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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.

Nashua Mfg. Co.

MEMORANDUM TO

FROM Tweed

George

NASHUA MILLS 21 March, 1945

#132 2M 2 43

ATTENTION

SUBJECT reveries

On the grounds of the Coast Guard station down at Rockport has recently been erected what I am told is a radar tower. That is a vast subject that always fills me with awe. My understanding and comprehension of radio activity - what it is, how it works and how to make it produce results, outside of turning the buttons - is very much on a par with black magic. I can't even look intelligent, to say nothing about feeling unintelligent, when I read articles or listen to accounts of what is being accomplished in scientific fields. The war pictures we see published these days, I presume are transmitted by something akin to television. It is nothing short of staggering to think how soon after something has happened the newspapers on the streets come out with detailed pictures. It interested me to read recently that Olga Samaroff, the pianist, formerly Mrs. Leopold Stakowski, intends to devote much of her time from now on to television research.

.....

This verges off into another line of speculation with which my puddle-jumping brain toys sometimes just before I drop off to sleep: which is the real world, the physical which we sense, or the metaphysical? Radar is a case in point. We have instruments capable of picking up beams which our sensory organs cannot detect. By observing the rules in accordance with which radio activity operates and by the aid of instruments, we can harness electro magnetics even tho we cannot sense it directly. Does this thought offer any ground for supposing that a time might come when two finite minds separated by space will be able thru thought transference or some supersensory means to communicate with each other? Is such speculation altogether fantastic? Think of the changes that have occurred during so short an interval as my own life time: electric lighting, electric tram cars and motors, automobiles, telephones, radios, flying, etc., etc. Of course, one could scarcely hope to derive the answer to such a question on the basis of inductive reasoning that would meet standard requirements.

.....

What meaning have such words as ethics, religion, civilization, and culture if the conflicts of individuals and groups must continue to be resolved by mutual destruction or liquidation thru war? Think of the time and human effort that have been required to erect what men and women have become accustomed to call homes or places of shelter. Where are countless people going to find shelter for a long time to come after we cease bombing and destroying? Granted that the thing we call education has increased homo sapiens' knowledge and sharpened his wits, has it provided the catalytic agent necessary to transform knowledge to wisdom and thus afford homo sapiens emotional control? Without this, doesn't he stand as good a chance of becoming a devil as a saint? Doesn't this bring into question the validity of human intelligence?

When, in Sir William Beveridge's new book - "Full Employment in a Free Society" - I find it stated that: "Whether or not cyclical fluctuation of demand is inevitable in an unplanned market economy, it has in fact occurred thruout the period for which records are available and has occurred with sufficient uniformity of its leading features to prove that its causes are deeply seated in the economy and are powerful. Nothing less than total war, that is to say substitution of a planned for an unplanned economy, has sufficed to suspend the operation of these causes. And the first World War merely suspended their operation; they returned with 'normalcy' in Britain as in the United States."

Is the foregoing all the help we have a right to expect from epistemology?

No doubt the proper reaction to such reveries is the one had by General MacAuliffe "NUTS". Nevertheless, this response doesn't prescribe how some of the details are to be handled. The time of the year is coming when I'd be glad to lie on the rocks and listen attentively to your expatiations on the foregoing or equally weighty problems.

Yesterday, Hilda and I drove out into the surrounding country looking for arbutus. We found plants but no flowers. Probably too early. Do you have any arbutus where you are? The grass is starting to get green and yesterday I saw a flock of robins, the first I have seen this year. So, spring can't be far away.

Cheeriol

31 Manchester Street,

Nashua, N. H.

12 May, 1945.

Dear George:


If my last effusion ever reached you, you undoubtedly surmised that I had taken complete leave of my sense. It's a long time since I have heard from Donald. He seems to have despaired of me, too.

Things have happened since our last exchange of letters. Roosevelt has gone to rest; the fighting in Europe has ceased; the delegates to the San Francisco conference are drifting away and the future peace of the world is an unopened book. In what way have these events affected your peace of mind and welfare? Hier geht das Leben seinen eignen Weg weiter.

Summer began in March this year. We had days when the thermometer stood at 85. Consequently, we weren't surprised when this past week with the trees all leafed out, we had snow on the ground. The weather wires got crossed; Tony Sarg's puppets performed strangely.

Hilda and I have been wondering about you. This morning, the sun is shining, but it's cool. We're undecided whether to drive to Rockport this afternoon or not. Wish you and Uncle Oscar were here to go along! Give him a shake for me and tell him not to be so reticent - a little more articulate. Cheerio!

Yours as ever,



agave
R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASS.

*Raymond Tweedy
and son's grandson
Handled*



Dr. George B. Van Schaack,
Missouri Botanical Garden,
2315 Tower Grove Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

1470 Edris Drive - Los Angeles - California.

35

14: I: 51

[15 Jan 1957]

Dear George: It so happened that both you and your friend George Freytag dated your holiday greetings to me 16 Dec. '56. Just one of a number of coincidences all along the line of recent experience! At any rate it was cheering to hear from the 2 Georges at a time when the thoughts of friends furnish solace. Please be assured that I can use it!! Thank you for writing as you did about Tweed. On every hand I have had evidence of those indelible impressions. One example is the enclosed letter from a man whom Tweed greatly respected and with whom he had important negotiations. I think you may be interested to read it - (the aid of a magnifying glass may be necessary. Typewriter ribbons are probably not plentiful in Hong Kong at the moment.) Both Tweed & I had looked forward

to an opportunity to talk about Clinia with you in August. I feel confident that the seed that Tweed sowed both officially and unofficially will bear fruit. We had an unusual opportunity which we recognized at the time and since. I shall try to carry on in the spirit of Tweed even if I fall short. —

The 4 months I spent with the H's in Pittsburgh was necessary and satisfactory. Harold cheerfully assumed the additional work and responsibility of getting Tweed's estate into workable shape. This on top of his pressing family obligations (the whole family calls for "Harold" ^{the children call him that too} the minute he puts in an appearance, he carries practically the whole office routine. Mr. George Parker - Pres. of the Fed. Home Loan Bank of Pittsburgh has a wife who

has only a short time to live so Mr P. 2.
takes a quick lookin at the office, leaving
his desk in charge of H, his V.P. and
spends the rest of the day at the hospital
with his wife. However we have an A!
lawyer in Berkeley who is also a friend
which has worked out well. This man
(Mr Thomas E Gay) drove Tweedy's Olds to
Pgh. and also personally went to Brig-
hamton in consultation with lawyers
there. You see from the nature of this
writing that I am taking your interest
for granted. I hope that I am right!
Since Marjorie Tweedy has done so
much for Harold and the children, I
strongly felt that she should have
undivided authority in the Pgh.
household. — without a mother-in-law
at her elbow. When this woman

invitation from Dick & Mary Fess came I felt that I should accept it. They built this house about 10 yrs. ago. and had a guest room & bath ready for me. - near Beverly Hills & Santa Monica. I have a number of friends in different parts of Calif. and really feel nearer to Tweed here than on the ~~West~~^{East} Coast. I am trying to take one day at a time. This is in answer to your wondering "how I am getting on." I have had characteristically understanding letters from Betty. She wasn't well during the 2 wks I spent in N.Y. (going to U.N. sessions and seeing friends) Before long you will be making plans for the 1951 vacation. Many good wishes.

Sincerely

H.T.

[Hilda Tweedy (Mrs. R. L.)

M12
R. L. TWEEDY
222 HASTIE ST.
BERKELEY 4 - CALIF.

R. L. TWEEDY
2731 HASTE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.

24 July, 1950.

Dear George:

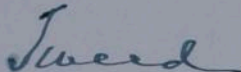
Your letter of July 20th is here. I forwarded to you at Ely care of general delivery a letter addressed to you in my care that arrived several days ago.

It is with deep regret that I have to decline your invitation to meet you South of Berkeley and spend a day or two camping, for I have been looking forward eagerly to doing it ever since you first suggested it. As things are in the household at the moment, I can't see my way clear to doing it. Douglas, Harold's oldest boy, is spending the summer with us and he is too full of life for Hilda to handle alone and I am needed constantly on the scene. At present he is going to school mornings and I have to look after his transportation. That, however, will be over by the time you arrive here.

If you will let me know a day or two in advance of the time you expect to arrive in Berkeley, I will have a room engaged for you in the neighborhood. Our apartment has only two small bed rooms, but this will present no problem. We are looking forward to seeing you with keen anticipation.

Rather than write more at this time, the rest of the news can wait until we see you since you'll be here soon. Greetings and best regards in the mean time.

As ever,



R. L. TWEEDY
2731 HASTE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.

22 January, 1950.

Dear George:

Our correspondence isn't exactly what might be called scintillating repartee, is it; but I'm not going to begin by taking all the responsibility upon myself, for the intervals that have occurred.

Thanks for your Christmas card! Hilda and I years ago stopped sending them. We like to get them, however, but try to keep in touch with friends chiefly at other times during the year. Please excuse the pedantry. I don't mean to set myself up as a casuist. It's just that there is so much about a commercialized Christmas and all that results from it that gets my goat that I'm afraid that I'm in danger of leaning too far the other way and becoming a veritable Scrooge.

We were, indeed, glad to hear that you had had such an enjoyable and beneficial summer and had got so much fun out of camping. I've never done any real camping and I can well imagine that it must be great fun especially with congenial companions. Anent your connection with the Missouri Botanic Garden, I think you'll be interested to know that I am putting in some of my spare time these days at the Botanical Garden of the University of California. Their garden is about five minutes drive back in the hills from where we live. Because of a recent change they made in superintendents, the records of plants in the garden got into a very mixed up state and they set about revising the whole system. I volunteered to help them with some of the typewriting and purely clerical work, if they thought they could use me, and they took me up on it. Of course, there is nothing scientific about it, for as you know, I don't know one plant from another, aside from a few common garden varieties and fungi. But it's been rather good fun and I have enjoyed it.

Yes, we have had a number of letters from Betty. In the last one she said that you had been leading a very gay life - going out to five dinner parties in one week! That should be a balance for your intensive scientific work. She also asked our advice about making plans to spend some time next summer at Carmel, about 100 miles South of here on the coast. I have not answered that letter yet; but I think I shall advise her to stick to France, because I shouldn't care to assume the responsibility for what the weather next summer might turn out to be. It might be too hot or too cold to suit them and then I should be in the soup. Besides, unless they had their own car, I don't for the life of me see how they would get about.

The little I ever knew about photography has sunk down so deep into my subconscious membrane that if I ever resuscitate it I shall have to start all over again from scratch.

Why Betty mentioned Carmel to us was because Hilda and I spent two weeks down on the Monterey peninsula during the recent holidays. I did take my camera along and got a few views of the coast. But here I have no dark-room nor equipment with which to work as I had at the Camera Club in Boston.

It would certainly be nice to look forward to seeing you out here next summer. But there again, I shy away from the responsibility of urging you to take the long trip out here with the assurance of any satisfaction I can hold out definitely. Next summer I shall be 72 years old, and, while in many ways I feel hale and husky, to be honest I have to admit that some of my nuts, bolts and springs do not function as they did once upon a time. What I suggest is that you keep in touch with me as your own plans develop further so that we may compare notes on the over-all situation taking all factors into account. I'll be quite frank with you in reporting conditions as they are at this end of the line, and you should do the same.

Has your recent reading or thinking shed any calcium bright light on the international relations situation? Most of this afternoon Hilda and I have spent talking to a young Chinese student in the graduate department of the University. His home is in Peiping and he plans to go back there as soon as it looks safe for him to set out. As far as China is concerned, I share his position quite closely - much more closely than what the newspapers are printing. He did quite a bit of translating for me when we first came home from China.

I have had it on my mind to ask you several times, but it has always slipped my mind when I have been writing to you, to wit: Did you ever hear Donald mention a musician in Danbury named Charley Ives? Quite a little has been in the papers about the excellence of his compositions within the past two or three years. Charley Ives was in Yale when I was. He was the organist at the Center Church on the Green. I used to go to hear him play way back there, because I thought that he played so beautifully. After college he went into the insurance business in New York and made a success of the company he started. Since Donald died I have often wished I had asked him whether he ever knew Charley Ives and what he thought of his musical ability.

Well, this letter is assuming quite inordinate proportions. So, I'll call it off and continue from here on next time.

As ever,

Jared

R. L. TWEEDY
2731 HASTE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.



Airmail

George B. Van Schank
Missouri Botanic Garden
Tower Grove Ave.
St. Louis - Missouri.



2731 Haste St. Berkeley 4 Calif
Easter Sunday 49.

Cheer's George: Tweed drove
our young Chinese student to
a sunrise service in the
Berkeley Hills this morning.

"C.T. ART-COLORSTONE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Never mind when making this.

Tonight we expect to hear
Myra Hess and the Giller
quintette on the Campus
(within walking distance) Here
is hoping that your summer
plans are resulting to your
Satisfaction. Our
good wishes to you!

POST
CARD

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

HH.

**Washington University
Entry Exams Here**

Entrance examinations for the fall term at Washington University in St. Louis will be conducted April 2 at the San Francisco Public Schools Administrative Annex, 750 Eddy street. Students may apply for the college of liberal arts, schools of engineering, architecture, business and public administration, social work, botany and the department of retailing.

Announcing the

GOETHE

Bicentennial Convocation and Music Festival

featuring world-famous leaders in
thought and music

June 27 through

July 16, 1949

In picturesque

Aspen, Colorado, U. S. A.



Lecturers:

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Philosopher-
doctor-musician-theologian. Incomparable
modern disciple of Goethe, on his
first visit to America.

Jose Ortega y Gasset, Spain's
greatest living philosopher

Robert M. Hutchins, Chancellor,
University of Chicago.

Charles J. Burckhardt, Eminent
Swiss statesman-scholar-historian.

Thornton Wilder, Pulitzer-prize
winning American novelist and playwright.

Barker Fairley, Author of "A Study
of Goethe" and "Goethe as Revealed in
His Poetry".

Gerardus van der Lecuw,
Professor of Theology at the University
of Groningen.

Ernst Robert Curtius, Professor at
the University of Bonn, in Germany.

Arnold Bergstrasser, Author of
"Goethe's Image of Man and Society".

Halvdan Koht, Norway's most
eminent historian.

Musicians:

Dimitri Mitropoulos and the
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

John Garris, Tenor

Herta Glaz, Contralto

Mark Harrell, Baritone

Dorothy Maynor, Soprano

Nathan Milstein, Violinist

Erica Morini, Violist

Gregor Piatigorsky, Cellist

Artur Schnabel, Pianist

Vronsky and Babin, Piano Duo

and thirty or more other eminent North and South American scholars.

ASPEN, cradled in a majestic valley in the heart of the cool, colorful Colorado Rockies, away from urban distractions, offers every opportunity for rest, relaxation and sport. Ride the World's longest chair lift. See June 30th ski races. Enjoy square dancing, horseback riding, swimming, historic mining towns and wonderful trout fishing. Aspen, 180 miles southwest of Denver, is accessible by rail, air, bus and private car.

Rates, for a 10-day period including admission to all concerts and lectures, are as follows: Excellent accommodations in hotels and guest cottages on the American Plan (includes meals) from \$150 to \$250 per person. European Plan from \$85 to \$175.

A wide variety of inexpensive European Plan accommodations in mountain cottages, motels, rooms in private homes and dormitories, from \$55 to \$75. First Series June 27 to July 7. Second Series July 7 through July 16. For information and reservations address Goethe Bicentennial, Box P-13, Aspen, Colo.

*San F Chronicle
17 April 49*

Hills there!

Just to add a word
to what Hilde has written

How was the vacation in
Arkansas? My best!
Fred.

R. L. TWEEDY
2731 HASTE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.

31 March, 1949.

Dear George:

Glad to get the four very attractive postcards of the City Art Museum and the news they brought of your doings. As the weeks slipped by with no word coming from you, I had begun to have misgivings that something might be wrong with you. I am glad to be reassured that it's only your preference for the monastic life among the grass roots.

Hilda and I have been enjoying our life here in Berkeley and gradually accustoming ourselves to the new grooves. As is characteristic of any mode of living, there are some beaten trails marking the road; the important thing is to see that one keeps out of ruts where you can get your wheels caught. Much of the winter in California has been considerably colder, greyer and rainier than usual; but we haven't minded it at all and have fared very well. The Californians have done a lot of growling on the score that their gardens and many of their crops have been severely damaged. Many of the shrubs and plants were badly frost bitten if not killed.

Your anticipated spring hike down into Oklahoma sounds very attractive. Hilda and I have been talking about taking a short drive covering two or three days to a few places North of San Francisco that we want to see, as soon as the weather settles down and warms up a bit. This wouldn't be strenuous and would help to familiarize us with some of our surroundings. Nothing like your summer plans, which sound very ambitious.

Hilda and I expect to be right here in Berkeley all summer - not having any alternative abode longer like Rockport. So, when you say, "Any chance of running into you on the way?" it looks as tho you will have to do most of the running. There are two bed-rooms in this apartment and we'll be glad to have you occupy one of them for three or four days. That would give you a chance to see something of Berkeley and the University and San Francisco. We still think the latter is one of the most beautiful cities we have ever seen.

The reason I mentioned three or four days above is: that when we eat at home, all the cooking comes on Hilda. She isn't very strong and we have not been able to get any domestic help. Like me, she is 71 years old and get tired easily. Then too, several people from New England are planning to pass thru Berkeley this summer and two or three from China, so that it will help if we can know as far in advance as possible about your coming, so that we can schedule so as to avoid conflicts. What I had thought was, that if you came perhaps you and I could take the car and go off together to some quiet place for a few days in the country where we

could get in a good visit in the open air and sunshine and a few days roughing it. That would appeal to me very much and I'd love to try to get caught up with you. Keep me informed as to how your plans are developing and we'll see if we cannot work something out that will be satisfactory all around. I'm laying my cards on the table face up and not beating around the bush on the ground that I know you well enough to think that you will understand me.

I've been reading a book - Harold Laski's American Democracy - that came off the press within the last few months. It appeals to me as a rather good summary of American economic, political and social trends. There is much of it with which I do not agree and it is altogether too long. It harps on one central theme almost to the extent of turning it into propaganda. Nevertheless the book as a whole is brilliantly written and I have found it stimulating as a review of all sorts of things that have happened during the last 150 years.

Keep in touch with me and let us know how your plans are shaping themselves so that we can see if we cannot make our programs dove-tail in. Our combined best to you.

As ever,



R. L. TWEEDY
2731 HASTE ST.
BERKELEY 4, CALIF.

January 5, 1949.

Dear George:

Thanks a lot for your Christmas greeting and the letter dated December 11 that came earlier. I purposely postponed answering your letter, because I suspected that by the time my letter got to St. Louis you would have left for the holidays and, hence, would not get my letter until you returned anyway. Be that right or wrong, you were in my thoughts just the same, even tho this is the first tangible word you have had from me.

If you were sitting with me here in this beautiful bright California sunshine this morning, my tongue could wag fast enough, I assure you. Typewriting is a poor substitute for talk. It is so matter of fact and there are no voice inflections and no facial expressions. Do you keep copies of the personal letters you write? My reason for asking is because I want to talk about the second paragraph in your letter and I wondered whether you would know what I meant if I referred to it that way? Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. I am not very consistent that way.

What I wanted to say was this: I hate to have you say, "I work all of the time", even tho you do enjoy it. I am quite certain that you never understood what I tried to say to you the last evening you were in Rockport last summer. You thought that I was bawling you out for devoting such a large portion of your time to something that was bringing in no monetary return to you. That is the reverse side of what I was growling about. My concern was that you were being "gypped" by the Missouri Botanical Garden which is too stingy to pay you for doing a fine piece of work for which it would have to pay anyone else handsomely. You are just making a gratis contribution from which they are deriving the benefit. My feeling of soreness was at the Garden's taking advantage of your willingness to make the contribution. Several times during the past years it has seemed to me that you have taken the butt end of the stick all too good naturedly. I'd like to see you get more often what is coming to you. I resent it when people impose on you! You are too fine a fellow to have this happen to you. I think you got it from two women and in your professional connections with institutions. This is too big a subject to discuss on the typewriter, so that the subsequent steps in the argument will probably have to be held over until we can get together tête-a-tête. For the present suffice it to say, may the time come soon and quickly when you can begin to get solid enjoyment out of work for which you are suitably remunerated, so that you don't have to earn your living from one pursuit and get your enjoyment from another! Do you begin to get what I mean?

Don't try to see something in the book Human Destiny that may not be there. People out here in Berkeley last winter

acted all lit up about it and the reviews gave it a great send-off. When I got around to buying and reading it last summer, I felt mildly enthusiastic. I don't quite agree with your suspicion that du Nouy had an ax to grind or put his integrity into jeopardy. It seems to me rather that he has got hold of a piece of an idea. The first part of his book which deals with gaps in our scientific knowledge was fascinating to me and interested me very much. Commencing with chapter eight when he began to talk about moral and religious development and cite Paul as an authority, I concluded that his own religious thinking was not very mature, at least not on a par with his scientific training, in that it gave clear evidence of just as many hiatuses as he had discovered in scientific procedure. To my way of thinking, it is an interesting but NOT a great book and has been over estimated. Don't waste your time on the last half of it, whatever the first half may be worth. Funny that the reviews should have said so many of the same things about du Nouy's and Vogt's books - comparing them with Darwin.

When you get around to answering this, do tell me how you spent your vacation. How did you find your mother and sister in Michigan; and did you see something of Mannheim?

We like Berkeley and this small apartment we were fortunate enough to discover very much. Thus far we feel sure that our migration from Boston to Berkeley was a wise move for us. I'll admit that it was a rather large sized undertaking for both Hilda and me and before we got thru with it about all we wanted to swing to. But now that we are here, I think that we shall begin to derive benefits and advantages Boston and Rockport no longer offered. I keep hoping that sometime Harold and his family can find a connection out here. Wouldn't it be fun if you could get out here next summer! Yes, indeed, we fully expect to stay put and be right here. Say when.

I have it in mind to write Betty one of the next letters I pound off. Probably she was wise in not attempting the trip to LaJolla. I think she would have been all right after she once got there, but I don't know about the trip itself.

This has been a long drool, I fear. Will try to do a better job at condensing next time. Hilda joins me in sending all sorts of good wishes in your direction.

Jweed

R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

22 August, 1948.

Dear George:

you are a rascal of the first water. I have always suspected it, now in your sending me Vogt's Road to Survival, I have absolute proof of it. If you were here, I'd scold you for squandering money on us. You shouldn't do those things! Just the same, Hilda and I deeply appreciate your thought of us and thank you for it. But in the future just remember that you don't have to send us things to make us think of you. We do that anyway.

Yes, the visit was too short, quite decidedly so! In one way or another we have to make up for that on the first opportunity.

When you were here I had it in mind to give you a book but I can't remember whether you told me you had read it or not - du Nouÿ's Human Destiny. An additional reason for my not handing it over to you at the time was that I hadn't finished reading it myself. A rule which I try to observe is, not to give books that I haven't read. Several times when I have been quite lit up about the early chapters of a book and have given to someone else, I have found that the final chapters have contained a lot of stuff that I couldn't for one minute subscribe to. If you haven't read it, let me know and I'll send it on, so that you'll have it when you get back to St. Louis.

Everything here in Rockport is going just about the same as when you were here. The cottage has not been sold. Many lookers but no offer that we wanted to accept. If it isn't sold by the time we are ready to go West, we shall leave it in the hands of some good agent and start along.

If the weather up in Duluth has been anything like what we have been having in Rockport it has been perfect vacation variety. Hope you are getting well rested and have been able to let down so as to recover from the long and hard strain you have been under. We have heard no further news of Betty.

Inasmuch as you may not get this letter until your return to St. Louis (I don't know whether your mail is forwarded and I have no other address) I won't string this out longer now but will write more next time. Hilda joins me in sending our double-twisted best to you, and thanks all over again!

As ever,



This was a very beautiful concert

North Shore String Quartet

*Rockport Art Association
Rockport, Massachusetts*

~~Rock~~

Members of the faculty of the Longy School
of Music in Cambridge

Teaches music in
Wellesley

HARRY KOBIALKA, *First Violin*
FLORENCE C. PEARSON, *Second Violin*
ANN C. VERY, *Viola*
ESTHER PARSHLEY, *Violincello*

August 18, 1948

8:30 p.m.

17 September, 1948.

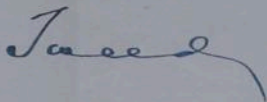
Dear George:

Vogt's book, "Road to Survival," is an excellent book and I have enjoyed it greatly. The evidence on every hand of the earth's inability to support the increasing number of persons being born is incontrovertible and all too apparent. The increase is in a geometric progression.

This whole concept has such direct application to the population problem in China that, with your permission after I have looked the book over further, I think that I should like to pass it on to the library of the Chinese Management Association in Nanking. It would be a wonderful blessing for China if the National Resources Commission could start manufacturing contraceptive devices and distribute them free thruout the length and breadth of the land. At present they are too poor to buy condoms and they are too fond of copulating to control their indulgence sufficiently to raise their standard of living. Besides promoting the use of contraceptives they will have to outlaw concubines and they might well encourage some forms of homosexuality as an added check against increase of population. To my way of thinking this would be ethically quite justifiable and decidedly preferable to bringing children into the world who cannot be fed and who are bound to misery and suffering.

One of the authors who is repeatedly quoted in the references, Edward A. Ackerman, Hilda and I met in Peiping. He is a thoroughly fine chap and I had lunch with him in Cambridge one day in July. When I saw him he expected to leave shortly for Japan on a short mission. Upon his return he had not then decided whether to teach at the University of Chicago or go into Govt. service.

Idem quod semper,



53
Sunday

Hello George -

Very pleased to have your recent note!
You must have been surprised indeed
to learn Majorie's maiden name! I might
say, she often speaks of you - and,
remarkably enough, very favorably! I hope
that you will have a most happy time at
Rockport + take full advantage of the
opportunities it offers for physical & intellectual
revitalization. We were, of course, much moved
by Donald Tweedy's death and know that it was
a hard blow for you as well as for many others.
Please give Betty my very best wishes when
next you see or write to her. Her family will fill you
in on the details of our move to P. Ho you say the
surrounding country is magnificent. Had the summer
climate is exceptional in contrast to that of Washington.
Since I have been here the air has been clear, cool & bracing.
Were it not for certain other factors, I would have felt as
tho I were on vacation.

With the best to you George,

Tweedy?
Harold

R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

14 September, 1948.

Dear George:

The tortures of Tantalus are not to be compared with that last visit of yours to Lands End, all for what got left undone and omitted! I wanted to hear you talk about so many things and experiences, new discoveries in the realm of philosophy, science and just the every day occurrences of life along the way. Ever since you went away I have kicked myself around the block almost daily for having acted so verdammt noch einmal dum and letting a golden opportunity slip through my fingers so stupidly. When will there be another chance for a get-together?

We had a fine letter from Betty the other day urging us to pay her a visit in Danbury before we go West. It was one of the best letters we have ever had from Betty. It was plain to see that she was missing Donald cruelly and was very lonely. It was full of affection and gratitude to you for all that you had done for her and her heart overflowed when she paid tribute to all you have meant to her and Donald these many years. It was very genuine and well deserved. Hilda wrote Betty right away that we don't see how we can go there to visit, but that we would try to stop over in Danbury for an hour or two en route. Two women are going with us, Mrs. Samoiloff from Winchester, and Dr. Pauline Owyang whose home is in San Francisco. Harold is pleading to have us stop over for about the same length of time in Pittsburgh; but I have written him that I don't know whether that will be possible or not. We haven't decided on our route as yet.

This cottage has been sold. The new owners will take possession October 15th, the day we start West. It was sold to a young Cambridge physician, Dr. H. G. Olken and his father-in-law, Mr. Charles Kaufman. The Olkens have no children, but Mrs. Olken and her brother Leon (a very fine appearing young fellow, who has recently come out of the Navy) have a sail boat and hope to do a good bit of sailing around here. Hilda and I like the whole outfit very much and believe that the cottage is going to be in very good hands when we leave it.

The past few days the bathing has been better than it has been all summer. I have thought of you when I have been floating about in the water and wished that you could be here to enjoy it too.

I have had a very good time reading William Vogt's Road to Survival and thank you all over again for sending it. I've been reading it slowly and trying to let it sink in. He has a good sense of humor and a fresh way of restating material which others have written about in a dry as dust fashion. I like the book very much and have got a hunch that besides being a scientist, Vogt in his private life is probably he real he man and well worth knowing.

I thought well enough of the book I was reading when you were here, Human Destiny, to order a copy sent on to you. People whom we heard talking about it in Berkeley last spring were quite enthusiastic about it. It struck me as an interesting approach from a new angle to an old question. If you are not bored by it, tell me how it strikes you.

When does work at the University start? I'll be glad to hear that you have Donald's piano where you can enjoy it and that you spend some time every day in relaxation with it away from your work in the class-room and the Museum. Did you have a good time in Duluth and how did you find Mannheimer?

Don't waste your energy writing me long letters, but do let me hear from you now and then, so that I may know how the battle is going with you. My best to you!

As ever,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "J. S. Sargent". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

11 August, 1948.

Dear George:

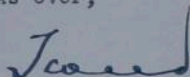
In view of the formal response that arrived yesterday to my yellow-paper obscene scrawl of Sunday, I hope that I am put in my place sufficiently to make me renounce the Devil and all his works and from this time forward to couch my letters in decorous language that will bring no more blushes to your face.

The enclosed note from Harold came in the same mail with your "bread-and-butter" letter. You have already left Bethel, so I am sending it along to your permanent address.

Nothing in the line of news has developed since you left. Yesterday Hilda and I had a wonderful drive up into New Hampshire - not a long one, for we were home by eight o'clock. It was one of those rare summer days when the sky is blue and the air like wine. The forests and the smell of the pines was very refreshing.

Our best to you, you big monkey, you!!

As ever,



[Handwritten: Aug 1948]

Prologue

This is not a letter. I am in hearty accord with what we said Thursday evening about the unsatisfactoriness-ness-ness of feeling that we have to make long explanations in letters. So, don't on account of this scrawl, feel that you owe me a letter. I was so disappointed and taken off my feet by your sudden decision to go back to Danbury Friday morning that I muffed saying most of the things I had in mind to get across to you over the week-end.

.....
It's Sunday morning and I am just letting myself think out loud to you. 'Scuse the yellow paper!

First of all, I am eternally grateful to you for coming to Rockport. I was delighted to think that you cared enough about me to want to make the effort - especially after the grilling time and emotional strain you have been under and the need you have for complete relaxation and rest. Really, when it comes right down to it, I haven't many friends left of as long standing as yours and mine has been, none that have been more intimate and confidential. I need every one of the friendships I have left and I am particularly anxious to do anything I can to promote and strengthen our friendship. When you telephoned that Donald had gone, the thought occurred to me - I wonder whether I can ever hope to fill in just a little bit of the gap that must be left in George's mind as a result of Donald's passing? I didn't mean to be presumptuous; just a small nook or corner of what had been a whole. You see, you were much more to me than Donald had ever been, because, when it comes right down to it, I had known Donald chiefly thru you. I had never known him in any such way as I have known you.

I can't help feeling disturbed by the thought that after you went to the trouble to drive up to Rockport to see us, I didn't make better use of the time to talk to you about things that were of far greater moment perhaps to us both than what we did talk about. It had been so long since I had had hold of your cock or you had had hold of mine, that I just lost my head and allowed the realm of cocks to monopolize too large a part of the short time we had, as it turned out. I did want to hear a lot more about things that had happened in the twelve years (it is hard for me to realize that it had been that long since you had been in Rockport) that have intervened, to talk over some of our mutual experiences, and to plan to avoid having such long gaps in our lives occur again. All Thursday afternoon I built up in my mind a wonderful picture of the week-end we were going to have together catching up dropped stitches in our knitting. And now see what has happened!

Well, not to dwell longer on any theme of regret, I do hope that from your point of view the trip up here wasn't a wash-out, incomplete and altogether fragmentary. It did me worlds of good just to see you again and to break the spell of separation. Now, what can we do to build for the future and prevent such recurrences?

First of all, let me have an address where I can write you briefly from time to time. You can write me here at Rockport

for the present. I'll notify you of any change in our address or plans. If we eventually go West, it will probably not be before the middle of October. It will take us that long to work out the details.

Here's hoping that you can understand what I have written above and the spirit in which it is written. If you get the idea, that's all I ask.

As ever,

P. S. In turning over the page, I misplaced the carbon paper. Hence, I am sending you the carbon copy of the first page. To avoid spontaneous combustion, do you think that any future letters I write you should be typed on asbestos paper?

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. W. Ward". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.

R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

July 28, 1948.

Dear George:

Your letter of July 26th has just come and deserves an immediate and unequivocal reply. Our very interest and sincere desire to be a real help to Betty prompts us to explain conditions at this end, paradoxical as anything snort of an invitation may sound.

The conditions in this cottage are too primitive to expose Betty to at this time. She surely needs the attention and kind of accommodations we are not equipped to give. We know only too well what the limitations of this place are: complete lack of help in the house, one bathroom, small sleeping quarters, crowded and crude restaurants and no living accommodations in the village. Even robust persons find these conditions quite unbearable these days. Betty needs to be buoyed up and given moral support and courage. The past month or two have added to, rather than lessened, the problems with which Hilda and I have been wrestling. Donald's going, of course, increased our depressed state of mind.

What I wrote you, George, about coming here assumed that we can always put up one person for two or three days. We are still hoping that you can give us some time before you go back, for we do want to see you and believe that we have many notes to compare.

With best love to you both and the hope that you will understand the spirit in which the above has been written, I am

As ever,



R. L. TWEEDY
LAND'S END
ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

24 July, 1948.

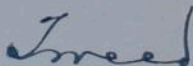
Dear George:

You and Betty have been very much in Hilda's and my thoughts these last two days and we can't help feeling anxious to know how you are standing up under the terrible ordeal. We feel so useless in having no practical assistance to offer. At least we'd like to keep in close touch for we too feel the loss deeply.

I want to tell you, George, that our relatives from Dallas who have been visiting us left to go down to Maine this morning, so that Hilda and I are entirely alone. When I wrote you I asked you to come here for one day, because I didn't know what we were up against. We'd love to have you come any day you can now and stay as long as you can. I am looking forward to seeing you and we both want to have a good visit with you. You don't need to bring your car unless it is easier for you to travel that way, for we have a new Olds that you can use around here. Perhaps we can do some exploring and find a substitute for the quarries.

Give our best love to Betty and say whatever seems right to you for me to the other members of Donald's family (it's so many years ago that I last saw any of them that they probably don't remember me). Best greetings to you double twisted!!

Idem quod semper,



THE ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1942

AT TWO O'CLOCK

BOSTON DÉBUT RECITAL SERIES

FRANK MANNHEIMER, Pianist

▲ ▲ ▲

I

Suite, D major
Prelude
Arioso
Pastorella
Gavotte
Menuet
Finale

Vinci-Mannheimer

II

Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 11
Introduction: Un poco adagio; Allegro vivace
Aria: Andante cantabile
Scherzo e Intermezzo: Allegrissimo
Finale: Allegro un poco maestoso

Schumann

III

Hommage à Rameau
Impromptu, F minor, Op. 31, No. 2
Rondo, Op. 14

Debussy
Fauré
Roussel

R. L. TWEEDY
239 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

2 November, 1944

Dear George:

Much to my disappointment, Dr. Jewett changed his mind last Friday about the advisability of my going to work at present. There was one distinct gain about it, however: I heard Mr. Mannheimer play a beautiful recital yesterday, and this morning he called and spent nearly an hour with me. I enjoyed his playing yesterday very much indeed and came away quite captivated. His playing is so far from any mannerisms and possesses such a happy balance between intellectuality and emotion as to be very outstanding. M.H.S. is surely fortunate to have such a man on its faculty and, on top of it all, you are certainly to be congratulated in having a man like Mannheimer for a friend. He seemed to me quite the real type of person - entirely aside from his medical ability, and I was delighted to get such a good report as I got from him about you. He told me that he would not see you for a week or two since he had other playing engagements. So I told him I would like to see you at once.

I wasn't able to show Maushier any
attention after the concert yesterday because
he had an engagement in Brookline and
this morning he went directly to the train from
here. But I sincerely hope I may have other
chances to see him.

This is an "extra" in between regulars.

Cheers

Loebl

R. L. TWEEDY
239 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

3 October, 1942

Dear George:

A three days conference on the quarry rocks - continuous sessions morning, afternoon and evening - would be the minimum requirement to permit me to get caught up to date with you. Even after I was able to write, I purposely postponed writing in your case until I could go much more beneath the surface than was required by the more perfunctory letters I had to write. Even after this long silence, nothing I can put into a letter adequately takes the place of a quarry tête à tête. If your letter had arrived before I went to the hospital, I should now be better able to explain to myself the nature of the shock I sustained. There would then be a natural relationship of cause and effect. Now, I am in the dark on both accounts. You see, beyond expressing anything beyond the keenest kind of regret that you, of all people, should have had the kind of experience you had,

it is quite impossible for me to say anything really intelligent, because I never met Elizabeth nor Constantine, and when it comes right down to it, you had really talked to me about both of them very little.

Just as you gave me some excellent advice on coronary thrombosis, I want to turn the tables on you and offer one suggestion, to wit: before you try another matrimonial adventure, I want to get in an hours talk with you. Whatever you do, disabuse your mind that there is anything irregular or unusual about G.B. Rand. But I want a chance to talk to you about that some time. H. D. at present.

Isn't Colorado wonderful and that country out there - those mountains! I want to hear you talk about that and am so glad you saw it for yourself. There is so much you have to talk to me about and on which I want to be brought up to date.

Letter writing tires me. I can't seem to say the things I have in mind to say nor

to write so that anyone else can read it. My typewriter is in my office at Kooheer. Hilda and I came here about 10 days ago right after I got out of the hospital. We expect to be here the rest of October. I am praying that the doctor will let me go to work by 1 Nov. otherwise, I don't think I have any right to expect the Kooheer Mfg Co. to hold my position. I am coming along in good shape, but it is hard for me to be patient and real success to be all that helps.

It was damned good to hear from you and I hope you will write me again in spite of the inordinate time you have waited for an answer.

My best to you, as always

I weed

Cambridge, Mass.

43 Linnaean St.

27 May, 1937.

Dear George:

Evidently you got my point, all right, about being reluctant to discuss with Donald, no matter how close and sympathetic he might be, a problem so entirely personal as the situation that has developed between you and Elizabeth. I just felt that it was the height of impropriety for Donald, Betty, Hilda and me to hash over something that was none of our business and that we were powerless to rectify. Whenever you and I get together, I shall be glad to have you tell me anything about it you wish to. I haven't much confidence in my ability to contribute much in the line of wisdom when it comes to such problems; but I shall be a good listener, anyway.

We expect to be in Cambridge all summer for we have let the Rockport cottage to some people from Winchester for the months of June, July and August. We do hope to go down there soon after the first of September and expect Cynthia and Harold to spend at least part of their vacation with us. Harold has been temporarily transferred to New York and until November expects to be working at the Federal Home Loan Bank at 165 Broadway. He has some rooms at 73 Charles St., which I believe is in Greenwich Village. Cynthia is hanging onto her Washington job, but week-ends she either goes to New York or Harold goes to Washington. So, they do not seem to be standing the strain too badly.

I am, indeed, relieved to hear that you are assured of a position for next year and can count definitely on having a job. Donald told us something about the search you were making to land a position. It must seem good to you to get that anxiety off your mind. Hilda and I were sorry too to learn of your father's recent illness; but he too seems to be coming out of it all right. It seems to be the way of life that troubles often come in bunches.

My feelings with respect to my business venture are somewhat divided. I have few if any regrets about having gone into it, but I have come to feel that it would be a mistake for me to continue with it, consequently, I have no feeling of contrition about getting out and am shedding no tears. Perhaps I can talk to you better about it when I see you than I can write about it. My chief concern at the moment is to locate something that will keep my mind occupied and fill up my time. I may wind up selling hot chestnuts on some Boston street corner.

I don't think that I told you in my last note that I liked every one of Donald's compositions that were played on the occasion of his last visit. I can't remember ever having heard any of his compositions before and was quite surprised at their interest and beauty. I am proud to be able to claim

relationship, however remote, with one who can write that kind of music. Much of the modern music bores me to extinction; but his compositions didn't have that effect at all. I thoroly enjoyed them.

Best greetings to you, in which Hilda joins, and mine to Uncle Oscar if you should ever chance to meet him on the street in Rochester, and looking forward to seeing you in Cambridge, at an early date. I can't be sure of being able to offer you a room while you are here for the reason that we are expecting a young man from Holland to spend some time with us in June or July and he hasn't told us the dates of his visit. But we'll be looking forward to a good visit with you anyway. We may be able to put you up. I hope so anyway.

As ever,

Laced

Lands End
Rockport, Mass.

26 May, 1936.

Dear George:

It certainly was good to see you in New York and I regret that we didn't have more time together. There are so many matters I longed to talk over with you and about which I wanted to get your reactions. The winter in England was rich in experiences and their point of view in many respects so different than the American attitude toward world and domestic problems and I did want to have a chance to discuss them with you. I do hope that somehow there will be an opportunity to get together before long.

Since getting home, we have been so busy getting the cottage cleaned, unpacking and sorting things out, etc. that this is the first chance I have had to sit down at this machine and do any writing. The place looks so good to us that we have decided not to try to let it for the summer, as we had intended doing. Before we got home it had seemed to us that it might be simpler for me to look around for a connection if we lived right on the ground in Cambridge or Boston. On the other hand, we probably should not get more than enough rent out of the cottage to pay the taxes and rather than let it go for that we prefer to live here and get the benefit of being in a cooler place than Cambridge during the summer.

I'm sorry to have been so slow in getting the blanket off to you but it will start on its way to-day. With it I am sending two books on Coöperation - one, The People's Year Book, that gives quite a lot of data and statistics on the English and Scotch movement; and the other, a book written largely by Prof. Hall, the man with whom I talked in Manchester. I haven't had a chance to read this as yet but it looks interesting and is said to give a very good account of the movement and its accomplishments. Prof. Hall, while very enthusiastic for coöperation in the British Isles, told me that he didn't feel that it had so much to offer to America. He gave as his chief reason for this belief that Americans were too individualistic, too prone to moving about from place to place and hence lacked that feeling of British solidarity that results from people living for generations in the same village - if not indeed in the same house as their ancestors - where there is an intimate acquaintance and mutual confidence between the members of each coöperative group and a willingness to be patient and stick with the undertaking long enough for it to grow and to wait for dividends.

I shall not get around to reading Hall's book for some time, for there are many more important matters that need my attention. So keep the books as long as you want them. Eventually, when you have entirely finished with them, I should be glad to have them back.

Do write me about your own plans as they develop and unfold

for I am eager to know how things are working out with you. I'll write you more about ourselves and our plans as soon as I can get anything lined up. If you see any chance to get down here this summer, do say so for we shall be delighted to see you.

In New York you didn't tell me anything about Uncle Oscar. How is that old Pal? Please give him my warmest regards. In going thru some things in one of my trunks, I ran across some excellent pictures of him and I like to recall that memorable evening last May that we spent here together in front of the fire and you made Uncle Oscar wag up and down. Great glee! My cock tingles with joy at the memory of that occasion.


Take care of yourself, don't worry nor work too hard and let me hear from you. Hilda joins me in sending our best to you.

As ever,

G
Seward



Mr. George B. Ven Schaack,
#3 West 75th St.,
NEW YORK CITY.
U. S. A.



ON BOARD S. S. Westernland

1 November, 1935.

Dear George:

The first day out, Betty let me take your copy of Portheim's TIME STOOD STILL and I can't tell you when I have read a book with more pleasure than I did that one. It was a most appropriate book for this occasion, for on board ship time also seems to stand almost if not quite still. Then too, in that book, Portheim said many things that I have long felt needed saying and he said them very well. His other books are almost entirely objective while this one, outside the descriptions of camp life, is so largely subjective and psychological. I can't help feeling that he must have been a very remarkable man - a really big person. For that reason, his untimely death is a real loss to humanity.

I have also read about 100 pages in MAN THE UNKNOWN and like it immensely. It fits in very well with Portheim and gives a sort of complementary picture. Wouldn't you like to have me send it to you when I have finished it?

This tub didn't pull out of Hoboken last Saturday until 9:45 P. M. My brother and his wife stuck it out until 6:30, but then we induced them to give up the ghost

and leave so that they could have dinner and still be in time for the Rodeo. (I doubt if that last word is spelled right. It looks funny.) They didn't stop putting freight on board until there was no room for one more lemon.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday morning were marvelous days - warm, sunny and bright with the sea as smooth as the frog pond on Boston Common. Tuesday afternoon we ran into a dense fog bank South of Newfoundland. That lasted five or six hours and then we ran into very high wind and rough seas. All day Wednesday and yesterday the waves ran very high. The boat pitched every which way. Furniture, dishes and everything else that wasn't nailed down behaved as tho it was on skates and went sliding and crashing around. Few of the 32 passengers were in evidence, but Betty and I held our own and were able to see that the Captain and other members of the crew were properly discharging their duties. This morning, the storm has greatly subsided and many people are about who for a day or two were in their berths.

Betty devotes a good bit of her time to contract and is a shark at it. I have played a few times; but I can't stand long stretches of it. I enjoy reading and moving about the boat too well.

So much of the cargo is to be discharged at Southampton that I fear Betty is going to have a long wait there. The Captain doesn't expect to reach Antwerp until Wednesday. We hope to be in London Tuesday.

How did you and Donald enjoy the planitarium? I hope that you were not too late to get in. I also hope that you have decided to take my advice about joining some Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and making a business of getting regular and consistent exercise for the upper part of your body. Most Y. M. C. A.s have changed a good bit since the war and I doubt if you find them religiously oppressive. If you join an evening class I think you will be likely to run into a very decent crowd of fellows and it is certainly a lot more fun taking exercise in company than trying to get it alone at home. I was really a bit shocked when I saw that your color was not browner after being in Coxsackie for the weeks you were there. Another thing, I think that if you get a lot of exercise it will be a good thing for Uncle Oscar; it will quiet him down a lot and sublimate some of his excess energy. He is a great Uncle Oscar and you ought to be careful of him and not allow him to burn up his energy too fast.

The first day out, we saw a lot of whales spouting - a thing I have never seen before. This must have been just about as we were South of Rockport. There were several schools of them.

The gong is just ringing for lunch and, while I am not very ravenous myself just yet, I think that I had better knock off for this time and go to see what Hilda wants to do about going down to the dining room for lunch. I am writing in the smoking room. Betty was just here and asked me to send you her love, tell you that she was enjoying the trip greatly and that you would be hearing from her shortly. My best to you in which Hilda and Kay would join me. Do drop me a line when you can and be sure to tell me the low down at all times as to how things are going with you.

As ever,

Lued

R. L. TWEEDY
20 UNION-PARK
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Room 762
49 Federal St.

26 June, 1935.

Dear George:

Yesterday afternoon, after writing you, I called on Mr. L. H. Howe, 2nd V. P. and Actuary of the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. on Clarendon St. and asked him about the possibilities of your getting into his actuarial department. He went into the matter quite thoroly with me. In substance, what he said was almost exactly what the actuary of the Equitable wrote you. You know more mathematics than is required of actuaries. The men who enter their actuarial classes are men just graduated from college who have done particularly well in math. They average eight or nine years younger than you. The starting wage, until they have passed at least one actuarial exam is \$20.00 a week! Think of it! He said that there were no openings in the John Hancock at the present time and he doubted whether there would be for at least a year.

I have not interviewed the Liberty Mutual Company, because primarily that is a fire and not a life insurance company. I also did not call on Geo. Willard Smith, President of the New England Life Ins. Co. because that is not a large company and I feel certain that the same conditions will obtain there as I found in the John Hancock.

Since yesterday, Bill Otis, a young friend of mine and an agent for the Travelers Life Ins. Co. (home office in Hartford) has decided to share this office with me. I have just been discussing your case with him and he tells me that, if you are interested in doing actuarial work, he believes the thing for you to do would be to stop off in Hartford on your way to Albany and interview several of the big companies there. Hartford is, of course, the centre of the life insurance business and many of the giant companies are there. Morgan Brainard, President of the Aetna Life Ins. Co. was a classmate of mine in college and if you would like to talk to him, I shall be delighted to give you a letter of introduction. If he didn't have anything to offer himself, he could put you in touch with the actuarial departments of other companies. I have another friend, Roderic Olzendam, who is way up near the top of the New York Life Ins. Company and I can give you a letter to him.

Bill (who by the way, is a son of old Dr. Otis of Exeter) tells me that he has a friend who specialized in math, went with the Western Electric Co. of Chicago and is doing splendidly. That is the company which I mentioned in my letter yesterday. The Western Electric Co. and the General Electric Co. in the past have always kept a weather eye out for good mathematicians. It strikes me that it would be an excellent idea for you to call on the General in Schenectady and smoke them out as to their needs and openings. Schenectady is right in your bailiwick.

I spent the morning up at the Camera Club printing some of the pictures I took last Saturday. A few of them turned out to be masterpieces - especially the one of you lying on the rocks that we took right after we got there. I still think that you should present Donald with a copy of that one. The fellow with the gun and giant cock turned out only tolerably well. I still think that I can find out who he is and persuade him to pose for me. The pictures of Deer Hill are some of the best I have ever taken. I attribute this in good part to the clarity of the atmosphere.

How goes the battle with you? Mrs. Lansdale expects her husband and another married couple the last of the week. All four of them are planning to find some place in Rockport to spend the next two weeks, or failing that, go down to some place they know about in Maine. I shall continue to keep this office thru July; so any letters you address here will reach me.

With heartiest good wishes, as ever

Lansdale

LAND'S END
ROCKPORT
MASSACHUSETTS

25 June, 1935.

Dear G. B.

Enclosed is the receipt for your laundry package the postage on which was only 38¢.

Your letter arrived this morning. Bartlett has been in and has given me the names of men to see in the John Hancock and Liberty Mutual Insurance Companies. Another friend gave me the name of the President of the New England Life Insurance Co. and told me that I might use his name in talking to the last named dignitary. I am hoping to be able to get to see one or two of them this afternoon. If anything develops I shall either telegraph you or send you a special delivery letter. If you don't hear from me, you will know that no crickets were under the stones I turned over.

Besides the names of men in the John Hancock and Liberty Mutual, Bartlett gave me the following:

Geo. R. White
Penn Mutual,
Philadelphia, Pa.

&

Alexander T. McLean
2nd V. P. and Actuary
Mass. Mutual Ins. Co.
Springfield, Mass.

It might be worth while for you to sound out these two men by writing them.

The General Electric Co. in Schenectady in the past has been on the lookout for good mathematicians and I have heard it stated that much of their research work is often conditioned on the ability of their mathematicians. I think that the same thing is true of other electrical companies, particularly the Western Electric Co. I'm wondering whether you know anyone in any of these companies to whom you could write and put out some feelers.

If you want to get out of teaching and form a business connection, it seems to me, as I think it over, that to make the most advantageous connection may take a little time and perhaps had better not be made too hurriedly. I realize that that is not what you want me to say and all that the loss of time means to you. In the long run, if you can stand the gaff, it might not be the worst course to accept the J-H offer and in the next months get all the kites you can up in the air looking for a connection next summer. Within the next few days, if I can discover any lead which you ought to follow up, I shall let you know about it immediately.

Another thought is that there may be some nitch for you with the Government. The Government likes Ph.Ds. The President favors improving the brain power of the various Department staffs. When one has something to sell, the rule of the game is to try to locate a likely buyer. The chief question to determine here is: which Department of the Government needs mathematical talent and then go after that department. Government salaries are not bad these days. With time, I think that I could help you sound around for the right official to approach. If you were in Baltimore next year, it would be very easy for you to interview bureaus in Washington and to get your name on file with them.

Lord knows, I'd like to have you located here in Boston and I'll do my damndest this afternoon to discover anything there may be at the John Hancock or elsewhere in town. If you don't hear from me, it will just mean that I haven't discovered anything.

I'm tickled pink to have you say that you had a good time with us for Hilda and I both enjoyed your visit immensely. My Saturday night fluke was just plain indigestion. There are places on my body where the skin has been sun-burned and sore; but I don't regret a single minute of the time spent at the quarry.

I read your letter to Warren Bartlett and gave him your message, He will do anything for you he can. Now, don't work too hard; instead, be a bit easy on yourself and let down some of that nervous tension. I want to see you weigh twenty five pounds more. Best of luck! If you know of any way that I can pull for you, be sure to let me know.

As ever,

Good

Lands End,
Rockport, Mass.

15 October, 1935.

Dear George:

Hilda and I were delighted to receive the good letter that came from you a few days ago. We were much interested in the news it contained about the possibility of Betty's going over on the Westernland with us. If she has any such intention, she has kept it entirely to herself excepting for what you wrote. We have had no notification directly from her.

The account you gave of your work in the insurance field evidences that you are having an experience which I feared you might encounter. I still think that you are a born teacher and have quite an unusual ability to convey ideas to other people and to stimulate them to use their latent abilities to think straight. I believe that you would be wasting this talent in the actuarial world. However, more of this anon.

The purpose of this letter is to say that we shall be leaving Rockport for New York Wednesday, October 23rd, arriving on the morning of the 24th. We shall stay (much against our wishes) at the McAlpin Hotel, Broadway and 34th St. Don't you want to meet us there after work Thursday evening around six o'clock so that we may have dinner together? Perhaps I can drift up to your room with you afterwards so that I can get an idea of where you are living.

Since I hope to see you soon, I'll write no more now.

Glück auf und Aufwiedersehen! As ever,

TELEPHONE:
RUSTON 1395

THE PENN CLUB,
8, 9, 10 TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
W.C.1

12 February, 1936.

Dear George:

By the time this scrawl reaches New York, you may ~~may~~ have already departed and be occupying a second semester teaching position. If the opportunity came, I hope that it is one you can enjoy. Anyway, this is going to your old address in the hope that it some day catches up with you.

By card I acknowledged receipt of your good letter of January 13th soon after I received it and thought that I might even try to answer it in a letter. Now, it seems to me that perhaps any real answer might better be postponed until I can sit down to talk with you. There are so many things I should like to say and to which I should like to get your reactions. However, before we get a chance to talk, there are two or three books the names of which I should like to suggest in the thought that you may like to look them over.

John M. Keynes, a man who has been almost a world recognized authority on Money has just published a new book dated at Cambridge, December 13th, 1935. It is called THE GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST AND MONEY. It is published by McMillan. This book has created quite a stir over here because in it, Keynes states that he is now thoroly convinced that the science of Economics, as it has been and still is being taught, contains fundamental errors which invalidate the principles which have been deduced; and that this offers an explanation for the fact that when the theory upon which classic economics is based is applied to problems of every day life it fails to work. Keynes further states that his detection of these errors invalidates much of his own writings.

This morning, I mailed to you a copy of Time & Tide, an English magazine in which there is a review of Keynes book. I have the book and have read parts of it. Harold Laski called it to the attention of his

classes. To me, the significant thing about this book is: that, while for a long time there have been heterodox writers on economics who have denied that production finances consumption, they have all been men like Douglas, Fairchild and others whose standing has been questioned by orthodox writers. No orthodox economist would treat them seriously. Now, Keynes, a man who so far as I can find out has always been accepted by the orthodox as one of themselves and who is quite generally accepted as an authority on Money, comes along and says that the orthodox are all wet; that their conclusions are false because their premisses are all based upon special situations which are not met with in actual life. While this is not the same thing as proving that Douglas or the Technocrats are right, it helps to clear the ground by dynamiting a rickety old structure that never has served any useful purpose except of offer a rampart from which the orthodox could hurl rocks.

Another book you might find worth looking over is a book on Social Credit called "ECONOMIC NATIONALISM" by Maurice Colbourne. The last part of this book struck me as very good. You could probably look at it down in the Library of the New Economics Society on Fifth Ave. I can't seem to remember their number, but it's probably in the telephone book.

A book, which I am quite sure you would enjoy and get a lot out of - it's on the subject of education - is W. B. Curry's THE SCHOOL. He is the Head Master at Dartington Hall down in Devon. The school is an experiment in education and is backed financially by the woman, who in America used to be Mrs. Willard Straight. I can't remember her present name. You see there are several things this evening which I cannot remember in spite of the fact that I haven't had anything stronger than water to drink. Hilda and I plan to visit this school for a few days during March.

A thing which I have wondered about a good bit since coming here is: how some of the things which have worked out successfully over here could be introduced into the U. S. A. England is a single nation in a sense that the U. S. A. certainly isn't. The U. S. A. is a group of only partially federated states with a central government having only limited powers, as borne out by the recent

THE PENN CLUB.

8, 9, 10 TAVISTOCK SQUARE,

W.C.1

Telephone
EUP-TON 1395

decision of the Supreme Court. In introducing new social and economic measures there is at once with us a conflict between State and Federal jurisdiction - a tangle for which I see no solution in my life time. Here, an act of Parliament would be law and, as such, all that would be required. Our entire system of government is an uncoordinated mess. Every day it seems to me more unworkable.

From the newspapers, we see that you have been having some cold weather on your side of the Pond. All winter the lawns here have been just as green as they are with us in mid-summer; many of the shrubs are in full leaf and now crocuses, snow-drops and other flowers are in bloom. Of course, the Gulf Stream makes the difference in the climate. But what gets me is why the flowers bloom at all in this light. There is practically no sun light here in the winter time. Day after day it is cloudy and overcast. In London the air is never free from smoke. The English call it fog. 99% of it is just plain smoke. Twice since we came it has been blacker at noon than at mid-night for at night one can see the street lights; whereas in one of these "fogs" you can't see across the side-walk. Pedestrians and vehicles can scarcely navigate. It's a very peculiar phenomenon, to say the least.

from which

London is a wonderful grand-stand seat/to view what is going on in the world. There are lots of things over here which I like very much indeed. In other respects, I find it very difficult to understand the life.

This is already a long letter and I mustn't bore you further. Do write me again and tell me what you are doing and what your plans for the future are, and all the rest of the news about yourself. Give my best to Donald when you see him. Betty and Helen are coming to London very soon and are planning to live near us. This coming week-end we expect to spend in Cambridge. Next month we are going to Devon and Cornwall and I hope that we can get in a trip to Scotland before we sail for home. With all good wishes for yourself, I am as ever

Sincerely yours,

Loell