time, I feel perfectly certain that my usual protective aura will produce the miracle. How I wish that you were to be here to share the miracle, if it is a pleasant one! I still cling to the dream that we shall one day do some of these travels together. Meanwhile, full steam ahead for your sabbatical year in New Zealand and the Islands of the Pacific. Get the book out, and above all use my recipe and BELIEVE! If it is only a matter of financial aid, I am sure I can help you to work out something.

I've spent an ideal Christmas day without presents, false gayety, or crowds of people trying to be noisily cheerful. My solitary meal looking out over a lovely Place near the Seine ~~xxxxxx~~ seemed deliciously good and my wine was a good companion. The rain pelted down ceaselessly and I rejoiced in my solitude.

Do write when you have time and I'll send on a permanent address another time. The above will reach me always, however, as it is the address of a student.

My warmest wishes that 1952 will release you from all anxieties, and from duties that you find less than pleasant, and free you for the devotion to the work you love. And may it give me the bounty of your companionship soon and often in the course of the months that follow.

With all my love.

Yours ever,

J.

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1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, Ohio.
2nd January, 1950.

Dearest George,

Your Christmas card and enclosed note were very welcome contributions to my holiday pleasure, I assure you. I arrived here on Chirstmas eve and have spent the interval hard at work on two concerti which I play here with the orchestra later this month. I was intensely relieved to have such a good report from you of the interval since last I had heard from you. I trust that it has been a not too lonely period for you and that you have kept as well as you have been busy.

It has been an incredibly full three months for me since I left Duluth. I arrived in California before the end of September and managed to get the house somewhat habitable before my Swiss emigres arrived. The ranch itself is extremely pleasant and beautifully situated and I feel reasonably sanguine over the ultimate success for the Swiss people and gratification for myself! I had a tour soon after their arrival in October which only took me as far East as Denver where my sister and her husband were waiting to motor me on west. It was country you know well by know and of which I have grown very fond. I find great attraction in the natural beauty of our western states and it is an exciting kind of pleasure which revisiting it gives me. I stayed on in California and had planned to be there for the holidays when I got a telephone call from Jim Nye to say that a small house which he thought would ideally meet my requirements, had come on to the market and he urged me to come to Duluth. It meant cutting my stay in the west short by about three weeks, but I feel that I cannot longer manage without some base of my own to which I can return from time to time and where I can keep my books and music and a few possessions. After all, Duluth is the only place where there is a raison d'être for my presence for more than a few weeks in the years and it will spare me the annual anxiety of finding a suitable place to use for my work. So I went, I saw

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and, with the bank's aid, I purchased the little house. It had been the carriage house of an old mansion and been converted into a dwelling by someone with a certain amount of taste and absolutely no money! There is only one fairly large living room on the ground floor, a kitchen and a utility room which houses an automatic oil furnace, a hot water heater, a built in washing machine etc. Ups tairs there is a charming room over the drawing room which will make a VERY pleasant library or sitting room, and there are two tiny bedroom and a bath. I can't tell you how much it means to me know that I have a retreat! I very much hope that you will see it as soon as I go back to it, and if you wish, there isn't any reason why you shouldn't use it too. I shall plan to spend from June to October there as a rule, possibly returning to spend the Christmas holidays if I am in this country.

Now, I shall be going on to Chicago yet this week, I imagine, returning here for my concert on the 24th (rehearsal the 21st!) Then I have engagements in Minnesota, Michigan and the middle west and I hope to fly back to Europe by the end of February. I am having a month's masterclass in Paris which ends on May first when I join friends to motor south to the Riviera where we shall holiday (four of us) all of May. I shall plan to be in Duluth soon after the first of June to get the new house furnished and running before the class assembles after July 4th. Et voila, a rather over-simplified resumé of the autumn and plansfor the remainder of the winter and coming sprin

Your opening sentence "Where are you and why don't I hear from you?" must be answered if I am to be honest. The first part of the query I have already answered. The second part, I find it less easy to reply to. XXXX

in some sort of mental self-torture or some kind of involved, complicated situations which YOU had created in your imagination. I was absolutely sure that in some way my elimination for the moment made for a greater ease and comfort for you; for your thinking, I mean. I am sure that I could have unravelled all of this if I might have seen you and had you talk yourself out as you have done in the past, but my instinct told me I must not intrude. And so I didn't. It was not easy, I may tell you, for I am perfectly aware that you have gone through difficult times. In whatever your state of mind was, I felt that I could speak with you, but I could not reach you otherwise. I HAD to be there to witness the reaction to what I said to avoid something which I can only name resentment on your part. I don't think I have ever gone through such an experience with another human being in all my life, as I have finally committed this to paper, it rather appalls me with the suggestion of suffering which I refused to understand. Is this all nonsense or am I to a certain extent right? Please answer me with complete frankness, for I should like to understand these curious past few months. . . . . To you, who scoff at my psychic nonsense, this might appear as a first evidence of advanced insanity, but I doubt if I have ever gone through a period of my life which has been more serene, placid and easy. There was just a blockage in communication with you which I somehow KNOW you THOUGHT made things (whatever they were) easier for the moment. It never was any feeling of a break in our friendship, but a very definite obstruction. Now laugh at me, but try and tell me quite honestly if you can find any relationship in what I felt to what you were thinking.

I have thought so much about what your position would be concerning military service. I doubt if you will be called back because the work you did was so highly specialized, and that form of instruction isn't used any more. Are you in the reserves?

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It is a heart-breaking time for me trying to sustain and support so many young people who have used me as a sounding board for their own thinking. It appalls me to find the cynicism and skepticism which these youngsters show. Their unanimous cry is revolt against a sacrifice which has already been made and, with our processes and precedures only produces repetition of the demand for sacrifice. I feel as though I am looking at a doomed race, diseased beyond cure. The only enthusiasm I have encountered has been in those who find a possible solution in communism. They at least are still with some faith and it is very terrible, believing as I do, that they too are doomed to disillusionment and disappointment. I wish that I were a religious human being, believing that at least THERE, we might look for salvation. My only resource has been work and I doubt if I have ever worked harder or achieved more tangible results in so short a time. It is an escape from the realism which I find unbearable. . . .

What a scream . . . . Don't take it too seriously. Just remember how extremely adaptible and resilient I am and you will know that I am really just as I always was. Perhaps it was the unstopping of the "blockage" that caused the explosion of thoughts which habitually I keep well sealed.

It is comforting to send you, as always, all my love.

Yours as ever,

F.

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San Giorgio - Isole Maggiore - 6th Jan. 1950.

I'm writing a friend, leaving today, to post to you in London, this picture of the hideous Schloss in Switzerland where Madame works! A picture of Miss Harrow, scribbled on in Italy + posted in England. Quel salade!... Thank you for your card + the good wishes. I am so glad that you are so happy - so vitally happy + well as you appear to be in St. Ives. How long may it continue! The same group of friends are here as in 1939. It is a chart of Themistocles at Hitler + Co... The theatre has been glorious + we've lunched out on the terrace most days. I've never seen the colouring so exquisite, so varied + so dramatic as it has been during my 3 weeks here. How often I've wished that you were with me! I motor now to Lugano - then over the St. Gotthard to Zurich for the long weekend + early next week - I go back to work in Berg.

My love to you as always -

San Giorgio
Easter Day.
(11-4-1950)

Dearest George,

It was a very great pleasure and a certain relief to have a letter from you recently. I think that I was aware that some sort of complication had arisen which was troubling you, but I didnot want to intrude with questions or anxiety. I am sorry that the letter which you wrote to me after the new year and subsequently destroyed was not sent to me, for it would, I assume, have given me some clue to the cause for your discomfort. Naturally, my imagination was not idle and I forced myself to wait until your mood made it desirable for you to break that long silence. Your assurance that I need not be concerned for you, at least not in in the immediate future, is some consolation, but not enough. I shall hope that before my summer work begins, we can meet and have this disquieting "cause" brought into the full light of day. It might turn out to be another ghost which needs to be exorcized. In any case, I tell myself that you know, surely, that you need never feel reticence to appeal for help and if your situation had been too bad, you would have availed yourself of that outlet. Meanwhile, I hope that you are increasingly finding the situation which occasioned your unhappiness smoothing itself away.

I wonder if you did undertake the journey to Florida with the students. If so, you will doubtless now be on the return journey. I shall be most eager to know your impression of that couhtry. Curiously, that section of the southeastern part of our country is completely unknown to me. I have always wanted to go down the Eastern seacoast and when I arrive at Florida I want to see only the old settlements, the jungle-like everglades and the west coast of that peninsula. So I shall b e curious to know if you found it sufficiently intriguing to want to plan a return. . . . I trust that Woodson's generous offer to have you use his log house in the arboretum has not proved a mixed blessing. It is curious the feeling I have of a feud between him and your geneticist friend. I HOPE that I am wrong, for such a situation might just destroy the happiness and joy you have found in working at the Gardens. I PRAY that I am wrong, for I know how hateful it can be to have petty jealousies and intrigue interfere with the amicable atmosphere which I find the only one in which I can work well and happily. I should regret it, very much, if your peace were in danger and I trust that I am wrong.

I am delighted to know that your news of family is all good for the moment. It is wonderful about Eva staying on at Mt. Holyoke. I can imagine what relief that news gave you and it is good too, that she will have some responsibility for a course which she wanted to control. . . (I have no news to report on the home front except that my niece has had her baby in November and had an easy time and the baby, a girl, is a great success. Now my brother-in-law has someone else to spoil and he will be in seventh heaven. I am just delighted that he has had this pleasure which seems to mean so much to him.)

I shall be most eager to know which direction your summer plans take you. If you are to come East at the end of term, please let me know as soon as you can if there is a chance of catching a glimpse of you before I go west. I am wondering if you will get to California while Anderson is there in August, if you will get to Mexico in June and if you will be able to show Helen Rider Colorado before the summer is over. It sounds a sufficiently mouvementé summer to be tiring, although I hope it will not be.

My own plans are fairly flexible within certain limits. I shall arrive in America not later than the middle of June and possibly somewhat earlier. The class begins in Duluth on July 10th. (The applications have been far the heaviest I have ever had for any single season. I have people coming from EVERYWHEREthis year, California, Philadelphia, Dallas, England, Kansas and the usual asorment from other parts of the middle west.) I donot yet have a house for the summer and I am relying on

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the combination of my luck and the Harrison's aid to find a place which will be adaptible and pleasant. With six or seven summers of of this same sort of anxiety, I have now become philosophical and shall just await developments. I expect to stay on in Duluth until after Labor Day, I imagine and then I SHOULD go to California. I am helping a Swiss family (parents and three children) emigrate to America. I have bought a ranch near Escondido which he will learn to run for me and eventually he can have it. It sounds a wonderful place and with my usual quixotic methods, I've bought it without so much as knowing its acreage or without even seeing a photograph of the place. Friend's of Lyell's have advised me and I have followed their advice. Naturally, they are eager that I get out to see my place and share the responsibility for decisions with them until my Swiss people arrive (which should be in October). I should like to have the house on the ranch equipped with bare necessities so that they can at least begin to live in their own place on arrival. I don't know just how much of this I can do, for I simply must not begin my season with fatigue and after the strenuousness of the Duluth class, I shall want some peace and quiet for my own work. So I am not too sure just how I shall manage to work out all these things. From present indications, I shall have to begin my tour early in October and I believe that I go west before Christmas in any case. So . . . ?

From here I can report a paradise such as I have rarely known. For almost three weeks now we have had the most divine weather. The days have been almost hot, with perpetual, grilling sunshine and the nights have been sheer enchantment. For about six weeks now, I have had all my meals out-of-doors. The wealth of blossom is simply breath-taking. There is a wistaria on the front of the terrace which is literally covered with flowers. I've never seen anything to touch it. There have been great hedge's of brilliant, scarlet camellias, mimosa has blossomed in extraordinary profusion and the wildflowers have never put on a show like this year. This is the fourth successive year that I have witnessed the arrival of spring here and I still feel that it is the ideal setting, the perfect place to spend this season. . . . I gave up the house in Switzerland before the middle of January. I had a good excuse to escape and it made possible a break which I desired but would have found difficult to effect without giving offence. The Swiss picture was not good for me. I have benefitted enormously from the experience, and I mean to revisit the old lady from time to time, but I found the atmosphere not good for sustained effort and the influence not desirable for too long. I am still doing the work I begun there, but in my own way and the results are simply unbelievable for me, but I wonder if anyone else will detect a difference! Within the past fortnight, I have seen the pieces of this jig-saw-puzzle coming into a whole and I feel that I have never before had such a firm grip both on the work and the direction I want it to take. I need much more time than I shall have before I must begin to play, but I am so happy to have both the direction and the confidence of joy in going that way, which I see as a fufure goal.

Doris Mackinnon is staying with me at the moment (I've had a stream of guests since January!) and in speaking of her old friend, Sir d'Arcy Thompson who died last year, she told me his comment on a situation which we have discussed so often. Like you, he was regretting the modern trend to link science with industry. Like you, he found funds spent lavishly for research ONLY when directly linked with industry. He said to Doris, "In the old days Science went hand-in-hand- with Art. Today it goes ARM-IN-ARM with Industry!"

I must stop now and get ready for my guests. I'm having all the village people up for drinks tonight. The address here is: San Giorgio Leggiuno-per-Arolo, Provincia di Varese. I'll be here until May 10th so do write and if you have any of last summer's pictures to send, please do. All my love to you always. Yours,

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Willaughby Cleve
Halford near Bridgwater
Somerset.
27th May. 1950.

Dearest George,

I was very glad to have your so reassuring letter waiting for me when I got to London. I do hope that all continues well with you. I must say the Florida holiday sounded good - a personal success + a satisfaction in having got so much material for the Garden. Now - you will be overwhelmed with end of term work, examinations + holiday prospects. I hope that the latter have marked out well for you + that you can manage to carry out your plans without being a wreck when the holiday is ended - I hope you will not - (to borrow a friend's phrase) "stagger back refreshed" when September rolls round.

I am having a wonderful time in England. I enjoyed ten days in London even though city life seemed less attractive than ever after my long sojourn in the idyllic setting of my retreat in Italy. I had an enchanting few days in Dorset + shall now be here over the

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whitsun weekend. I fly to Belfast the 5th & after a few days with friends - we motor along the west coast of Ireland to Shannon. I expect to arrive in New York the morning of the 16th June. I must go to East Lansing to take care of income tax business soon after. I expect to leave N.Y. the 6th or 11th & go to Dayton almost at once. I'll get letters on arrival sent c/o Annie Friedberg, 251 W. 57th St. New York - 19 - N.Y.

Forgive a hasty, inadequate note. I do so wish that you could see this place with me. It is all looking so beautiful just now. My love as always.

F.

First fold here

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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

Dr. George B. Van Ruboeck
Missouri Botanical Gardens
St. Louis, Mo.
U. S. A.

To open cut here

Sender's name and address:-

44 St. Leonards Terrace
London - S.W. 3.
[Frank Mannheimer]

Second fold here

Write inside

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OLCOTTAGE
Boss and Clear Lakes - Gordon - Wisconsin

4th July, 1950.

Dearest George,

I was very glad to have your letter. You were very good t o write so soon. As for thanking me for those two days, I think it is I am who am in the position of debtor. It is always true that ~~X~~ after we have spent any time together, I am aware of the loss of a great warmth and affection which your presence bestows on me. Besides, I have you to thank for providing transportation yet again for me. So I thank you too for two days which have done much to establish a greater sense of equilibrium to me than I otherwise would have had on beginning my work.

I am so delighted that you did not give up your holiday plans because of your mother's condition. I know so well how you must have felt, but I am sure that you are pursuing the course which ~~would~~ she would have you choose if you were able to voice an opinion. It was good to know that you can feel reasonably free from anxiety on Eva's behalf. So it all should point the way to a happy and good summer which I hope with all my heart that you will have.

Once more the Harrisons have been the means of my getting a **house** for the summer. This time they have exceeded past efforts! Through their intercession, the girlhood home of ~~XXXXXX~~ the widow of Bill's deceased brother has been obtained for me. It is a vast mansion. I shall easily be able to seat 100 people in the drawing room and should I have an attack of dysentary I can have such a choice of johns, than I can be pretty seriously ill before I ever would need to visit the same one twice! The house is mostly unfurnished, but I shall not mind the great empty spaces under my roof. The essential thing

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is that I have a spacious house situated in a large open space without neighbors too near and I am in the very part of town most convenient to the section where my students live and practice. My piano is being moved in tomorrow (5th) and the telephone is being installed with a listing in my own name. Josephine, the wonderful cook I had last year, returns to look after me, and I think I should have the best summer of my long series of classes in Duluth.

I was extremely annoyed to find that the very day after my arrival I was expected to come down here to help at the Harrisons, since William is unable to do much. However, when I recall that without these kindly-intentioned people I wouldnot have found houses these past few years and we would not have had our happy time here last year, I accept this minor in convenience without, I hope, their awareness of my secret irritation. I haven't had time to get in touch with the Nyes, the Washburns or other friends, but shall do so in the few days which will be left to me at the end of this week before I must begin the ten-hour-a-day schedule which lies ahead of me. The Harrisons informed me that they were going to Washington in September and wondered if we wanted to repeat last year's holiday here. I said that I doubted if you would be coming back this way and my own plans are a bit in the air too. So I left that offer open.

I trust that the Colorado part of your trip was enjoyable and that what lies ahead will be uninterrupted pleasure and happiness for you. I do hope that there will not be any emotional upsets for you.

My address this summer is:
2525 East Second Street, Duluth 5,
My love to you as always.
Yours ever

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FRANK MANNHEIMER

2525 EAST SECOND STREET . DULUTH 5, MINNESOTA

20th August, 1950.

Dearest George,

Your letter reached me a few days ago, but I have enforced a rigid discipline on myself until this work was achieved. I never wrote a single line of correspondence until Sunday arrived. The avoidance of any feeling of urgency about anything but work has made it possible for me to get through six weeks of the most intensive work I have ever done, with a minimum of fatigue and absolutely undimmed enthusiasm. It has been a summer which I can look back upon with a feeling of elation. Undoubtedly it is the best of the whole series that I have enjoyed here, and many in the class echo my opinion.

I was deeply distressed to hear of the death of your friend Raymond Tweedy. I can well imagine how shaken you were to get the news just at the moment when you so intensely looked forward to seeing him again. I hope that the subsequent pleasures and changes will have wiped away the sadness which you must have taken away with you.

My plans are to stay on here until the early days of September, and it is possible that I might stay on until well into the month. It will depend on what I have to do and where my next move will be. I have just today heard that the one place in Duluth which I have always eyed with unbiblical covetness might now become available to me and if I embark on the accuisition of that place, I shall have to remake my plans and possibly stay on here a bit longer. However, we shall see! If there is a chnace that you can and want to come here, please do so. The house is delightful and your bedroom and bath are waiting for you. My Jospehine is a superlatively good "American" cook and is devotion itself! So we should be comfortably looked after and provided for. My telephone number is Hemlock 9425. I am still teaching some but you can always look after yourself for some of the time if I am busy, I know. At the moment that you gave me your Colorado address, your handwriting became quite illegible and I am just a bit anxious lest I have not properly interpreted the directions. I hope the address is right. In any case, you will know that more than the usual warm welcome awaits you if you find it possible to get here.

My love to you as always,

F.

P.S. I just learn that telephone numbers were altered today. My number is now: 3-9425
(The Hemlock prefix has been eliminated + the numeral 3 used instead!)

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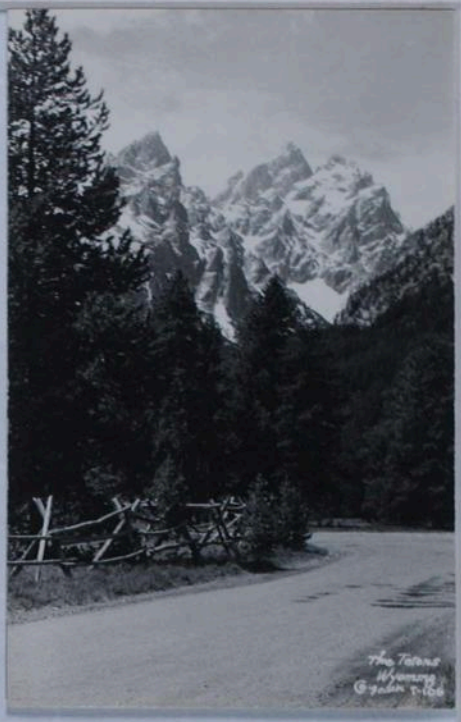

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27. X. 51

Dearest George,

Thank you very much for your letter. I am glad you are better but sorry recovery isn't complete. I had a four-day bout of flu in Chicago early this month & obviously began travels too soon afterward. The relapse became virus pneumonia from which I am not yet recovered. Consequently all plans were altered. I doubt if I can leave Dayton before next week. My plans for abroad have also been somewhat upset by the sudden death of the friend who was living in my London house. I expect to return early in June. Perhaps we can meet then? Address 47 St. Leonards Terrace London S.W. 3

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44 St. Leonards Terrace
London S. W. 3.
19th March, 1951.

Dearest George,

Thank you very much for your letter and the enclosed photographs of Gordon. I didn't know that you had taken to doing your own prints. I think that these are excellent and the one of the trees is beautiful lighting. I am delighted to have the prints although I assure you I donot require mementos to remind me of that peaceful and blissfully happy interlude in my summer of year before last.

I finally got my doctor's agreement that I might travel without fear of recurrence of the wretched illness I had had. So I got East as quickly as I could and flew from New York on the 11th March. The flight was uneventful except for a three-and-a-half-hour's delay in arriving here occasioned by the exceptionally strong head winds. On arrival in London (or I should have said over London) the fog was so intense that we were kept circling around until a decision could be reached whether it was safe to land. It was the third consecutive day that no plane had landed after midday. However, we were brought down safely with the "beam" (or whatever that mechanical devise is called that brings planes in in fog) and I was here in time for tea.

Since then the weather has been incredibly depressing. I now wonder how I ever stood this absence of light for so many months on end. I find this molelike existance tolerable only because I know that it is temporary. I should be getting as depressed, as disgruntled as the Britishers who have had one of the worst and most trying winter seasons in memory. For us, who are so spoiled by American stress on physical comfort, it is quite a mystery how these people can continue to keep going hopefully on, from one privation and restriction to another. It is borne in upon me stronger than ever before, that I KNOW that I would prefer to live among and with these friends in preference to any other group I have ever known. There is such a depth of genuine devotion, such real warmth of affection and yet never an instant when there is any least intrusion, uninvited. I find myself responding to these human qualities with even greater enthusiasm than before. Yet, I cannot think that I could face life here without fearing that the drabness, monotony and discomfort would eventually make itself felt, even in my spirit. It is an impasse that I resent. .

The friend who died so suddenly was a great mutual friend of both Doris Mackinnon and myself. He had lived in my apartment since 1948 and I found myself in the unenviable position of being responsible for the second time, of clearing out those rooms. It was and is a hateful job. There is something almost profane in the casual disposition of possessions which were collected with discrimination and affection and cared for with such sacrifice and conscientiousness. Even to see these vultures who inevitably swoop down after death, handling a delicate bit of glass of china made me quite miserable. And when I had to see the rightful legatees groaning over the removal of beautiful things for which space had to be found, I could have cried. It all seems so wrong, and such a desecration.

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I shall not be sorry to escape from this scene. There are too many ghosts about, my own and those of my friend and there are too many incidents and objects that evoke their presences. . . I see too, the after-effects of the last war in the nerve-reactions of people I have to deal with. It is a sad truth that all our least attractive qualities become exagerated with age, and when one sees this in people for whom one has great affection, admiration and devotion, it saddens one inexpressibly. As a lesson in self-discipline and patience, this past week has been valuable. . . Poor Doris was alone here with the friend who died so suddenly and had to bear the full brunt of responsibility while suffering from the shock. At best she is not strong, and this double demand has sapped all her vitality. She seems suddenly so old and so frail. At the same time, I have two other friends in nursing homes, so that my time has been spent bolstering people the whole time I've been here. . . I did manage to sqeeze in a memorably happy lunch party with Myra before she went off to Holland, and also to play some Sonatas with a friend of pre-war days. But otherwise, it has been a rather drab series of days in which my own gayety has been rather synthetic! . . I am off the 21st for Paris where I am hoping for the old miracle to be performed again, and overnight a desirable house or flat to be revealed by divine or other grace! Until I have a place, I'll receive letters at this address which Doris will send on to me.
I do hope that you are well. I still dream of the time when we can be enjoying Britain and Europe together. . . Much love to you always from

First fold here

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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

Dr George B. Van Schaack

Missouri Botanical Gardens

St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. A.

Second fold here

To open cut here

Sender's name and address:-

To open cut here

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Bramafam
Plascassier-de-Grasse
Alpes Maritimes
14th May, 1951.

Dearest George,

Your air letter was forwarded to me from London and I was glad to be brought up to date with your news and plans. I am torn between being very sad and upset at the news of your mother's death, and being relieved for you. I well understand the feeling of shock ~~and joy~~ being faced with the finality which her death represents. ~~[illegible]~~ caused you. It is a curious thing, that regardless of the degree of intimacy and sympathy which existed, the final severing of the bond of parent and child inevitably gives a fearful awareness of of loss. It is, I believe, the recognition of the final disintegration of the family from which we probably derived some support, if not real understanding. I do not forget that you were with me when I went through the similar experience and I regret that I am so far away from you now.

I am delighted that you have agreed to the collaboration with the Michigan assistant on the plants of the Aleutians. I am sure that it will be both healthy and liberating to feel that you have been able to put all your information into print and thus pass it along. It must have been a vaguely uncomfortable feeling for years, to feel the unfinished work in the background which only such a demand for immediate presentation would make you finish. I can only compare it with my discomfort when I have started learning something new which I have not been able to bring to concert pitch, for one reason or another. With me it becomes so acute that it almost amounts to physical discomfort. I hope that finishing the work by mid-May as you have ben requested to do, has not proved too great a strain.

Your plans for the summer sound delightful. I just hope that the summer session of teaching will not prove to be too strenuous. I seemto recall that the heat in St. Louis in summer is not only rather excessive, but humid as well. However, having survived the turkish-bath-variety of summer which East Lansing can produce, I imagine that you will find the way to get through those weeks without doing injury to your health. You donot say what you plan for the short interval between the end of summer session and the start of your term. If you would like to come to Duluth and possibly get away for a bit of rest, or stay there in my new little house, let me know. I am having a seven weeks session this summer which will begin on July 9th. So I shall not be finished with the large class much before you end your teaching. (I believe we close on Saturday the 25th. If you are to be East in June as you thought you might, let me know. My present plan is to arrive in New York about June 5th by aeroplane. I probably shall go on immediately to Dayton unless there is some reason to alter that plan. I shall have only a few days with the family there before I go on to Duluth where I plan to arrive the week-end of June 9th. That will give me just a month to get the little house in order and furnished before the class arrives. If you want to cable me any plans my Western Union cable address is simply: FRANHEIM: LONDON.

This time on the continent has been completely delightful. The class in Paris was such a success that I am toying with the idea of a three month's residence there in the very near future. The talent was of a very high order and the people were ALL such delightfully sympathetic human beings. Besides, working with Europeans was a pleasant change from the undeveloped mind that we find among people of the same age group in our country. You will be interested to hear that among the class there were several of my former East Lansing "pets". Irving Travis

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arrived from Switzerland, Phllis Lightfield was there on a Fullbright Fellowship, Joe Evans (with wife and two little boys) was there on sabbatical leave from N.S.C. and Bill Buchanan was there completing work at the Sorbonne for which Middlebury College (or is it Middleburgh?) gives him a degree. These in addition to an "existentialist" Frenchman, a heavy-handed, humorless Swiss girl, a brilliant 19-year-old Japanese and the Italian "star" of the class, completed a group which was one of the most exciting and satisfactory groups I had ever assembled. I have grown to know, as I have grown older, that this gift with people, an unconscious ability to stimulatethem and at the same time give them release and spiritual liberation is one of my greatest gifts. The "liberation" which I witnessed in these few weeks, was simply incredible and curiously enough, acted as a form of revitalization for me. I was frankly sorry when the car arrived from Ireland and we started out on what has since proved to be a memorable journey.. .. .. .. We started south from Paris and since our interests have been so similar, we have visited just the places and seen those things which have given me most pleasure. We came down the valley of the Rhone by very slow stages, to Avignon where we left the more traveled roads and saw some of the astounding Roman remains which exist in that part of the country. We cut eastward from Avignon avoiding the heavily traveled coast road and came to rest in Grasse. Here, near Grasse, I had heard of this 17th century farm house owned by two artists, one French and the other Polish. We secured rooms as paying guests for the following week and started out on a drive which would have given you great pleasure. We went inland behind Nice, through the mountains, where we found complete villages perched high up on the rocky peaks looking exactly like brilliantly illuminated El Greco canvasses. We went on North to the house on Lake Maggiore where we picked up Doris Mackinnon and motored back by the same road to our adorable farm. You would go quite MAD with excitement if you were here. Even Doris agrees that she has never seen bee-orchids growing in such profusion, and there must be at least five or six other species which she had never before seen. I look from my window into a meadow where wild gladioli, blue salvia, yellow rock-roses and wild irises are blooming in a riot of color. All of this is overshadowed with the towering terraces of olive trees which rise just behind the house. The beauty, the peace and quiet is just what we all have wanted and except for a motor journey to see the Gorge de Loup and a few other sights in the neighborhood, we have restricted ourselve to rambles through the countryside on foot. Tomorrow we are off for Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton & the Italian Riviera as our xroute back to San Giorgio on Lake Maggiore. A week of genlte strolling about the countryside and rest, will prelude our start on the long drive back. We plan to cross the channel on the 28th May and I expect to be back at 44 St. Leonards Terrace that same night. I've promised a few days visit to my god-child, (the youngest Lister) which I shall fit in between the 30th and June 2nd. After that week-end in London, then, I shall take off for New York. Never Have I had a more deliciously satisfying time abroad than I have enjoyed this year. I only regret that you donot share some of this pleasure with me.

My love to you as always, and I shall hope to have better fortune in arranging to see you this coming summer or autumn than I have succeeded in doing this past year.

Yours as always,

Frank

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[22 Nov 1951]

Thanksgiving Day

Dearest George,

Thank you very much for your card sent on so promptly. Things have finally so arranged themselves that I can begin to plan getting East. I've had an unpleasant and thankless little job on my hands which I shall be glad to find done.

As my schedule now is arranged, I shall leave Dallas on Friday evening (November 30th) on the Missouri Pacific and arrive in St. Louis on Saturday morning December 1st. This was the date I had promised to arrive in Paris. I must still have three days in Chicago, a few days in Dayton, one engagement in Philadelphia and then a few days in New York before I leave. So, there isn't much time for relaxing on this side of the Atlantic. I shall have to go on to Chicago on Sunday on the Illinois Central to be there before too late at night. So you will judge the time for my departure. If you want to reach me en route, c/o Miss Mary Morgan, 1323 Montana Street, El Paso will reach me Wednesday 28th

Until next week then. . Much love to to you as always from

H.

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San Giorgio
Leggiuno-per-Arolo
(Varese)
16th May, 1952.

Dearest George,

Your letter gave me such very great pleasure and satisfaction, that I am ashamed of myself for so long delaying this reply. It arrived just as I was starting out on my second tour by car and I find it increasingly difficult (if not impossible) to write longhand these days, and to write with any feeling of leisure while I am moving about. . . So forgive this delayed response to your so much appreciated letter.

I am sorry to hear that you have felt it necessary to abandon your plan to go to New Zealand, for I know how much you would have enjoyed the change, the chance to explore with congenial and sympathetic companions, and the excitement of new discoveries in the plant world would have been a thrilling adventure for you. Perhaps you can still find a way to do it? As I grow older, I find myself increasingly unwilling to postpone things that involve movement and resilience. I am reminded of what a British friend said to me recently, "After one arrives at a certain age, must realize that the future is NOW." So don't lightly throw away this wonderful chance to get away if there is any possible way for you to have the trip. I am sure it is unnecessary to remind you that I will do whatever I can to make it possible for you, if you want my help.. . Your mention of knowing very little of what is going on in your family, seems to me another reason for you to consider that this might be a good moment for you to get away, for you couldn't ever hope to have less responsibility than you seem to have just now. I hope that you can just let the family get on with things, and keep on the outside unless your aid is really solicited or needed. With Eva having the assurance of another year at her college, you must feel a certain ease on her behalf too.

The news of what is happening at the Gardens is quite wonderful. To have the prospect of being custodian for that magnificent collection of books is just perfect for you. Would it be such a full-time job that you would have to give up all work on your grasses, or could you combine the two? What a pity that you must be subjected to the moods of such an obviously psychopathic subject as Woodson. I just beg of you not to waste your energy on becoming annoyed with him, for that only reacts disadvantageously on you and leaves the psychopathic untouched. One must always remember that a person like that can't really WANT to act or be like that, and it is protective to yourself as well as generous to him to take the line that the poor creature hasn't any choice or will. His acts are the result of a very sick mind. To have your friend Andy as assistant director is a great support even if his authority is limited. What is the age of the present director who Andy feels sure means to die in office?

Your plans for the summer sound interesting if a bit strenuous. The trip to the southwest with the Coopers for more than a month should be enjoyable if you can avoid the intensive heat which I always think of as prevalent in that region at that time of the year. Where do you plan to go in the southwest? I do hope that you will avoid being worn out by that trip for the return to St. Louis in late July and most of August might subject you to the strain of terrific humidity and very high temperatures, as you know. If, after your summer school ends you want to come north, I would be delighted. I wonder when that term ends

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and when you would propose our meeting? My class ends on August 23rd and if the time permits for a drive to Duluth, we could possibly have a bit of time together at the Harrisons place at Gordon again and also a pleasant, quiet time in my new little house which I very much want you to see in any case. I shall want to continue my routine of practice after the class ends, but you could always find some expeditions or study or just resting to do. I daresay that we could borrow Hope's little cottage for a few days if we wanted it, but frankly, I don't see much advantage in that. If the lake is still warm enough for bathing we could always motor out and bathe there, since that is its only advantage. As soon as you can, give me some idea of your dates and also some idea of the sort of holiday you plan for the time between the end of summer school and the start of the autumn term

My stay over here this year has been one of the most exciting /the most and perhaps/significant time I have spent in Europe since the war. I spent just a few days in London on arrival in December and then got the Paris class under way at once. That was thrilling. Never have I had such a group of interesting, adult and exciting talents. One of the most beautiful performances was given by Phyllis Lightfield who is just preparing to return to America after a two years stay in Paris on Fullbright award. I wish you might here her play! Then, I re-established contact with an Hungarian pianist I had known in London in 1926 as a 20-year-old girl. In the interval marriage, a child, war and a concentration camp experience, loss of husband and refinding of child, have woven a fabric of tragedy into that sensitive creature which beggars anything I have ever had first hand knowledge of. Her whole outlook is so devoid of all the pettinesses and superficialities that being with her is like being subjected to the white heat of an unbearable spiritual flame. Her playing is simply beyond anything I can describe. I had her play a recital at my studio which included the Chopin "Funeral March" Sonata and the Schumann"Scenes from Childhood". . The former seemed an experience such as I never thought it possible to achieve in listening to music. It was like viewing the passing of life from the other side of the grave, and the innocence of the children's outlook, was already informed with the tragedy of maturity. And yet everything she did was built on a foundation of xxxx essential purity. Everyone of the 25 or so people in that room felt the spell, and some wept unashamedly, One french woman expressed what I felt when she looked at the artist and said with tears rushing down her cheecks, "C'est vraiement insupportable' I had three different pianists who were performing over the Paris Radio while I was there and I was lucky enough to hear two others in public concerts in Paris and Lugano and another play with the Lugano Radio Orchestra. When two months of that intense work was ended, I was quite ready for a change and my usual good luck was operating in the shape of a Chicago friend who arrived in Paris, bought a new Hillamn "minx" convertible, and we started out two days after my teaching ended. We came here first and then after about ten days of rest here, we drove south through the Apennines, (a drive when I wished so longongly for you to be with us), along the coast to Civita Vecchia and Rome, and then on to Naples, Sorrento and Amalfi. Between Sorrento and Amalfi, we found an enchanting fishing village which will doubtless become tourist invested before too long. It is Positano, and is a village built in terraces in to the face of a rather sheer cliff in a slight gulflike inlet. From there as our base, we wandered along the coast, spent a bit of time on Capri and had as perfect a holiday as I can remember having fpr a very long time. We left the car in Rome then and I went to Florence with my friend who was joingin another group of friends there. I had a few days of rest here then before I went back to that adorable farm-

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house nesr Grasse which I visited last year. There I joined a house-party which was sheer perfection. The weather turned suudenly summer-like and for more than ten days we did nothing but wander through fields finding quantities of wild orchid, wild narcissi and anemones of such variety and brilliance that it was breath-taking. You can imagine how I LONGED to have you enjoy that holiday too. . . . When I left those friends, I returned here and Doris Mackinnon and another friend arrived a few days after I got here for a long holiday with me here. Poor Doris has been so unwell and is so aged, frail and delicate. It is heart-breaking to see a person who has given of such vitality and generosity during a long, active life, now suddenly finding themselves unable to enjoy such hard-earned leisure. She suffers from all sorts of minor complaints and most of them are, I am sure the result of high blood pressure and the resulting circulatory disturbance. I just pray that she will keep well enough to enjoy the remaining week of our stay here, for the first fortnight she has had to spend in bed building up a new supply of energy. . . She very much enjoyed reading my copy of the Sea Around Us which I loaned to her. She was much interested by it and enjoyed it enormously although she was slightly critical of the first part which she felt was less first hand experience. She also detected some errors in the references to certain marine organisms. . . Next week we go to Paris together for a night or two, then move on to London where I arrive in time to hear Myra who has invited me for the first performance of Howard Ferguson's new Piano Concerto. As it will be done in the new Festival Hall, which I haven't previously visited, I am very much looking forward to that occasion. . . I shall spend a few days in Hampshire with the Hankeys, another few nights with the Listers in Dorset and perhaps a night with other friends in Somerset and about the 10th June I shall fly back to New York. So until the 8th June, letters to my old address (44 St. Leonards Terrace, London S. W. 3) will reach me. After about the 14th or 15th I'll be in Dayton for a bit and then on to Chicago and Iowa before I finally get back to the little house in Duluth about the 27th or so of June. The class is larger than ever for this summer and the applications are still coming in . I am having to refuse a record number of people this summer! It is such an unpleasant thing to do even though it is flattering! . . .

I do hope that you are having the chance to get out a bit for the enjoyment of the spring and that when the time comes for you to leave on your holiday with the New Zealanders, you will start out without feeling too strained or tired at the start of the trip. All my best wishes for a really enjoyable, profitable and refreshing holiday. May you return to the teaching in July feeling restored rather than fatigued by your travels. My love to you as always.

Jack

P.S. A note from Bill Buchanan from New York where he is teaching, saying that he has heard that Emmons is retirning and his successor has been appointed: MUELDER. . I would have said that young man was destined ~~was~~ for something more interesting than that, wouldn't you?

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota.
25th October, 1952.

Dearest George,

Please forgive me for this very long delay in writing to you. In similar circumstances, I am sure that I would be less tolerant of your neglect. It seems such a very, very long time since you left here. I was pleased to have your news and should have written earlier if for no other reason than to have acknowledged the arrival of the house-key. I was so glad that your journey back was so pleasant and easy and entertaining. I wish that I had been able to make the journey with you. How very encouraging to find that your piano has had such good care. That comforts me enormously, and another year, we can review the situation. I am sure that I could find a purchaser for it if you want to dispose of it. If there is time, perhaps I can see it before it leaves your friend's house.

I have worked with such good results and equal pleasure in these weeks since you left. I think I should enjoy playing this season and be in possession of a control which I've never before achieved. It seems such a pity and a waste that I could not have discovered the things in my youth which I have found out in recent months. It is incomprehensible to me how I could have put off so long this coming to grips with my musical shortcomings. Well, another few weeks will tell me whether I have really done as much as I should like to believe I have accomplished.

You ask about my physical condition. . . . I am rather at a loss to know just how to proceed now. The rest seems to have been helpful but the condition has not entirely cleared up. It is so much better that I am trying to believe that continued care might bring complete relief. I have done nothing but rest, avoid getting chilled and stay off my feet as much as possible. Through my good friend Angela Hankey, I've been put in touch with her wizard doctor on the Isle of Man. After a length and as complete a history of my trouble as I could give, he wrote to say that he thought he could cure me if I would come to him straight away for eight weeks. I replied that I WOULD come for the eight weeks but that I preferred to come after the new year unless he felt delay would be injurious or if he would be unable to treat me at that time. Angela has just written to say that Dr. Cannon says that IF I had this polysyllabic malady the orthopedic man diagnosed here, rest would not appreciably better the condition and he thought I might safely delay my treatment with him. However, now that there is so much to do in preparation for my hibernation, I am starting a slight tension again. So I propose playing my first few engagements and then going straight to California to see what I can do to put right the Swiss situation which is rather acute. If I continue to feel sort of only half-recovered, I shall cancel the remained of my concerts and go abroad for treatment immediately. I hope that you will agree that seems a wise plan. I was intensely comforted by the English doctor's opinion that operation should be avoided at all costs. For the moment, I am able to lead what appears a normal life, although I am on my feet as little as possible and the lack of proper exercize becomes a mania with me.

I plan now to leave here on the 3rd or 4th November. I am playing in St. Paul on the 5th and spending election night with Hope and Frances. I have promised to do some teaching then and shall leave Minneapolis for Chicago about the 7th. I shall be guided by how I feel as to what plans I make after California. However, I shall hope that I can manage a return via St. Louis and shall do my best to make it a week-end and give you sufficient advance notice.

I told Doris Mackinnon how extremely pleased you were with her

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book, "The Animals World", and passed on your comment that the book should have a very real success if it were rewritten to be a popular science book for the adult. I enclose a bit I've clipped from a recent letter from Doris and have told her that if you had any suggestions I would be delighted to relay them to her or you might wish to write to her direct. The other information about the book's success in England will interest you and so, although it is indiscreet of me to do so, I shall xxxxxxx send it on too. Please consider that as confidential.

You would have been amused and more likely uncontrollably irritated at some recent eveningsat which I had to sit through interminable dinners. If I had had any doubts as to where my sympathies and support would go in this campaign, the behaviour of the Eisenhower supporters would drive to Stevenson or even much farther left. I've seen evidence of such class-conscious bigotry, muddle-headedness and near-fascism that it frankly frightens me. It comes almost to the Chamberlain tactics of preserving self at ANYONE'S cost! I think you would have spat your drink right in her face, if you had heard Bob Harrison tonight when I replied to her outright question as to whom I would vote her. Under the effects of several martinis, her tongue wagged more freely than she realized and her bitterness became abusive. It was all so amusing because I CAN'T vote anyway! I didn't tell her that, though!

I agree with you that our visit had almost a healing quality of reassurance. I feel increasingly as the years pass, that each successive holiday we spend together is easier, more relaxed and making almost no demands on me. I find your companionship so restful and almost like a completion for my well being. I am glad if for you too, it was a genuinely restoring time. In spite of all my moving about the world, I really live rather tucked away in a corner, for I have the joy of such warm friends in so many parts of the world. In spite of the nomadic pattern of my existance, there is really a very strong feeling in me of being rooted, not to a place, but in people. It is curious what security and repose that gives me. . . . My friend Robert Trier telephoned to me from Chicago to ask if I would join him on a freighter from New Orleans early in November, sailing for the coast of South America. He proposes to winter in the lake region of Chile, which I believe is very beautiful. I am sure that he is NOT one of the people with whom I could be for long periods of time. In any case, my commitments for this year make such a plan impossible, but I was attracted by the idea.

For addresses, you can use Lorry Northrup's house (5803 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago) where I shall pick up mail around November 8th and after that use the ranch address (c/O Karl Wullschleger, Route 1, Box 330, Escondido, California.).

My love to you as always. I do hope so very much, that you are not finding teaching too dull and tiring and that your work at the gardens continues to give you great pleasure and satisfaction. I should so much like to see you do just the things you enjoy doing. You are one of the few individuals I've ever known who would thrive on it, I'm sure.

F.

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In the desert
near
Indio, California.
16th December, 1952.

Dearest George,

I hope that I have not so long delayed writing this letter that you will already have gone away for Christmas, or are you staying in St. Louis this year? Wherever you are, I hope that it will be a very gay, amusing and restful holiday season for you. I only regret that we cannot spend the season together.

Thank you so very much for the pictures of the Duluth house. I am so grateful to you for them, as they are the first and only ones I have to date. They give an excellent idea of the the little house and also something of the atmosphere of the interior. I shall be so glad to have them to show friends, and I do congratulate you on having got such excellent pictures. Someone out here was showing me some of the new "three dimensional" pictures they had taken with the new camera. Do you know about it and have you seen any of the results they can achieve. I was simply bowled over by the beauty and alivenes of the pictures and the magnificence of the color. If you don't know about it, I can get the information for you.

Yes, like you, I was rather dismayed about the outcome of the elections although I must say Eisenhower has won back some of my support by some of his cabinet appointments. Perhaps that is only my delight in seeing him steer a course so far afield of the Taft influence. It is THAT power which I really fear. I feel that the line of demarcation between the Taft idea of democracy and fascism is a very illy defined one. The thing which I found so disconcerting during the electioneering days was the ghastly intolerance of ninety-nine percent of the Republicans. As Monty so rightly said, people wore "Ike" buttons conspicuously, but IF one wore a Stephenson one, the demand for self-defense was almost invariable. Here, I am in the very hotbed of active rightwingers. The self-deception these people are capable of is frightening, and there is the almost terrifying similarity of determination for preservation of THEIR "status quo" (at anyone's expense.) as those of us who lived in England in the Chamberlain, pre-war days of superhypocracy. Hope, who supported Eisenhower (though with reservations) made the statement that IF Stephenson were defeated at this election, she felt certain that he would be in the house later as he was the ONLY person of presidential timber who had come before the nation in many a long year. I was playing in St. Paul the day after election and spent that night in the apartment with Hope and Frances. If there were time, I should like to tell you (and shall one day) of incidents at dinner and cocktail parties, with Bob Harrison at Margaret Banning's (she was actually on tour speaking for Ike), and a few others. Even Jim Nye was unwontedly abusive in his comments on the democrats. My own feeling was that Truman's entry into the campaign did the greatest damage. . . . Lyell, who knew Stephenson from school days in Bloomington, was in close touch with him and showed me charming letters he had. He must be a quite wonderful person. I suppose if one is realistic, it would be consistant to EXPECT the defeat of a person whose quality was too good.

I have had a very "mouvementé" time since my arrival in California. I was not prepared for the near-disastrous way in which affairs had been conducted since I left here this time last year. My Swiss people with all the good will in the world, got the ranch affairs in such a mess, that I must admit that I took fright. All the minute details of care were seen to admirably, and the place looked tidy and neat in the best Swiss fashion. BUT, when it

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came to going in to the books, I discovered that the bulk of the 10,000 pounds of avocado fruit had been sold at from 8 to 10¢ a pound. They had simply not bothered to watch the market which began at 27¢ a pound and by summer (when they harvested most of my crop) the price had dwindled to 8¢. I looked over Champ's books and some of the Henrys, and the comparison was ludicrous. Besides, additional loans had had to be made to keep the place going. All of Champ's fruit for this season (which was ripe) had been picked and sold for from 23¢ to 18¢ a pound. On my place NONE had been picked. By the time we got ours to market, the price was down to 17¢, lower than Champ had taken for any of his fruit. I was frankly frightened at what I might be in for. And then my usual luck had come to my rescue. Champ was determined to sell his place and go in to other work. He and Olivia had had a little boy this autumn and wanted more income. So I arranged that Champ's debt to me be taken over by my Swiss people, so they move to Champ's ranch and make mistakes on their own. It is not bad, that after two years they have a ranch in their own name, even though it isn't paid for, they have a little car, all their furniture and now it is up to them. It is intense relief to me not to have to interfere any more in their affairs. It is up to them now and I need not be consulted about what they do. My own ranch, I have now put up for sale, and I had intended to stay on out here until mid-January in the hope that the place would be sold. I am not sure how I shall manage that just yet.

I admit that all this preoccupation with "business" I found very tiring and so when I got finished I appealed to a friend here in the desert to try and find for me a house and piano where I could rest and be alone with my work for a bit. It so happens that he knows well, Mabel Walker Willebradt who was assistant attorney general in Hoover's cabinet, and who has a fairly large estate here. She rented me a tiny adobe guesthouse on the place where I have a living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. I am about three miles from the little town of Indio where my friend has his real estate office. He does errands for me (since he lives on the adjoining property and has to come and go frequently during the day,) and I stay here sunbathing and resting. There is an ancient Steinway available for work and I manage to keep a certain amount of work going. The ripe fruit in the citrus grove is mine for the picking (oranges, tangerines, grapefruit, lemons and limes) and the servants have brought me dates from the plantation on another part of the property. The sun has been deliciously hot and even at night, it has been warm enough to walk without wearing a jacket. The dry air is simply delicious. There has never been a suggestion of dampness on the grass which I cross mornings and evenings, to gather fruit. I am purring with contentment and only wish that I might have the pleasure of your company and feel that yo u too might be profitting from this rest period. The only slight drawback is the unsatisfactory bed. After the first night, I found myself having a slight relapse. However, since I continue to sleep in the same bed, and yet get better, I am inclined to think that nerve tension and its reaction w s responsible for the discomfort. Otherwise, I have been getting on extremely well. When I tell you that I did about a four mile walk on the desert yesterday, you will realize how much better I am. (How I longed for you to identify the flowers I brought back. . . . . Tomorrow my Josephine is arriving in Los Angeles to visit friends. If I could find a place, I'd be VERY tempted to take it on for a bit for this present house is only a temporary arrangement.

I shall be coming East about the middle of January and find that I might manage to get to St. Louis on about January 18th to spend Sunday and Monday with you IF I could have someplace to use a piano on the Monday and possibly Tuesday morning. Tuesday I go on to Charleston, Ill where I play on Wednesday at a college there. I go on to Chicago after that. It is possible though, that T

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might have to go to Chicago to play first, in which case, I would plan to come on to St. Louis on the 22nd or 23rd and spend the week-end. Let me know if you have any commitments for any of these times.

I thought you would be amused to see thenclosed clipping which I cut from a Los Angeles paper. If ever anything xxxxxxxxxx revealed the typical, political "squirmer" better, I've not seen it. I almost thought I would like to to write to the sports writer about the "deal" which was MADE at M.S.C. when I was still there, of changing to the fiscal year for all salaries, without reimbursing the staff for the three summer months work which they had coming. That, too, was under Hannah's administration.

I am sending you a few dates which were grown on this ranch, and I hope they arrive in good condition. If you would like some avacados, let me know for I can have a few shipped to you.

I shall miss you at Christmas time (I am actually spending Christmas eve and a few days afterward with a 90-year-old friend in Los Angeles, who is ill, and since I don't go in for gay celebrations anyway, I decided it would be a "good deed" and would spare me HAVING to accept any invitations. May 1953 bless you bountifully, with realizations of your most cherished wishes and may it be the prelude to more and more time that we can be together. In any case, the year will still be in its infancy when we meet.

With all my love.

Yours ever,

Louis

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S.S.VEENDAM [24 Feb 1953]

[Stockbridge, Hants, Eng]

Dearest George,

I am just beginning to revive and become a little more normal now. The past weeks were hectic and far too involved for comfort and coming, as they did, so soon on the heels of so much traveling, I really felt rather at low ebb. I really felt the need for rest, isolation and time to catch my breath. I think that the one thing I learned from this year's activities was that thetempo of American life and the involvement I accept in it, is quite wrong and definitely destructive for me. I shall aim at avoiding such a situation arising again.

R.M.S.

After I left you, I had about a week with two concerts and one full day of teaching in Grand Rapids and the travel involved. I arrived in Dayton to find that my niece and her sweet three-year-old child had moved back to my sister's house. I knew that my sister welcomed my presence, for my niece will always speak to me more openly and frankly than she will to her parents, and it was a help to have some indication of her emotional involvement as well as some idea of what she wanted to do. Hers is just another case of the ruination of good material through well-meant but incredibly indulgent parents-inlaw. That lad, (her husband) has never been taught to consider anyone and his selfishness is complete. Fortunately, I think that he managed to kill any vestige of affection she might have had for him and so the separation will not be as painful for her as it otherwise might be. She tells me that if it hadn't been for the child she would have taken action before. It was a very fatiguing ten days, and I left Dayton with relief and thanks. It was more like an escape than a farewell.

Holland-America Line

My time in New York and Philadelphia was delightful if a bit too tiring. I dined with Myra Hess on the night I arrived in town. It was the eve of her performance of the "Emperor" with the Philharmonic which I heard next day. Did you hear it broadcast, by any chance? When she told me that she was playing in St. Louis with orchestra I told her I had a good friend there. She said that she hoped you would come back stage after the performance. If you do go back you will also meet her secretary, Miss Gunn who is also a very close friend of mine. If they are staying on they might enjoy going out to the Garden to see some of your lovely old books. Miss Gunn would, I know! At any rate, I leave it to you to go or not as you like.

A very curious thing happened to me in New York. I think I had told you that I was in some doubt as to what I could and would do about arranging for a New York management since Miss Friedberg had died in December. The man who was carrying on temporarily is someone I knew years ago in London. We were on Christian name terms, but I always felt him to be bumptious, pretentious and not completely to be trusted. I was relieved to hear that Myra had continued with him as had the Budapest Quartet. They had given conge to practically all the other artists except myself. I had had a letter saying that we could discuss the future when I came East. I was astounded to find the little man much less unsympathetic, rather direct and sincere and we had almost immediate rapport He asked my plans for the next season and without having planned it in advance, I heard myself say that I would spend all of next season in Europe and only play in America beginning October 1954. To my amazement he accepted that decision and everything is arranged with complete satisfaction to everyone concerned. When I left the office, I was aware of a tremendous elation. I suppose that I had been subconsciously wanting to have a year free for work in peace without being aware of it. Now that the decision is made, I find myself relaxing and inwardly purring with delight. It means that in these four months that I shall now spend in Europe, I can be looking about for the right place in which to enjoy my next year, when I return to Europe in September or October. I hope, after all that I've said earlier in this letter about self-indulgent people,

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You will not think

that this represents nothing more than just that! Of course it would add a crown of perfection to this prospect if I got a letter from you saying that you had decided that perhaps you too would take a year off next year! Vaguely, I have thought that I might have a house in the country in England for October and perhaps early November, but to get away before the fogs and dampness overtake me. Then, probably south of France or even Sicily coming up to hte house on Maggiore late in April and have May and June in or near Paris. All of this is tentative and I might find when I get over here, that there was some definite reason for my taking this year in Europe. We shall see. I can only tell you that I am dlighted at the prospect and if you should wish to join me, I am sure it is not necessary to remind you of how welcome you would be. The details can always be worked out, and of course we would both have to be completely free to move about as we wish. You could scale tops of mountains while I practice! . . . I've had a letter from Frances telling me that she had decided against buying your piano meantime because since she plans to join Hope on a trip to Europe next Februar she didnot feel free to use the money for the piano just now. However, I am certain that I can dispose of the piano for you. In fact, I know someone in California who will take it, I think, if the transporting it isn't too expensive. Also, I should like to have a professional tuner or someone able to judge its value, put a price on the instrument. Don't worry about it, I KNOW I can dispose of it when I get back.

I saved the Sand County Almanac to bring with me on this voyage and I cannot tell you how much I am enjoying it. It so completely fits my present mood. Thank you so very much for providing such pleasant material for these leisured hours. I took this slow boat just to have a rest, a bit of detachment and isolation. Since I have taken the planes for transatlantic crossings in recent years, I xxx forgot how salutary a thing it is to have some days of such aloneness. In the old days when I always travelled by ship, I used to say that I welcomed these crossings as the one time in the year when I could think! You know, there is a certain amount of truth in that statement. This feeling of being cut off does make an objective process of thinking possible and also it gives an opporunity to assimilate the experiences of the past weeks and get my mental house in order before I face the news things, new people and problems that await me on the eastern shores of the Atlantic. I feel that I have myself in hand better and have a better balance. Is it true that in America we are so busy doing and experiencing, that we haven't time either to evaluate or assimilate experience before we are headlong plunged into a different experience? That is what I feel now, now that I have time to be a bit introspective. I must say the past experiences in my own country with its stresses and emphasis on what I believe to be the wrong things, only heighten my joy at being headed eastward with the prospect of returning here again after the Duluth class is ended. Is it inevitable that there must be this surfeit of wealth and food or the complete opposite as one sees in certain parts of Europe? It is curious that the deprivation seems to produce the greater spiritual values! I never cease being chagrined by the results which our wealth and freedom have produced. After all, that same system makes possible my freedom and independan so I suppose I have contributed to that shameful condition.

My plans for the next months are vague. So you had better write to me to 44 St. Leonards Terrace, London S.W.3, and everything will be forwarded from there.

So very much love to you always and in due course let me know your plans for coming East in June for it might be possible to have a day or two together before I go to Duluth.

Ever yours,

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[28 Sept 1953]

497 OTIS AVENUE
ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

Sunday Night

Dearest George. Thank you very, very very much for your reassuring card. I am so relieved to know those chest pains are not in any way related to a coronary condition. I do hope that the pain will subside & disappear. I shall be waiting eagerly to know the results of the further examinations to determine the cause for the digestive discomfort. May it be a condition easily diagnosed & cured.

I think that Frances is probably writing to you at this very minute. If you could have seen the joy which the announcement of your

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generous proposal produced, you would have felt rewarded richly for your generosity. It seems that sound-proofing done this summer at the school has deadened sound in Frances's studio to such an extent that she finds working or playing there is most unpleasant. And then to come home to such an impossible instrument as they have here must be seriously frustrating for a person so musical as Frances. Hope walked no difficulty + I am certain that if your piano is as satisfactory + lovely as I believe it to be - Frances will want to buy it. I am extremely grateful to you for making this generous gesture - + it seems right - for I

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497 OTIS AVENUE
ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

believe you & Frances to be two of the most completely honest people I've ever known. I just hope that you will derive as much joy from your generous act as you create for Frances.

It was thoughtful of you to have gone to the post office for me & arranged for that parcel to be brought to me. Thank you very much. It was a coronation goblet sent by a friend - - just a very short time after you had gone, an adjustible piano chair arrived as a gift from the summer class. I was very much touched.

Poor Hope had a wretched cold when she came for me today & so we have gone to our rooms early.

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I excuse me for this scribbling - but I am writing perched on the side of my bed. My last week in Duluth was much too busy & tiring but the success of the concert of my protegées - made the effort seem abundantly worthwhile.

We are busy now planning for our meetings in Europe - How complete it would be for me if you would announce your intention to join us! I miss people rarely in this very nomadic existance I lead. So just know in what a special category you are - when I say that I miss you very, very much... See

get letters at 5803 Blackstone Ave. Chicago (c/o L.R. Northrup) all of next

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497 OTIS AVENUE
ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

week - & after that at my sister's house (1739 Burroughs Drive Dayton - Ohio) until I go abroad at the end of the month. Please let me know soon that you are feeling better.

My love to you as always.

F.

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THE
Devon
70 West 55th St.
New York

24th October [1953]

Dearest George.

In a very few minutes I shall be on my way & hope to breakfast in London in the morning. I had wanted to send you a proper letter before I left - but there has been so much to do in preparing for this longer than usual absence

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from this country.

I was so grateful for your message telling me that you were responding so well to the treatment for your digestive upset. It was a relief to know what the trouble was & how you could cure it. I hope the condition has responded so well to treatment that you can soon ignore the whole thing. I hope the move into your former office at the Gardens wasn't a too strenuous undertaking. Now — may the winter be a happy & satisfying time for you.

I am well — very well — & my orthopedic surgeon in Columbus, in whom I have such faith, gave me a most encouraging report. So I leave here full of hope & enthusiasm for the winter

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ahead. My address until March 1st. (except at Christmas when I hope to be in Italy) will be:
Chez M. Casanova,
34 bis rue de Longchamp
NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE - France
How I wish you were to join me there!

Much love to you & a reluctant farewell

Frank

F.

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San Giorgio
on Lake Maggiore
15th January, 1954.

OLCOTTAGE
Bass and Clear Lakes - Gordon - Wisconsin

Dearest George,

This writing paper was somehow left in my writing case and seems to me a most appropriate bit for sending you my first message of the new year. IT brings me such warm and happy memories of such a perfect holiday, that I cannot begin the year without wishing that that experience should be repeated in 1954. . Your extremely pretty and attractive Christmas card was very welcomely received. The news it brought me of you, meager though it was, was so good. I am so very pleased to know that you continue to feel so well, and I just hope that you will not suffer any recurrence of the distress you had in the late summer. That you keep interested and busy, I need not be told. That I will always take for granted!! It seems all to add up to a report of contentedness and, I hope sufficient happiness.

My Parisian stay was most exciting with work going along well, plenty of wonderful concerts (the whole of the Beethoven Quartets played in a series of six concerts by the magnificent Hungarian String Quartet) exciting theater and temperatures before Christmas so mild that I had coffee after lynch most days, on my balcony, and could sit at sidewalk cafes until midnight with just a light-weight coat over my shoulders. I had to wait for Italy to give me my first taste of winter. Afer a springlike Christmas which was a celebration full of delightful surprise and a party for our peasant friends here, we had ten inches of snow descend on us soon after the new year. It imposed no discomforts, however, for the heating arrangements worked admirably and our faithful staff managed to keep things going. I am staying on here now until the end of the month when I shall return to Paris. I just off to the

am

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Milan airport to meet my friend Robert Trier who comes to me from Oslo for a short visit. Another friend leaving tonight for London will post this letter there. Due to the strike of French Postal employees, the vagaries of our local post office and the general slackness of latins in handling the mail, I feel sure that this note will reach you safer and with far greater speed in this way. I look forward to the arrival of Hope and Frances next month and only regret that you are not to be of the party. We shall think of you and drink to your good health. I continue to get letters about the joy your piano has given and continue to give. I am so grateful to you for that very generous gesture.

Letters to Paris until late February or to London any time, will always reach me. I hope to hear that you are sticking to your plan to summer in Wisconsin and Minnesota. I know that the Harrison-Swift menage would be delighted to have you at Gordon, and I would be very happy to have the chance to see you while the class is in session.

Now, I must stop for the car is waiting to take me to Milan. My love and devotion to you always.

J.

P.S. I hope that the Alan Paton book reached you before Christmas? I haven't read it but I can still hear your voice reeling off that title as we wandered around the woods at Gordon!

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★ ★ ★ MIAMI
AN ALBERT PICK HOTEL

DAYTON 1, OHIO

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HOTEL FOUNTAIN SQUARE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
HOTEL CARTER
COLUMBUS, OHIO
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HOTEL JERMYN
SOUTH BEND, IND.
HOTEL OLIVER
ST. LOUIS, MO.
HOTEL MARK TWAIN
HOTEL MELBOURNE
TOLEDO, OHIO
HOTEL FORT MEIGS
TOPEKA, KANS.
HOTEL KANSAN
WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE LEE HOUSE
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
HOTEL PICK-OHIO

ALBERT Pick HOTELS
ALWAYS THE BEST FOR EVERY GUEST

1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, Ohio
8th June, 1954.

Dearest George,

Yes, I had wondered and been rather uneasy about your silence, but the idea had never entered my head that I might be crossed off your list. That iseither an awful admission of vanity, or such security in your affections that I never doubt the permanence of our relationship. I prefer to think my lack of doubt was on the latter basis. I WAS uneasy, though lest your silence indicated illness. However, erring on the score of long silences myself at intervals, I know how annoying it can be to have people cable or write to know if I am well. So I just waited and I am delighted to know that the cause for your silence was only pressure of work. I am sorry to know that there has been such upheaval and dissensions that you speak of the "two camps" in your department as well as the mixed feelings about your friend Andersson being named to the directorship of the Gardens. I just hope that you will not let yourself get upset and involved in these feuds, for you have the experience before now, of knowing how disastrous such upsets are for your health.

It was good news to know that you plan to spend the summer so near me. Alas, your letter didnot reach me before I left London, otherwise I might have written a note to the Harrisons to say what your plans were. (I left London on the 28th May). I have, though, sent them a note to announce my arrival back in this country and said that I had heard from you and that you were planning to spend the summer working on your book as you had planned last year. I think it far better for you to write a note direct to Bob to say that you are hoping that the plan you spoke of last year will be a possible one to carry out this summer: i.e. for you to have the use of the house at Gordon when they donot require it. Just tell her to be absolutely frank in telling you if it is an unworkable plan. If it is, I am sure that I can find something else for you that will be an adequate substitute, and possibly a bit less far from Duluth. However, the Gordon place is ideal and I suspect that the Harrisons will jump at the chance to have the house occupied. We can work out details later.

WE SUGGEST YOUR USE OF OUR TELETYPE RESERVATION PLAN FOR RESERVATIONS IN OTHER HOTELS AT NO COST TO YOU.

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by the time I see you

I hope that I will not have regained all the lost fourteen pounds of excess flesh which I lost this year as a result of having harboured a benign tapeworm. I feel as though I have joined the ranks of unmarried fathers after that disagreeable accouchement. The after effects of the medicines I took at a pharmacist's advice, were so drastic, that I ran a high temperature for days and was forced to stay in bed and have a week's convalescence before I could regain some feeling of security in my shaky legs. Now, I am feeling abundantly well and the prospect of seeing you soon is a very great, contributing factor to my eagerness to see these next weeks pass quickly. My plan is to leave here about June 16th, or soon after. I shall have a little visit in Chicago before I go on to Duluth where Miss Rogers is vacating the house only on the 19th. I am hoping that Josephine will not feel obliged to go into any vast process of preparing the house for me, for Miss Rogers has written to say that Josephine has moved in on her with a paint brush and plans to have every available surface recovered with fresh paint before my arrival. In view of the fact that 1, she was unwell all winter, 2, that I IMPLORED her NOT to try and do much before my arrival and 3, that her ability to serve me well during the weeks when the class is in session is of primary importance, I tend to be more annoyed by her excess of zeal rather than pleased with the desired evidence of devotion she wishes to give. Anyway, sometime xxx after the 21st I shall be traveling from Chicago to Duluth, and until the 16th I shall be here with my sister (Address at the top of this letter and telephone Randolph 6631)

There will be much news to hear and I look forward to this summer so very eagerly.

My love to you as always.

F.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota.
8th July, 1954.

Dearest George,

I was delighted to find your letter when I got back late on the evening of the 6th. I shall be very eager to hear more about your impressions of Mexico for it is a country about which I have always had great curiosity and never a chance to investigate. So you wouldn't have to work too hard to induce me to join you there one day, for a bit of vacationing.

The job of settling in has been done as painlessly as it is possible to achieve it. Josephine had painted the entire insides of the house and practically scraped the carpets into colorful brilliance, so that the whole place was sparkling. Nevertheless, the problem of housing the students, arranging for practice rooms, for pianos, for moving the pianos, getting my own piano installed and my summer clothes ready, was the sort of tiresome chore which I resent having to spend time on. However, since I have never been trained as a business executive who relegates the jobs to underlings, I just plod along and eventually get done. I am ready now for the "invasion" as Josephine calls it, and it begins tomorrow. I am teaching this week to fit in a few extra people whose applications for the full summer session I refused. So these odd lessons will be fitted in when and if time permits. I have the usual large class but I have tried to arrange it so that I will have an occasional half day to myself. WE'll see how successful I am in planning.

Bob told me that she had had a letter too and we are all waiting very eagerly to welcome you. I imagine that you will want to stop at Gordon on arrival to unpack, so be sure to let Bob know so that the keys can be left for you at the Garage as before. As soon as you know your plans, let me know. I have the big class here always on Thursday evenings but otherwise I donot have any regular evening en-engagements for thes next few weeks. A warm welcome awaits you. So do come soon. My love as always

F.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota
23rd September, 1954.

Dearest George,

I was delighted to have your letter when I was in Minneapolis last week and be reassured that your journey south was comfortable and not too difficult. I hope that the return to St. Louis was achieved without any unpleasant incidents or too great fatigue. I apologize for not writing to you immediately after that visit, but the results wer so completely without definite effect that I thought it useless to send on the interim report. I saw the boy's friend Dr. Ulrich who examined me and had some more chest x-rays made and also came with me to examine me together with the x-ray doctor. They also did some fluroscoping at that time. Dr. Ulrich refused any comment and insisted that my questions must all be asked when I saw Dr. Kinsella the chest surgeon. I went down again yesterday morning for my interview with Dr. Kinsella, an interview at which Dr. Ulrich was also present. It seems that the fact that this "mass" or growth moves when I swallow, is an indication that it is caused by somepressure or falling down of the thyroid gland. The possibility exists that I might take the thing with me to my grave without it having in any way harmed me. It is also possible that it might develop into a malignancy, a thing which they seem to rule out as a present possibility. It could also continue to enlarge and attach itself to the windpipe and make emergency surgery necessary. It might attach itself to the aorta and cause equally serious trouble and there were a few other alternatives which were possible. Both doctors assured me that if they had the thing they would have it removed. I asked about the necessity for immediate action and both men felt that a short delay would not affect the condition appreciably. So I have tentatively arranged that I would go down to the hospital (St. Marys in Minneapolis) and have the operation performed about November first. I shall fix the date definitely within another week. The operation, they say, involves no more risk than an appendix operation and I should be able to leave the hospital not more than ten days after the operation. The surgeon felt that I could then do what I liked but Dr. Ulrich felt that it would be best if I planned to remain in Minneapolis for post-operation supervision for about two weeks. They seemed to think that I could begin work at the piano again as soon as I liked after the operation. The only deterrent would be my resistance to pain and the unpredictable effects of the operation on my nerves. In any case, they both felt that I was perfectly safe to plan to play late in January as is now arranged and go abroad in March if I wish. I shall plan to spend December and January until I play in a place where I can enjoy the out-of-doors. The Churches, who know nothing of the operation plans, have written to say that they think that they could get me a house and piano in Tucson which is tempting, for that dry, desert air and usually-warm winter sunshine should be just about the perfect thing for recuperation.

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Hunt

That is, I believe, the full extent of the information which I have and I apologize for dwelling so much and in such detail on my plans. I know from experience, though, had maddening it is to have someone write about such a situation and then at some things and leave your imagination free to create far worse conditions than actually exist. I assure you that I am completely calm and objective about the whole thing. Jerry and Monty both commented on the fact that I seem to be less concerned about this thing that my friends are, which I honestly believe is true. Monty is insistant that I come to their house from the hospital but I am exceedingly unwilling to do that. I'll probably go to an hotel. The kindness and generosity of Monty and Rich and their constant thoughtfulness have touched me deeply. I expect them and Hope and Frances to come up for the Saturday and Sunday, October 2nd and 3rd. It is planned as a birthday party for Rich's birthday the 4th and Frances' the 11th, I believe. Too bad you cannot be here too and we would belatedly celebrate yours too. They are insisting that I come down the following week-end for another celebration but I think I shall defer any unnecessary travel for the rest of October.

I hope that you haven't been too overwhelmed by the demands of the start of term and that everything goes along smoothly and pleasantly at the gardens for the chairman of the library committee. May it be in every way a record year for you in both mathematical and botanical achievements as well as personal happiness.

My love to you as always and that always renewed wish that we can be together again without a too long interval intervening.

Yours ever

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota
12th October, 1954.

Dearest George,

I was so pleased to have your letter telling me that the Mexican plans look as though they will eventuate. I do beg of you NOT approach either your head of department or Andy about leave of absence until the thing is a complete certainty. I don't quite know why I feel so strongly on the subject but I have a vague fear that you might be storing up unpleasant reactions if you discuss the possibility of absence before the thing in Mexico is dead certain. SO WAIT!

Now with that off my chest I can go on to other things. The towels for Gordon have arrived and I am relieved to be able to have all that settled before I leave here for Minneapolis. I have altered my plans since I wrote to you. I decided that the delay was not pleasant and so I got Monty on the telephone and have managed to shove the thing ahead. I am being taken to Minneapolis by car by Hope and Monty who are to be in Duluth for the week-end. We motor down on Monday the 18th. I go in to St. Marys Hospital in Minneapolis the next morning before nine. They want 48 hours to do things to me and then very early on the morning of Thursday the 21st the operation will be performed. I am planning not to tell anyone about it, not even my sister and her family and of course no one in Duluth knows anything about it. I understand that Dr. Kinsella, the surgeon is one of the most distinguished chest surgeons in the country. They keep an entire floor at St. Marys for his patients and since that hos-

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pital is run by the same nuns who have the college in St. Paul where I've played so often, I am to get special "family" care. There will even be a bulletin board announcement on the day of the operation (I have been told) asking everyone to pray for a friend who is undergoing surgery that day. So I have the assurance of a good surgeon, special care for nursing, very much more special heavenly intercession than I could hope to get on my own efforts, and the nearness of warm friends like Hope, Monty, Richard and Frances. No one could ask for more.

Now I must get to the loathesome task of preparing a talk which I was stupid enough to agree to do for the State Music Teachers Association at their meeting here on Sunday, and as you can imagine there is far too much to be done before I leave here next Monday.

My love to you as always

P.S. I forgot to say that I've arranged with Miss Rogers to return here as soon as I can early in November and have a few weeks of convalescence here. It was this possibility of being alone in my own house after the thing is over, which decided me to get it done now.

F.

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ayways
Steep near Petersfield, Hampshire.
9th April, 1955.

Dearest George,

I had intended writing you before I left New York but I was so unwell that I spent my last days before departure in bed resting. I am sure there was nothing wrong except that I was reaping the understandable effects of excessive fatigue. The work which I crowded into the weeks since I had seen you was quite enough for me to cope with in my state of depleted nervous reserves but when emotional strain was added to that, it proved the last straw and I went down like a piece of string. Herman Lande (you consulted him in New York about your heart at one time, didn't you?) was very kind and helpful and prescribed some mild medication which corrected the internal upheaval. He seemed to believe that I had an intestinal virus which was prevalent in New York, but I still think it was just revolt from fatigue! When I got to New York, after a strenuous week in Dayton, I was done for. In Dayton, my niece was in hospital for the removal of tumors which, like mine, proved to be embryos. They were lodged in the ovaries, in her case and actually conainted hair and teeth. Isn't it extraordinary? Her father-in-law, a childhood friend of ours, had hung himself the day before my arrival having gone quite mad. We had my five-year-old niece staying in the house whose entertainment I undertook to relieve my sister somewhat. The combination was just too much for me. So I was intensely happy to get down here where Doris and I are having three weeks of rest and peace. I go to my room for rest periods three times a day and now that the weather has at last altered from icy winter, which it was on our arrival, I feel that I shall feel fit and enthusiastic for the rest of my time for here. I do admit, though, that I felt I had made a grievous mistake in attempting this trip when I first arrived! We have this heavenly little house which I rented from Mr. Matthay's adopted daughter. IT was done over from an 18th century country cottage to a quite lovely country house some fifty years ago, by Muirhead Bone. His studio in the garden is the scene for summer musicales here. I have two glorious Steinways in the house, the place is admirably heated by a very good central heating plant and we are looked after by a glorious old biddy, one-legged Mrs. Daniels. I wish you might see this beautiful garden which is so unmistakably the creation of an artist of the first rank. I shall be sorry to leave on the 18th for Paris where I shall stay just a few days before I continue my journey to Zurich and Italy. I expect to stay in Italy until about the 10th of May, or thereabouts. That address will be : SAN GIORGIO, LEGGIUNO-per-AROLO, Varese, Italy. After that I shall have a very brief visit with friends near Grasse before I return to England. My address after mid-May will be 15 Markham Square, c/o James Vance Esq. London S. W. 3. I shall see a few friends in the country before I take off before the middle of June for new York, Dayton

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and Duluth. I very much want to get back there early enough to have a little time for elisured settling in before what promises to be the largest class I've undertaken assembles for work. Et voila the resumé of these many weeks since I saw you. And now what is your news? I had hoped that I would hear that you had had acceptance of your terms for the work in Mexico. So far I've not heard a word and when Monty mentioned his having spent an evening with you on their recent visit to St. Louis, and never mentioned anything at all about the Mexican plans, I wondered if they had turned down the proposition all together. Oh I do hope that that has not been the case! Do send me some message to tell me what is happening about that and also if your plans for going to Mexico this summer have matured as you outlined them to me.

I must say I have had abundant reason to review my thoughts about our California retirement plan, for seeing Doris who is aging so rapidly (and if I may say so, so willfully) and XXXXX seeing Professor Pender in whose house I was staying In Philadelphia, these examples of what retirement can and SBOULDNOT be, has been a wonderful lesson. I very much hope that I can soon establish some sort of haven in a kindly climate where I can start to take root gradually without ceasing my vagabonding ways immediately; when the time comes to "just sit" I want to feel that I am not ina strange place nor an unfriendly one. This reduction of physical resistance has made me know what it must mean to grow old. My God, how I pray that this is a temporary thing I am enduring so ungracefully and impatiently! I wish for you so often here. It seems such a waste for you not to know this country! My love always

First fold here

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
Missouri Botanical Gardens
St. Louis, Missouri.
U. S. A.

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Frank Mannheimer
Byways, Steep nr. Petersfield
Hants.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGE OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open out here

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota
14th October, 1955

Dearest George,

Your good letter has remained unanswered much longer than I ever intended it should. I was delighted to know that your journey back to St. Louis had been so pleasant and the interludes of watching the blue heron and photographing that "flaming" grass were experiences I wish that I might have shared with you. . . . . I was not very surprised to know that the lad from Edinburgh was not to be your assistant. I hope that the person who repalces him will be satisfactory both in his work and as a sympathetic human being. It makes the whole situation so much more pleasant if you genuinely like the people with whom you work. The faulting of your library assistant is a serious matter, and I do implore you NOT to attempt to keep up the pace you started in the library work UNLESS you have the promised aid. Don't forget that if you once set up the precedent that you can manage without help, that will be pounced upon as the standard for the future, not only for you but for your successor. Just never for an instant forget to interpret your own behaviour from the point of view of your director! .. .. .. The teaching program in the University sounds a pretty good arrangement although I am sure that any teaching of mathematics at all, is less than exciting for you. I just hope that the Mexican project comes off this time. Do keep me informed about that please. It would be wonderful to escape the winter in St. Louis and be in Mexico for that season. Your report of the incident with Woodson was just silly. It is the impotence of a weak human being letting out spleen ineffectually. I am sure that your vanity isn't vulnerable enough to have been affected by that accusation of amateur! Frankly, it involves a compliment, that you should, with Woodson's approval, be in the position he vacated, considering that he had a lifetime of training as preparation and you have had only such training as you have given yourself. He rather indicts himself, poor, warped creature. You can afford to be generous in that case! .. .. .. I was sorry to hear that you were slightly unwell with a stomach upset; I hope it was nothing more serious than a minor discomfort.

My own news is all to the good! Our time together this year was more helpful to me and pleasanter than you can ever know. Your aid to me goes far beyond anything which you can fathom. I feel as though I have emerged from under the spell of a dark, lugubrious era. Actually, nothing was wrong but my own mental state. It never occurred to me that the habit of invalidism could be a mental state, but I can see now that it was. I HAVE emerged and I am now feeling absolutely confident and serene. I have refused several engagements to play this year, but I have said that I would consider them postponements until next season. I hope that the local impressario concurs with that suggestion. I am doing a steady routine of work which is proving very productive both in the results

I am achieving and

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Your pink flower in the lake in the virgin forest . Could i it be the American counterpart of what is called in Scotland the Bog-Bean (or Buck-bean) ? The systematic name is **Menyanthus trifoliata**, if I remember aright. It is one of our loveliest native wild-flowers. I have seen it only in some of the Scottish lochs . In June it flowers. I remember the first time I saw it , as a child - it is a spire of dead-white flowers with bright pink bits of them sticking out of them . The leaf is conspicuous and sort of bronzy-green : in three leaflets , as the specific name suggests. Ask George. You are far enough north for yours to be a mere variety of ours , though it too late for flowering .

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in the staisfaction I am deriving from the work. It has become almost a passionate necessity and I regret that there must be the interruption which the impending trek to California involves. The present plan is that the boys and Hope will be in Duluth for the opening of the Symphony season here on October 21st (next week) After that I have a fortnight to close up shop here. The plan is that we shall leave Minneapolis on Monday the 7th November. It seems to me arather vague way to proceed, but I couldn't suggest a better method. I shall be very surprised if we can reach any definite decision unless one thing pops up which is such an obvious opportunity that we dare not risk missing it. The important thing, though, is to make a start. I think Frances just must be saved from herself. She will not survive much more of the sort of life she is giving herself just now. And there is no doubt that the "not-losing-face" which seems the only reason for Monty's continuing with his work, will be a seriously disintegrating thing unless he gets away from that soon. So we shall see. As Genevieve said so rightly, "the best part of the whole thing is this scouting trip which should be hilarious." I agree.

I had occasion to be talking to Jim Nye about some rather intimate matters, (both his affairs and mine) and I told him of the Shaffer business. He immediately insisted on seeing the letters, the note and the collateral. So I got it for him and he says that the thing is blatantly dishonest and has been a misrepresentation from the start and fits a pattern so exactly, that he, Jim, would be surprised if this is an isolated case in which Dean has done this. Jim thinks Shirley knows nothing about the matter and that her signature on the note is forged by Dean. He also suspects that Dean intercepts the letters I send to the house and that Shirley is unaware of the whole thing. Jim begs me to allow him to take matters in his own hands before it is too late. I have sent two letters, both of which have remained unanswered. So I think that I shall follow Jim's advice and just wash my hands of the whole matter and let Jim handle it for me. I would so much like to telephone and speak to Shirley first, though. I really INTENSELY want to know if she is aware of all this dishonesty. Jim insists she is not and I daresay that his experience in these matters is something reliable and I know all too well from experience how cautious Jim is. The whole thing is your fault anyway. If you would agree to let me supplement your income from the Gardens somewhat so that you could reduce your mathematics teaching, I wouldn't have enough money left to get in such troubles. Curiously, the whole thing leaves me quite unmoved and detached. I don't too much mind about losing the money (if I do) and I haven't any feeling about Dean, one way or another. I would be upset, though, to discover that poor Shirley is trapped by being married to that sort of man, and, with two small children, felt that she could not escape. That would distress me terribly and I would do everything in my power to help her out of it if I could.

The enclosed from Doris is in response to my telling her about our discovery of those pink flowers in that boglike lake. If you want to send her a note directly, you can, or send me the information and I shall forward it on to her.

Now I must get back to the piano. So much love, dear George and my very deepest thanks for your helpful understanding and support this past month. Your help to me will never be forgotten and the feeling of closeness with you which this has given me remains a support which I lean on heavily, believe me.

Yours ever,

J.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth 5, Minnesota
28th October, 1955.

Dearest George,

This letter should have been written to you a week or more ago, but I have been so distracted with things which MUST get done before I leave Duluth, that I continue to procrastinate Now, time is running out and I must get this on its way.

First, I have extremely sad news to relay. Our good friend William Harrison died on October 16th. He and Bob had gone to St. Paul for a Bar Associaiton meeting where he overdid things justhorribly. In his condition it was as near as he could come to suicide. A meeting in the morning, a luncheon, another meeting, then a cocktail party, and later they went to Minneapolis to dinner and motored back to St. Paul to their hotle after that. All of this the very day after they had motored down from here. He collapsed and she had a gnastly time driving him home. They got here late Thursday and I visited him at home each day and found him in great discomfort but it didn't seem to me any worse than previous attacks I had seen. The doctor ordered him to hospital on Sunday and I wheeled him in aninvalid chair to his room. We left him at 8 and he died at 11 from a burst blood vessel. Bob has been marvelously brave, but it has been a rather difficult time, for while I disapprove of so much, I am more concerned with giving support just now. Under the circumstances, my position is not easy. I am not sorry that I shall be leaving here in another week. I know you will want to send Bob a note.

Our plans were finally completed when the boys and Hope spent last week-end here. We shall leave Minneapolis on Tuesday November 8th. Friends of mine near Santa Rosa have offered a guest house where the three of us can sleep, (without Hope) as a base if we want to use it. Being spared the expense of motels might be a very important consideration. . . When he was here, Monty told me that a new electric razor had just been put on the market which has an adjustible fixture adaptible for the various parts of Europe and he thought I would be well-advised to get one of those for myself in place of the battery set. If you would forgive me for asking you to keep the razor you now have (if it is completely satisfactory) then I might be tempted to get one of those for my European trips.

I finally had to telephone Nebraska and I spoke to Shirley. A check was promised which should have arrived today. If it still isn't here by tomorrow, I shall telephone again. I am convinced that she doesnot have any idea of what is going on. I am very afraid she is caught in a most unsavoury and unpleasant situation.

My usual luck is holding good for friends from Redlands have telephoned to say that they have a house available for me there. It has a 24 by 16 living room, two studies, 3 bedrooms (each with its own bathroom) and faces the campus of the university. I have agreed to take it

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when the others return to Minnesota. I haven't the right address but it is quite near my friends and so I am using their address meantime. It is:

c/o Albert Johnson, 1007 University Street, Redlands, California.

My Swiss in Escondido has said that if I can time my journey south from San Francisco on a weekend, he will come up and motor me down to my house. It couldn't all have worked out better.

Now what is your news. I hope that things have settled down into a comfortable and not too exhausting routine for you. Is the new assistant satisfactory and do you have help in the library yet? I PRAY that you are not undertaking more than you can do comfortably. If you feel inclined to have a Christmas holiday, let me know. The Slavins will be out sometime, but I doubt if they will get there until the new year. I am not sure that Josephine will be with me. It will depend on how well her husband's recovery progresses. He is not yet able to work. I have kept to my routine of work very successfully and this year of freedom to concentrate on practice looms ahead as a bonanza that is far better than I ever dared dream I would have. Thank you for so forcefully shoving me into it! Any news from Mexico?

I'll be here until the 6th, then at Belmont Avenue until the morning of the 8th. So much love to you always

from

J.

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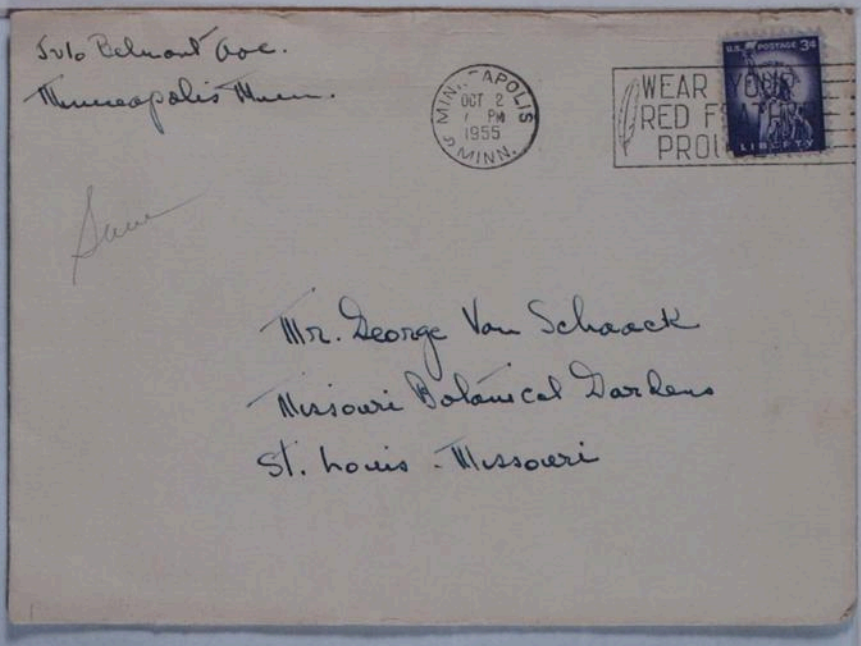

5 v/o Belmont Ave.
Minneapolis Minn.

Mr. George Van Schaack
Missouri Botanical Gardens
St. Louis - Missouri

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The drawing on the other side is missing one person from St. Louis — but I assure you — it is only in person. It's a far cry from Squaw Lake — but we all are having fun in remembrances. I don't show in the picture — as I am usually talking term — but if you look close — I am behind Rich — so he is bigger than I am —

Best wishes — Thanks.

Can the smallish person with hand over face, lower left? 'Tis I, F.M. Br. I put my hand there thus in dismay each time I look through the Family of Man — dismay because you were not adequately thanked for a collection of prints so stirring to the imagination.

F.M. Jr.

Mr. Helen tells me you wrote a very appreciative letter about Stasia, her most pleasant duty to contribute the many many ours —

Hammett sent our pictures yet that we took if they are good you undoubtedly will receive some copies —

Best wishes Fish —

Without you — (for competition) Rich has clear sailing for

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supremacy - & you will observe that I am quite typically lagging behind in the card - - I am here to see if Monty's tailor can expand a few of my clothes to meet present requirements - I'll write as soon as I get back to Duluth next week -

Much love - F.

HAND BLOCK PRINT
TAKAHASHI STUDIO, S.F.
109

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7250 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
October 3, 1956

Dear (F.M. Jr.) (George) :

The package with wrapper smeared with Marilyn lips, "This is just for you, Sir", and addressed solely to me, was opened with the thought that a cover so smeared might enclose my favorite brand of chocolates (Hershey's Kisses), but no--a book! "Mantissae", the meaning of which, naturally, I knew at once, but looked the word up in the dictionary to see if Webster also knew. He did. And the dedication--that rather cringed me. Alas. How self deceived you are. I've dug deep into my cells to find a trace of wit and all I can get is "nit". But the wit, the sly humor, betokened by the contents and compilation of "Mantissae" I acknowledge with chuckles. The Boys and I read it with chuckles. The Girls, the Boys and I read it with chuckles. The Visitors, the Girls, the Boys ad I read it with chuckles and always with chuckles that explode into loud laughs.

But not only does "Mantissae" bring pleasure. Myself, as I read and re-read, I find proof that pleasure may be productive of profit. No longer can I hide behind the excuse of a serious educational lapse. Now, when I stand on the Mediterranean and make a jackknife dive into the Dead Sea, I know that I've plunged downward just 1286 feet into water five times as salty as the ocean, and that if I try to breathe while under water, whether it be Dead or alive, I am no turtle. And at last, happily, thanks to the compendium, I am able to instruct our house toad about the dreadful 100-to-15000 ratio--the fertility ratio, that is--of his eggs, and too, also happily, I am able to know at once when I meet a snake in the grass that should he (she) raise himself (herself) five feet into the air and spread a hood, why, it's a cobra that has killed me.

Such bits of newly acquired wisdom are priceless, but so too are the more everyday do's-and-don'ts. Instead of washing my feet every other month, I shall now wash them twice a day, taking due care to avoid excessive use of powder between my toes to circumvent caking, and if this procedure should possibly irk, I will follow the advice given here and get frequent hairdos to keep my mind off my feet. Proceeding upward in altitude a little higher than feet, when my ankles puff I shall put them on the mantel. Bodily a bit higher, I shall now be heedful of the need of producing more boy babies than in the past in the noble effort to even up the disgraceful boy-girl ratio. My taste buds, somewhat

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more altitudinal than my boy producing facilities, shall now be more exquisitely titillated by chopping the walnuts in my drop cookies in coarser pieces—but be relieved, said drop cookies will now be eschewed during such time as I am en route to the mailbox, for then I shall be chewing stalks of quinoa and leaves of coco to reduce fatigue.

Oh, my life bids fair to flower under your ministration!—And to think tam now I'm one of 3,000,000 to have moved this year to a new place of residence! And now to realize that the real reason that my Holy Bible fell to so untimely a decay was not because of thoughtless, constant wear and tear but because of the acidity of the leather binding, as may be deduced from the report of the North Dakota College of Agriculture.

Monty says that to acknowledge receipt of a gift sent by two people, jointly, the proper procedure is to send the same letter to both, an original and a copy. However it occurs to me that because of the importance of the matter in hand, the one to receive the carbon might feel himself ill used, shoved into a number two spot, wherefore I've made two carbons, one for each. The original, at my demise, and with expressions of gratitude, I have directed to be presented by the administrators of my estate to the North Dakota College of Agriculture.

Yours,

Frank M. Sr.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
30th September, 1957.

Dearest George,

Your letter has just come. Thank you very much for writing because I know how busy you must have been these XXXXXXXXXX first days after your return. I am so relieved to know that the doctor gave you such a reassuring report. You donot say whether the toe has healed and if your shoulder has completely recovered. Let me know. Was there any special reason for the elbow X*ray? Is there still a swelling? I do hope that all evidence of that nightmare experience will soon be behind you. I feel that I was less than helpful on this occasion and certainly your stoicism and courage deserved more recognition than I gave you. Forgive that lapse, but realize that the sight of blood and my squeamishness in so many ways combined to absolutely freeze me. I fear that I became quite irrational for the hurt to someone I care for plus the sight of blood just did something very unpleasant to me. I hope that I atoned somewhat for that lapse as the days went by. The memories of our journey east remained one of the best motor tours I've ever taken. I am very grateful to you for introducing me to so much that is beautiful in our country and I shall count on you to repeat much of the tour when some of my English friends are here to enjoy it with us.

The news of your secretary's illness is very distressing. Don't you have ANY secretarial help at the moment? Is it possible that Marie types enough to help you? If so, she might welcome temporary employment and the income it would produce. Please don't even attempt to keep up to your usual standard without help. You used just the word I tried to find when I gave you my impression of the Pole who had applied for the librarian's job; intractable. However, if you can get competent assistance from him, and realize that you are dealing with an egotist, you can probably manage to get the work done without losing control of the situation. I hope that the relief from library responsibilities will not come atthe cost of unpleasant and irritating situations with the man. I must say that your mathematics department schedule seems as nearly as ideal as you could hope to have it if the work is all to be concentrated in the morning hours. I trust that your repugnance at facing the work will disappear as you become engrossed in the demands made on you. Just remember throughout this year that you are not stuck in St. Louis unless you want to be. The move to the west is possible whenever you wish to make it. I hope that you would feel uncomfortable if I were caught in a situation that was distasteful to me when you could help to escape from that unplesantness. So consider my feelings in coming to a decision, and understand that your independance would not be jeopardized in any way.

Louis and Marie will have had my long, rambling, disjointed and incredibly untidy letter by now. I found some forty pieces of personal mail to cope with when I got here on the 22nd. So I simply could not face retyping that long report. I hope that they are pleased with the outcome of events.

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I told them that you and I had spoken about the pleasure it would be to share a journey west with them. It would be wonderful if it could be planned. Letters from Hope and Frances were here to greet me on my arrival. Hope said that Rich seemed quite natural and sweet but that Monty was strained and far from relaxed. I suspect that he now feels that I have been pretty intimidating and since he lacked the courage to speak up to me, he probably is smouldering with resentment now. When I get to it, I shall write to all of them individually. For the present I had to be satisfied with a joint letter to all members of the corporation.

My stay in Fort Dodge was extremely painful for both those old people are in such states of decay that it was heart-breaking. The judge suffers terribly from fortgetfulness. In the twenty-four hours I spent with them, I was asked five times where I lived, and on the hour the same question was asked, "How about a cigar" to which I replied that I didn't smoke cigars. Just as the clock would strike the hour, out would come the box of cigars again. It would have been very funny if it hadn't been so sad. In addition to this affliction, the poor man has also become very deaf. His wife is ina wheelchair, unable to move unaided and cataracts have dimmed her sight and she can not speak now except in a whisper. His deafness makes communication with him impossible. It was horrible. Her mental equipment is as sharp and clear now as ever it was while her body is practically gone and the reverse is true of him. I left them on Sunday around noon and after an hour's wait in Minneapolis I got back here by 4 in the afternoon. Since then I have had a non-stop program of unproductive activities. I've taught some, most days and dined out quite a bit, but now I can settle down to a more normal plan of living. I've selected the material for my classes here at the University and I am eager to get that done and be on my way. My present plan is to leave here on the 2nd November and after only two days or so with the Northrups, I shall go on to Dayton. I am toying with the idea of crossing by boat this year which will mean that my stay in Dayton will be somewhat curtailed.

Since my return I have felt so enthusiastically aware of how well I am, that I just cannot believe that anything ever was very wrong. I agree, we should try to do better at keeping in touch this winter. I shall do my part, I promise you.

My love to you as always.

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EML - 7250 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California

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"Monty"

MR. GEORGE VAN SCHAACK

Missouri Botanical Gardens
St. Louis, Missouri

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Dear George -

GREETINGS AND THE LIKE *

Its a madhouse around here with building and the Christmas spirit. The time consumed on Christmas by being away from most of your close associates can add up - but I am almost over the hump.

The enclosed shots are the road up to the house on the knoll - house to be - and the other is a portrait of Rich. You have one and now you have two. Its magnificent country and do come out soon and see for yourself. We have a thousands questions to ask you on various green things that pop up all over the place. We still dont know what most of the trees are besides - live oak- pepperwood - redwood - madrona - manzanita - red and white oak - eucalyptus. Do come out and help. I have sent the Towleys a more elaborate book of pictures and you will get a better idea of the place when you are there and see it.

I trust all is well and happy with you and that the holidays are well spent. Do come West when you can as there is much of interest here to you and it would a most pleasant interlude for all of us.

Regards + Best Wishes

Monty

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
18th October, 1957.

Dearest George,

Your card and the parcel both arrived within a day of each other. Thank you very much. I, who have so much more leisure time than you do, should never have imposed on your good nature and constant helpfulness, to ask you to make and post that parcel. Thank you very much for doing it, and forgive me for this imposition.

Everything arrived in perfect condition and Josephine is ecstatic in her appreciation for those beautiful ash trays. She insists that she will not use them for ash trays, but plans to hang them on her walls as decoration. They are lovely both in design and texture. My vase looks even lovelier than I remembered it and I thank you again for your thoughtfulness and kindness in bringing it along for me.

I was sorry to hear that you had a cold. For heaven's sake begin doing the Yoga breat ing exercises. I am SURE that they act as a helpful protection against germ invasions. Besides, they really do stimulate circulation and, as a result, avoid fatigue from overwork. Try them! I was delighted to know that the painful reminders of your terrible accident have lessened. Has the toe completely healed and did you lose the nail? Please don't let those nails grow to such length again. It can be very painful if you bump yourself, and we all know that you do enough of that in your violent movements. Are you doing anything to ease the shoulder when it hurts you? Why not try some sort of gentle exercizing? It might help. Have you yet had any report from the X-rays of your elbow that were made? If not, PLEASE telephone the doctor and find out why you haven't heard. If it is "very sensitive" as you indicated, there isn't any point in allowing it to go on. I believe either in being a Christian scientist, a mystic or a miracle worker OR believing in medicine, but if you are the latter, then for heavenés sake don't become such a stoic that you go over to the other side and wait for the miracle without doing anything to help it along!!!! Please write and tell me that you have seen the doctor again and know the result of the x-ray.

Thank you for sending on the Riesman books. I shall see that you get them back eventually. I am in such a state of rgge with myself for reading the recent novel of our local celebrity, Margaret Culkin Banning. It made me so angry, for it is just parlor-maid romance, badly written, and with such an off-putting slant about Catholicism that I just foamed! Really, when I think that that woman has power to make her point of view felt, (and her point of view is only that of the band wagon! She can't bear not being in the "know". She actually spoke in the campaign for Eisenhower, is on the board for Vassar etc. etc.) it rather frightens me. Hope and genevieve refuse to read her stuff, but there was so much comment about it and such a scathing notice in the Catholic paper (Commonweal) that I was curious. I shall be able to let off steam to Jim and Peggy who are dining here tonight before we go on to the Symphony together. Riesman will be such a good antidote, with his rational and thought-provoking ideas.

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My plan is definite now to leave here on November 2nd. I'll be in Chicago on the 3rd and 4th and then in Dayton until around the middle of the month. Isn't it curious that until now it had not occurred to me that I no longer have any central address abroad to which I can have my letters directed. I must think about that and see what there is to be done.

My love to you as always.

P.S. Did you ever go out to see Louis and Marie and give them your version of what happened in California? I wrote, as I told you, a very long account of events but have not had any comment from them. I have just received a long letter from Hope telling me that Monty had ordered some road scraping done just when rain was threatened and the road had so washed out that it was impassible. Frances wrote to say that Monty told her that he felt so responsible for what had happened, that he would bring all her pupils from the gate to the studio for her. Admission of a fault is a new thing from Monty. I've not heard a word from the men although both Frances and Hope replied to the joint letter I sent to the entire group. I've no idea however ~~XXXXXXX~~ completion the Merrill house now is. F.

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1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, 6, Ohio
19th November, 1957.

Dearest George,

This is my departure day and before I start out I want to send you my love. It is much easier for me to leave this country for such a long stay having had our glorious holiday together. I think back with such pleasure and gratitude to you for having made that possible. There is a sort of haze of extra pleasure in my memory of experiences which we have shared. Your perennial enthusiasm and your limitless fund of knowledge plus your always expressed affection and consideration for me, makes of any journey we have shared, something very special. It is wrong of me to accept such a rare privilege without letting you know how I prize the experience and how appreciative I am. My renewed thanks to you.

Perhaps one of the best things about this past summer was was the chance to talk out our problems. I have a better perspective and a much more relaxed feeling about myself than I had this time last year, when this hateful tremor began. Except for the embarrassment(and perhaps resentment) when my family tries to be too helpful and protective, I am over the shock and the unpleasantness. Such adjustment as needed to be made, I have done and the trouble is ended. On that score, I can give you complete assurance that unless this condition becomes worse than it is at present, it can be ignored.

For you, I am concerned. The situation in which you find yourself is less easily adjusted. It is too sad that having the sort of work you love, such a full scope for your imagination and talents, you should have the unpleasantness and restrictions which are imposed. With your love for the out-of-doors, your thrilling response to the country in our west, I can understand that that is the place where you should try to locate soon. Undoubtedly you will face the same frustrations you endure in St. Louis wherever you go. Few human beings in the world have such standards, such uncompromising adherence to those standards and such a willingness to give the whole of their time, energy and devotion to their work as you do. Perhaps it is the fact that I too have had that whole-hearted devotion to my work which you have, which makes you closer to me than almost any other human being on earth. I donot mean to infer that I have been so steadfast in adherence to those highest ideals as you have been. But I understand, respect and admire that quality in you. However, wherever you go and whatever work you do, if it has to be done in conjunction with other human beings, this same problem will assail you. So that must not be the major reason for the change. Your determination to live your life as you want and where you want must be the reason. Don't give up the idea of Bennett Valley. A happy, a free and fruitful life is possible for you there. If you want to take time off from a job and have a year of freedom, it is not impossible. Our joint resources

Could

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easily manage that. If you want to plan a life out there in a way that we should share, it would have to be arranged that we construct a place which gives us our own living arrangements plsu the communal one if we wanted it, and when we wanted it. A house could be planned that would separate into two independant menages. We share a wish for isolation and I doubt if any more beautiful spot could be found, or one that would give greater freedom from other people's radios, televisions and motor car noises. If you want complete independance, it is not impossible that a house could be built in whatever spot you would choose, even though it were that topmost crest. These are things to think about as possibilities, not as inducements. Just how much longer I shall want to continue my sharing the year between Europe and America, I donot know. I am getting to the age when one begins to lose friends through death. Doris's death made me very aware of that. When the time comes that death has decimated the ranks of my friends in Europe, I doubt if I shall want to continue these journeys. However, this year, I face eastward with more eagerness than for a long time past. Some day, I hope that we can have the pleasure of msking this journey together.

As this school year continues, I hope that you will be able to see clearly just what you should do. If you really want to make the change, decide if it is to be a year withoutafixed appointment or with one. If the latter, then begin to make some investigations early so that you know what is available. If you could get some appointment near Santa Rosa or San Francisco for even part time work as a curator, or for taxonomy or some herbarium work or library work inconnection with the work you love, don't think that that is an impossible thing. Face this thing knowing that you have the resources and the freedom to do anything you choose to do. Anything which I can do to foster that assurance and to implement that assurance with practical aid, would be a favor to me. Now face this as OUR project, not as yours. The period of indecidion isthe hardest time, and I am only sorry that I cannot be nearer to you in the interval. You know how anxiously and eagerly I shall await your decision.

I go to Philadelphia where I stay tomorrow night. Thursday night I am dining and spending the night in Cambridge and on Friday afternoon I fly from Boston to London. I had promised Nyra I would be there for her Festival Hall Recital on the 24th if she would play the A minor Schubert Sonata. So she sent me the proposed program and I shall be able to be there. I plan to be in London until the 28th. Then I start out for visits to friends in various parts of England. I'll leave England around the 6th to 8th and with short stop-overs in Paris and Zurich, I shall get to the house on Lake Maggiore by the 10th or 12th. We are having a houseparty there for the holidays and after everyone leaves, I shall stay on alone for a bit. I'll be staying in Sussex until December 2nd. That address is

c/o Miss Dorothy Wadham
Rycroft,
Blackboys, nr. Buxted
Sussex, England.

After that the address is: San Giorgio, Leggiuno-per-Arolo,
Prov. di Varese.

Let us keep in touch during these next months, and please tell me fully what decision you reach. My love to you always. F.

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7250 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
14th January, 1958.

Dearest George,

Your first letter arrived the day after I spoke to you on the telephone as you said it would. I called at the Post Office just a few hours ago for your second note which enclosed the title to the car. Thank you very much for both communications. I was very glad to know of your journey back and was simply overjoyed that you should have had those friends at the Station to greet you when you arrived in St. Louis. How very kind and thoughtful both of Louis and Marie, and Sadler. It is evidence of the warm affection in which you are held and I am delighted, at this distance, to feel you so looked after and loved. The parties at the Towleys must have been delightful. No fear of false jollity there, I should think. Did Joe Ewan accompany you to thesecond party? It was wonderful for me to know that you had such a warm welcome back tothe hated city.

Although you have done your best to reassure me that you donot feel fatigue, I think that I know with what distaste you faced the return. If Ewan's visit caused you such fatigue, surely it must have been difficult to rally enough vitality to face work with enthusiasm? Thank you for reassuring me on the score of the benefit which the holiday had for you. I trust that as the weeks pass, you can increasingly feel that you were benefitted. I am delighted to know that there weren't any situations for you to face at the Gardenia other than your secretary's report of your own nervous breakdown. If explanations hadn't been necessary you could have had such an amusing reply to that rumor.

Thank you very much for enclosing that page about the César Franck "souvenir" of the siege of Paris. It is interesting as evidence of his love for his adoptedplace of residence. It does not appear to be a work of too great distinction from this extract, and even the opening of the text is awkward as song. Try singing "Je suis Paris .. " at a tempo"Maestoso, sans lenteur etc." It is enormously interesting to know it exists but I suspect that it has remained unpublished for a very good reason. From what sort of a publication was this clipped? Would you recall? And why is it listed? I suppose there must be countless examples of this kind of thing in every great artist's papers which classify as interesting but without any significance other than to show, as in this case, an attachment, a quality of thought but not a distinguished bit of creation. Thank you for sending it to me. I was interested. Debussy wrote one of these effusions in the 1914 war which he entitled "Noël .. et des enfants qui n'ont plus des maisons." It too is a song but so lacking in the quality which marked his other songs with greatness. What a lot of affectionate praise and devotion Paris evoked in the hearts of her artists.

The mystery of my crediting yourcheck with more than it was, is solved. I had sent it on a previous deposit and the $85 was the rent check from Miss Rogers in Duluth.

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I hope that you didnot have to do too much research to assure me of the amount of your check. It is entered quite clearly in my book on an earlier deposit. I am sorry to have given you that trouble.

You have provided me with so much entertainment of a most varied sort in the books you left with me. I fear that my thanks to you for your thoughtfulness and kindness in bringing these things for me was extremely casual, at the time the books were brought. Now, I have had great joy in reading and the book of Greenough has given me much pleasurably spent time and considerable information. The opening of the book is such contemporary writing that it is hard to place it a century ago. The point of view could be a contemporary one and his language is concise anddirect. And then will follow a treatise so choked with the rank growth of Victorian verbiage that he creates a a screen which hides, rather then a light which reveals the object which he wishes to present to the reader's vision. The essay on architecture is absolutely the contemporary point of view. It has been very beguiling to read of the past and find myself applying what I read to the present. Thank you very much for this entertaining and engaging little volume . . . . Quite recently I met a young lady of Italian ancestry but born in this country who had made her first journey back to Italy and she was comparing her impressions with the account of present day Italy which appeared in the Atlantic which you brought me. It is a quite accurate if not always inspired picture that one can get from those articles. I was simply flabergasted by the way this young lady of whom I was speaking, spoke the dialect of her parents' part of Italy. I supposed that that was her entire knowledge of Italian. Not at all . . . She went to school after college days were over to learn to speak a cultivated Italian. I just hope that my excellent accent covered my abysmal ignorance of the language. . . . Before going to sleep the other night I reread the first story in the volume of short stories which you left with me. The achievement of the author seemed to me one that was so extraordinary that I wanted to test the effectiveness a second time. At the beginning of the tale you are told that a young wife is called to the telephone. You are given the conversation between this young lady and an unknown farmer who is telling her that her husband has been in a serious motor crash. The farmer asks only that a man who is "kin" to her should come to the scene of the accident. By inference you know that the man has been killed and for twenty pages you go through the agony of the struggle with the deep conviction that her husband is dead, and every known nuance of evasion and hope that will spare her facing the truth which is so palpably evident. Her last resort is faith, not religious, but a faith in an undefined strength which we all are given in times such as she goes through; and when her brother appears bringing the news, it is the girl who is strong enough to offer comfort while she knows that no solace can reach her pain. It is one of the most powerfully told and written things I've read for a long time and it impressed me deeply. The language is every day, such dialogue as is used is that of simple people but the effect is shattering not only because the people are real enough for one to identify oneself with them but because of one's utter misery in knowing that fundamentally the power in such moments lies in the grief, and the faith becomes the armour. I am grateful to you for having introduced me to this tale. It stands head and shoulders above any of the others I have yet read.

^ with the young woman
^ palpably
^ pathos

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What a pity that the tiles from Palm Springs didnot arrive in the same perfect condition which the more fragile things did which were sent to this address. Are you going to tell me that this/more /is evidence that the road which hasn't been used for two years and which you decide to visit will suddenly have five cars ahead of you to thwart you? . .I feel certain that the things were well insured and that you will hear before too long from the Flemings. (I couldn't have traced that name for the life of me.)

Although I didnot pay the postage on the delayed letter from Joe Ewan, I am returning it to you as being unnecessarily punctilious. Only two days ago, well after you had received the letter, I was told that the letter had slipped down between the seats of the little sports car Monty drives and was only found just before the date you observed with the Santa Rosa postmark. I had supposed that the letter was sent to you with a covering one giving an explanation. Such things can happen to anyone, I suppose, but when the happening becomes a semi-rule, I realize the necessity to protect myself. I walk to the box most days and extract my own post before others get there, and I leave theirs for them to collect. I always have the excuse of not wanting to carry heavy papers. I am sorry that it should have been your letter which was subjected to this avoidable delay.

There have been many admiring comments about my exquisite ventricosa shell. Thank you, my naturally-born-researcher for supplying its name. It is with a certain regular frequency that I walk to the table and fondle that shell while I look up at Bennett Mountain with a silent supplication for your well being as my expression of thanks for your having left the shell here.

And finally there isn't much to relate about progress that is tangible but there is a tremendous amount that is going on. I spoke to the doctor on the telephone today and he became excited to a pitch that was quite new to me with my report but cautioned me not to be too optimistic. When I laughingly chided him for not giving me reasons either for optimism or hope, he replied that he made it a rule never to prophesy anything outside his medical experience and then added, "you know Mr. Mannheimer, YOU are outside my medical experience. I have never before treated a concert pianist for thyroid." We both laughed and there was a bit of unmedicalxbadinage before the conversation ended. This is more personal than we have ever been. The man has absolutely no manners of the conventional sort. I don't mean a medical man's manners but just the minimum savoir faire for getting around in the world. He has, I am sure, neither understanding or tolerance for aesthetic considerations. I feel sure that his children would pick their noses in public without any paternal admonishment.

That you were to dine with Louis and Marie again was excellent news and perhaps you were able to give them your Santa Rosa report at last and perhaps show them some of your wonderful pictures.

Much love to you from

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TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

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DR GEORGE B VANSCHAACK=

STLUKES HOSPITAL STL=

MY THOUGHTS AND LOVE HAVE BEEN WITH YOU ALL DAY SEND NEWS WHEN YOU CAN MUCH LOVE=

FRANK=.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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2222 East THird Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesoat
10th August, 1958

Dearest George,

The sound of your voice and the news you gave me in last night's telephone conversation, have given me the intense desire to be able to offer you some encouragement and some consolation in the present situation of ugliness in which you are caught. I am afraid that it is inevitable that you should find such people as W. just on the fringe of your life waiting to attack. In the first place, the uncompromising idealism which motivates you, your complete honesty and competence, will always make you a target for the people who are less gifted and depend on "degrees" and other trimmings, rather than achievement to give themselves confidence. It is a type of mind and a point of view that you would never admit exists, unless you were presented with irrefutable evidence. Besides, there is the subconscious resent ment in W. of never having admitted an attraction. It is all such a mixed up thing, that I think anything might happen. Of course, I don't know how much you have either consciously or unconsciously antagonized him. Explanations are beside the point at this juncture, in any case. You are faced with seeing a work, to which you have given yourself with such devotion and completeness, destroyed by the resentful hatred of a madman. It is heart-breaking and I wish, Oh my God how I wish, that I could have spared this disillusioning and horrible experience. If you are to be excluded from sharing in the herbarium work, will it mean that the library will be your only recognized contribution? What is your arrangement for the coming year while you are on leave from the mathematics department? And what is your financial arrangement? PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE remember that you donot have to feel caught. You can be free to have this year, and as many other years as you wish, as free as you want them to be. I understand that the ranch house, where the boys lived, has never been rented, b cause they wanted to keep it free for me. My London stuff, has been moved into the house and I shallspend most of the winter there, I imagine, although I have not given any definite commitment yet. Your room and bath are there, and you can have access to the garden without ever coming to the other part of the house if you wish. Just say to yourself, over nad over and OVER AGAIN, that you are free, now and always and for whatever it means to you, that freedom is supported by my love nowand always.

Forgive this hasty message, but after the last day and night of torrid heat, I have little energy left to think and less for typing. After last night, though, I just had to send you an ever renewed assurance that your happiness and contentment concern me more than you can know and I IMPLORE you not to contemplate for an instant enduring a situation which is painful and unpleasant. all my love always

F.

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San Giorgio
Leggiuno-per-Arolo
Varese
12th December, 1958.

Dearest George,

Your good letter has remained unanswered much longer thanI ever intended that it should do. Please donot measure the pleasure and intense satisfaction which it gave me by the length of time it has taken to get this reply off to you.

The price for my negligence is that I donot have the answers to questions I long to put to you. What a coup to get such a generous grant of aid for the Garden. When does the grant become effective? Certainly this completely unattached grant will make an enormous difference in your and Cutler's status and I just pray that it will finally break down the resistance of the Board to the fact that the Garden is really a research institution. Have you approached Cutler on the idea of hiring you to carry out the library program? This would give me more satisfaction than I can tell you, to have you free to give the Garden all your time. It will mean, of course, that you will work harded than ever and isolate yourself still more from any social life. As long it produces as happy and free a life for you as you think you can have under existing restrictions, I do not complain. As a matter of afct, harder work at the thing you love and where you could work without too much interference, would be less of a strain than your present divided efforts. I do hope that Cutler approved the plan and I shall want to know when your exodus from the Mathematics department can take place.

I daresay that you have heard from Marie and Louis that Rich put on such a scene, unprovoked as far as I can see, in the presence of Hope's nephew and his wife, that now I don't see any possible chance of a reconciliation. In fact, when Hope and Frances had him up for a talk, he was more offensive than ever. The scene tiself must have been pretty frightful because Monty asked him to leave. I am not going to influence Hope and Frances. They must make their own decisions and I have told them just that. MY decision is made! I am through. I told both Monty and Rich that I had not lived my life with scenes punctuating the days, and I was not prepared to live like that. I gave them an ultimatum and I mean to implement that threat with action. It will not be easy either to divide the property or dissolve the exisitng partnership but something must be done. Perhaps Hope will buy out my interest. When I get their decision from Hope and Frances, I shall be able to plan a bit better. The men have refrained from writing to me. It is all very sad but unavoidable, I suppose. I feel sure that Rich needs psychiatric help. What Monty needs is less immediately available! I am not sorry that I made that one more effort at salvaging, even though you felt so certain that I was wrong/not to get out at once. Now, I feel that I cannot be subject to such upsets as these things produce for me. Just how I shall effect the divorce from the whole enterprise isn't yet clear, but I agree with you that I must do so and I promise you that I shall. This, however, I donot want repeated to Louis and Marie.

If you knew how often I have thought of you as I sit in the sun on the terrace looking across at the snowy peaks of the Alps, or seeing the huge Sasso di ferro,(a huge black mountain just beyond us) turn a deep burning red in the light of the late afternoon, or to see the glistening peaks sparkle in the moonlight while the lower slopes are lost in abluey blackness. My walks here are constant surprises. This landscape moulds itself into compositions, and a turn in the road will

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will take the same material and create a completely different composition with perhaps a Moorish window in a deserted monastery picked out by the sun. I have been alone since the 4th and except to wish that you might share this beauty with me, I have not been lonely. I am going through a lot of music and by the end of the month I shall have made my choice of material for next summer's Duluth class. I plan to go to Vienna in the early days of February. Until then this address will reach me. After that letters will be forwarded to me if sent c/o Miss Dorothy Wadham, Rycroft, Blackboys, Sussex, England. . . . . I must admit that I chose this card for the flower and only noticed the verse afterward but how willingly I endorse its sentiment! . . . You are right in saying that I must never allow too much time to elapse between my visits to Europe. This tempo of living is my natural place to live. A contemplative life in so beautiful a spot is sheer bliss for me. After Vienna I go to Jugoslavia, then Bordeaux and Grasse before I return here in May to meet Myra with whom I plan a three weeks holiday here. This, however, I am not mentioning to others. Write when you can, and tell me what you are doing. I was glad to have such a good report of you from Marie.

May 1953 have started happily and staisfactorily for you and may it bring you increasing joy and achievement. And may it bring me the pleasure of being with you as often as possible.

My love and devotion always.

F.

12 Dec 1952

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
28th July, 1958.
August

Dearest George,

With the ending of the class, a slight let-up in this non-stop teaching schedule, there have been moments of leisure in which I could think about the future and my thought has focused on you. on the possibility of your being delivered from the unpleasantness and semi-isolation in which you have lived in these past few years. The prospect of your being in California and of our sharing a life, even as a temporary plan, gives some meaning and interest to this coming winter.

At this moment, I am free from any commitments. It would be wonderful if I could know that you would be in Santa Rosa this winter, and when it would be likely that you could be there, and also if I should try and get someone to drive for me or if you would prefer that you would drive this little Chevrolet out for me. As you know, the things which are there from my London house, donot represent essentials. The girls tell me that the boys have left one good bed. That means that I shall have to get chairs, another bed, kitchen table and chairs etc. I am hoping to take linens, a bit of china a few rugs and possibly some lamps that could be used . I want to minimize the expenditure until I see how things work out. However, the house could be yours to use as a permanence and it is possible that we would own it. It could be yours exclusively if you would prefer it that way.Oh how different it is to plan that house knowing that you would share it and use it!

Besides the joy that being together would give me there are so many practical reasons why your presence there this winter would be helpful and comforting to me. Quite unashamedly, I admit that I need you badly to help me untangle the knots which are there to be untangled. I have various plans and one of them is that you, since it is reasonably sure that you will settle in the west, should become a part owner in that project, possibly taking my entire interest in the place, and I would then have to be your tenant. In the complication of the relationships between the two houses, too, you could be such a sane and helpful influence. If there ever was a time when your help was needed and when your presence in that situation could do some healing, this is the moment. It is absolutely providential that you have chosen just this moment to settle out there.

I know how you feel about getting someone to take over the library work and I respect your devotion to the gardens even though officially there has beenn such niggardly recognition or appreciation of your contribution. Isn't it possible that you could settle everything in these two months of September and October? It would be so good for you to have a

LONG

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period of freedom from responsibilities, leisure time in which to relax and adequate time to look about for something else and also a chance to try life on the placex and see how you like it, even in the rainy season. Next spring Myra is to be in San Francisco for more than a month and I had spoken of you so often to her, that she finally said that "George simply must be in the west next spring when I am there." I can think of so many reasons why you should be there and I always end up realizing these reasons are largely selfish ones, for they always are reasons which would give me such intense joy.

I know that you have probably just moved back to Mrs. Edwards" house, since the Cutlers were due back yesterday and now you will be awaiting the arrival of the new director. Would it help you any to meet this man and face your colleagues at the garden, with the decision quite definitely made that you were leaving? It isn't necessary, is it, to remind you again that you need not have any worry on the score of economic security? I know that in a similar situation, I would lean very heavily on you and I hope that you will give me the comfort of knowing that you would do the same. As you know, we would live simply and my expenses would probably not be more for the two of us than if I were alone. Please, please, PLEASE make the decision and give yourself peace and give me joy of a kind I've rarely known in my life before.

If your would care to contemplate a short visit to Genevieve in Tryon this autumn, let me know soon and give me approximate dates. She, by the way, will be visiting Hope and Frances over the Christmas holidays and has already expressed her joy that we could all be together then. (I told her you would probably be there too.)

Do you recall your response to my suggestion that we should go to Colorado? "Little Georgie Van Skoik go west of the Mississippi?" Think of how his horizons have expanded since then! Now, a life of freedom from pressure, in a part of the world that he loves/ and I sit here waiting so eagerly for his decision. Don't feel pressed in making the decision but when you do, you know that my complete support is yours in carrying out whatever you want to do even though I disapprove of the decision. . . . And you do understand that if we share that Santa Rosa base, we neither one of us have sacrificed our independance. I still hope to spend part of each year in Europe if you come with me or not and you too will be free to move about as you wish, and you will have a house where you can invite friends to stay with you. Never has the future looked so bright for me. I hope that you feel as I do about the future.

/is available

All my love and devotion to you always.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
7th September, 1958.

Dearest George,

Your letter gives me cause for rejoicing! It is wonderful that I can look forward to the trip out to California with you and that we shall have two months there together as a prelude to what the future holds in store. This prospect comes at a wonderful moment for me, because I have had some extremely painful situations to face in the past ten days, and due to the state of fatigue I was in from the strenuousness of the summer's work, I suffered a very unpleasant reaction. At the moment, I feel very strongly that I should not have a class here next summer but I am not foolish enough to make such an announcement just yet. I'll not go in to details but I have a feeling that I shall not do music any more. It is a sad thought but one which haunts me. . . . . I shall try to get away from Duluth by the end of this month and possibly have a short visit in Chicago with my friends the Northrups before that time. I am hoping that my sister or her daughter, or both, will come up here and that we can motor back to Daytonvia the new bridge at Makinack. I'll let you know when plans are definite.

It is just possible that I might have to do a few days of classes and teaching at Emporia, Kansas in the early days of November. I would prefer not to do it but I had agreed to the plan before this horrible reaction against my work set in. Besides that, I have many pupils in that part of the country and I must not let them down.

I shall be packing the car with linens, rugs, a few lamps and other thingsthat we might find useful for the house. It will be so wonderful to be be planning that house with you. I welcome the prospect, too, of doing some physical labor. November doesn't seem too near, but when it comes I think you know with what joy I shall welcome it for giving you a release from your bitter experience and giving me the happiness of seeing you free.

With my love, F.

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
14th September, 1958.

Dearest George,

Just suddenly as I have been going through a lot of old papers, destroying cancelled cheques from the time I returned to this country in 1939, it dawned on me that either yesterday or today is your birthday. I am frightful about remembering dates, and I am sorry that I wasn't on time to bring you my love. Two things which I turned out in this attic clean-up are 1. the enclosed cancelled cheque which gave me such happy memories and also pangs of nostalgia, and 2. this little 19th century Swiss card which was inside the little peasant box which you mended for me some years back. . .Let that be my birthday card to you and perhaps when you have time you will explain the football which the flying figure wears. It has intrigued me for years.

Thank you again for your telephone call which I very much appreciated. I apologize for bothering you with my momentary distress. It was helpful to explode, but I fear that the explosion was too realistic and alarmed you. I have had some rest and feel very differently although I still have an aversion to doing any music myself. I am almost certain that I shall not have a class in Duluth next summer. After all, fifteen consecutive summer classes in one place is quite a record and as Samuel Beckett says in writing about Proust, the breaking of a habit can very often be the start of more creative living. In any case, don't worry that I shall make a hasty decision or fear that I am upset. Like you, I feel that I have finished a certain chapter and there is a feeling of freedom in waiting to see what comes next. It will be so good to see you and be with you andtalk with you. We will have much to tell one another. I just hope that the class in Kansas will not materialize, because it would delay our departure. However, I must not refuse it if the contract is offered to me.

I long to know the result of that meeting of which you told me and also I want to know how you have reacted to events. How eagerly I look forward to settling down in that little farmhouse. May these intervening weeks slip past quickly and peacefully for you.

All my love always.

F.

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Frank

MANNHEIMER

Pianist

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Frank MANNHEIMER

Internationally Famed Pianist

American born, with a musical education originally centered about Berlin and Paris, it was Mr. Mannheimer's work in London under Tobias Matthay that brought his talent to maturity and has made him so widely acclaimed. Closely associated with Mr. Matthay, he is the only American pianist on the London staff of the Matthay school.

He has appeared in all the musical centers of Europe. The only pianist invited to play at the First Festival of American Music ever held in Europe — broadcast to America. The only American pianist ever invited to play more than once before the International Society of Contemporary Music, which holds its annual festivals in different countries.

An outstanding characteristic of his musical genius is its versatility, exacting critics alike commending his rendering of the classics, while acclaiming him as "the pianist who championed the cause of modern music in half the capitals of Europe." His performances combine an unusual variety of stylistic qualities; some critics laying stress on his virtuosity, virility and brilliance, others equally captivated by the sensitiveness and delicacy of his touch and his interpretation.

With The Critics

A pianist to be reckoned with . . . for whom every phrase is a vital incident. . . Altogether refreshing.
London (England) Morning Post

A commanding performance. *London Daily Mail*

Undoubtedly in the great succession of pianoforte players.
London Observer

Beautiful sonority of tone. *Paris Comoedia*

Technique . . . clear, transparent and controlled, his tone refined and beautiful . . . dynamic palette of wide range from which to select suitable coloring for the works he interprets . . . Among music's true interpreters.
The Hague, Avondpost

Masterly technique and controlled interpretation. Performance approached perfection. *Amsterdam, De Tijd*

Formidable program superbly rendered and interpreted.
Rome, Il Messaggero

Ranks among the few really great pianists.
Belfast (Ireland) Telegraph

A poetic and sensitive musician . . . delightful technician . . . the producer of a warm, luscious, and attractively colored quality of tone. *New York American*

Light flexible touch, well turned phrasing . . . careful handling of nuances . . . fine sense of rhythm and accent . . . true unexaggerated lyricism and a smoothness and clarity of tone. *New York World Telegram*

A pianist of sound taste and fluent technique. . .Played . . . with an understanding of the charm and grace inherent in the music. *New York Times*

Magnificent technique made the servant of a musical imagination of arresting power. . . Deft and sensitive phrasing, perfect control of constantly beautiful tone. . . Brilliance there was, and pulsating rhythmic vitality. . . The enthusiasm of the audience attested to the appeal of living music. It was apparent that Mr. Mannheimer's renown in England is well founded.
Des Moines (Iowa) Register

Mannheimer . . . a sensation. Even the knowing did not expect piano playing of the superlative qualities disclosed in this program. . . His *Fugue* was Bach made transparent, logical, eloquent and noble, such a delivery of the ageless ancestor of modern music as must have brought to the audience his kinship with our own idiom of musical declamation.
Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram

Especially noteworthy . . . was the urgent beauty of his tone. . . His piano always sings, with exquisite clarity in its softest passages and without forcing at climactic moments. . . The outbreak of applause between the *Prelude* and the *Intermezzo* was strenuous enough to bring to a complete halt the pianist's playing.
Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Held his audience spellbound. . . Just about the high spot of the music season. . . Sheer poetry.
Norfolk (Virginia) Ledger-Dispatch

Magnificently developed technique . . . Poetic understanding. . . Classics treated with delicate precision of style . . . romantic, with enrichment of color and emotion . . . modern, with increased freedom and dynamic spirit.
El Paso (Texas) Times

Playing characterized by a sensitiveness and delicacy of touch and interpretation that has won for him such praise as "one of the three or four great masters of the keyboard." *Tucson (Arizona) Daily Citizen*

Could scarcely have fashioned a more splendid array of music. . . Clarity, suavity, grace. . . Lively, piquant, elegant. . . Celebrated technique.
Tulsa (Oklahoma) Daily World

Exclusive Management

ANNIE FRIEDBERG

250 West 57th Steet ● **New York City**

Steinway Piano

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7250 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
6th February, 1959.

Dearest George,

Thank you for that priceless cartoon which gave me great amusement, and, as Hope was having tea with Mrs. Salinger on the day that it came, I gave it to her. I am sure that it was enormously enjoyed. Before I forget it again, let me tell the address you requested and which I neglected to give you last time. It is: J. M. Salinger, 4152 Redwood Highway North, Santa Rosa. I haven't seen those delightful people since you left. The evening we were to dine there a deluge descended and the dinner was called off. Since then, I have extended few invitations and accepted fewer!

What has happened about your secretary? I felt that you were gradually sucked back into that absorbtion with work, too much work, which had so exhausted you before you came west and if that invaluable secretary was drafted for jury duty, I fear that you will have been in a frenzy. I do hope that the director was able to make a strong enough plea of her irreplaceability, and that your work has not had to suffer. I do hope that you will have learned your lesson before the "rumor" threatens to turn into a reality. I could have wept when I read that you feel past experience is in danger of repetition at the Gardens and that yourdirector might entertain the plan of moving elsewhere so soon. I cannot think that it is good for anyone to work under conditions where such change and impermanence jeopardize future plans. It was heartbreaking enough to have to see so much of your work destroyed as was done in this past appointment. To witness it a second time would be unbearable and I hope that you may be spared such unpleasantness. When you say that "an understanding administration would appreciate my devotion enough to make it worthwhile even at the reduced salary" for you to stay on, please try and be realistic. You aren't working with one individual who COULD recompense your devotion if he wanted to do so. You are at the mercy of a group of indifferent people who, if they HAD cared could never have allowed that priceless collection of books to get in the condition which they were in. Their ignorance of the situation does not either explain or excuse them. When they agree to serve in the capacity of a person who directs policy and acts as a guardian over something so valuable, it is up to them to know what they have, how they can best preserve it and make it available to those for whom it will have the greatest value. So don't expect either understanding or consideration just because you want it. I should be miserable to see you upset again by the conditions at the Gardens. . . . . Similarly, when you say that a return to the classroom is so distasteful to you, especially as it would be in St. Louis, I BEG of you to be practical. You do have a full year now before you will feel that that return is immanent. Surely that should give you ample time to look around and decide what alternatives are available and how you can best

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plan your life. Just tell me, are there any alternatives which you would consider to teaching? Is there anything you would WANT to do as a way to earn your living that you WOULD do and would like to do? Just sit down and make a list for me of anything, or any number of things you might be interested in doing without any consideration for the practicality of the idea. I would like to know IF there is a choice of alternatives. If not, then you simply MUST decide that some compromise is demanded of you. If living in another part of this country is so desirable, then you must accept, temporarily at least, the necessity to compromise, and either teach in a less interesting institution in order to BE elsewhere, or, if it isn't too late, return to mathematical research and prepare yourself to be eligible for the kind of position you want and which you could then choose in a place like Berkeley. If it should be possible that by some miracle the job in Santa Barbara were to be available this next year, that would offer you a possibility. Would you accept it and have your papers gone in to that sympathetic head of the department? You simply cannot waste this precious year of freedom without making every ounce of preparation you can for the future. If you want to be a "rentier" and live quietly on a modest income, then you must go all out to be buying and selling stocks and build up a surplus on borrowed capitol if necessary, and if you want to make a complete change both of scene and work, then tell me. The important thing, as I see it, is to find out just what it is that you want to do and if it is in the realm of the possible (and you know that I never accept anything as impossible) then you begin NOW in thought and action to prepare for just that. But you doNOT, at your age, lament future prospects and do nothing about them! With your gifts, your charm, your capacity and willingness for work plus the creative enthusiasm you are willing to expend on the thing you want to do, I cannot believe that your wish should be unattainable, unless it is the moon you insist on having, and even that is less impossible as a request than it was in your youth. Please consider this seriously and perhaps use Louis and Marie as soundboards for your thinking aloud. You are perfectly at liberty to read them this letter, if you wish, to explain your need for a soundboard! At your present age, nothing short of drastic action is sensible if you KNOW what it is that will give meaning and enthusiasm to these next years of your life. Try and forget your upbringing of acceptance of what comes and just remember that little Georgie Van Schoyk not only could, but DID go west of the Mississippi and once he broke that barrier, he has criss-crossed this continent with a joyous abandon and freedom. The next barrier faces you now and you must not funk facing it, breaking it and being free to act in whatever way that releases your talents and frees your spirit. And there endeth that sermon!

Please feel so reassured about my health that it can now be taken for re-established securely. I have regained eighteen pounds and the results of the recent blood test were so good that dosage of the thyroid-regulating medicine has twice been reduced. So you will help me most if you accept the fact of recovery as achieved although I do still rest long hours each day and refuse to do very much. I AM well enough to do much more, but I have the time and the inclination to continue my sunbathing and laziness and so I do it, but it isn't either necessary or dictated by any medical advice I have had.

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The hills have turned very green and the grass, in the little stretch between this house and the farthest of the two barns must be several inches high now. The narcissi are at the very peak of their profusion and the acacia is just now turning from its tight little bunches of bronze to great puffs of golden softness. Taken individually, each little yellow flower resembles exactly the mimosa flower, but the tree itself is very different and the grouping of the flowers is different if my memory serves me rightly. The smell of this acacia does not have that heavenly mimosa scent either. Do you know the real mimosa? . . . . At the entrance to the kitchen great clumps of pink saxifrage are blossoming and I have the first arum lily + three of its great elephant-earlike leaves in a vase under my japanese print of the silver pheasant. Frank came down for tea this afternoon and looked at it and said, "I wish that George were here to take a picture of that wall" and I was pleased that he liked it and immediately associated you with that beauty. We had a pleasant hour, talking of books and we were amused by sharing a trick which has gone on with me for years. A polysyllabic word will often establish a rhythm in my thought (or I should have said ear) and I will hear that word over and over again whenever I try to relax. It is like a tune that people have in their ears and cannot escape. I was telling him laughingly that I was absolutely persecuted last week by the word marsupial. I didn't know what it meant although I was sure that it was from Doris that I had heard the word. Hope looked it up for me and we laughed over it because it hopped about in my ears and turned up when least expected in kangaroo fashion. Apparently Frank has this same thing happen and as we spoke, he said, "Ptolemy" . . . and then "of course he was Greek but that is all I can contribute about him but he dwells securely in my subconscious."

My sister who has been angelic in her sympathetic understanding and patience will probably come out here next week for a few days before we start south. I cannot leave until the 16th when I have a 10.A.M. appointment with Dr. Firestone. He has indicated that he never wants me away for more than two weeks at a time since a close check at frequent intervals is absolutely essential. So if we go south on the 16th, we shall be back here by the early days of March. This past week has been a series of those beautiful days when, although the air is chilled by wind, in the little nook under the projecting rock, I can lie nude in my deck chair and bake in the sun. I have got quite a different color than I was when you saw me last.

Do, I implore you, take the earlier part of this letter quite literally and let us see where it can lead you. My imagination is quite vivid, you know, my desire for your happiness is very genuine and my ability at meddling in other peoples affairs seems far above average. So let me try to help you discover what you want and how you can achieve it.

My love to you.

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Hôtel Timèo

TAORMINA

Propr. Le Floriste

1st May, 1960.

Dearest G.,

Thank you very, very much for your air letter which arrived yesterday. I am sorry that your psychiatrist proved to be so un sympathetic and limited in his understanding. If you had found the right one, I feel sure that he could have directed you more constructively, even though the results might have been somewhat different from the ones you anticipated. All I can say now is that I intensely want to be a helpful support for you on whatever basis that will produce your greatest peace of mind and happiness. Remembering that when we began holidaying together it was to meet a problem which you felt was without solution, and recalling various other situations which we have weathered successfully together, I have confidence that we shall again solve your present dilemma and you will emerge stronger and more balanced. Quite rightly you feel that this is not a thing about which you can write and if it can be arranged that we meet in June, I shall do everything in my power to arrange for it. I doubt that Chicago would be the best place for such a meeting. After such a long absence, I must spend a night with the Northrups in Chicago and they would find it strange if I were to be in Chicago and dividing my time. Do you plan to come by car to our meeting place or would you travel by train or plane? Perhaps I could get to Indianapolis which is nearer you and not too inconveniently out of my way to Chicago from Dayton. If you have the car and prefer to go into the country, that would be satisfactory too. The only thing necessary for me, is to know soon if we should plan definitely for this day, and where, because it is to my advantage to arrange my travel to Duluth from over here. If you have another reason for coming to Chicago, that is different and I shall manage it, but if your coming is for the express purpose of seeing me, then perhaps I can spare you so long a journey. I would say come to Dayton while I am there, but you know that house and how difficult private talk would be. As I am

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having the thyroid check up in Dayton, as well as dental appointments, I don't know when I can get away. Besides, I must wait for word from Josephine as to how much time she requires to get the house ready for me after Miss Rogers has moved out, and I must not delay too long getting back since I will have been away from a piano for more than two months and also have many arrangements to make for the class after I arrive in Duluth. I know that I would not be able to leave Dayton before the 12th or 13th and I must not get back to Duluth later than the 17th or 18th. I would hope to make the date for our meeting definite before I get back to America. If between June 12th and 17th you have some dates that are inconvenient, tell me what they are and I'll do my best to avoid them. Meanwhile, please try and remember that you have recently had a bad virus attack which almost alway leaves the patient feeling enervated and depressed So you must not be surprise at your lassitude and fatigue. Besides, the emotional upheaval you have gone through should also produce a state of near-numbness. Either of these causes or the combination of both is more than enough to account for your inability to work up to the super-human standard you usually set for yourself. Just try and be patient and wait for time and rest to produce that resurgence of enthusiasm which, with your nature, is certain to come. I think too, that a review of future plans might give you some fresh stimulation and perhaps in that, too, I can be helpful. I just hope that these weeks until we can meet will not be too difficult for you and I intensely hope that out of that meeting there will come to you release from your present depression and a rebirth of your usual buoyancy of spirit.

Of my own situation I can only write in the most glowingly enthusiastic terms. I feel so abundantly well and these weeks since I left Vienna have been glorious beyond anything I had anticipated. How wonderful itwould have been to have shared such a journey with you, and the prospect of such a trip one day is something really wonderful to look forward to. I was met in Salzburg by the car and we motored right up in to the Dolomite mountains, less tremendous than the Alps perhaps, but magnificent in a gentler way. We over

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nighted that first night in a village high above Kitzbühl, the famous ski resort. Next day we ambled southward through Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, through Bolzano and then westward a bit to arrive at the eatsern shore of Lake Garda. We spent the second night in a heavenly village on the shore. Next day before noon we were in the Castello Vecchio at Verona, one of the loveliest galleries I have seen. It is perhaps more distinguished for its arrangement than for its collection. After lunch we motored on to Ravenna where we saw that fabulous show of xearliest Christian Mosaics, unique in the world. I had seen an exhibit in Vienna of reproductions of these mosaics which had prepared me somewhat for the magnificence, but seeing them in their original setting was breath taking. It was just a short drive on to the Adriatic coast where, outside Rimini we found a place to overnight right on the beach. It was so heavenly to spend the whole of the twilight time walking on the sandy beach with the sea air blowing in my face. It was pandering to my wish that took us into the hills after that, to visit Urbino. I had read about the Palazzo Ducale there which I wanted to see and both the journey there, (staying away from the big highways and winding our way on all secondary roads) and the Palazzo itself, proved so enchanting that we decided to spend a night there and see the interior of the Palazzo by morning light What a treasure house of beautiful things. The two de la Francesca pictures were worth the journey for me. It was well after lunch time when we took to the road agin and it was just getting dark when we finally found a hotel in a village a few kilometers from Assisi on the Saturday before Easter. We spent Sunday in the churches of San Francesco where the crowds were terrific. However, we managed some time quietly next morning early to see my favorite Giotto Madonna before we sped along the road towards the Rome airport where we arrived just as Myra was emerging from her plane from London. It couldn't have been better timed. For me, those six days, journeying from Salzburg to Rome were about as perfect as it would be possible to imagine, in every-

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thing except the pleasure which your company in sharing all this beauty would have given me.

Here we have been deliciously lazy and the weather has been too changeable to make planning very safe. It is chilly-ish for this time of year and the sun is behaving most temperamentally. On Tuesday we set out by car to see the mosaics at Piazza Armerina where we spend a night, and then go on to Agrigento to see the remains of the Greek temples. After that we go to the Jolly Hotel in Palermo where we stay until we fly to Rome on the morning of the 9th. By the 11th or 12th I shall have crossed southern Europe and be in Bordeaux where I'll pick up my post if sent

chez A. J. Coventry Esq.
3 rue Martignac
Bordeaux (gironde)
France.

Paula and Alban Coventry insist on taking me to their country place outside Bordeaux for a few days of rest before Dorothy Wadham arrives from London with whom I'll then wander through the Dordogne. I'll get to London on May 31st and shall stay with Myra. That address is

c/o Dame Myra Hess
23 Cavendish Close
London, N. W. 8

I am such a lucky creature to have such good friends with whom to share such heavenly times and near the top of the list of those friends stands your name.

This brings you my love as always and my very earnest wish that all goes well with you and that delivery from your misery is close at hand.

F.

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[20 March 1961]

2320 EAST FIRST STREET
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

Monday A.M.

Dearest G.,

Forgive this scribbled note written in the last moments before departure for St. Paul where I shall post this. I hope to arrive in Dayton late Wednesday night & spend the next day there. Then on Friday (24th) I hope to fly to St. Louis in the afternoon if you are free. I would have to go on next afternoon or early evening for Okla. City - I think the flight leaves St. Louis about 6 -

Since I am not carrying

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a typewriter – letters must be short & strictly for information purposes.

Much love to, I hope, à bientôt – Send a card to me to Dayton to say if Friday & Saturday are possible –

In haste –

F.

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Van Cleve Hotel

DAYTON

CLAUDE J. CANNON
VICE PRES. & GEN. MANAGER

1739 Burroughs Drive
Dayton, 6, Ohio
2nd April, 1963.

Dearest George,

The combination of a stack of mail that neede some immediate attention, the constantly-going television and the two little girls who awaited me at the air port combined to keep most of my waking hours either so occupied or noisy, that not until today have I felt either sufficiently rested or relaxed to write to you. This does not mean that you have not been in my thoughts, and more often than you know.

I wonder if you realize or if I ever am able to make you understand how important you are to me and how, each time that we are together, I come away feeling reinforced, comforted and happy. This most recent series of days gave me just that plus much-needed rest and complete reassurance. If, on occasion I seemed to be hard on you, (especially when you talked about Eva's affairs) please donot think me less than understanding or sympathetic. Being protective towards you, I tend to be impatientperhaps, when you continue to beat your head against the stone wall of another's intransigence. Beyond a certain point, you are not going to change a 60-year-old woman and when she repeats a pattern She has created so often before in her life, you wail that you cannot understand. You cannot be expected to understand. Just accept it. IT IS!. There are millions of people who would fail to comprehend your willingness to accept the reduction in income which you take as a natural forfeit for being able to work with that specific library. Yet for you it is natural. Similarly, there are certain traits in Eva's character which you find puzzling, like her unwillingness to be frank about her economic situation at present and yet her appeals to youwhen shegets in trouble. Just accept these things and spare yourself concern and irritation over ANY situation which you cannot alter. I simply could not live like that. For me it would only be possible to ignore a situation, or, if that is impossible, I would have to eliminate myself from it, and if this latter were impossible, then I know all too well from experience, that I HAVE to put it out of my mind if I am to go on at all. So I beg of you both in regards to the Garden and Eva, when you are helpless to alter a situation and yet cannot move away from it, you must accept it to the point of not thinking about it. Otherwise you will destroy yourself and to no good prupose. I love you much too much to allow that to happen without a word protest.

I'll stay on here until around the 10th, I imagine and then, after a short Chicago visit, I'll go back to Santa Rosa IF the house is finished. I'll let you know next week. Meanwhile, my love and my thanks to you for having made possible those memorably happy days which I trust didnot put too great a strain on you.

All my love.

K.

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Until I give you another address write to me at
1, Stratford Studios, c/o Lindars, Stratford Road, London W.8

5th October; 1964.
39 Albert Court
London S.W. 7

Dearest George;

Oh how genuinely and earnestly I thank you for your good letter. I badly need some cheering and your message so full of new hope, possible constructive plans and with the bonds broken which bound you to your beloved library: was like having an effective tonic at exactly the moment when it was most needed. Let me relay the bad news first. When I arrived at the airport I was met, despite the early hour, by two of my devoted students with a car. We went to the apartment of the young man where his wife had prepared a lovely breakfast but before we sat down to eat the news came that my Hungarian friend for whose sake I was pressing to get here, had died. Her reply to me when I said that I would get here by October 1st was to say "So lange werde ich noch leben. Habe keine Angst": Frankly, I was relieved not to have to see her as other friends described her and I refused to go to the cremation. Although I doubtless will be criticized for this, I felt unwilling to put myself through such an ordeal as that would have been for me. It was left to me to telephone her sonin Paris as well as her closest friend. Having been up all night (on the plane) the strain I felt by mid-day was unsupportable and I came here and went to bed. This is a vast, sumptuously furnished apartment belonging to a singer-friend who; with her husband is on a tour in Israel and they made the plan for me to live here where I have a superb Italian cook to look after me. Next night I dined with Myra and this was an even greater shock. She has had vascular surgery to try and prevent a stroke. She is bent and old, walks with a shuffle, speaks haltingly and with a dead voice and her hands never stop moving. It is very cruel. (This information, incidentally, is only for you.) She was much better when I had tea with her today but I have small hope for sufficient betterment of her situation to any appreciable degree. These are two of my closest friends and it leave quite a void to lose them both at once. I admit that I have been able to rouse Myra out of her doldrums, but to what avail? I'll be with her every other day at least.

Now to return to your good news. I can imagine what intense satisfaction it must be to you to have that offer from Georg Lawrence, especially when I recall that indefrnse of your staying on in St. Louis, youn always insisted that you could not get employment in a library. If you really expect to make this a move for only the years that remain until retirement, I hope that you can at least do your work in a place that you find sympathetic and in an atmosphere

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of friendliness free from petty bickerings; jealousies and incompetence. If you consider teaching mathematics as you suggested that you might for the next three years, it would seem to me that it would be wise to try and find that job in or near the place to which you choose as your retirement setting. If you take Lawrence's offer and move to Pittsburgh, I doubt that you will want to move all your things that far East if you plan to retire in the west. The expense would be considerable. If you possibly are unable to sell your house rapidly, perhaps you will consider renting the house furnished. If you do, and want to take out your most prized possessions, and if the west is to be your choise of the place to which you will retire, you can ship things to my house for safe keeping. If your decision as to the next move can be aided by financial help from me, I am sure it is unnecessary to remind you how ungenerous it would be of you, not to permit me to do what is needed. In some ways I am delighted that I am not there to offer advice because I am sure that I could not resist the temptation of doing so. Your letter sounded so strong, so realistic and bold and yet so relaxed and free from the usual tensions, that I feel confident that you can and will manage to free yourself from this nightmare of being possessed by your beloved library. You cannot know the relief and help it is to me to feel that you have found peace even though the price was so high. I shall await your next letter so eagerly. Meanwhile all my love and devotion.

First fold here

Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer

1, Stratford Studios, c/o Linders

Stratford Road, London, W.8:

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Second fold here

BY AIR MAIL PAR AVION AIR LETTER AEROGRAMME

DIAMOND JUBILEE

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Dr. George B. Van Schaack

3318 Regel Place

St. Louis, Missouri

U. S. A.

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Fromans
Kings Somborne, Hampshire
25th October, 1964.

Dearest George,

This long silence was not intended but after I recovered from the horrid shock which greeted me on my arrival here it was almost like frenzied necessity to see all my friends and, as quickly as possible re-establish the bonds which had been such important supports in my younger days and which, because of this long absence seemed to be in abeyance. I spent two nights at Buriton Manor with Denise Lassimonne which brought all the Matthay times vividly back to my thoughts and we talked long into the night about the past reviving memories of people, events and times three decades or more past. Then I was motored across to Sussex for one night with Dorothy after which I was in London for anight with Myra before Howard Fergusson came for me and motored me to Stratford. He very kindly did some gentle detours to show me some Cotswold villages I'd not previously visited and we even had time for a short trip to Warwick. Our time in Stratford was glorious. It is the first time, apparently, that the historical plays of Shakespeare have been done in sequence. In three days we saw four performances: Richard II, Henry IV (first part and second part) and finally Henry V. I must admit that the Guthrie production of the last-named play was infinitely better done when I saw it in Minneapolis last month. After Stratford I went to Bristol and Warminster for visits and then had three days in London before coming here last Friday. Yesterday we spent with mutual friends in Newbury and tomorrow I return to London to settle in to the tiny place I took when your letter came telling me that you would not be able to come to England. My address will now be 20 Bentinck Street, London W.1 I have been blessed with days of almost constant sunshine and avoidanc of the damp cold I dread so much. The country has looked ravishingly beautiful and I've been through quite a lot of it. One thing I've learned in these few weeks is that spiritually, this is where I really belong. I was not consciously aware of how much my friends here and the link they represent are a basic element in my security and happiness. So long as enough of them live, I must not stay away so long again.

In the last letter which I had from you, I think I detected evidence that your newly found happiness in discovering that you COULD leave St. Louis was short lived. It is not from anything you wrote but out of thin air that I caught the suspicion that you were weakening in your determination to leave and were only too relieved not to have to make the decision to go. If this is true there will probably be countless explanations for your action but basically it will doubtless be that you are doing just what you most want, not because

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either that you are convinced that this action will promote your happiness or increase your usefulness, but only because of your habit of resisting change and your inability to believe in your right to a happier life than St. Louis has given you, plus a stubborn determination to achieve what you set out to do and sustain your belief and faith. I feel that I want to say all of this before I get back to London where I hope that a letter from you will be awaiting me. How much I hope and pray that I shall find a message from you saying that you are well and that the spirit of elation in which your first letters to me were written has continued and that your release from bondage is real and that plans for your future give you every hope for a peaceful, happy and fruitful few years until you want to make a more drastic change. Oh how I hope that my intuition is wrong in telling me that you have decided to carry on as before with some slight, intended variation of the pattern of these past few years. Just be certain that all I am concerned about is that you should not make a futile sacrifice of your health and happiness and that you can find some peace and contentment in a life that is both sympathetic to you and productive. All my love to you as always and the renewed hope that I'll find a letter from you awaiting me in London tomorrow.

F.

First fold here

To open cut here

Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer

20 Bentinck Street

London W. 1;

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BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

Dr. George B. Van Schaack

3318 Regal Place

St. Louis, Missouri

U. S. A.

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7, Sion Hill
Clifton, Bristol
5th December, 1964.

Dearest George,

Your letter came yesterday and made me very, VERY happy. Obviously you are more relaxed, less completely concentrated on and involved in Gardenx affairs to the exclusion of any form of diversion and enjoyment than you were some months ago. It represents such emancipation and recovery from your former enslavement that I can only be astounded by your complete volt face. It is an achievement which I find stupendous. You are generous to give me credit for having ctapulted you into action; but it is your own generosity and honesty which made such immediate response possible and the will and determination to act, painful as it must have been, remains an accomplishment on which I cannot praise you enough. It is like an emergence into daylight after years of cave dwelling! . . . Bravissimo!

Your willingness to have the time to go to concerts, read V. Sackville-West, something so unrelated to your work is also symptomatic. Yes, I have long been an admirer of her writing and also of her husband Harold Nicholson. In this type of English writing you can get a taste of the sort of thing which attracts me so strongly to life in England. There is in these people a warmth and a devotion in human relationships which I find particularly moving for it never intrudes, it never assumes intimacy beyond certain boundaries and yet gives one a basic support, constant assurance and deeply felt affection. Since they seem to respond so warmly to my kind of out-goingness, it is not surprising that I feel so at home here and feel that this, although not my native climate, yet is more my spiritual home than any place on earth I've yet found. . . At the moment I am staying with a friend in a frigid 18th century house on the edge of the deep gorge cut by the Avon on its way to the sea. The suspension bridge makes such a dramatic piece of decoration framed by my long casement window with the remaining autumn-colored leaves on the opposite bank to soften the lines. Not that "softening" is needed, because there are very few days when one ever has the clarity of light we know and almost never do I have thefeeling of the soaring directness and closeness to the stars and the sky which I have on my terrace in California. The Whistler-like mistiness is perpetual.....
As I wrote"Whistler" I remembered the book I am reading at the moment which is one of the most beautiful, poignant amd moving pieces of remantic writing that has come my way for a long time. The book is by Lawrence Whistler, poet and glass engraver, and is autobiographical. The title over here is "The Initials in the Heart". Please enquire if it has been published yet in America and if so, get a copy as a gift from me. And while you are making those enquiries, would you please see if a book entitled "A Family of Friends" by R. A. Parker (I think that is the author's name) is available? If obtainable would you

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please have it sent with a card "With love from Frank" to Mrs. George Falk, 7, Sion Hill, Clifton, Bristol, England. ? It is not available over here. Perhaps you wouldn't mind, at the same time, getting three paper back books IXXXXXXXXXXI promised to friends which are not available over here. I even tried Foyles! The three books are "Man's Search for Freedom" (which you read) and I believe the author's name is Viktor Frankl; "Why Britain Slept" by John F Kennedy" (a remarkable thesis written by J.F.K. as an undergraduate, and "Child of our Time" a book about a refugee child on the borders of Spain and France who erroneously got involved in concentration camp life, separated from his mother and reports his experiences. These three books I would like to have posted to Philip SmithEsq. Rosehill, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees, England. Be sure and make a note of what I owe you. This is an enormous help to me and I shall be so grateful for your help. V.Sackville West's "Daughter of France" for Genevieve was easily obtainable over here which I was so glad to be able to get for her. (Do you remember trying to get it for me

My own plans are to stay on in England until almost the end of January at the Bentinck Street address. Then I'll have a short visit to the continent before I return to America. I'll visit Lal for a bit and, hopefully, see you in St. Louis before I go to Chicago for a final visit to the Northrups who have soldtheir house and will move east in the spring to ahouse they are having built on the outskirts of Philadelphia in order to be near their daughter. I want to be in California by 1st March. I've promised to be back by March 4th to celebrate F.M.Sr.'s 90th birthday. It would be good to have a chance to talk in Freburary for by then your plans should hav← Overfold here →hat towards definite shaping.

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Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer

20 Bentinck Street

London W. 1.

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BY AIR MAIL

PAR AVION

AIR LETTER

AEROGRAMME

8 DEC 1964

Dr. George B. Van Schaack

3318 Regal Place

St. Louis, Missouri

U. S. A.

ARE YOU ON THE NEW YORKER LIST? CHECK NOW

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

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20 Bentinck Street
London W. 1.
9th December, 1964.

Dearest George,

This, my second or third night to stay quietly at home since I arrived here on October 1st, has been enormously brightened by rereading your article in the Garden Bulletin. Yourlast letter I replied to so immediately after itcame, that I am sure I failed to thank you for your kind thoughtfulness in sending me the copy of the Bulletin. Tonight I have enormously enjoyed the article again. It is so well written and comoines admirably the qualities of being both informative and entertaining. You should have had well earned praise for that article and I hope it was forthcoming.

Since writing to you last, I have finished reading "Initials in the Heart" by Lawrence Whistler which I asked you to procure for yourself. I wonder if you found it available. If not, let me know. It has been through its fourth printing and two of our largest bookshops were sold out today when I went in with Dorothy to try and get her a copy. It is one of the most moving and poetic bits of prose I've found in many years. When I finished I found myself thinking that there was something cleansing and purifying in that reading. For days I have been possessed by memories of that book. If you cannot get it, let me know at once. It is to be my Christmas gift to Dorothy too.

Both Dorothy and I have had recent letters from Frances in which the traces of strain and emotional intensity seem at a dangerous pitch. She cannot bring herself to face real causes I fear, but hints only at discontent and unrest. Frankly, I fear that the very thing which the Santa Rosa woman psychiatrist explained to me is happening. Perhaps you remember that she said that France' irritation with Hope's restlessness and maladroitness, and Hope's frustration, imposed by Frances' limited participation in social activities, would continue to build up in each one until some sort of explosion is an absolute necessity. When I see the inescapable sufferings which the human race MUST endure and then witness these self-imposed ones, it makes me so sad. I'd like to be able to help Frances.

One thing which my time over here has opened my eyes to is the amount of avoidable suffering and misunderstanding which is created by people being unwilling to be straightforward and direct. /against It has almost become a mania with me, to watch myself and guard /any least trace of deviousness. The poem you sent me of Sackville-West expresses something which I feel is so essential in a human relationship which is based on love. Thank you so very much for copying it out for me. With my present emphasis on directness, I wondered if in my assuming that you plan an ultimate retirement in California which

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you have spoken of on various occasions, I might give the impression of pressing or influencing you to do so. For heaven's sake, don't get that idea, please. I realize that you might have, in the course of recently altered circumstances have changed your mind about retirement plans and I plod on believing that you have made a firm decision which I only want to try to help you carry out. You do realize, don't you, that you are not committed to anything? Now that you have decided to leave St. Louis you must feel completely unencumbered in ANY way. You have the whole wide world to explore for opportunities and work and interests and the more you assert your independance and freedom through adventurousness the happier you will make me. I am concerned only for one thing now that your imagined bond to St. Louis is revealed as self-imposed, and that is that you should feel such exciting exhiliration and abandon as you have never before allowed yourself to enjoy. Love must be the foundation for freedom and the stabilizing support while you enjoy freedom, not a noose around your neck. I feel sure that once these holidays are over you will begin to think of your move and the future plans you care to make. I'll be so eager to know about your decisions. . . . . Having refused all Christmas invitations, I was so touched to get a telephone call from Howard Ferguson to say I must have my bag packed the day before Christmas when he will pick me up and take me to his house on the edge of Hampstead Heath where I shall sleep. Next day we will be alone without decorations or "parties" and the 26th we come in to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and I return here. Isn't that a perfect Christmas plan? Gene Burgess is due here the 20th. I fear his African trip was a horrible time and a sad experience. So much love ←First fold here→ to you always, from,

Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer

20 Bentinck Street

London, W. 1.

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5 PM
10 DEC
1964

SIXPENCE-POSTAGE

CHRISTMAS

Dr. George B. Van Schaack

3318 Regal Place

St. Louis, Missouri

U. S. A.

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↑To open slit along here↑

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Christmas Day [47

Dearest George,

Your very charming card and the letter which followed so soon after, both reached me before I came out here to Howard Ferguson's house to spend these few days. Gene Burgess who arrived in London last Saturday night came out for a huge turkey dinner which Howard had prepared for last night. I think that he enjoyed the evening as he did last Monday when I had invited him to come to a friend's studio where a student was trying out the program he will do in a few days in Scotland and then a few weeks later in London. I think that although Gene is terribly depressed by what he saw on his travels in Africa, he seems very well although at this season he is acutelyaware of the loss of his wife. I've managed tosee him every other day since he arrived and tomorrow night he will go to see the "Meery Wives of Windsor with me. Next day he takes off for Geneva, Rome and Tunis. After that he wil returnto Paris before flying across to Washington and then home to begin the term in February. He is hopingthat the new house of which he spoke to us last spring will be completed and ready to receive him.

Never have I had such a peaceful and completely relaxed holiday. Howard dislikes all the false gayety, decorations and Christmas nonsense as much a I do and except to have Gene with us last night and Myra tonight (at her own suggestion!) we have scarcely moved out of the house. It has been glorious and I am sograteful to Howard for supplying this peaceful and delightful interlude.

Your letter relieved me enormously, for I really did fear that I, in my efforts to be helpful, might have been too pressing at a time when decisions were impossible. I didn't know, after your earlier letters that the possibility still existed of your staying on in St. Louis. That, you must agree, negates the definite statements you made in your earlier letters which I am sure you might not remember. That is unimportant. I am glad to know that you feel so free and uncommitted to any future plans, regardless of anything you might have said.. . . This is the moment for you to enjoy complete freedom and independance, the only atmosphere in which to make such a decision as might lie ahead of you. I AM relieved and pleased to know that you consciously are aware of this.

That long quotation from Anne Frank's diary which you sent me is incredibly wisdom for a child of 15 to have felt, much less to have had the ability to express it so well and so movingly. It echos my belief, certainly, that the human being who, through courage and faith (plus what I'll call tolerance, generosity or charity) can maintain an unruffled awareness of happiness or contentment, is able to be ofserivce to his fellow man in a way that others are incapable of being. Howard came in to talk to me while I breakfasted in bed this morning and I read that excerpt to him. He has a quality of calmness and poise which is quite phenomenal, and I questioned him about this, because

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this goes far beyond being just the usual British reserve. There is something supporting and transferred, from him to those who are with him. He said that even as a boy he became aware of this gift and also of how its possession helped him to offer assistance to friends in distress. We sat here and talked on and on until it was nearly mid-day. I rushed through my bath, shave and dressing so that we could enjoy our luncheon of a pate made of wildduck and liver (A DREAM!) with a delicious white wine, and a lovely salad of endive to follow with a marvelous cheese which was new to me from the south of France. I am purring with contentment and pleasure.

Did I even send you any sort of Christmas greeting other than the Whistler book which I even asked you to provide for yourself (at my expense)? I decided to do nothing about Crhistmas cards very much and I am almost decided never again to send ANY Christmas cards. It really is such nonsense! I'll write a few letters, send checks to former servants and people in need to whom I ordinarily would write and that will be it. For you, though, I want you to know how much you are in my thoughts today and how gladly I would welcome the opportunity to have spent these holidays with you, either here or elsewhere. Thank goodness we know how to count our blessings, take our opportunities to be together whenever the opportunity becomes available. For that blessing I am increasingly thankful and I just hope that 1965 brings you the full realization of your newly acquired freedom and will give you wise guidance in the choice of direction you take. In any case, my love goes out to you today and always.

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Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer

20 Bentinck Street

London, W. 1.

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BY AIR MAIL

PAR AVION

AIR LETTER

AEROGRAMME

DIAMOND JUBILEE

1904

1954

WORLD

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Dr. George B. Van Schaack

3318 Regal Place

St. Louis, Missouri.

U. S. A.

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London
25th January, 1965.

Dearest George,

This begins my last week here. Unless a letter is on the way I doubt if post will reach me at this address any more. Only today did I finally consolidate all my commitments and make my definite plans. I go to Basle on next Monday, February 1st. My former student Irving Travis who is now a well known and emminently successful conductor in Europe lives in Basle and I am dining and spending the night with Irving and his wife in their new apartment. Next day I go on Winterthur (near Zurich) where an Italian student of mine is doing th world premiere of a contemporary Swiss piano concerto. I promised to be there for the rehearsal on the 2nd, the performance on the 3rd and then stay and teach at the Konservatorium on the 4th. The 5th I go to Paris for the week end and the 8th I fly home. I expect to be in Dayton that evening in time for dinner or soon after. I'll need at least a week to get order out of the chaos! 've not even allowed Lal to send me a bank statement since last October and with income tax time around the corner, I simply must get caught up in my records. Then, about the 16th, I plan to go to Chicago. It will be my last visit to the Northrup's house since they are moving East in April or May to a house which they have just had built. As a matter of fact they will be in Phildaelphia until the 16th and return to Chicago just before I arrive on their doorstep. I'll be there the 17th and hope to be able to get away by the 18th if that is possible or the 19th at the latest. I cannot stay long with you because I have to get on to Little Rock where a former student is awaiting my arrival to motor to California with me as baggage! I want to be in Los Angeles to hear my friend Brendel play with the orchestra there at the end of the month and I want to get home to Santa Rosa by March 1st if possible. When I outlined my plans to Lorry Northrup he said he kept saying to himself, "I wonder if that guy knows he is almost seventy years old! I admit that I am a bit tired because there have been enormous demands on me here but the general feeling is that I seem to possess inexahustible supplies of energetic enthusiasm. Long may it continue!

Thank you for two good letters. I very much hope to hear that the long deferred decision about a director has been taken so that you can be relieved of this uncertainty of knowing whether you want to stay on as librarian or go elsewhere. It is so wonderful to know that during all this time you have held on to your enjoyment of living and your available liberty. I hope that the director's appointment will not upset that equilibrium.

Your response to the Whistler book made me very happy. I knew that such sensitivity and essential purity would move you as

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as it did me. It is a precious thing to share with someone one loves.

Somehow, I dread the farewells here. I have been so incredibly happy with these friends and the sort of leisured life I have had. I know that I could neither continue the tempo or the absence of a direction provided by work, but as an interlude this could not have been better. Perhaps my dread of farewells is the knowledge that some of these dear friends will probably not be here when I come back again. I am being urged to agree to spend four months a year here teaching but I am not sure that I want that either. I leave here knowing that these associations and friendships are the most important ones in my life and that here I am alive in a way that I never achieve in America and yet the quality of almost crude enthusiasm which America provides, with such evidence of abundant vitality is also something I would miss greatly if I were to be away from it too long. It seems to me that the present pattern of intense work in the summer months which follow a semi-fallow period of rest and contemplative life such as I have in California is quite perfect. If I could manage a little time over here after Duluth and before the spring flowers begin to blossom in California to see my friends over here, I would have achieved the ideal dividing up of my year. Believe me, the knowledge that that haven of beauty and peace will be waiting to receive me after this long trek across the continent is a heavenly prospect. It is so good to anticipate seeing you in a matter of a few weeks. Until then. . . my love to you.

F.

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Frank Mannheimer
20 Bentinck Street
London, W. 1.

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BY AIR MAIL
LONDON
No. 8
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
3318 Regal Place
St. Louis, Mo.
U. S. A.

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Sunday.

Dearest George,

You have been so constantly in my thoughts that I must, for my own peace of mind as well as to satisfy my desire to communicate with you write to you at once. I hope that you have somewhat recovered from the unpleasantness which my visit inflicted on you. In fairness, I I should tell you that I had determined last spring, when I saw in what state you arrived in California and how even a few days changed you, that if ever I saw you headed in the direction which would produce the return to a comparable situation as you seemed in on arrival in California, and if you gave me the opportunity, I MUST, as a friend speak frankly. Quite unconsciously, this clinging to the past of which you spoke to me, carries with it the old belief in the stigma which search after personal happiness carries with it. It doesn't occur to you that when the choice is between personal happiness (or survival) and sacrificial service, that you have the right to choose the former. Please, I beg of you, open your eyes very wide and see clearly before you make ANY decision and be SURE that your decision is not based on anything but a realistic view of the situation and an equally realistic appraisal of what you have to expect from the people concerned. We share the belief in and respect for the independance of the individual. In my case, I learned very early that I didnot work at my best when I had to accept the standards and rules arbitrarily imposedby others and so I chose precarious independance and made such concessions and compromises as I found necessary in order to keep my equilibrium AND my independance. You never questioned whether you could live, act, work and be of service free from the inevitable irritation which the constant exposure/and imposition /to of other people's standards inflicted on you. The result has been what I can only think is a constant state of revolt, a constant combat and without knowing it, perhaps revolt and struggle have become your modus vivendi and without them, at this time in your life, there would be a void. I've thought about all this often and, I hope, objectively for many years, but until this spring, I didnot feel that I had the right to speak quite so frankly as I did recently. I told myself that it might be my own desire for power whichwas the compelling force. Being with you these past days and being /to made aware of how devastating it is/see this willful destruction of your self while my innate and deep response was to love you more and want, oh so intensely, to protect you, I simply had to make this effort to save you. It WAS a selfish thing to do, for seeing you happy, relaxed and enjoying yourself, as you were doing this spring contributed so much to my own enjoyment that it is not impossible that my hidden motive was to perpetuate that happiness. If, in being thus selfish, I am able to rescue you before it is too late, I am perfectly willing to accept the onus of behaving like an ego-ridden maniac! You understand all too well suffering and being martyred for the survival of an idea but you are unwilling to understand the suffering and despair which the willful destruction of someone who is loved can produce.

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In spite of the agony of these past few days, I must thank you for giving me this little time to bridge the gap between months of immersion in my own work, concern for my own interests and the plunge into the vapid void which life here represents. In spite/the immediate /of reaction of irritation which exposure to this life here produces, I cannot accept the devotion and respect for my independance which, so far as they are able to give, (or understand) they really want to shower on me. To keep the upstairs sitting room inviolate for me and the television turned low is already a great stretch of imagination and a demonstration of unselfishness of which I doubt that I am worthy.

Betwwen this and the months of teaching and acting as a "guidance counselor" for young people, those thirty-six hours in the protective warmth of your affection was something I needed badly. Thank you very much for providing it so generously for me.

My love to you, as always, and such earnest prayers for clarity of vision and wise decisions in yourmoulding of the plans for what lies ahead of you. May it produce your happiness and a sense of fulfillment and through that, you will contribute more than you know to my peace.

Ever your devoted,

F.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
25th April, 1965.

Dearest George,

Your letter puts me to shame for my long delay in writing to thank you for that wonderful parcel of books. With an emphasis on the coincidence that it arrived the very day on which, being over-tired, I had a completely white night, I read the Shahn book until almost 6.30. It delighted me and gave me some new ways to understand contemporary painting. Certainly the man can write! I know nothing of his painting, but if he can manage colors as dexterously as he can words, he is a painter for me. I was asking Mabel's sister who is a painter about Shahn and she says that he is someone who has been known for the past quarter century and by the more modern standards now is thought to be vieux jeux now. For me, he is new and I am grateful to you for introducing me to that little volume. . . You NEVER forget, do you? I had forgotten about the "Natural History of Nonsense". How delighted I am to have it. Thank you very much, I almost laughed aloud as I reread "Adam's Navel" which I had read originally in your house sitting there as nude as Adam! I shall get F.M.Sr. here to lunch one day alone and we shall have some fun together with that book. The little "Kalendarium" is beautiful and I began right at the beginning and learned of the varying degrees of goodness of certain kinds and mixtures of dung. How delightfully written and how beautifully reproduced. I am simply thrilled to have this trio of lovely books and thank you very, VERY much for sending them to me.

After that comes my great joy in knowing that you will probably go abroad this summer. What a decision it would be. If you are fortunate in not only seeing but being able to identify yourself with the places you visit, it could easily be that when retirement days are imminent you will want to live abroad. There are advantages that one cannot ignore and I am finding after my incredibly happy time in England, that I question the wisdom of having chosen this spot. Certainly I could not find a place more beautiful or more secluded without isolation, but I do miss the quality of associations which life with my friends abroad offers me. . . Today has been a day of such exquisite loveliness that I hate to see it end. I went about nude practically all the day and was able to lie in a deck chair on the terrace until just before eight O'clock. The delicate night fragrances and the changing light were somethingso unearthly beautiful and I could enjoy them in the utter stillness of this serene spot.

How glad I am that you can feel so settled, surrounded by your two devoted helpers and in addition have the stimulus which your boy provides. I hope that Jugo Slavian proves a more tractable huamn being than you expect. If he isn't, just be glad that you found it out before you had to introduce that note of strain into your present, pleasantly amicable atmosphere. Long may it continue. . . . And surely the news from Eva is all that you dared to hope for. You can move into your Browning period now and sing with him "God's in His Heaven etc.

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Renewed thanks for the books which have and will continue to give me great pleasure not only for themselves but the added joy it gives to have them come from you.

My love to you, as always,

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Duluth, 2nd October.

Dearest G.

Since reading the enclosed I have written you several times and each letter was eventually destroyed and thrown in the waste paper basket. Since I have always been completely frank and direct with you, this present reticence which I feel, leaves me without any precedence. If we were together and could talk, I know that I should lose this reticence and speak out without any inhibitions. I am too aware of the possibility of writing something which you might interpret differently than I intend it and there is also the danger of influencing you, which is a thing I donot want to do. This much I will permit myself: you are both incredibly immature emotionally and you are both, unconsciously, playing roles which I am sure you would both resent my thinking.

It would be grossly unfair to in any way judge or interpret K.'s attitudes and behaviour based on my knowledge and experience. You are so very inexperienced and naif that my interpretation of the letters she has written would require far more explanation than I am willing to put on paper. Men with greater experience than you would be able to anticipate much of her reactions and be spared some of the distress you are suffering, and this is something you must expect to recur. The lack of success in Baveno-Stresa is also a situation which you must realize might recur. It is not unusual and occurs with some newly married people and also with people who alter behavior patterns. In fact, it is rather usual in cases like yours. You have lived too long accepting the fact that your responses, sexually, were stimulated in a quite different manner, for a change to happen and be sustained so suddenly.

My wish is, as you know, to be helpful and I fear that I am only adding to your confusion but it would be unfair for me to act as either judge or interpreter of K.'s letters without knowing her. Your present experience is not unlike one which I have had. I know all too well how you are feeling. I only wish that I could help you. This I might be able to do if we could talk. Meanwhile I'll hope that the situation doesn't become too distressing. All my love , as always,

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2222 East Third Street
Duluth, 12, Minnesota
8th October, 1965.

Dearest George,

It is a pity that you could not have recordings of your voice so that you could know what a difference there was in your voice last night and every other time you have spoken to me since your return. The relief from . . . . well . . we shall leave that thing from which you escaped, nameless! I am sorry that you put yourself through this very painful experience but since you did, I just pray that you will now realize the caution you must exert.

You will wonder at my taking exception to the words I underlined. I shall be very surprised if that is not the one thing which will rouse K.'s anger. From HER point of view, you had it within your power to give her the one thing she needed and wanted and you refused. There is a slight ring of patronization in your statement. You will be accused of cruelty too, perhaps, for rousing her hopes and then, before she could accustom herself to the joy and security the prospect offered to her, to blast it all into shreds. It WAS naif of you, but then we have long ago agreed that you ARE naif. That she either didnot know that or preferred not to accept the fact, is not your fault. You acted in all sincerity. That you were not experienced enough to realize the full consequences of your acts cannot be held against you. I can only hope that you will be spared dramatization of the situation. It is possible that you might never hear from her again after that letter. However, I now believe that you have protected yourself from pain which she could inflict. I intensely hope so.

As to the future, just remind yourself from time to time that you are a free agent perfectly able to do whatever you REALLY want to do. The habit of chains is pretty deeply instilled into you. Try to consciously be aware that you DARE to be free and happy. Having chains has gone on so long that you accept (or create imaginary ones) them not

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so much from necessity which the situations create, as from your dependance on them as a background for living. This is your chief hurdle to overcome, I feel certain. You will be amazed to realize how you do create those chains for yourself. When I recall your despair, in the summer of 1942, about going east at vacation time and the wide-eyed, innocent look of you when I proposed your going to Colorado. "Little Georgie Van SKOYCK going west of the Mississippi?" . . . And in the autumn of last year when your disillusionment with the governing body at the Gardens threw you into such complete despair, to face the fact that your tie with the Garden was self-made, . . . all three of these situations were of your own making. You ARE, always have been and, I pray, always will be a free agent. You can have a happy life, you can MAKE yourself and others extremely happy and still contribute to the creative need of your nature, IF . . .(and this is a big IF) you will be on the watch for your habit of making and accepting constricting "chains" as a normal modus vivendi, if not a psychological necessity.

It is disappointing not to be able to plan a meeting NOW, but your commitment for my one free week-end seems to rule out such a plan. However I'll not give up trying to squeeze in a day together soon.

My present itinerary is:

Oct. 12 to 16 Hotel Muehlbach Kansas City, 5, Missouri.
" 17 to 23rd c/o Dr. B.A.Nugent, 1219 Merchant Street, Emporia, Kansas
" 24th to 28th Warwick Hotel, South Main Street, Houston, Texas
" 29th for 2 or 3 days, c/o Miss Verna Harder, 907 A West 21st Street Austin, Texas.

Try and relax now and view the future with full realization of your freedom. Above all, BELIEVE in that freedom and your right to enjoy it.

Much love and an eager hope that we can plan a meeting soon.

F.

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7960 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
14th.March, 1966.

Dearest George,

Your very, very much appreciated letter has taken a week to answer only because I wanted to delay until I had been in to San Francisco to make tentative enquiries about Dorothy's journey. She had been told in London that she would have to overnight in New York and this, I knew, was unnecessary. I went in to the Pan American San Francisco office where a handsome young negro clerk gave me about the best air travel service I've ever had. The result of our talk was to plan that Dorothy should take the Pan American Polar flight which leaves London at 12.30 noon and arrives in Los Angeles at 3.30. There she can get a connection to Phoenix or Los Vegas. I chose the latter. I neglected to ask if she could get to Flagstaff from Los Angeles that same night, which I shall do this week. I shall plan to meet Dorothy wherever she arrives to spend the night. Since she may not travel on Friday, Saturday or Sunday on a twenty-one-day reduced fare ticket, and since Monday is the day they run the direct London-Los Angeles flight, I chose Monday May 2 as the date for her journey. My nice young man wired all instructions to the London office who will get in touch with Dorothy and make all the arrangements. I instructed Dorothy to ask them to hold the reservation and not take her ticket until sometime in April. This will give me time to find out if she can get to Flagstaff instead of Los Vegas. However, I think it safe to plan that we meet Dorothy on May 2nd, or I do, and we can either motor or fly to the Canyon next day.

About the car, I fear I didnot make myself clear. When I spoke of getting a car through my nephew I said that I would LEASE a car, not rent one. This means that I may own the car if I wish or not. I haven't even done anything about it yet. It just occurred to me that it would spare you much travel expense, but if you prefer not to drive but fly to the canyon, I'll make enquiries about renting a car on a monthly basis which we can use as long as we like. If, however, you would like to motor west, I could meet you wherever you designated on March 30th and we could have a few days together before Dorothy's arrival. Then if you want the car to motor home in, you may have it and if not, I have a student who will gladly take it East for me, I am sure. I shall leave here for Duluth sometime during the first week in June. You haven't indicated how long you will stay, but if you could stay that long, we could start out together as we have done so often before. Think it over and please do whatever seems to you the most comfortable and convenient arrangement. My only consideration is to prolong our time together for as long as it is possible without any sacrifice on your part.

It is so wonderful to know that you continue to feel so well. I am sure that not only the discovery of this "right medicine" but the improved conditions under which you work, the assurance of understanding and support that the new director has given you a right to expect and a more sensible working schedule in terms of hours spent at the Gardens,

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all of these things combine
to be a considerable factor in your so-much-improved state of health. The past few months have also been especially good for me. I doubt if I ever told you that Dr. Firestone asked me to discontinue taking all medicines the last week in December. He explained to me that in many cases two or three years of reliance on this medicine which I have been taking will sometimes result in stabilization. Since my original condition was so exagerated, he decided that it was best not to try the experiment of discarding the medicine until I had had at least five years of the stuff to build up the stabilizing process. In this interval since the end of December, I have gone in for laboratory tests at intervals and then in to Dr. Firestone for examination and there hasn't been the slightest fluctuation or regression. He believes that I can now accept this as evidence that the cure is complete but since I know the symptoms so well of any upset in the balance, I can be aware of a change and have the test wherever I am and send him the results, from which he can diagnose and prescribe if necessary. It seems to me a sort of miracle and except for other infirmities which I've carried around for a long time, I feel so consciously aware of feeling so abundantly well.

I am delighted that you are free on the dates I proposed for a short visit. I'll not know exact arrangements until after I get to Dayton. I shall try to limit my stay there to forty-eight hours at most. However, there are quite a lot of things I HAVE to do and it might be the 7th before I get to you. However, we shall be in touch and I'll let you know as soon as I can the exact date I propose arriving. I hope that this does not inconvenience you.

Last night, I dined in San Francisco with Robert Trier. He is to come here next week to occupy the guest house for a week or ten days. I am so glad that I can offer this hospitality, for Robert, now over eighty-years-of-age, has given away all possessions, has no pied-a-terre anyplace in the world and wanders around the world seeking ways to keep occupied instead of searching for adventure which used to be his objective. He still rides horseback, swims and exercises regularly and is quite agile and alert. His one serious difficulty is a rapidly worsening state of his hearing. It is very tiring talking in an abnormally loud and precise manner for hours on end. Perhaps to no one else will he bare himself quite so freely as he does to me and since it is important to me too, to feel useful, this is probably an excellent bit of therapy for me.

Yes, I echo your beautifully phrased appraisal of our relationship. How often the thought of your presense in what you so aptly describe as my "little Paradise" gives the whole place a new dimension, an added aura of completeness and beauty. How much I look forward to having you in my Eden.

All my love, as always.

M.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
30th May, 1966.

Dearest George,

When Hope, Frances and Hope's guest arrived for dinner last night they brought me your air-letter. Thank you for writing because I am well aware of how difficult it must be trying to do anything which demands concentration under present circumstances. When one is feeling strain from physical incapacities any demands for emotional understanding and sympathy take far greater toll on one's reserves than they would do under ordinary conditions. I was intensely relieved to have the brief explanation you gave me of the cause of the child's death. The tragedy of that situation is a very real one. In some ways, it must be a very real help for those two unhappy people to have your ready sympathy just now and perhaps that very need might be helpful to you. I wonder how long they plan to stay on.

It was comfortingly good news to know that you feel so comparatively well even if uncommonly devitalized. The fact that you can sleep such long hours might be the result of the antibiotics you /taken have/ and are still taking. On the other hand, it might be the result of the fatigue which inevitably follows after such a prolonged siege of running a temperature as you went through. I just hope that you can and will rest, sleep and relax as much as is possible during these few days which remain before you enter the hospital for the removal of the prostate gland. Do please keep me closely informed on what happens and how you respond. Don't forget that the time is probably not too distant when I shall have to submit to similar surgery with the complication of the hernia one added. You can prepare me for what lies ahead. Frankly I am very relieved that you are having the operation because repeated attacks such as you had here could bring on serious poisoning which might be far more difficult to cope with than this attack proved to be.

What has happened about Henry's car? Did you do anything about it yet? I hope so because it would doubtless be helpful to you to have that car at hand when you are again able to drive, rather than that "truck" which is such a strain for you to handle. If this expense combined with your medical expenses here plus the expense of the coming surgery strain your bank balance, don't forget that you have that bond which you can cash and put that money in your account. If you need any thing which I can provide, I am sure that it is unnecessary to remind /you you that/ have only to tell me what it is.

My present plan is to leave here early on the morning of June 9th so that I can arrive in Duluth before night. It is shocking, the inadequacy of the service between San Francisco and Minneapolis and if I take the mid-day plane I must wait in Minneapolis until after eight at night for a flight to Duluth. Mabel and Jeff have asked me to go to Carmel for a few days before I go back east but I am not sure if the extra motoring and packing isn't more of a strain than the rest I'd have for two days. In any case, unless I give you another address, you can reach me here through the 8th and in Duluth after the evening of the 9th.

With my love,

F.

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The Warwick

5701 MAIN • AREA CODE 713 JACKSON 4-2181 • HOUSTON 1, TEXAS

DAYTON, OHIO.
27th September, 1966.

Dearest George,

Your letter was awaiting me here when I arrived Satruday evening after two very full days at Oberlin. Either it is because the shock of this situation here has worn off, or things have changed, because I feel much less tension and strain than on previous visits. I admit that on arrival I had a great shock when I saw Sol because I had forgotten how altered in looks he is and I had vaguely expected him as I was remembering him before his illness. He is remarkable the way he has managed to accept conditions and continue to operate withint the restrictions they impose.The economic situation is not discussed with me and I am only too thankful not to know what goes on.

Thank you for the two enclosures in your letter. I recall having sent you the check for the car expenses but I have no remembrance of what the "agreement" was about your "share However, since it would be easier for me to adjust this than to return your check, I'll deposit your check and then make whatever adjustment is necessary when you explain that "agreement".

Thank you too, for that magnificent article about the library. Do you have professional public relations people to help you in raising funds for the library? This, apparently, is the only way to reach the average man and the key industrial people who should contribute. With enough publicity and "know how" money can be raised for anyone or anything. Do you recall what a heroine and recipient of untoldthousands the widow of President Kennedy's assassin involuntarily became through publicity? The article you sent would be a magnificent start to a campaign but unless it is continuously followed I doubt that any very lasting effects would be attained.

Your news of the Sadlers leaves me in a quandary. When you write ". . the cards have fallen and they have buried him" I immediately jumped to the conclusion that the letter from him which you mentioned was a pre-suicide note. However, your later comments make me doubt that I am right in my assumption that he committed suicide. Your comments on marriage both interest and amuse me. I disagree with you about your too-general statement that women want marriage and men donot. I've known too many men who only came into a realization of their potentials THROUGH marriage. Jim Nye is one of them and my niece's husband Bob Green is another and if I were to search, I know I'd find abundant other examples. It is true that many men found this same support in a satisfactor liaison without marriage but that is often hard

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on the woman. However, I DO, DO, DO, agree that in most cases the woman marries her husband. The man rarely makes the choice and I honestly believe that this is due to psycho-physiological causes. There is a certain unconsciously vain quality which [illegible] the role of the sexually active (as opposed to the passive role of women) induces in men and it is the playing up to his vanity which gives women their power over their men and weakens the male in the role of "head of the family". Wasn't it this time [illegible] last year that you were expecting a guest and contemplating the possibility of marriage, or was it two years ago? I am thankful for your own peace of mind that you escaped.

When you say your "assistant" is leaving you for a job he found in St. Louis, I can hardly believe you mean "Frank". This is too good to be true. Be cautious, I beg of you, in having any share in replacing him. If, as your director pointed out that you are not the person to train an assistant, then you should not be the person to judge of their qualities. How you can endure the atmosphere in which you have [illegible] lived in that library is beyond me. I would long ago have gone elsewhere, I am sure. Be careful that unconsciously you donot assume that that is the normal way to live and have your being.

It is sad not to see you before I go abroad and to find the years slipping away with meetings becoming more and more rare and with the prospect of this condition continuing. The occasional telephone calls are consoling but scarcely a replacement. I'll be here until Saturday morning when I fly to Philadelphia. I am staying Saturday and Sunday nights with the Recknagels (she is a student) at 537 Oak Road, Narberth, Pa. Telephone is MO 4-2244. Monday I am staying with the Northrups on Sawmill Road, Newtown Square, Pa. Telephone El 6-1550. Tuesday I go to New York and Wednesday (although they donot know it) I am taking the same plane to London on which Mabel and Jeff will travel with Mabel's niece and her husband. They will be abroad several months.

My love as always and I'll send you my London address as soon as I've decided on a flat.

K.

P.S. Recalling that two years ago my Hungarian friend Erszi Arato died the day arrived in London, and that Myra died last year at this time, I became a bit superstitious. The mail has just come and brought me the sad news that Pina Pozzi, one of my most devoted students was found dead in her little house in Winterthur (Switzerland) where she had the "Meister Klasse" at the Konservatorium. She was to have spent the holidays with me in London. It is HIDEOUS, this process of growing old.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
7th February, 1967.

Dearest George,

Your letter made me regret more than ever, if that was possible, not having been able to stop to see you in St. Louis on my way back here. It is appalling that a human being with your intelligence and your gifts should speak of "my life being over". To me it smacks of a kind of self pity that many self-indulgent old people resort to and it smacks of too much self-centeredness and a shirking of responsibility that angers me. If sensitive human beings who believe in the survival of our ideals give up while they have a breath of life left, what is to happen in the future? You are far too valuable a tool for this survival to be scrificed just now and if I HAD been able to stop in St. Louis and you had talked like that to me, I fear that you might have got a kick in that part of the anatomy where it would cause the most pain. STOP THAT NONSENSE! Your disappointment over the Garden situation is understandable but basically it is your fault! Forgive repetitions of what I've said too often before. For you, the Garden, books, ideas and work have been the chief focus for your life and you have accepted that as a norm which you expected of others. For most other people, their devotion and love for human beings has taken this first place and consequently their jobs are secondary. Do you recall the biography of Edward Johnston which you sent me? Do you recall how charming it was to READ of how he kept his most important client waiting for a manuscript while he made a doll's house for his child? The idea was charming but do you realize how unsympathetic and furious you would probably have been if you had been the waiting client? I've just received a book from Marie with the provocative title "The transparent Self". I've not started it yet but I am wondering if this might represent the sort of catharsis you need! Saying that, makes me realize that I am probably placing myself in the role of the vain man in the Bible who thanked God he was not as other men while the publican at his side admitted that he was a miserable sinner, and who enters the Kingdom of Heaven first?

That your health is so excellent delights me. I can say the same of mine. Dr. Firestone reports that the results of all tests I've had done since I got back here are excellent and except to have the usual complete check-up before I start for Duluth, he does not suggest anything. The check-up concerning the protate situation he leaves to the specialist with whom I'll have an appointment next week. We donot anticipate any difficulty.

Now, concerning your retirement. . I just beseech you not to make the error so many people of my acquaintanct have made of waiting until the time for retirement arrives. Don't divorce yourself from the work you enjoy with such passion nor from human beings with whom you have the bond of understanding and affection. As I understand it, your first requirement is accessibility to a library, a good and a large one. Next you want climatic conditions that avoid excessively hot summers or snow-bound winters and you would welcome being somewhere close to a metropolitan center where you could have the repetition of such an

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experience as the one you had when listening to the Borodin Quartet recently. (They are playing in Berkeley this week but I am not sure if I can hear them.) Theater would also be a pleasant diversion and my addition would be some work, voluntary or paid, where you would feel that you are making a useful contribution. To me, it would seem that living in San Francisco, Berkeley or Palo Alto would be ideal for you. You would have theater, concerts, availability of library facilities and there would be innumerable places where you could make some useful contribution. Besides, you could escape here for some country life whenever you wanted it. Your idea of Sedona is pretty far-fetched, I think. I doubt that you could stand such isolation long. If you prefer to live in the country that is possible too either south of San Francisco, this side of Golden Gate bridge or if this isn't too far for you, you could have your own house on this acreage without buying land and be completely independant. All you need to do is make your decision and the rest will work itself out. The chief asset you need is NOT TO WORRY AND ANTICIPATE complication and troubles! If the above sounds self-righteous and preachy I hope that will believe that the intent was to be helpful.

Perhaps the reason you didnot receive the second book I sent was that I countermanded the order. It was to have been a copy of the book about Myra. I recall thinking that it was not the sort of thing you would either enjoy or find sympathetic because essentially it is NOT good as a book and far less than she deserved. It should have been a privately printed book available only to her friends and frankly, I blushed when I read my contribution. When Denise originally wrote and asked me to contribute "something very short" I didnot know that the article could have been some 5,000 words. In fact, there was difficulty in getting it accepted in this country because it was so "slight". I agree with Dorothy's verdict which made me howl with laughter: "Darling your article has absolutely NO substance and you don't know how to write." My only retort would have been to ask why she could not have told that last spring when she read it and made some helpful suggestions. One day you will see the book if you like but I very much doubt if you will want it. There is something almost suburban and trivial AS A BOOK even though it presents, perhaps rather sentimentally, Myra's warmth, her humor and gayety so solidly linked with her dedication to her work.

My return here has been sheer bliss! Yesterday with its warmth and heavenly springlike quality was superb. I kept the door to my patio open until after two this morning with only a sheet over me for warmth. I am purring with contentment in my seclusion here. Gene and his new wife spent the day with me yesterday, Last week Monty and I went to Berkeley where a Hungarian pianist friend from London played a magnificent recital and tonight I hear the Santa Rosa orchestra. There is enough diversion to make life pleasant and more than enough time alone for sun bathing, rest and enjoyment of the natural beauty of this heavenly situation. It is sheer contentment that I have found in this life in a beautiful situation where I have some work (I refuse to see more than four or five students in a week) time for Duluth preparations both at the piano and at the typewriter, and sufficient diversion to find life entertaining and stimulating. Frances is in the process of selling their house but that information is for your ears only!

This has become a much longer letter than I had expected to write. I hope that you will not feel burdened in plodding through it.

Much love to you, as always,

from,

F.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
18th May, 1967.

Dearest George,

You cannot imagine the exquisite beauty of this countryside with its lush foliage and the richest blossoming of wildflowers I've ever seen anywhere. There are fields which are solidly carpeted and I counted fourteen different species in one small pasture. I walk for my mail down through the woods directly in front of my house, hop the fence into the adjoining property and then follow a wagon track across the meadows with a constant panorama of surrounding mountains (hills, really) to Bennett Valley Road. It is breath-takingly beautiful and as I was enjoying it yesterday I began day-dreaming of that first spring you will spend out here and I could just hear echos of those screams of joyous delight you uttered as we caught the first glimpses of the Colorado Rockies. Your letter with its suggestion of probable retirement next autumn seemed a natural link of continuity with my thoughts.

Of course you know perfectly well that I'd be in favor of such a plan! There aren't enough years left for any of us to squander them on a life that produces less than happiness. I haven't any least doubt but that you could manage easily on an income of $415 plus the $1500 you could earn without jeopardizing your social security income. If nothing else turned up I feel certain that you could get two days work each week at student's pay with Lucile Price and that would bring in your $1500. Frankly, I almost hope that you will <u>not</u> find any full time employment where you would again become involved in institutional problems and bickerings. Don't forget Edgar Anderson's words of some years ago when you thought of leaving St. Louis: "Don't forget, George, wherever you go, you have to take yourself with you!" You are incapable of being part of a full time job without wanting to improve things. You cannot go into any situation on a full time basis without giving it your complete devotion and then dissatisfaction and frustration develops because the people with whom you work are unwilling to give their "all" to the job as you are, and administrators will be polticians in the new situation just as they have been and are in your present job. I almost urge you against any full time or even daily, part time jobs. I think you might find greater contentment in doing even less interesting jobs than you should be doing just to avoid involvement. This is only my frank opinion and of course you must do as you think best.

To return to the subject of finances. I am certain that your present retirement income is quite adequate and besides, there is the prospect of increased income within the next few years from your other anuuities etc. In addition, I could plan an investment program with you which we could do jointly, which would (hopefully) constantly increase your income.

Although I am talking against my own interests, I must caution you against Santa Rosa. It is an incredibly dull, provincial place. It offers almost nothing which can be called intellectual stimulation. I fear that you would find it irritating during the many months of cold, rainy, sunless days. Besides, are you sure that your money would stretch to having a place both in San Francisco and here plus the expense of running a car? All of this you must consider carefully. Wouldn't it, perhaps, be wiser to first concentrate on a place in San Francisco (or nearer the city than Santa Rosa) as a base. You can always come here for your time up here, until you see how you manage

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on your income and if you had a spare bed I'd occasionally be delighted to have a night or two with you. Don't spread yourself too much until you have the chance to know how far your income will go. As for your having one of the houses at the foot of the hill, you know with what joy I'd welcome you, but for you I fear it would be far from ideal. If you live in the country as this would be, you would want the freedom I have here, to be a nudist when you want to be and with such near neighbors as you would have down there I wonder if you might feel inhibited.

On the practical side, so far as the move is concerned, have you thought about what you would want to do concerning your furniture? From my little experience, I'd say that if you could remove the personal things, like lamps, dishes, silver, linens etc. plus your library, you might be wise to try and sell the house furnished or else sell the furniture if you can get enough out of it. Then you would be much freer for a bit, to make your plans. You might even take a furnished place temporarily. Didn't you visit Robert Trier with me when he had his place in Tiburon? A place like that or the flat where you, Dorothy and I visited him in San Francisco might be available. The same man owns both places and has other flats as well, although I imagine his rents are fairly high. You could look around to get an idea of what is available, when you come out next month.

You say that this tentative retirement plan would become effective in the autumn. I am hoping to come back here from Duluth for some rest and work to prepare for the tour I'll be doing in November and December. I'd leave here not later than October 31st. This house will be availavle to you then for a few months because Iam toying with the plan to have a few months abroad before I return here in the early months of 1968. It might be a very sensible plan for you to use this as your base, have the experience of the drive from Santa Rosa to wherever you will be employed and know just how much you mind the commuting and driving on the freeway. If you donot bring anything west except books, lamps, and personal objects, you could house your things in the guest house without difficulty I imagine and you would not have storage costs. I am trying to think up possible ways to make the whole enterprise seem uncomplicated and inexpensive.

Voila, c'est tout! except to repeat with what tremendous joy I shall welcome the announcement that you have made the decision to take the plunge into retirement. Frankly, I should think that you would be wise NOT TO LOOK FOR ANY JOB immediately. Make the move boldly with the intention of having free time to enjoy elisure and then have enough faith to believe that if you find you need or want work, "All these things shall be added unto you."

And finally, be aware that you have lived a great many years in an atmosphere of friction, frustration and lacking the freedom to see that your ideas should be translated into action. Now you will eb entirely free and you must discard past habits of struggling against all these things. just realize that you are really FREE!!!! There is no need for you to accept any situation into your experience unless it is productive of your happiness and inner contentment. Use Dr. Coué's method of repeating this to yourself at regular intervals. I'll be eagerly awaiting word of your decision.

All my love to you.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California
8th January, 1968.

Dearest George,

Now that this orgy of self indulgence which most people think of as "the Christmas Spirit"is ended, one can resume normal activities again. It was so good to hear from you and know that you were feeling so happy in your situation. I do beg of you to avoid the sort of passionate involvement which you can so easily develop unconsciously. You have had your taste (and I've had mine) of seeing a situation in which you feel that help, altruistically given, can not be withheld and then reaping the consequences of having your "seed" fall on stony ground! Just try to remember that this time in Illinois is a sort of marking time, a prelude to retirement. You can not refuse help and you should not but PLEASE avoid becoming so deeply identified that you are personally involved.

And a propos of "prelude to retirement", sell that bond we have and I shall use it to begin a joint investment program. Do you feel that you could, without undue sacrifice commit yourself to a monthly sum of money which you would invest? With inflation increasing at its present rate of progress, you MUST make a plan to expand your unearned income. You've tasted the uncertainty of retiring on insufficient income. Try and prevent it from happening again. When you work out what you would like to do, let me know and I'll try to concoct a plan for you.

Yesterday I went in to S.F. with a violist I know here to have one of the most glorious surprises of recent years. We went to hear the elder Oistrakh in recital. He is such a cultivated artist as well as being a superb violinist, BUT he had a blond, near-middle-aged woman as pianist whose playing was more beautiful than anything I've heard in years. This was one of the thrills of recent years. Her name is Frieda Bauer and the program was a Bach, Beethoven (Spring) and Cesar Francks Sonatas with bartok Folksongs and one St. Saens piece which was a miracle of refinement. Every grain of vulgarity had been eliminated and it was sheer magic. If these two are playing this program in Chicago PLEASE try and hear it.

And now, to ake advantage of your kind offer to order some books for me, here is the rather long list:

to Mrs. Louis Towley, "Bottle in the Sea" Albert Guerard" Harvard U.Press
9626 Old Bonhomme Road"Portraits from Life" Ford Maddox Ford"
St. Louis, Mo. (Gateway)

Miss Verna Harder " " " F.M.Ford
907 A. West 21st Street "Firmamentof time" Loren Eiseley
Austin, Texas

To me The Guerard book and 2 copies of the Eiseley book

For you " " " and any others you want.

I am very grateful for this help. Let me know to whom and for how much the check is to be. Life continues ot be blissful and I am loving my time here. Too bad you aren't ripe for a holiday.Renewed thanks and love.

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Dayton, Ohio
4th November, 1968.

Dearest George,

Today I think of you resuming your activities at the arboretum. I hope that your remaining time in California was not too trying. I know all too well the feeling of restlessness induced by having to live in such an atmosphere as you describe in the Santa Monica house. To a certain extent, I feel exactly the same here in Dayton. The thing which distresses me so intensely is the realization of the vast wealth so wastefully thrown about when constructive spending could be so helpful. We live in a world of glorification of material THINGS not ideas So long as Madison Avenue continues to wield power and the education produces such acceptance, revolt or improvement seem to me almost futile. No civilization so self-indulgent, selfish, and sheeplike can look forward to anything but annihilation, a well deserved fate.

It is in an stmoaphere like this that I remember my hilltop with unexpressed gratitude and comfort. I am lucky to have such a retreat and it is such a source of reassurance that I can manage to wade my way through this series of days without becoming critical or nervously irritible. I am certain that I can maintain a calmness because I need not be a part of all this that goes on around me. Oh hwo INTENSELY I wish that you could find something of this sort of detachment. It is only possible, I imagine because the reality of my life is in my work and my work centersaround the two houses where I know such immunity from outside intrusion and my only intrusions are usually invited ones. We can never make choices for others, but I cannot help but feel that if you really knew what it is you want and need for contentment and then stop concentrating on why that goal is unattainable but find ways to make it possible, the problem of the future would work out for you. Try it and see

Thank you so very much for the Sidharta. It will be saved to read on the transatlantic flight. It was so good of you to remember our talk about Hesse and appropriate that my first book by him should be a gift from you. Thank you again.

And now in a few days I shall leave here. Lal is such a selfless creature that even if she found it something of a trial to have me as a guest in these less ample quarters than she formerly had, she would never let me know. Our visit to the University of Indiana was delightful and I was glad to have planned it because Lal was obviously overjoyed to see Nancy and the child was so happy to have this touch from home established. Nan stayed at the hotel with Lal which was very pleasant for all of us. On the return journey we motored through the Brown County State Park. It is very hilly and the roads are often on

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ridges that fall away steepily on both sides. At this time of year, it meant that we looked down into tops of trees ablaze with rich autumn coloring. It was a glorious sight.

Today you will be back at work. I had hoped that when this moment came for you, you could begin knowing that your stay in Lisle would be limited and a plan for your future at least vaguely outlined. Perhaps that has happened. If you want the change begin planning for it. You have the encouraging assurance of the director of the Academy of the extra work you feel you want and you have a good idea of the country. I shall hope that when I return to California you will have evolved some sort of plan and that you can give me an idea of what you want and where you want it and I shall begin my investigations. For once in your life reverse your usual processes of finding every reason WHY what you desire is unattainable and just have enough faith in me to work the miracle. Just decide what you would really like to do and leave it at that. I'll go on from there. The only thing I'd need is absolute asdurance that what you say you want to do today is not altered tomorrow! Meanwhile I hope that these next months will be free from unpleasant isolation and yet give you the associations you would like and enough diversion and stimulation to keep you happy. And above all, I promise that this is the last lecture! Thank you again for all your help during your Santa Rosa stay and my love, as always.

P.S. I leave here the 7th for a very few days in Philadelphia. From the 10th to the 14th when I shall probably fly to Puerto Rico, I'll receive mail sent
c/o Willis Bennett
4410 Chesapeake Street N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20016

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20 Bentinck Street
London, W. 1.
30th November, 1968.

Dearest George,

You will doubtlessly be surprised to know that I am in London this early. Iam so INTENSELY happy to be here. In many ways this is my spiritual home and I enjoy an inner peace and happiness free from every kind of strain that I know in no other place in the world. The nearly-perpetual absence of sunshine and clear skies, the constant dependance on artificial illumination indoors and the ceaseless dampness would eventually make themselves felt, I am sure. But the warmth of personal relationships, the expressed,affectionate friendships and being with people who share my interests and tastes is a blessing and I am lucky indeed to have these bonds continue with out any complications but with ever-increased intensity for four decades. Believe me, I count my blessings!

My time in Puerto Rico was very pleasant, perhaps pleasanter in retrospect than in the experiencing. I simply loved the music and being with my Viennese friends plus the stimulating hours of listening to Beethoven Sonatas in preparation and performance. The lectures at the University I found rather dull and pedantic but the being part of the group was stimulating and pleasant and I've rarely found myself in a more sympathetic collection of human beings. There was, however, one serious drawback for me. THE CLIMATE! You probably remember how intensely I dislike excessive hot weather and when you add to that,constant humidity, inescapable noise (jets arriving and departing, motor cars racing engines, screeching breaks and horns sounding, plus radios and televisions blasting out fortissississimo sounds from houses that stood wide open),this will add up to irritation against which my only defense was to turn up the air-conditioner in my hotel so that all outside noises were drowned out by the hum inside the room. I found this situation unbearable. My hotel faced the ocean and when the cocoanut palms were motionless, I remained glued to the air-conditioner and when the palms began being whipped about by wind, I was on the beach which was marvelous. The visit to the Yunque mountains and the rain forest was the one thing that thrilled me. Great slopes of mountain covered in countless varieties of ferns, tree ferns 18 and 20 feet high, parasitic, blossoming things on the trunks of the palms and strange and beautiful trees identified by Iris Brendel (she was brought up in Buenes Aires(Sp?) If I had to live on the island, it would be in some far away spot in a part of the island not yet exploited for tourism and near the sea. I was sorry not to hear the entire Beethoven cycle and sorrier still to forego a meeting with Casals which had been arranged for the day after I was due to leave. However, I hope that I've grown beyond believing in the importance of having "met" such a musical giant and then use it as a conversational gambit. Poor old man, (he is 92), has earnedthe right to some peace and freedom from meaningless intrusions.

Not one bit of mail which Lal forwarded to me did I
/to Puerto Rico

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receive yet. Your letters of the 18th and 25th came in a batch she sent here. Yes, finding interesting, sympathetic and competent people to help becomes a matter of personal survival ultimately. Your "John" sounds a real find! It would seem to me that you have the ideal way to help him right at your finger tips! You say that the cataloguerx at the Arboretum is leaving. With your help and guidance, surely he could do that job as incompetently as your director was satisfied to have it done, couldn't he? You should enlist the help of Susie to have this young man get his degree. With your help, he might be able to do a considerable amount of the work by correspondence, sitting for examinations from time to time. Don't begin by speaking in terms of 25 to 35 thousand subsidy. Take one step at a time, the first being an objective appraisal of the candidate. Surely it should be possible for "John" to earn a living and get the necessary education simultaneously. It only takes willingness to help and burning desire to learn on "John's" part to make this work. In addition it will be an absolute life saver for you to have this interest and responsibility. My only advice to you is not to put up people's backs by your methods of getting things worked out and if possible make your director feel the idea originates with him. With Susie, I imagine that you can be more direct. John could develop into beingan irreplaceable asset to the gardens. I'll be very curious to know how you work this out.

Did I tell you that same house-party which celebrated Christmasxx together in 1938 will assemble again this year for a reunion while we are all still ambulatory? I leave here December 8th and from then until the end of the month my address will be: SAN GIORGIO, LEGGIUNO-PER-AROLO, Prov. di Varese, Italy. Early in January I'll be back here to stay here for the rest of the month. Much love, as always, from

f

FIRST FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
Morton Arboretum
Lisle, Illinois
60532
U. S. A.

SECOND FOLD HERE

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Sender's name and address:

Frank Mannheimer
20 Bentinck Street
London, W.1.

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

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San Giorgio
Leggiuno-per-Arolo
Prov. di Varese
Italy. 12th December, 1968.

Dearest George,

Your letter forwarded by Lal reached me in London just before I left. It gives me great pleasure to think that while I was hearing Alfred Brendel play Beethoven in Puerto Rico, you were hearing him doing some of the same works, very likely in Lisle. It was a great disappointment to me not to hear the entire 32 Sonatas as I had planned to do but quite honestly, when I found myself on several occasions going into black depression in that climate (a thing which almost never happens to me) I could not help wondering if that mood was induced by some physical condition and if it was, the sooner I got away the better. It was sad, though, to part with such warmly affectionate people, such tremendously stimulating musical experiences and I also missed my appointment to visit Casals. However, nothing seemed so important as escape. My intense relief reflected itself at once and I felt so relaxed and comfortable next mornin g in Lisbon even though I had sat up all night in the plane and wasn't too tired.

The bonus which this change of plan gave me was an unexpected fortnight in London which gave me a chance to make a start at seeing friends. the plans for country visits in January are still to be worked out, but I am already bookrd for theater and concerts almost solidly from January 13th to the end of the month. It was a great piece of luck that Dorothy was coming up to London a few days after my arrival for shopping but instead she came to lunch with me and we talked until she had to go to her sister-in-law, Con, where she was expected from tea time on.

What a horrid experience the disappearance of that little boy was and what relief it was to know that he returned un harmed. I can well imagine that you were perhaps more shaken by the experience than even his parents might have been.

Your plan for taking a summer holiday which you could spend in California starting the project of which the librarian spoke to you, seems to me a wonderful idea. Who knows, your present employers at the Arboretum might easily propose that you continue in Lisle on a part time basis as a consultant. Something of this sort where you would not need to be in Lisle more than a quarter or half time, might suit you perfectly, especially if they would allow you to continue having the use of your present house. On the other hand, if you find a place you want in California and if the people with whom you would work and the conditions under which the work in California is done/ you might prefer to make the move at once. If so, tant mieux! As for using my house in the summer, of course you can. Do you have to make it from July 1st to September 1st or could it be from July 15th to September 15th? The reason is that Howard Ferguson who is coming to visit me this spring may stay on in the house until/July to work on the book the Oxford Press have commissioned him to do and then he would go to Bristish Columbia where he has engagements to lecture before returning to London. Also if your two months extended from the 15th July to 15th September, the chances are that I could get back so that we would have a few days together before you left and before I begin work on material I'll use for next autumn's tour in the U. S. A.

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Let me know . . . This is a welcome period of rest and I never emerge before mid day. Faithful Adolfo produced a pair of army shoes you made me get once when we went in the mountains somewhere and which eventually landed here. He also unearthed a gloriously thick puul-over half a dozen shirts (to wear in the country) some old handkerchieves and THREE pairs of old trousers two of which I can still get buttoned even if the zipper has a tendency to slide down over the paunch! It must be about ten years since I was last here and it is 30 years this month since I first came to Lake Maggiore. Of the changes in that interval I'll remain silent rather than become profane. Have pleasant holidays. Much love, from

P.S. I'll be here through this month and early the new year I'll return to
20 Bentinck Street, London, W.1.

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Santa Rosa
2nd April, 1970.

Dearest George,

Voila the note! In the future, if you accumulate money for investment, give me some idea of amount and when you will be ready to act. I'll gladly do for you what I am (so far most successfully) doing for Lal, Ruth Ray and myself, which is investing with two objectives: 1. security 2. maximum returns and if possible, 3. with some prospect of appreciation. The last objective, however, should not be a major consideration at our ages.

I must run. Monty is due to go for our regular visit with the senior F.M.

Much love, as always, from, F.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa, California, 95404
31st May, 1970.

Dearest George,

The notice of the arrival of your parcel arrived on Thursday, the same day that Lal, K. and Nancy got here. Next day we were able to claim it at the P.O. How could you have known how completely right that color is for my room? I've always said that I wanted to restrict myself to earthy colors and avoid any too bright or striking colors and this shade of green is absolutely perfect in the room and the shape is so exquisite that it gives me real aesthetic enjoyment to see it and when I arrange flowers in it I shall derive even greater pleasure from it. Thank you very, VERY much. This is the nicest kind of reminder of you (not that I ever require one) which I could have.

How thankful I am that we did not plan for you to come out here this spring. During both April and this month, the worst heat which I have ever experienced has descended on us. There have been many consecutive days of heat when the thermometer was flirting with 90 degrees. I have found it quite intolerable because although I imagine the air is dry enough, the heat has been so intense that we have practically been immobilized for two two of the three days which have elapsed since Lal & Co. arrived. There is, fortunately, always a breeze on one of the patios and the nights have been endurable and not like the enervating hot nights I remember from my childhood and also my summers in Minneapolis. I find myself almost praying for the coolness of a fog! by

Enclosed post card is part of a campaign/some people I know in [redacted] vicinity who are urging people to send a p.c. to the president of the U. S. A. urging him to discontinue war. There was a letter accompanying this but I'll spare you that. If you can get people to write in, please do so.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the PROGRESSIVE magazine devoted to acquainting people with the seriousness of the situation which faces mankind. I feel that it presents the facts so well and with such telling effect, that I am dsitributing copies throughout the country with requests that those to whom I send them should give them as wide a distribution as possible. I feel sure that I am right in recalling that Barry Commoner was one of the white-headed favorites of the head of the Botany department at Washington University. I cannot remember if you rather admired Commoner or felt he was being pushed beyond what hisgifts warranted. I was impressed with the amount of inofrmation he gave although I felt he rather enjoyed being wordy. His style is not exactly simple.

My guests are staying here until June 7th and since my plane leaves at 9 A.M. on the 11th, I'll probably go in to Sausolito to spend the night of June 10th in Peter Pander's very beautiful house, and he promises to take me to the airport the next morning. This prevailing heat makes me long for the usual, stimulating air of northern Minnesota. I pray that we are not in for a hot summer.

Renewed thanks for my lovely vase and all my love.

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Santa Rosa
21st September, 1970

Dearest George,

The events of the past ten days piled up on me with such unexpected velocity that there was nothing to do but stick to immediate demands and put all else out of my thought. I regret to admit that not until I wrote the date on this letter did I realize that I had not remembered your birthday. Forgive me. I have adopted the habit long ago of ignoring birthdays, but yours is one I mean to remember. I hope that others were less forgetful than I and that you had a pleasant day and a happy one. I am just finishing the biography of T.H. White by Sylvia Townsend Warner, loaned to me by Genevieve. There is much in the book that is so poignant that I could hardly restrain tears. Rarely have I read an account of the creative process so sympathetically presented, and yet coupled to a story of such personal and intimate revelations, as this book achieves. The self imposed loneliness is heart breaking to a gregarious person (like myself). The book might be painful for you to read, (as it was for me) but theman and the author have both shown such rare fastidiousness and taste that I have read it with pleasure of an unexpected discovery in spite of its painful overtones. Please get a copy of the book for your belated birthday remembrance from me, and let me know the price. It was published by the Viking Press in this country. The only book of his which I recall having read was the one on training a falcon which he titled "The Goshawk". Did you read it here? If not you shall do so next spring.

The reason for my having had the past ten days so crowded was that Lillian Cottrell arrived in Duluth on the day after Labor Day. I had had to teach on Labor Day to finish my teaching commitment. That gave me only one day to see about returning all the ten pianos we had used for practice during the summer, get the house packed up for the winter and ready for Miss Rogers and my own packing done. On the morning of the 9th we started out in a rented car and drove along the southern shore of Lake Superior and into the ore country of the Michigan northern peninsula. We never drove more than an hour at a time. We would stop near a lake near a wild, uninhabited spot and walk for half an hour or so and we stayed away from main highways and often were on unpaved, muddy roads. It proved restful and delightful and Lil was so relaxed and a good companion for the road, never fussing and never fussed. After four days we crossed the Mackinac bridge and kept pretty much to the main road to Lansing where we spent the night at the Kellog Center Building, a splendid hotel. Next day we returned the car and flew to Detroit where we parted, Lil going on to Boston and I to Dayton. I spent four nights and then came here. My timing was just right because I had dreaded Monty's being alone when the news of Frank's death came. (Richard had never gone to see him since Fowas moved to the Veterans Hospital) Monty has just telephoned to say that he got a call last night between 9 & 10 to say Frank had finally died. Monty could easily have a bad reaction and I am glad to be at hand if I am needed. All arrangements had long ago been made.

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The return here was a joyous event for me and I had the feeling of coming home. Perhaps it is that both Lal and K. live in places where there is no association with the past which which gives me this release from thinking of anything in Dayton as being home. This is the first time since I gave up London as a home base that I have had this homing instinct. There is something good and supporting in the feeling and I could wish that it is something you could enjoy too, even though you didnot spend too much time in the place. I believe that you should begin/think in termsof where you wish to spend your last years and let that seed sprout,and take direction from that. I am sure it would be a comfort and a source of greater relaxation for you. One thing I am convinced of and that is that continued activity in some form, related to our immediate past is necessary. I know that continuing to teach and feel useful i s the reason for my feeling so alive,flexible and interested as I approach my 75th birthday. The schedule I had this past summer was slightly more, perhaps,than I wanted, but doing 4 lessons a day as a maximum is just right and next summer I shall decrease that slightly. I have just about decided that I shall give up trying to hear the entire series of Beethoven sonata recitals in Rome. I imagine that two weeks will be the maximum I shall do, which will mean that I shall not go abroad until December, not a good season for the toruist! At the moment my tour is scheduled to begin in Houston November 2nd. Perhaps, if it proves a convenient time for you I might be able to stop and see you for a few days sometime in November. In any case, I shall always have a few days of rest between engagements.

In another few weeks John Perry will be staying with me. He is coming out. He plays the Beethoven 3rd Concerto with the local orchestra. I am looking forward to that. He, his wife and their 3 children came to see me in Duluth at the end of August before I left.

Tomorrow I have an appointment with Jeff Salinger which I dread. Mabel had been very ill and in great pain most of the time before I left in June. I telephoned at regular intervals during the summer and when Jeff told me that she had had surgery for bleeding ulcers, my suspicion was aroused. (that was the story the doctors had insisted we tell my brother.)When I telephoned on arrival Jeff said that the doctor was there with Mabel and he would call back. Mabel called and the voice sounded very weak. Yesterday Jeff telephoned to ask if I could meet him in town tomorrow morning to have a talk. I wish that I could relieve him of this painful task but it might be a comfort to be able to speak frankly to someone. I can't think that he would have the resilience at his age(approaching 85) to survive such an ordeal. That is enough bad news. I am sorry to have to include it in this letter.

All blessings on this new "Lebensjahr" and very much love from,

K.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa
8th October, 1970.

Dearest George,

Enclosed is the quarterly dividend on $2000 at 9%. This dividend you list as coming from me since the larger sum invested is registered in my name. There might be something available soon to invest in again. Since you are not going abroad, perhaps you will want to invest something. If so, let me know. Eventually perhaps you can have the investment itself in your own name.

That you will be saddened by the T.H.White biography, I feel certain, but I also think that you will feel as I did, rejoicing to have found two such sympathetic artists as the author and the subject of the biography. Be sure and let me know the price.

It was distressing to hear that yet again you were facing disillusionment and disappointment because your standards offer heights to which the administration is unwilling to aspire. PLEASE, PLEASE, for your own peace of mind and health, learn that you can no more change others than you are willing to be changed yourself. We must just face the unalterable fact that there are very few first rate, honest,human and ethical creatures on this earth. If one has found a few in whom one can trust, one is fortunate. Surely the surprise dedication of the Ewan's book must have given you great satisfaction and pleasure. Concentrate on that with its omission of "documentation". That needs clarification for me.

Yes, the situation up on the Salinger's hill is extremely painful. We are so lucky to have known them even though my friendship with them is so comparatively recent. It seems that my presence is important to both of them and I have suggested that if I am wanted, I'll manage to get up to see and read to Mabel every day. Since Verne and Thelma are only available to drive for me between 9.30 and 11 and then after 5 again, I've had to use everyone to help me out. Monty has been angelic and his tact in never asking questions I appreciate deeply. It is a real help to me to know that my presence is helpful. For several days Mabel has seemed gayer and easily diverted, and Jeff's almost child-like reliance on me is almost unbearable. I am considering meeting my obligations for early November in Texas and then returning here for Thanksgiving and for Monty's 70th birthday. I'd even thought that perhaps Marie might come out too , to be with Monty on his birthday.

Perhaps the situation at the Arboretum has somewht altered so that you are suffering less. I hope so. There is so much seemingly unavoidable pain in the world today that what can be escaped should be avoided at all costs.

I am having blessedly quiet evening alone. Too bad you cannot be here to share my bacon and eggs and salad dinner.

So much love to you from your devoted,

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Santa Rosa
24th November [1920]

Dearest George,

What a glorious prelude to coming back here those two nights with you were. It is so rare that one finds such communication, so free from tensions or trying for any sort of effects, such assurance of understanding and sympathy and quick comprehension. Perhaps it is as well that I donot have that luxury too often. I could so easily adopt it as the normal thing one can expect and demand. Thank you very much, for making that beautiful interlude possible for me at the expense of so much added effort for yourself which providing meals and transportation which are inevitable when the guest is such a drone as I am.

The flight was made amusing for me in spite of the 135 mile-an-hour head-on wind which made us late, by my seat companion, a native born Italian-American laborer with his 79-year-old mother who couldn"t speak a word of English. I almost dropped right out of the plane when he told me in reply to my query, that she had been in the country since 1913! The only word of English I heard her utter was "wheeeesky". She was annoyed that they would only serve two drinks to each passenger!

Verne was there to greet me and Thelma was here to help me unpack when we got here. What would I ever do without their devotion and help? After they had gone, I telephoned to Monty and Rich and when they discovered I was here, Monty said, "Be ready in 20 minutes and one of us will be there to get you and bring you here to have dinner for two served as dinner for three."We watched the "Civilization"film after dinner and then I came home to an early bed. Yesterday was a lovely day, warm enough for me to walk to the post in shirt sleeves. Today it has been overcast and since lunch time it has rained without a break.

I fear that the situation has very much worsened since I left here so far as Mabel and Jeff are concerned. A mutual friend reports that the doctor has now definitely said that Mabel's time is running out. Apparently Jeff feels this and has become utterly dejected. They wanted me to come up yesterday, but I couldn't go and today I had a dental appointment which I had to cancel because I could not arrange transportation to fit in to Thelma and Verne's schedules. I shall go up tomorrow and then I'll resume my daily visits as I was doing before I went away.

Did you ever get the T.H.White biography I wanted you to have? If not, I can have it sent to you. If you have it tell me the price so that I can send you a check.

Renewed thanks ofr my cherished week end and much love to you, as always,

from,

E.

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Santa Rosa

7th December [1970]

Dearest George,

This is just a hasty note which I'll try and post on my way to the concert of the local symphony orchestra tonight.

Frank Satterwhite came to see me yesterday to say that he is refinancing his mortgage. As soon as the arrangements are completed, he will send you a check for the $10,000 you had invested in that mortgage. Recalling that you were concerned about having that money available in case you found the retirement property you hope to get, I have not tried to find you another productive investment. If, however, you want me to do so, I'll get busy but NOT on the stock market.

Please forgive this hurried message. I'm fed up with the rain. I am told we've had 7 times the amount of rain that they had had at this time last year! We've had some rain every day.

My love as always.

F.

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May 2, 1971

Dearest Frank,

Back here in Lisle yesterday morning, after an eventful month, of which my fortnight with you contributed its full share of benefit - I only hope I did not make too many demands upon you, and that your recent days have brought more rest + quiet than I gave you! Although I'm not sure you need either, for you seem to be flourishing on continuous activity + involvement. I am very glad to have found you so well in spirit + body. Many, many thanks for sharing the beauties of your place and region at the Cather's most favorable season.

The enclosure describes an Ohio program you may not have heard of. I enclose a few duplicates with the thought you may want to suggest to some of your Ohio friends that they support it - in particular I should hope Nancy would be interested for herself + for her friends.

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Declaiming I the possibility I getting you to accept my repayment to you of the air-fare last Monday morning, I made a donation to it to Ofiag. The central office (in Columbus) is currently manned by students during the preliminary collection period. Naturally it is not permitted space on the campus, but found asylum in the Wellesley building a block away.

The campus was quiet and the students orderly. They are not undisturbed, however, and they do not look as happy as those I saw on Telegraph Ave. My report of the latter seems to have been biased, for I met a young 19-yr old on the plane, who has been living there, who told me I failed to see the real drug addicts — those taking heroin and powerful barbiturates — who are mostly out-of-sight and often dying. It is indeed a dreadful time.

Ellis called yesterday & reported a renewed conservative attack against abortion in Wisconsin, and a man from Pennsylvania whom I met in Columbus said it is expected the Pa. legislature will pass a law forbidding all abortions

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no matter for what reason. The repression you thought might come may come much earlier. And yesterday the Roman Anti-Christ named as the three greatest sins (in ascending order) divorce, use of the 'pill', and abortion.

Enough of this. —— Contrary to my expectation the Arboretum director had a letter awaiting me, expressing entire agreement with my proposal for 'leave' months. Accordingly I shall plan to be on leave during July, August + September, and if you still wish it shall be very grateful for the privilege of using your place as a retreat and base of operations. I must ask you to take, however, that you let me bear the entire amount of such costs as my being there would entail — in particulars for electricity, for telephone (I should think, best left in your name) and for the use of your car. — If for no other reason than expense I should plan not to be away from S.R. more than a total of a third of the three months, broken into periods of only one or two weeks. I especially want to

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much enough time in the Corvallis-Eugene area to check the whole situation there, especially the temperature problem. At Columbia I talked at some length with one youngster who had worked for three years as a timber man near the crest of the coast range just west of Corvallis-Eugene. It is his opinion I should find the mid-slope on the east side of the range acceptably cool, except for a few hours a day for about ten to twenty days a year. Since the crest-line runs only about 15 to 20 miles west of Corvallis-Eugene, a mid-slope position would put me within a relatively short driving distance from both universities.

So much for future plans — I have tasks to do here to get going again! — Just as a matter of record (not that I need the money) did you send me a check for the April 1 interest on the loan of $2000 — I have not deposited such a check nor do I find anything in the mail — anytime, now or never, will do, my dear.

With all my love & inexpressible thanks,

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Santa Rosa
10th May, 1971.

Dearest George,

Thank you for your good letter. I hope that your Ohio visit was a happy one. You didn't give any indication how long you had stayed with your friends. (yes you did. My error!)

My Philadelphia guest stayed just a week and left this day last week. It has been a week of good hard work, increasing enjoyment of this spot and MUCH rest. I don't recall a week when I have stayed so consistantly alone. It was a salutary experience.

Thank you for sending me the copies re.that Ohio organization. I am sending one of the copies to Nancy yet tonight. I am sure that she will be interested.

No, I didnot send you the April check for your dividend on that $2000 investment. If you hadn't reminded me, I would have thought that the return of the Satterwhite money settled all accounts. I enclose my check for $45 and another check should be along July 1st. I'll try not to forget that.

I rejoiced to know that the director did have a letter awaiting you accepting your suggestion. This should relax you considerably concerning your future plans. Now you can come west in July and have some sort of idea of the time pattern you wish to work out for retirement. You should be able to do considerable exploring in the three months you plan to be out here. You know all too well from experience now the sort of climate you find healthful and agreeable and you know the sort of thing you want to avoid. You also know how miserable total isolation can be. Once you are retired, though, and donot have the need to see anyone, (not even the unsympathetic people who surround you in Lisle) it will be a very different thing. You are wise to plan on being someplace where you have access to sympathetic companions and stimulating minds. You are fortunate in not being quite so gregarious as I am. Doris once said to me that if my interest in people had been less important to me, I undoubtedly would have had a far greater career. At this point I rejoice that I didnot stifle that interest.

Someone who had surgery for a detached retina asked me to read aloud until the doctors permit the use of the eyes for reading again. We have embarked on the new Beethoven biography. It is in no way an analysis of his music but an attempt to link events so that one gets a picture of what was happening in Europe and America at the time Beethoven lived. I was fascinated by the start of the book and I plan to read for an hour or two most days this week.

The house will await your coming in July. I shall probably leave here the 1st to 4th June, have a few days in southern California, possibly, before going to Dayton to see Lal & then I go to Duluth. Miss Rogers telephoned last night and I think that June 11th will be the date I choose for arriving in Duluth. We shall work out all details concerning your occupancy of the house. My one anxiety is that the place will stand unoccupied for a month before you get here. It is possible that I'll get someone to stay in the guest house. If so, then you can sleep in my room and since I don't want the bother of emptying the drawers or closets, you could use the drawers etc. in your usual bath room and study. We'll discuss other details when the time comes. Don't worry about anything. Verne usually removes the battery from the car, as a protection, but I think we shall leave the car stand here or at the boys. My love to you, as always,

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Duluth
24th August, 1971

Dearest George,

Another class ended on Saturday with a marvelous concerto evening. This week's schedule is still about as full as it has been for the whole season, due largely to the fact that I firmly refused to do a single lesson more than the maximum I set as my limit. Consequently ten or more students are staying on for extra time. After this week, though, there should be a perceptible easing off. I've enjoyed myself enormously and felt not the least effort in sustaining the enthusiasm with which I began. Now I must go to work on the material I shall use for the classes in the college (Gustavus Adolphus) in St. Peter, Minn. at the end of the month. For those classes I need some music I donot have here and which is probably in that music cabinet in Santa Rosa. I recall using a very battered copy of the Bach French Suite in E Flat Major. I think I might have torn it out of a volume in order not to have to carry such a thick packet of music with me. If you can find it and send it to me at once, I'd be extremely grateful to you. It might have some useful notes or markings. Donot send a volume of the French Suites because I have one (two or three) here I can use. I'd also like to have Chopin's D Flat Major Prelude, Opus 28 No. 15. The copy I want is a yellow cover published by Ullstein Verlag, and edited by Leonid Kreutzer. There are probably other preludes in the same thin little volume. I am not sure that I have that any more but if you can find it, I'd love to have it. Recalling how long it took for the last thing you posted to reach me, I think it would be wise to send things off at once. Thank you very much.

The ownersof the Steinway piano I have in my house expect to have it moved out September 1st. The owner is Mrs. Ziff 2580 Buena Vista Way Berkeley. I am suggesting that she get in touch with you to arrange the time for the removal and if she is unable to get you, I shall tell her to get in touch with Monty which she did when the piano was brought in. Please make sure that it is dusted and the keys clean. Thank you. If I donot hear from you soon, I'll assume that you are away and shall get in touch with Monty & Rich about the piano and the music.

After this summer, I'd say that Duluth is the ideal place for you to spend your summers. You could have a small house in the woods or on the lake shore from May through October and then use my house in California November through February and then have 3 months for travel or take a small house for a few months until you return here. Except that this plan makes no allowance for the inconvenience of not having any permanent base nor the fact that we are both getting to the ages where the usual mobility can be counted on as being continued, the idea is a good one. Perhaps in the interval since I last heard from you may have seen some new ideas for the future emerge.

My love to you and thanks for sending various bits of mail.

J.

P.S. I am not at all sure that I'll get to see you before you leave for Illinois(if you do return). Lal is going through some difficult times with an acute return of the amnesia attack. She is staying at K.'s house for the present and if I can I must see her before coming west.

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7260 Bennett Valley Road
Santa Rosa
11th October, 1971.

Dearest George,

It seems a great pity that you are missing this glorious weather! The days are deliciously warm with enough movement of air to prevent a feeling of excessive heat. I am leading the most heavenly life of being fairly cut off from people and yet with enough human company to avoid any feeling of isolation. My work progresses most satisfactorily. I just hope that your return to Lisle was achieved easily and that the return to work was not a too great demand in exhange for the eventual escape.

Now I must tell you that I've heard from my insurance man who (naturally) approved heartily of my buying an annuity. However it now dawns on me that this a stupid thing to do. According to your calculation on the enclosed card, I would receive slightly more than $11,000 back over the ten year period. I've just made a calculation that if I were simply to deposit $10,000 in a Savings & loan at 5% (and I think I could get more than that amount of interest for that sum) I could take my interest PLUS enough capital to make up the $1100 a year and at the end of ten years I'd have close to $2500 left in my account whil with the annuity my capital would be depleted. If I were younger the plan offered by TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. might be more attractive. They offer $91.18 a month and there might be a clause to continue the payments for life, but 10 years guarant eed. This hardly seems worth doing if I could do that much better on an ordinary savings account where I would have the additionla advantage of having my money available for withdrawal in an emergency. I am also thinking of getting some triple A Bonds which pay more than 8% in some instances.

As you requested, I am enclosing the telephone bill as well as the PG&E bill. The latter I have paid. It occurs to me that you have not been responsible for that entire bill because Gerry has used electricity too and since I donot have any idea on what date he arrived up here, I'll ask you to deduct whatever you like and you can pay what you think is your share.

The enclosed packet of papers were left on the shelf in the kitchen. I didnot go through them and have no idea if you want them or not.

One thing I do want to ask you. Do you recall a fairly large cup-like mug that has always stood on the mahogany table under the large pciture in my bedroom? We cannot find it. Thelma, Verne and I have done a fairly exhaustive search. It was old and belonged to Doris and that is my only reason for attaching importnace to it. I can't think that I would have given it away, but who knows, in a momant of expansiveness I might have done so. If you remember seeing it, I'd be very grateful for any clue you have of its whereabouts.

Now I must get busy. I am expecting Jeff for dinner. His courage is magnificent and it gives me a great feeling of being helpful to Mabel whenever I can help to keep him occupied. It is curious that I never feel sad when I think of Mabel. Memory of her brings me a great feeling of exh uberance and her warmth and constant enthusiasm. What a selfless human being she was.

Love to you as always,

from, Jo

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1839 MERCHANT STREET • EMPORIA, KANSAS 66801 • PHONE 316-342-8850

19th November [1971]

Dearest George,

Forgive me for delaying so long my thanks to you for Walter Hickel's book. Not only did I read it with great interest, but I felt that its revelations were of such major importance that I have since bought three more copies with explicit requests that the books should circulate to as a wide a circle of readers as possible. I've got one copy making the rounds in California, one in Texas, one in Ohio and a second Texas one is just on its way.

The one regretable thing is that the book could be interpreted as "sour grapes" following his firing from the cabinet. I'm afraid that his efforts to paint himself a blameless individual is unfortunate. How did he get in to the cabinet in the first place? We know that Nixon repays favors and there is scarcely no other way that he would bestow a cabinet post. After all, Hickel was (and is) a millionaire and must have contributed generously to Nixon's campaign fund. How I wish that he had let that be known! It was incredible that his original letter to Nixon about the SST should have been returned with the blatant "this isn't the reply we wanted. Delete two paragraphs." It is equally shocking that he DID delete those offending paragraphs.

However, none of this can detract from what he did achieve and it makes one wonder what the fate will be of some of those achievements now that he is no longer there to fight for their continuance.

On the 23rd I go to Dayton for Thanksgiving and then at the end of the week or early the following week on to Washington. Around the 9th or 10th December I go to Oberlin and back to Dayton the 16th for Lal's birthday. I'll either go on to London after that or back to California.

Delighted to know you had such a fine solution to the problem of renting your house in Eugene.

Renewed thanks for the book and love

from,

M.

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Santa Rosa
2nd January, 1972.

Dearest George,

This is my first letter dated 1972. When I recall that this is the year that will bring you final release from your tenure at the Arboretum, there is a special distinction to the date. I just hope that your packing for,, moving to and settling in at your house in Oregon will be achieved with the maximum of ease and the minimum of fatigue. May it be the life of relaxation and comfort that I am wishing for you.

My check for your interest due January 1sr is enclosed. As you know, I am pretty casual about this and I'd like to ask if my note for $2,000 (for which, I believe this is the interest) is enclosed. Will you be wanting that money in 1972 and if so, when? Also, please tell me of any other outstanding notes either signed by me or one of my protogees. I simply must begin to put my affairs in some sort of order and leave some intelligent, prepared, and intelligible records for my executors.

I only expect to be here until around the middle of the month. I am lucky indeed to have got back here after some of the rains and just in time for the sunny days when I can lie in a deck chair on the terrace.

Love to you, as always,

from,

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May 28, 1970

Dear George,

Monty's letter and a clipping from the Duluth paper in a letter from LT's sister Caroline were here when I came back from visiting Julia Grimsh (Miami, Okla. librarian)

You, probably more than any of Frank's multitude of friends, must feel his going most keenly.

Without being able to comprehend the mystery, I am sure that the Spirit is incorruptible. Frank's surely is!

Love,
Marie

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1964 Harris St
Eugene, Oregon 97405
July 27, 1972

Dear Dorothy

My first thought on hearing of Frank's death was to write you, as the one person among their friends, whom I knew, who would be most deeply bereaved, and, too, that one who would best realize my own bereavement. I did start a letter to you but it didn't 'go', and I have waited now two months until I should feel less horrified and somewhat rested after a long trauma, & while later.

I did answer a couple of letters I received, but with an inward reluctance which I think was based on my subtle determination not to accept the fact of his death. Quite simply, I just was not prepared even to receive that news. In fact, during these two months, I have so many times been brought suddenly

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to think of him when something I have read heard, or seen has prompted me to say to myself 'that's something I must talk to Frank about', only to receive the sharp pain of realizing that would be forever impossible. As far as I know ever had a confession he ever it — to no one else have I had to explain myself before. I should feel I need of a guilt or an indiscretion or a weakness, and, in general, to no one else has it ever been possible. My few other dear friends, devoted to me as they are, have to me no intent at all that marvelous selflessness which he always brought to any personal discussion.

He had the most profound effect upon my life during these thirty years. When I think of the mixed-up, unmotivated, self-centered person I was in 1911, I wonder at his enormous patience with me, and then reflect on how many others of equal difficulty he ex-

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cepted as a challenge, and, in the end, transformed into happy and effective human beings. His accomplishment was great. Just what his basic strength was I still don't identify, except to make that he had an undaunted faith in the potential good of each individual. I remember so keenly a remark he made to me some time last year when I was trying to enlist his interest and support in some new environmental cause: 'Gary, I understand your enthusiasm and respect you for it, but let me say once more 'I cannot work for causes, only for people'.

I hope you were able to see him in England in January before he was ill. I saw him several times during the last months, except that when I repeatedly couldn't reach him by phone in Santa Rosa I called Monty so he told he was ill in Dayton. I then called him there, talked with him twice, and felt so encouraged that he would recover — he didn't sound ill at all —

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but he could tell me with [illegible] what had happened — and then a few days later he was back in the hospital.

The trauma I think of was in progress from my last word from him in early January until the very day he died — my own removal from Lisle to here. Curiously he died the evening of the day I set forth from Lisle — an act which he had been pressing me to do for a year or two. — I don't think he could have known the day I was leaving, but his own passing that evening seemed to have the finality of a benediction.

As to the beginning of this year I had two more months to work, which I planned to pandwork into my packing up — the whole to take three months. Actually I spent four and a half, and on the morning of leaving I was reduced to such dilapidation with the so many things I had that I abandoned things I wanted badly and packed up utter trash. — But that is all over now, and the enormous fatigue

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I had worked through and which finally accompanied me has begun to leave. I am not pressing to get entirely settled right off. And I am getting some outdoor hours in putting my yard to order. I am not a gardener, but I do enjoy seeing things grow. My lot is a quarter acre, with some good rhododendrons, a nice Erica and a few oddish things — notably a seventy-five year old Douglas fir, which if it hadn't had forty feet blown off its top several years ago would be a good hundred feet high. There is still much else at all events badly chosen shrubbery, trees which I shall replace as soon as I can, mostly with conifers, which grow so well here. At the back of the lot I shall put in a pot-pourri of various trees, just for the fun of seeing them grow, and to form a screen against the alley.

My house is only a block and a half from the university campus and the strip between

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it and the campus is now multiple-dwelling-ground, so that I must expect the population density to increase. But I think I can adapt to the variety of sounds I can hear, for there is no steady noise, and actually many days are quiet all through, and my house is so well built it screens out a lot of the noise. It was built nearly twenty-five years ago — nowadays the stuff going up has walls like a sieve — only older houses are worth buying and very few of them are available.

Dear Dorothy — I hope you are well, and that your duties are not too burdensome to keep you from many good times. I shared love to see you, but just when I'll have the dream again I don't know. I do want to see England again and shall try to make that possible, but it won't be for a year at least.

Affectionately yours
George

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MANNHEIMER PIANO FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION

October 1974

To the friends of Frank Mannheimer . . .

As most of you know, Frank Mannheimer's annual summer class in Duluth was a unique and invaluable musical undertaking which attracted musicians from all over the world. It was Mr. Mannheimer's great wish that some way could be found to continue bringing pianists together for concentrated work in the tradition of his musical ideals.

For the past two years, master classes and concerts have been presented in Duluth by artists who worked closely with Mr. Mannheimer over a long period of time. These sessions have been so successful that it now seems advisable to make a plan for their permanent continuation. Duluth music-lovers are very proud of the fact that Mr. Mannheimer developed so many close ties with the community.

At the close of the second summer session in August, 1974, a committee was formed in Duluth to establish an annual summer piano festival to carry on Mr. Mannheimer's work. This group, which has been named the Mannheimer Piano Festival Association, estimates that the financing of such a program will require about $2500 a year. Low fees for the classes were charged during the past two sessions, but the income was not adequate to cover artists' fees and incidental operational expenses. The undertaking remained financially solvent only because the participating artists came at their own expense the first summer and donated their services both summers.

Will you join with us in our plans for the future by becoming a subscribing member of this organization? Your gift each year can be in any amount you care to contribute. Whatever it is will further the success of the program, and you personally will have the satisfaction of participating in what is truly a living memorial to a very great man. All members will, of course, receive advance notices regarding future Mannheimer Piano Festivals.

Please let us hear from you. Many, many thanks.

Sincerely,

Barbara J. Coffin

Barbara J. Coffin (Mrs. Lional F.)

Executive Director

MANNHEIMER PIANO FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION

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