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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.

June or July?
1925

Dear Mr. Treceady.

I feel much as the stocking in the old advertisement must have felt - Buster Brown at one end and the dog at the other.

There, I've made a start - now for the finish. If this letter is incoherent and if it contains fearful grammar, you'll have to pardon me this time - I scarcely know what I'm doing or going to do. By the way if any of my grammar grates on your ears as some people's grates on mine, I hope you'll tell me. I can abide nearly anything else than poor grammar provided I know the right.

I'll start out by saying that I have at last received an answer to some of my questions. The last letter I had from ^(I think I mean Charles) Harvard said that I should (?) be required to take entrance English and French. Now this exasperates me exceedingly. I see no sense in it.

The day before, Friday to be exact, I received a letter from a Cossack's fellow who graduated from Cornell this June (A.B. in Psychology). He had just received a letter from me telling him of my change of plans. Before saying more I must say his name is Donald. He is intending to be at Cornell next year and wants me to come there for C.E. He gave several

2.
reasons why he thought I should
favorably consider that engineering
school. I have heard from many
sources that it is a fine place.
and have no doubt it is one of the
best. From a second letter which
I have just received, I believe I
could enter without examination
except in Advanced Algebra, not
required at Harvard. I think there
would be little difference in the
expense. The tuition is the same and
other expenses probably ^{much} the same. He
himself has earned part of his way
and is now earning his room with
a well-to-do family on the Heights.
He says he has "practically cinched
a six hour a day job, sixty dollars
a month" for the two of us for the

next four years: secretary to the
Department of Music. That is to say
we would each take the Louis
best fitting our schedules. Well, that
doesn't say he has it.

I speak frankly when I say
that I fear (I know that had
psychologically) that I shall not
pass all of the Harvard exams. I
can assure you that for me it
will be some task to review the
whole of my high school English.
I do not believe if I do take the
entrance English that I shall
try the other (English A). On the
other hand, I don't want to be
a quitter and feel part of the time
as if I would rather try and
fail rather than not try.

I sometimes think if I did fail it would be an excellent thing for me. You know I have never failed a written examination and I am afraid it has given me a sort of "complex". If I should fail I should go to work at something (for a year.) This would give me a chance to save some money, time ~~to~~ for further review and if I could get a job as engineering assistant - somewhere, get some practical experience before study (a thing recommended by a great many engineering schools).

My people are as perplexed as I.
My father has said he as much as
agrees with what I have written on
the other side of this sheet.

The worst part of the whole
business is that Cornell accepts
no applications after Aug 1 and
what is to be done must be done
quickly.

I should like to be near when
you read this letter. I don't doubt
you will burst into laughter
many times. but I should
worry. Probably you wonder
why I have written all this to
you. You once told me I had
to make my own decisions. Yes,
but I humbly entreat your
most wise counsel.

I shall enclose a special delivery stamp for your answer so that I will be notified immediately it arrives.

There I haven't said anything about the nice letter I received today. I enjoyed it all even the "animadversions". Perhaps it would be a fine idea for me to take English a walk but trying not to anticipate it.

I received a copy of the Eastman catalog recently. It is very interesting. I should like to be around to see the new glass work. Wouldn't (ah - shouldn't) mind being a freshman myself.

Yes Time is very interesting but
knowing very little English ^{history} much of
it goes over my head. (There, that's
a very bad sentence). Studying
goes a bit slow here however for
there is much to do and just at
present I'm acting mail carrier.
I had a great time this morning -
It poured all the time. I was
in an open car with no side
curtains. Lots of fun, I say.

"Thanking you for your
kind attention, I am

Sincerely
George.

June 28, 1925.

Dear Mr. Tweedy,

I know you think I have forgotten you but I haven't. I think of you dozens of times a day but have been very busy since getting home. And then I wanted to give you a long rest from me - out there in the beautiful country.

I certainly surprised my family - both by my arrival and by my change of heart. They also surprised me by the way they took it. They were on the whole pleased. They are of course sorry that it has

cost so much time and money but
are glad that I have decided in
favor of something that they feel
I am fitted for. My mother seems
to be a bit disappointed but I
think that is characteristic with
her and will in time wear off.
Even the proposition, given to
Harvard met with approval
and although they fear I shall
not be able to do it offer no
discouragement.

I have had a couple of letters
from Harvard neither of which
have said anything very definite.
They say that if (and I have al-
ready told them two times) I
have never been registered in

a college of liberal arts and
have near, therefore, successfully
completed a year's work in such
a college that I shall have to
take examinations for entrance
"probably" by the New Plan -
which would mean exams in
English, French, Physics and Math.
I have asked three times if I
may take the exam in English
and if I will get credit for
work in Syracuse and Rochester
but they have not yet answered
that question. Nothing has been
said about your writing them
but I presumed that was inter-
tional. I was talking with a
sample of Harvard students the

other day and both said the
exams were very hard and gave
me to understand they doubted
my passing them. I shall not let
that worry me however. I am
reading "The Young Man and

Civil Engineering" by Prof. Swain
of Harvard. It is very interesting
and gives me much useful infor-
mation and food for thought.

I received the magazine and
thank you for them very much.
They did contain much interesting
and informative to me.

I don't doubt you are enjoying
your vacation immensely. I
am enjoying the country but have
found little leisure time so
far. In fact I am less in the

distance. I have settled down
to Leighton now and must get
at real studying. I have started
Times History but have not made
much progress yet. I have also
written to Jinn & Co about Harvard
examination papers but have
received no answer yet.

I hope you have reviewed
this awful bit of scribbling and
also that I may enjoy some of your
own handwriting at an early date.
I must thank you for the fine
time you gave me three weeks ago
yesterday. Remember me most
kindly to Mrs. Tracy.

Most sincerely
George.

Graysart,
R. D. #4 —

Danbury, Conn.

[1 July 1925 *Postmarked*]

Caro Giorgio: —

One does not forget the unforgettable, especially at the beginning of summer! I am very grateful for your letter, which tells me so much of what you are & what, please God, you will be. One of the things you are is a good letter-writer. Keep it up: fluency on paper is never amiss.

You will, I am certain, go to Harvard, if that is what you are bent on doing & you make yourself invulnerable to discouragement. What annoys me is the evident slavishness to routine found in the answers to your queries as given by the Cerberuses of the university. One wonders whether they ever passed their entrance examinations. Summon all your patience & be sweet to them. They are like Old Father William: they have "answered three questions & that is enough." But ask them again & again, & don't remind them that you've asked them before. For my own information, will you write me a digest of your record, giving me a summary of your High School course, of your work at Syracuse, & your work at Rochester? I will then write them again, addressing myself directly to the Chairman of the Committee on Admissions. That functionary will have seen my previous letter, as the Dean wrote me he had passed it on to him. Make it quite clear that you are perfectly willing to take the examinations if they are considered necessary. You are a master of the art of passing examinations. But make it clear,

also, that you have been registered in a college of liberal arts & have completed much more than a year's work in such a college. It seems to be the old story: if students don't come in by the regular route, the officials in charge of admission are lost; they don't know what to advise if the case doesn't fit their Procrustean bed. You ought to be admitted (at least that!) on your record, & you ought to be admitted without examination, except possibly in English A. So stick to your guns & make them deliver the goods, as the saying is.

As for the entrance exams, the ordeal would not be hard for you, & it mightn't be a bad idea for you to review your Physics & Math, since you are going in for Civil Engineering. Your French should be allowed you without examination, & if you read & digest Taine, you won't have any trouble passing entrance English & anticipating English A. By the way, expound to them the nature of your courses in these regular academic subjects at Syracuse & at Rochester.

I shall be going to visit my friends at Outers Park probably during the latter part of July. From there I shall come down the mountain to Coxsackie & pick you up & bring you home with me for a week, if you are willing to come. You can ~~the~~ study here as easily as at home, - perhaps more so, as you can be absolutely left to yourself as much as you like, for I shall be in my workshop a good part of every day. If any change occurs in my plans, I shall let you know, & shall of course inform you

just when I expect to arrive in your midst.

I am delighted that your family approves of the project of entering the Harvard Engineering School.

With heartiest good wishes,

Faithfully,

Donald N. Tweedy

P.S. You understand, my dear fellow, that I am planning my exchequer so as to render you some relief next year, if you need it.

Coxsackie N. Y.
July 9, 1925.

Dear Mr. Tweedy,

I was very happy to find such a nice letter waiting for me when I got home from Tarrytown. When I wrote the card from there I expected to go home that night (Thursday) but just afterwards the man with whom I had gone said that he couldn't get all his cars that night and that a couple of us would have to stay down. I was delighted for I had wished all day that I could get down to N. Y. for a few hours to see some of my friends there. So I said I'd stay and started straight way for the station. I saw my teacher whom I studied with here and then went over to meet Habaker to stay for the night

with some friends. I hurried back
in the morning in order to get the
first cars so that if I got started
early enough I might get over to Dan-
bury. But I found myself there
alone (my companions, so-called, had
gone home) and I had to wait until
four before I could get away. Of
course at that hour I had only
a thought of getting home for I
was over a hundred miles from
home and you know one must
drive a new car very slowly. I
reached here about 11:30. On the
whole I had a good time - for you
know I like a little adventure now
and then.

I have been wanting to write you
until I heard more from Cambridge
but it is so late in the week that
I shall not wait any longer. I sent
a long letter last week in which

I enclosed a transcript of my high school work (one like the one I am enclosing with this) and a record of Syracuse work. I did not yet have that of the coach at Eastman. I also sent a statement from the present principal here who was one of my teachers when I was in high school. If I must say it myself it was a very good record. I have also written to the two, who were my principals, for statements from them, but have received no answer.

I seem to have mislaid my copy of the work at Syracuse but I'll put down here what I can remember. The work are guess work.

| | | |
|---------------|--------|-------------------|
| Pianos | 2 hrs. | C |
| Theory (Har.) | 2 " | 98 |
| Light Sing. | 1 " | 80 |
| Ear Train. | 1 " | 100 (summer year) |

| | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|----|
| English (Rhetoric) | 2 hrs. | 85 |
| Italian I | 2 hrs. | 90 |
| Physical Education (1 year) | 2 hrs. | 80 |

I think the other sheets are self-explanatory.

I can't very well insist that I have been registered in a college of liberal arts ~~for~~ I haven't.

In the first place they have what I take to be an inflexible rule that if one applies for admission more than six months after graduating from high school and if during that time one hasn't been registered in a college of liberal arts one must take the entrance exams. I don't doubt but that it would be good for me to review and I am reviewing, nevertheless it would help lots if I didn't have to take all the exams especially both the preliminary exam in English and English A. I am trying to avoid

taking an exam in trigonometry for if I should have to and should pass it I would be barred from taking trig in college and I would rather have a real good college study of it.

You may be assured that I thank you very very much for the P.S. on your letter. It is certainly very kind of you.

Of course, I will go wherever you come to take me and be delighted at the chance. Just say when you'll arrive and "I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door" There's more truth than poetry in that as you'll see when you arrive here.

I just at present am taking my father's place on the route. It's a rather easy job with short hours so I don't mind it. I don't

have to do much else but study.

There I think I've given you job
enough for once. It must be some
job to decipher these hieroglyphics
(is that right - there's no dictionary handy).
Give my kindest regards to Mrs.
Tweedley.

Most sincerely
George.

19 July, 1925.

Dear George:-

Mr. See having sent me some official school stationery, I have been trying the effect of it on the chairman of the Harvard Committee on Admission. I expect the stationery to win the day!

I have no difficulty whatever in reading your handwriting, so you need never shorten your letters out of consideration for my eyesight. If you could see my wife's handwriting, you would realize that no other could have any terrors for me. She is in Paris now, having sailed from New York two weeks ago for a little trip in France & England with my mother. My sister has come up from Danbury with her three little children (and her husband,) so that there is someone to run the house. But she has a list of guests of her own to plan for, so that it is still problematic when I shall be able to go & scoop you up. I shall try to make the trip during the remainder of this month, & shall inform you at least a couple of days in advance.

Your scholastic record is certainly impressive. The only subject which appears to be anything but easy for you is English. And since this is the subject which, more than any other, is the test of a man's cultivation, — I mean the language & literature of his own country, — you would do well to labor over it. Fortunately for all of us, we have as our heritage one of the greatest literatures the civilized world has ever produced. My own reading has not been any too broad, & I am only superficially acquainted with the works of genius of other nations. But I have read Plato & Aristotle, Goethe & Schiller, Dante & Boccaccio, Tolstoi & Dostoiensky, & most of the great French writers, & I feel safe in saying that no other European nation with a fine tradition in literature can equal England.

Style is something which depends on the individual, the clarity of his thought & the intensity of his feeling, but grammar is something we can all master in time. You say "I have been waiting to write you until I heard more from Cambridge." "Should hear" is correct, & "till" is a monosyllable & so preferable to "until", except in cases where euphony demands that the word begin with a vowel sound. "Recommend" for "recommendation" (the noun) is school-boy slang & bad English. "Shall & will" are a perennial difficulty. You say "If I should have to take (an exam in trigonometry) & should pass it, I would

be barred from taking trig in college," etc. The "would" is incorrect, of course. They are all "shoulds." And so it goes. These are all small things, infinitesimal but important to the fellow who is to pass English A. The readers of that examination will pounce on just such small faults in grammar. If you use slang, put it "in quotes". The general structure of what you write depends, not on rules for paragraphing, but on the clarity of your thought, though the general rule of "one subject to a paragraph", & a connecting idea, (a sort of train-coupling) to hitch one paragraph to another, will help secure coherence.

Are you enraged that I should fuss about the petty details of your letter? Please do not be! I am simply concerned that you begin to practice discrimination in ordinary speech & in ordinary correspondence. We are all apt to speak & to write friendly letters carelessly because life is so short & we don't want to seem finicky. But letters & conversation give us daily, hourly opportunity to mend our faults of diction. And the sooner we begin

consciously to eradicate errors (even if for a time we are a little self-conscious), the sooner we shall become persons of cultivation. It's exactly like hoeing a garden. Once get the weeds out & it becomes almost magically easy to keep them out, though one has to go over it often enough to prevent them from taking root again.

I should take my own sermon to heart, for I am still too great a syntactical sinner. I was looking over some of my collegiate essays the other day, & it was borne in upon me that I wrote (& probably spoke) better English then than I do now. "Shall & will" were always hard for me, and, in truth, there is no sense to the rule. But there it is, & we must make the best of it.

Are you enjoying Taine? It is a great book to dip into. The quotations alone form a history of the growth of English literature & the commentaries are all the more illuminating from having been made by an outsider; one, moreover, of an alien culture. The comparisons of English writers with their French contemporaries are especially interesting, ~~the~~ more so since the temper of the Frenchman is frequently con-

trusted with that of the Englishman. Having read Taine, you can begin to build up your own library of English & French books. The classics of both languages are now accessible in good, cheap editions. We will talk of these when you come to see me.

Though you are to become an engineer, that is no reason why you should not also become a man of seasoned taste in as many different fields as possible. The good craftsman in any art (and engineering can be an art) gains immeasurably by having a number of avocations. Music will always be one of yours, I suppose, but literature may well be equally important. Have as many hobbies as you can afford! It will be largely a question of time, not of money: there are so many cheap ones that are more fruitful than those which demand a plentiful income, & the museums ^{& libraries} are always available when your own funds are low. Your contentment in life & your value as a man among men will depend largely, not on your professional success, but on the number & the variety of the things you take delight in, from sunsets to symphonies. And for a full measure of delight, one must have the knowledge that, together with responsiveness, creates taste.

Don't let my animadversions on your grammar prevent you from writing me fully & freely. You must realize that teaching school carries its penalties, & that, whatever crimes you commit on paper, we are all sinners together, ^{further,} & that I have the nerve to call your small faults to your attention merely because of longer experience. Whatever & however you may write or speak, I seem to see a rather good sort of cuss behind the words, & I care enough about him to want him to be as unimpeded as possible, not only in verbal expression, but in all other ways as well.

Faithfully,
Donald N. Tweedy

R. D. # 4 ,
Danbury, Conn.
6 Aug. '25.

My dear Mr. Van Schaack :-

I took leave of George yesterday afternoon in New York, & since I believe he is not to return to you till Sunday, I am taking advantage of his absence from home to have a little confidential chat with you about him, when he needn't be embarrassed by knowing about it unless you want to tell him.

Some twenty-one years ago, when I was a lad of fourteen, my music-teacher asked my father to let him take me to Europe with him for the summer. He was a man of excellent character, but it still surprises me that my father should have had the

courage to entrust me to him. But so it happened, & that summer is the most vital memory I retain of my education. It was not schooling, it was experience of life, in a wider environment, & I shall always be grateful, both to my father for allowing me to go & to my old teacher (he is old, now,) for caring enough about me to put up with me for that length of time. I have always said that if, and when, I should meet with a promising youngster to whom I could possibly be of service in some such way, I should consider it a privilege to do for him what I could, provided, of course, that I liked ^{him} & trusted him to make good use of his opportunities.

George appealed to me from my first acquaintance with him in the class-room, not because he was unusually intelligent, - at least, not merely, - but principally because

he was sympathetic & responsive. He was always diligent, always cheerful, always good-tempered, though not too perfect in demeanor. I grew to look for him in class & to miss him when he was not there. It is comparatively seldom that a youth is not so completely absorbed in his own pursuits, ^{but} that he can find time to be really friendly outside of class. George was. We became better acquainted when he asked my advice as to his continuing in music. This led to further association, & so, finally, when he happened to tell me of some of his difficulties, I found I cared enough about him to give him a boost, & told him so. My invitation to him to come & visit me last week was extended with the object of getting him at close range for a longer period than could have been possible at Rochester, in order to make assurance doubly sure. I am happy to tell you that it is not only interest I feel in him now, but that he has really endeared himself to me, as he has to those of my people who are here with me. It took him a little time to feel perfectly free & easy with us, & he was rather shy & taciturn during the first day or two, but we are an informal & rather hilarious lot, so that he lost his diffidence very shortly. I did not make "company" of him, but left him to his books for hours at a time while I was engaged in my own work. We spent our evenings together or with the family, I read to him & he to me, & we talked, of course, about his future. I am ready to assist him in every way possible to undertake the proposed course in Civil Engineering at Harvard. It so happens that I have sufficient means to be able to spare him what he needs for this first year, up to, say, \$1,000. I have no children of my own to put aside provision for, & I have more than enough for my own needs & those of my wife.

Of course, he will need more than a thousand dollars, but he can earn something by himself, & by his second year he should have achieved a scholarship that will pay for his board & tuition. I shall not make this a condition of further assistance, but I shall advise him to apply for such a scholarship & to take pains that his record be such as unquestionably to deserve one, though, with his determination & ability, this last is hardly necessary.

George is far, probably, from being a genius in any line, but he has a much better chance of becoming a good, competent engineer than he had of becoming an expert musician. I am not offering to assist him because of any illusions as to phenomenal ability. He is merely a good student, tho

it is quite possible he may develop into a brilliant one. In some ways he is quite young for his age, but he has a fine spirit & excellent instincts. I want to help him for the sole reason that I have a deep affection for him, based on a fundamental congeniality. I am more attracted by his character than by his possibilities of achievement. Whatever he becomes professionally, I feel sure he will be a man of nobility & deep worth, & I think you & Mrs. Van Sack are to be congratulated on having a son who, whatever his small faults & foibles, has so much true gold in his composition.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking you both for welcoming me so cordially within your home last week. It was a

pleasure to make your acquaintance, & I am very glad
that George suggested it.

With best wishes to you both, -

Faithfully,

Donald H. Tweedy

5 Aug. '25.

DONALD TWEEDY
GRAYSBART, R. D. 4
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Mon Dieu cher Georges :-

What would happen if I wrote to you entirely in French? That's an unlikely happening, because I should wish to write with something approximating correctness, & to do so takes time & frequent consultation of the dictionary, & life is, just at present, too crowded for that. So I'll have to worry along in my own tongue, though I wish, for your sake, - i. e. for the sake of your improvement in French, - that I were sufficient master of that language to write it with as great readiness as English.

Day before yesterday I wrote a rather long letter to your father in which I told him you were a tolerably nice fellow (a thing he may not have ~~sus-~~pected) & that you had been a good boy, or words to that general effect. I also told him what I had intended to tell you before, & should have, last

Wednesday, if our time together had not come to such a seemingly abrupt termination. What with the luggage & the umbrella & the pictures to go to Beed's, I decided to write you instead of hurriedly informing you at the last moment.

You will, I hope, feel no reluctance at permitting me to help you materially to get through your first year at Harvard. You know that I was prepared to do this before you came to see me, & now that you have become, through your sympathy & understanding & trust, so much dearer to me than I had dreamed you could be, I shall feel that I'll be aiding a friend who is closer than a brother & that, moreover, it will be a joyous privilege to do so.

I am setting aside for your use next year the sum of \$1000. You may regard this in any way you please. It is a free gift. There are no strings to it. But in view of the fact that I am not in the

least a rich man & may some day be much less well off than I am now, I should prefer to have you regard it as a loan, advanced without condition, to be repaid or not, according as some day in the future you may be in circumstances to repay it. \$500. of it will be sent you as soon as you send me word that you have successfully passed your entrance examinations & have been admitted to Harvard without condition. The other half will be available on the first of February, 1926. I told your father, frankly, just what I proposed doing, & why I proposed to do it. I said it was not because I was under any illusions that you possessed genius or superlative ability of any description. You have a good intelligence without being deeply intellectual, if you know what I mean. You may be a competent engineer; it is only just possible that you may be a brilliant one, & if you should be, it will have meant tremendous & unflagging effort on your part. But that is really beside the point. I don't care about your professional success in comparison with your development as a man. You may become rich & well-known, but the important thing is that your nature, already so fine & so lovable, shall become ^{more} enriched & worth knowing. The great old Biblical saying about treasures on earth & in heaven applies here. Make sure of a competency, for without it one is cut off from many opportunities in life, but one's chief aim in life should be to get wisdom about life, to get understanding of truth & beauty & the things of the spirit. It is because you have already such promise in this regard that I love you & want to help you all I can, - not just materially, but in every way possible.

After this first year at Harvard, - possibly in the middle of it (the beginning of the second semester); if your scholarship

DONALD TWEEDY
GRAYBART, B. D. 4
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

record is high, you should be able to obtain financial aid from the university itself, & so be able to continue without too arduous labor on your part in "working your way through," & without continuing to be a charge upon your father. You would need, I think, to apply for this well in advance, - possibly during the first week of this college year or directly after you have "found a job." It will help you if they know you are working to support yourself.

Thanks very much for executing the commission at Beed's. Did you tell them how the original is framed at the Metropolitan? In any case, I shall do so by letter, - & of course they should be glazed. But they always do an artistic job there, & I find that if I let them alone, the results are always quite satisfactory.

I have missed you more keenly than I care to confess. But I shall worry along. That we shall meet again before I have to go out to Rochester seems very doubtful, & I should be thankful if you would make it possible. You almost got here unexpectedly earlier in the summer, & perhaps you might really manage it later. But I've made up my mind that if I have to wait till you are established somewhere in Cambridge, - till Christmas vacation possibly, - why there's nothing except to be patient. If by any chance you get to New York City again before Sept. 10th, send me word, & I'll take the next train if it's humanly possible. We can put up at a hotel, since the rules do not permit the introduction of a guest to the Harvard Club more than once in any one year.

Bob gets his little pan of water & growls at intruders from the Log Cabin porch every night, & the late moon is still silvering the surface of the lake. I finished As You Like It all by myself, last evening, & then went out & contemplated the moonlight for the duration of a last cigarette. My soul was full of pleasant melancholy. There was no one to go for a midnight swim with, so I didn't go.

Anne's first question, the morning after you left with me was "Where's George?" You made an undoubted conquest. (at least one!) Marguerite received your note that same morning & was much pleased to get it. Please remember me warmly to all your people, & with a heart full of affection for your own dear self,
Faithfully, Donald

10 Aug. '25

Monday P.M.

Dear Donald

Your most wonderful letter came this afternoon. I hardly know what to say. If it will make you happy for me to do as you wish, and I think it will, I shall do so. My thanks will be an attempt to be worthy of your love and friendship. I can accept it from you only as from one closer than a brother and that I believe you to be to me. I shall accept

it just as you wish me to.

Those words, "pleasant melancholy" express just what I have felt since we parted. I miss you more than I have ever missed any one and at the same time have the most pleasant memories and expectations.

My father has told me of the letter you wrote him. He said it is the finest letter he has ever received. I wish you could understand what this means to my people. To be so relieved of anxiety over me will be a most wonderful help to them.

I, too, have finished the play. It is a delightful comedy.

I like it much more than "A
Midsummer Night's Dream".

I called on the local English
teacher this afternoon and she
has consented to give me some
reviews in the more important
works which I read in high
school. While I was there she
told me a fellow had spoken to
her about someone who might
tutor him in Plane Geometry.

She had suggested me and wanted
to know if I would do it. Of
course I said "yes" for while
I'm reviewing, myself, it would
help a great deal to have to
teach it to someone else. In
losing I shall get the job

for it would be great fun
as well.

The books were received and
I thank you very much for the
use of them. I shall tackle
them in earnest tomorrow.

My poison ivy has left
me at last. It seemed to
like my hands for it hung
on there quite a while. Learning
to know poison ivy was one
of the many things I learned
at Grayson.

I certainly hope I may see
you again before you "go west"
but I am afraid I shall not.
Well "I shall worry along".

I had a very nice time in the "metro" but have had my fill for a long time. I shall stay here until N.Y. stands for the world. I called on my old music teacher. She is still firmly in the belief of my great genius and thinks I shall "come back".

Do you think I better apply to take English A exam? The course would undoubtedly do me much good if I ^{should live} ~~passed~~ it.

How are the children? They also made an undoubted conquest. If you wake up some

morning and find some of them
missing you will know where
to look.

Yes, I should love to receive
a letter from you written all
in French. Perhaps I shall
attempt one, some time, as a
practical test. At any rate I
shall await early word from
you.

I send my kindest regards to
everyone and much love for
yourself.

Sincerely
George.

28 Sept., 1925.

Caro, carissimo Giorgio!

Your letter with the gladsome tidings has just reached me on my return from the school, & I cannot begin to tell you how happy it makes me to realize that you are safely past the Scylla & Charybdis of the examinations. Of course, I knew they ought to admit you; I still think they should have let you in without examination, but rules are rules, & it's all over now. You will probably not have to face a more trying ordeal in all the remainder of your college experience, & I congratulate you with all my heart on having successfully come through this one. If they had held you up, I should have felt like beating the heads off 'n 'em, but they didn't, & there you are, & that's that!

I'm enclosing ^{hotel} your salary for the first semester, & it goes to you with my love & the best of good wishes. After you settle for your tuition, - or before - you had better deposit the check with the Harvard Trust Co. (they know me there, if you have to have a reference) - & then you can draw out such sums as you need when you need them. The other half will follow in a few days, but I'm hung up till the 1st of October, since my 1925-26 salary doesn't start till then. However, that's only two days off.

Let me hear the whole story of the exams - & as ample a tale of your "reactions" to Cambridge as you have time for. I am pretty thoroughly occupied myself, just now, but I shall be able to scribble a bit to you now & then. Good luck with permanent quarters! If you need furniture, we have some in storage in Cambridge which we should be glad to have you use, - a good bed & chairs, but no desks. Let me know about this.

Mrs. Tweedy adds her congratulations & best wishes to mine.

With love, always,

Donald

Oct. 31, 1925.

Dear Donald

I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting so long for a letter; but what with a dreadful cold, home exams coming and an odd job or two I've been so busy that I've had no time to write.

I was very glad to get your two letters and hear that you were going to the

festival. I do think,
however, that Mrs. Coolidge
might have picked Cambridge
instead of Washington!

Two weeks ago tomorrow
I succeeded in getting your
cousins on the phone. Mr
Tweedy was, however, not
at home but in New Haven
with their son. You didn't
tell me that they had a
fourteen year old son, Harold.

Mrs Tweedy had a friend from
Providence and the three
of us walked over to the
Injunway to see a nephew
of hers, and then back to
the Yard where I left them.
I liked Mrs. Tweedy very
much and she was very
cordial but I have neither
seen or heard of any of them
since. She said that Harold
was studying cells and that
perhaps I could accompany
him. I had, of course, to
say I'd try. My sympathies

on all with Harold if I
ever do.

Of course I should love
to read your Philip Hale's
criticisms and shall try
to do so. I was able to
hear neither of the last
two concerts. Last week
I did not plan to go for
I knew I should be too
busy and yesterday at the
last minute I got a chance
to work so had to forego
Schumann.

I heard the Philharmonie

of N.Y. last week and had
 a very enjoyable evening.
 The first number was a
 suite of Bachs and Mengelberg
 played the harpsichord part.
 I had never heard a harpsi-
 chord before so I was much
 interested. I think its quite
 charming and hope to hear
 one soon again.

The symphony was
 Brahms second, and as
 per usual I didn't get it

although I could find my way around the first movement fairly well.

I shall never forget the first time I heard its theme. You gave it to us in Ear Dull!! the day Gourens played it two years ago. None of us could identify it.

The singer of the evening was a niece of Kausseantety. She could murder the pitch

marvelously.

The other number was Strauss Dan Swan. I did not have much difficulty in following it and rather liked it.

I watched at the Harvard Dartmouth game last week and saw an shameful defeat. I don't know much about football but I know the Harvard team is punch. We just beat William & Mary - a little college, 14 to 7 - should have been 40 to 7!!

I hope you're having the fine
weather today that we're having
here. 'T was the day for a
long time. But - ain't got
nobody to go hikin' with.
Everything is fine here except -
I get most frightfully lousesome.
I don't see why I had to be
made so backful and backsoad.
There's really no sense to it but
I just don't get over it.
(Of the pines across the

may doerit stop playing the
Star of the Sea and the Black
Hawk etc I shall go crazy!)

The lovely Vee Mee was
received in fine condition.
I think it's great and thank
you ever so much. It is a
constant source of delight.

You may remember me to
Miss Cummings if you think
of it. I must write her
something sometime. She
was always very kind to

me and always seemed
so interested. She is sadly
misunderstood by the student
body.

Remember me also to
Coaxford. I never knew
him very well but he was
very kind to me ~~id~~ when
I was in Syracuse. I
should love to see him
doing English folk-dancing.
Well, for all that, I'd love
to see you all doing it —

or not doing it so long as I
saw you.

Well I must stop this
scribble and attack Macaulay.
He's a pretty good old soul
but I hate to antline him.

The kindest regards to
Mrs. Moody and much love
for you.

George.

HOTEL DES DEUX VILLES
LA HAYE

Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
Persis Smith Hall, A 41,
Cambridge 38, Mass.

U.S.A.

Via England.

e, mailed forward to
Van Schradack,
Cossackie, N. Y.

From D. N. Tweedy,
% Brown Shipley & Co.,
123 Bell Mall, S. W. - London, Eng.

The Hague,
16 July, '26.

Dear George: -

The boat was just as bad as I anticipated, & I should have been bored to extinction if it had not been for that pleasant little time-killer, Bridge Whist. The weather was so foggy two days out of New York & one before we reached the English coast that we lost all the expected gain that might have resulted from our hour of departure, which, you remember, was ten minutes after midnight. We had no rough weather & were quite comfortable, but I was, as usual, deeply delighted to see land again, especially where that land was Plymouth Harbor. Of course,

the Pilgrim fathers sailed from there, & so did
Sir Francis Drake, but that is not what
thrilled me. The thrill came from the sheer
beauty of the green-clad hills — "With
Verdure Clad, the Fields Rejoice", — as Papa
Haydn sang in the Creation, & surely he
knew the hills of England. Those of Devon-
shire are particularly lovely, with a gray
old church-tower here & there, & hedges as
dividing-lines, & a flock of sheep dotting
the green in one upland meadow, & a
manor-house or two surrounded by trees,
then fishing-villages & old fortifications
& rough & rugged rocks at the sea's edge;
then the sea itself in the foreground, & sails
white & red & brown, & a host of gulls
screaming about the ship as she cast an-
chor & waited for the tender which was to
take off the passengers for Britain, & which,
by the way, was named "Sir Francis Drake".

We stayed on, of course, & watched more passengers off at Cherbourg that evening, & the next morning when I got on deck we were off the coast of Belgium, ploughing along in the North Sea, & reached the mouth of the Scheldt about noon. There, on shore, was the first Dutch windmill, gesticulating in welcome, & then, after three hours of rapid progress up the river, we landed at Antwerp at three in the afternoon, almost in the shadow of the lovely bell-tower that crowns the cathedral of the old Flemish town. We spent the next day there, having been met by my sister-in-law, & then boarded a train for the Hague, where we are now. It is, I think, the loveliest city in Holland. The enclosed postcards will give you some idea of its charming canals arched over with trees & bordered with quiet, dignified, stately old houses, some of which are quite like those on Chestnut St. in Boston.

I have thought of you many times since we crossed the Dutch border, for the simple reason that many of the young men one sees here are extraordinarily like you. You are more Dutch in physiognomy than perhaps you realize, especially your eyes & your brow. I had the curiosity this evening to look up your name in the city directory. There is one Van Schaak, which is here pronounced with the double-a like our word "Ah", & of course the ch is slightly guttural. There are about twenty Van Schaicks, pronounced here to rhyme with our word "like". I thought you & your father might be interested in this little research, & I hope

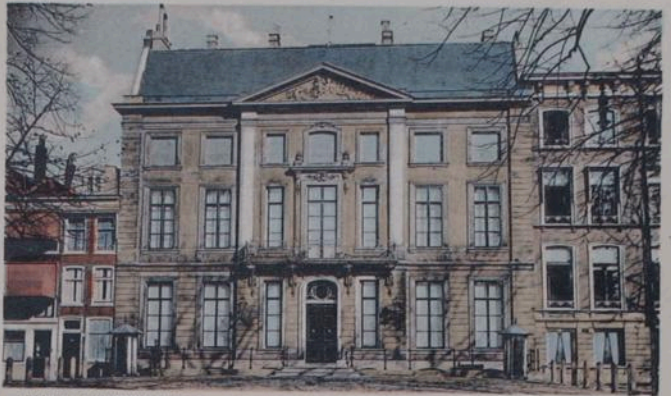
that some day you will see Holland with your own eyes. It is an intimate sort of country, with tiny fields intensively cultivated between the canals, & irrigated by smaller canals, - really ditches, - at a lower level than the waterways used for transportation. Modern electric pumps are destined, they say, to oust the windmills, but that artistic catastrophe has not happened yet. I am glad to say, & three or four of those highly picturesque objects are still to be seen, whichever way one looks when in the country, though most of them are not in motion at this time of year, there having been plenty of rain. I have never seen such lovely gardens, such a wealth of roses. It is past the time for bulbs, but I should like to visit here in

May, when the tulips are in bloom. It must be a gorgeous sight.

Holland is surprisingly small. On the train, you are hardly out of sight of one town before another comes in view. — Rotterdam, Schiedam, Delft, The Hague, Leiden, Haarlem, & Amsterdam are all strung along within half an hour of each other, & usually less. One sees a busy, sturdy, apparently prosperous people. In poking about the towns, there is no evidence of abject poverty anywhere, as in England or America. There is occasionally some bad drainage & consequent smells, but the general rule is neatness & astounding cleanliness. Tonight I saw one woman scrubbing a gasoline pump

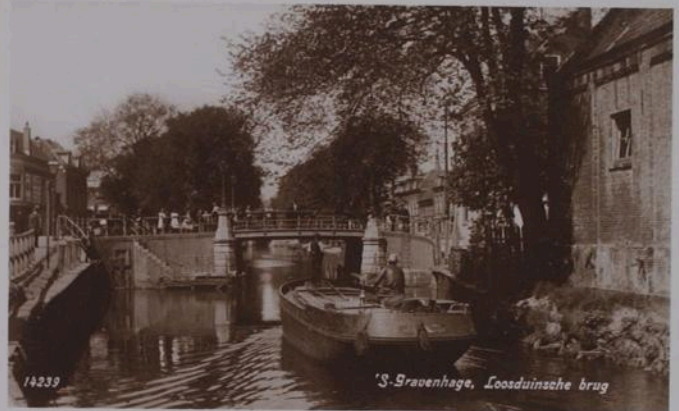
If the bird familiar to us, with soap & water & elbow-grease; she probably does that every day, & they all regularly scrub the wood of their houses, though the preservative material is brick.

Today we spent the morning in Delft & the afternoon in Haarlem, & tomorrow we spend the day in Amsterdam. On Sunday we leave for Brussels, & after a few days in Belgium, north the English Channel from Calais to Dover, & then I'll be in London till July 30th, when the Cambridge school begins. I'm having a hell of a time, even if I wasn't particularly apt about coming. I hope you'll enjoy your vacation school, & will be moved to write frequently. With my love, Donald



PALEIS KONINGIN MOEDER

DEN HAAG



19239

'S. Gravenhage, Loosduinsche brug

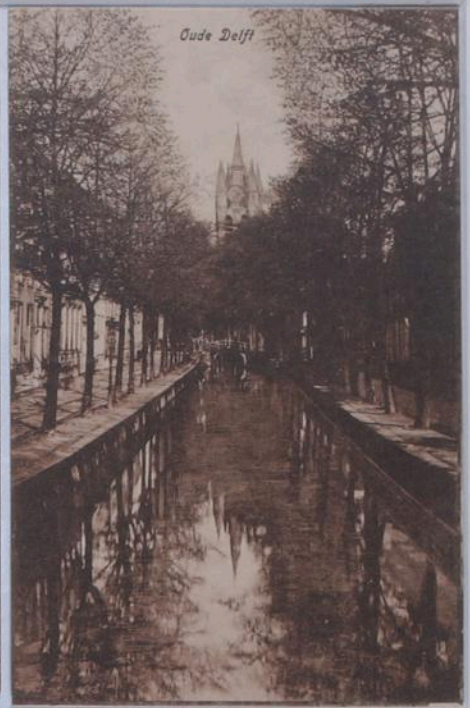


Bruges Quai Vert.

21 July '26.

Dear George:- This will show you why people, especially artists, like to go to Europe! I have never been to Bruges before, but I am sure I shall return again & again, for I fell in love with it at first sight, & three days' stay has only deepened the impression. In the tower near the middle of the picture is one of the most celebrated carillons of Flanders, & the bells ring out four times every hour from seven A.M. to midnight. But the great fun is when they are played by a carillonneur. These men have a special technique, & the result is curious if not especially musical, & contributes to the local color. -

Tomorrow we leave for London, by way of Ostend & Dover, & I'm hoping the Channel will not be too rough! With my love, Donald





Printed in
England
BY
FRITH
1888.

I suppose this was the
ideal before the architects
of the Freshman dorms
when they designed the
dining-halls. How far did
they fall short, & how
much is there here that
only age can effect?

POST CARD
FRITH'S SERIES

The Address only to be written here

This space may be used for Comments when

FRITH & CO., LTD., ENGLAND, ENGLAND, No. 1078



Cambridge, Emmanuel College, First Court.

Printed to
be used
as
a
stamp
or
mark.

Here's where John Harvard
went to college.

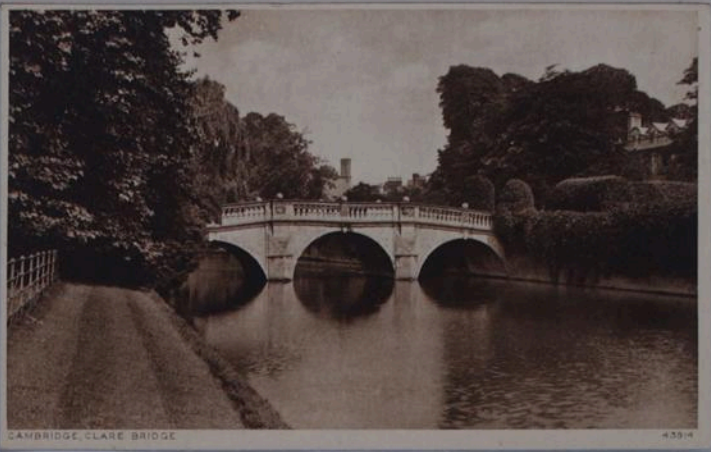
Incidentally, it illustrates
the manner in which most
of the colleges at Oxford &
Cambridge are built - the
quadrangle idea.

POST CARD
FRITH'S SERIES

The space may be used for communication

The address only to be written here

Printed & Co., Ltd., London, W. 1905



Here is one of the loveliest of
the collegiate bridges. Notice how
luxuriant the vegetable growth is
in England, - or perhaps I
should say the vegetation. Can
you imagine what a delight
it is to paddle your own
cauoe on this river.

POST CARD

FOR CORRESPONDENCE

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This is the best card I can find to give you an idea of what the Cam is like. This bridge is one of the few public bridges, & the public right of way through the university territory is just as narrow as the bridge. Does this remind you of the Charles at Cambridge, Mass.??

The chap in the nearest boat is "junting", i.e. he has a pole about 15 ft. long which he lets drop in an upright position to the bottom of the river. Then he leans his weight upon it & the boat moves on leisurely. Whereupon he withdraws it & begins all over again. It's rather a wet job. I prefer a paddle!

POST CARD

REFERENCE

Copyright Publication of Theodor Steinkopff, Frankfurt, 1911



Paris, Sept. 7, 1926. —
Dear George: I suppose this will reach you a few days too late to greet you on your birthday, but I am not sure enough of the day to be exact, in any case. Last year, when we were on our way to Plattsburgh, you informed me I was giving you a birthday present but the day itself had not yet dawned, if I remember aright. At any rate, this is to show that I recollect you were born around Sept. 12th & that I'm grateful for that fact. You have my deepest wishes for your happiness during all the coming year and always.

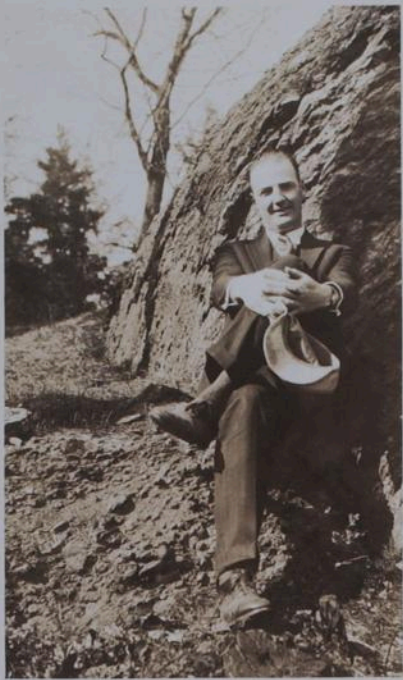
A fortnight in Paris is an ideal

70 PARIS - L'Avenue des Champs-Élysées
et les Chevaux de Marly.
Carré de Guillaume Levasseur.
The "Champs-Élysées" and "Marly
Horses"



conclusion to a European tour. We
 are taking excursions, - have been
 out to St. Denis, Beauvais, & Fon-
 tainebleau, & are going to Chartres
 to Rouen in the few days that re-
 main. But it is delightful just to be
 in this most beautiful of all European
 cities, to go to the Comedie Francaise
 (we shall have been four times) & hear
 the language exquisitely spoken & the
 chefs-d'œuvre of the French theatre su-
 perbly acted, to roam the streets full
 of shops that are a constant tempta-
 tion, especially the book & picture
 shops to sit out of doors at a cafe &
 watch the people go by while you have
 tea or chocolate or beer or whatever
 you like, - there is no city so wonder-
 ful so constantly captivating, as Paris.
 You must see it some day, so don't
 lose your French! We sail in 3 days.

With my love, Donald





DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

4 Dec., '26.

My dear Mr. Van Schaack:—

As I've written George, I knew he was bright, but not that he was that bright! I am delighted at his record, & all the more because I know he's working for the thing behind the marks and not for the marks themselves. I had no idea that his standing was the best in his School, for though he has sent me a report each term, I had no means of comparing his record with that of his fellows. Now if he can only keep it up without endangering his health! I think you must get him out in the sun next summer & keep him there. I shall see him, I hope, around the 15th of this month, & you will see him shortly thereafter. If he seems perfectly well & strong,

there is nothing for it but to let him go his own
gait, but he's going to get cross-examined
by me. I don't believe in too much study,
& I think good health a most precious
thing. But George has plenty of good
Dutch commonsense, & probably he's
all right.

Please give my warm regards to Mrs. Van
Schaack & tell her I hope she is now more
nearly reconciled to our putting George out of
music & into engineering (or into chemistry, if
it so wventuates.) He was sure to be a poor
musician in more than one sense, in spite of
his alert intelligence, but I think it begins to
look as though he would become a good
scientist.

With cordial good wishes & my thanks for
allowing me to see the enclosed,

Faithfully, Donald N. Tweedy

5 Mar., 1927.

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Dear George :-

Of course you can have anything we got!

As to the fraternity, if you like the men who are in it, and are sure you will have time to devote to it (for all these things take precious time), go ahead. I don't believe in fraternities, myself. If men want to form a club & meet in each other's rooms every week, with enough dues to cover refreshments, for the purpose of talking about something worthwhile, it seems to me that that is all the "organization" they need. But I know that youngsters & oldsters in this Sweet Land of Secrecy are fond of the rites and costumes and bifurcated titles identified with fraternal hocus-focus, and it takes considerable courage & individuality to keep out of the herd.

On the other hand, anything which would tend to get you away from your desk & your reading -

laure & your laboratories would be all to the good. Of course, it would be better if what you did when not studying were in the nature of physical exercise in the open air. Common-sense would dictate that. But you are old enough to lose yourself, & if you are unwise in your judgment of what is best for you, you are the one who will suffer most. There is certainly no point in jeopardizing your health for the sake of a few collegiate marks, and there is also the old adage to be remembered:

"All work and no play
Makes George a dull boy!"

You certainly ought to haul yourself round periodically to see Raymond & Hilda, & also Mrs. Pray. You like them & they like you, and there is no question of intrusion! Telephone first if you like. Raymond & his family are going abroad in June for two years, tho' Raymond himself will not remain so long. — Thanks for the message from the Saunderses; I shall

write to them as soon as certain onerous duties, like making out my Income Tax Return, are off my hands.

Now, as to your own needs. We have had so many heavy expenditures in connection with this house that I am unable to let you have \$175 in one sum. I am enclosing \$50. and will try to send you an equivalent amount each month till June. Will that do?

We are going to have a grand Folk Dance party tonight in the University gym. We have about 75 members now, & next year the School will start a Folk Dance course in earnest as part of the regular Physical Education. More fun than learning to swim - What?

Any chance of a glimpse of you during the Spring Vacation? We leave here for Danbury in the Chrysler, April 16th. If you are going home, plan to go or come via New York City & I'll meet you there any time after the 17th. With my love always,
Donald

Sun., Mar. 20, 1927.

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Dear George: -

'Tis high time I were in bed, but I don't want to go without bidding you Goodnight. You have become so inexpressibly dear to me, I hate to let a week go by without sending some word to you, be it ever so brief. I think neither of us is sentimental, - thank God! - all the same, it means a deal to me to have a letter from you like this last. There are many things to say too precious to be written, so we'll just have to develop our power of reading between the lines.

We've been frightfully busy, up late every night, and sometimes long after midnight. And when I have to be up early in time for a nine o'clock class, I get in arrears for sleep & have to make it up on my free days. Thus now I'm weary, but not too weary to chat a little with you & send you my love and a God-bless-you!

My sister, Marguerite, is coming to visit us

this week. Jim Biggs has gone out to Colorado to visit his people. Marguerite accompanied him as far as Buffalo, where she is now staying with friends, and will come here on Wednesday for over the week-end. It will be good to have her here. She has never made us an over-night visit, just stopt over once last year between trains.

On Tuesday evening we have a concert by Paul Robeson, the negro singer of spirituals. Wednesday, Alphonse Pelletier, the first horn-player of the Detroit Symphony, will be in town with the orchestra, & I'm trying to arrange for him to come here in the afternoon & play the Brahms Horn Trio. We've been working up the piano part, & it's some job, I assure you. Brahms never had any mercy on the poor pianist. We're not going to the concert, as it seems to be planned as a sort of Jewish festival, the program consisting of works by Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Meyerbeer, and Goldmark, - with Kol Nidrei as an interlude! Dear Jehovah! Lieber Herrgott!

On Thursday evening we have a concert by Fritz Kreisler in the Eastman Theatre, and so it goes.

It's always a boon to have Philip Hale's criticisms of the Symphony concerts. Please keep right on sending them. We have no such constructive musical reviews in this place, more's the pity.

My Easter vacation begins to look complicated. We leave here Friday the 15th of April in the Chrysler, and spend that night at Ithaca, probably. Then, with an early start, we should make Dauray the next day, if Mrs. Tweedy can stand the long trip. Then she is going to Boston to have her eyes attended to, for she needs a change of glasses, but is returning to Dauray the 23^d to be with me on my birthday. As Friday is the 23^d, we must start back for Rochester the next morning in order to reach here Sunday evening. I think perhaps your plan involving Poughkeepsie may prove the one to be chosen, tho we might return via Coxsackie-Albany & take you with us to that place, you going on by train to Cambridge Sunday A.M. Anyhow, we'll fix it some way. With a great deal of love,
Donald

5 May, '27

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Dear George:

I'm mailing you today a white flannel shirt which has shrunk & shrunk till its much too small for me. But as its an A no. 1 shirt, of the kind one cannot buy in the U.S.A., I'm hoping you can find some use for it. If not, pass it on. I'm enclosing your third check, & the fourth will reach you soon after the first of June. My blessing comes with it.

We are having a remarkable Spring, - clear cool weather for days on end. Where can all the rain be falling that is flooding the Mississippi basin? Surely not on the Eastern side.

Just four weeks more till exams, - and so much to be done! Don't expect another letter till vacation.

Faithfully, Donald

29 June, '27.

DONALD TWEEDY
GRAYBART, R. D. 4
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Dear George:-

Your letter carried a nice warm friendly glow with it, and brought a fresh sense of our deepening comradeship. I hope you will find time to write frequently and at length this summer. I feel the need of you, so don't let your prospective enforced acquaintance with the exterior of letters prevent you from planning a few interiors.

What fun and what joy we did have!

We reached Graybart last Wednesday without mishap, having lunch at Kingston, crossing the river at Highland & giving Ralph a glimpse of Yassar. We arrived home in time to go swimming before dinner.

Please tell your Mother I appreciate very deeply her wanting to ask us in for the midday meal, but I am

sure it would have been an imposition, with three in the party. It's all very well to be hospitable, but not to quite that extent! Your mother has enough to do without such extras, and if we had been asked, we should have felt obliged to refuse, for her sake. I'm sorry she has not been well. Can't you send her on a vacation?

Lulu left us yesterday morning, driving to Woodstock alone. She is certainly a good sport, and we enjoyed her visit very much. She had many nice things to say of you, which of course I was reluctant to hear!!! I think she enjoyed her conversations with both you & Ralph. She says Ralph simply must go to a dentist & have prophylactic treatment, but otherwise she approves of him emphatically & thinks he has much promise. I find Ralph good wood all through. He is not nearly so gauche as I had expected; in fact, his bodily awkwardness is about the only immaturity about him. His mind is alert and open; he has few

prejudices. He has attained considerable poise and makes friends easily in spite of his lack of exterior charm. People thinks they're not going to like him, & then suddenly find themselves liking him very much. He is easily adaptable, is unselfish, has few imperative wants, minds his own business, & has a saving sense of humor. I am really very glad I have him here instead of Herbert Mch. You & he are alike in one respect: you are both comfortable persons to have around, - easy to live with, helpful, understanding, sympathetic. I can see that to have Ralph here for a month after Mother & Father come up is going to be no strain on anybody. As for his assistance in my work, it is absolutely competent; he is very much interested, and he knows what good work is & likes to do it. I cannot imagine a more thoroughly satisfactory co-worker. I have written about thirty pages of the book this week, and this is the hard part. When I get to the actual technic of four-part writing, I shall have recourse to my notes made during the past four years, & the job will be more largely one of arrangement of what has already been written. I think we shall finish about the first of August, and then I shall drive Betty up to Maine & possibly remain there a few days. Suppose you plan tentatively to come here during the week of August 14th to 21st. We may not be here all the time, - might go to New York to hear a stadium-concert & go to the matinees, - might go to Amherst & have a look at the folk-dancing. At any rate, please reserve those eight days.

Betty & Ralph both send you greetings. Ralph is reading Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat", which may prove an eye-opener for him. Betty is immersed in the "Atlantic". We have an open fire, as the evening is damp & chilly. Please write soon. I miss you more than I can say. With deepest love,
Donald



THE COMMODORE
FORTY SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. BISHOP
GEORGE W. S. STEWART
100 WEST 42 ST.

15 July '24

Dear George. — We just seen Raymond & Hilda + Harold off on the Arabic + since it's much too hot to go to bed + much too humid to think of sleeping even if one did go to bed, I shall seize the opportunity to write to the dearest fellow in all the world. I can never stay here again without remembering our vigil here together, so you are uppermost in my thought as I face another vigil, this time alone. I don't wish you in the city in this terrific heat, though. It's bad enough to think of you having to cover a mail route in a country town. I wouldn't have come down today if it hadn't been for my cousins; I'd have waited till the

hot wave abated. As things are, I accomplished a little less than I expected, as about 4³⁰ I simply had to retire to the Harvard Club, strip off my clothes & wallow in the swimming-pool till my temperature toned down a bit. Speaking of wallowing, I found that I weigh but slightly over 175 stripped, which is comforting, as I used to tip the scales at 185 or so, about six years ago. I could stand losing about ten more pounds, & maybe I'll manage it this winter.

Raymond & Hilda looked well in spite of the ordeal they've been through. The heat started with them from Boston & pursued them through Binghampton to New York. Last night they were on a sleeper, and if there's one place hotter than another in this hellish weather, it's a berth in a Pullman sleeping-car. Harold is tough; if he can survive Havelock Ellis's

2



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 NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. BOWEN
 ARCHT. & ENGR.
 GEORGE W. SWINNEY
 1015 B'WAY & 10th

"Studies in the Psychology of Sex", nothing Nature could do would daunt him! The three of them were at the home of a Mrs. Brooks on Henderson Place, — a charming little house full of nice books & prints. I went there about 9 P.M. & then we taxied to the pier & I stayed with them about half an hour, cooling off on the upper decks of the ship. They are to land in Antwerp just as we did last July, & go almost directly to Munich to interview the headmaster of a school near there where Harold is to be for two years. I gave them your message, and they spoke of you with affection, bless them! Raymond will be

back in Cambridge when you reach there in September. I wish I were going to be!

Your account of the church service last Sunday was harrowing. I'm glad I have no relatives whose feeling that I ought to go to church I'd be bound to respect. I'm through with institutional religion and I don't believe in God as the churches envisage that divine concept. To me, God is what seems right and beautiful and true in life and in my fellow-beings, — at least, that's what I'm willing to fight & die for, if need be. In short, God is the reason for existence, its justification, its goal. What do we live & strive for? Surely not the Christian Heaven, though ever so liberally interpreted. I think we must find our Heaven here, and come as near to the realization of our ideal of conduct as we can during the brief span of conscious individuality permitted us. I am absolutely unconvinced of the possibility of personal

3.



THE COMMODORE
FORTY SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JOHN W. E. BURNLEY
MANAGER
GEORGE W. SWINNEY
1913 FEB 2 1914

immortality. I think we must face death as a final and eternal sundering. We could live in our descendants if we had any, that is, the seed of me could produce more life with some of my traits, and that in turn still more, till a cataclysm of nature should eventually snuff out the human race which, for all its centuries upon this earth, can be but a brief flame in the light of eternity. For my part, I am content to have the privilege of a few years of knowing that I exist. The veil lifted thirty-seven years ago, — some day it will descend again, and I shall be as a

dried flower, this body untenanted, and, I hope, reduced to ashes. But the interim is mine. Why do we delude ourselves and each other with myths and legends and "divine promises" about a life hereafter? Only because we love to live and have no taste for the prospect of non-existence when our moment to go shall have arrived. Oh, I would like to believe in 'immortality', meaning my own continued personal existence. But everything in Nature cries out against such a possibility. Nature says: 'I bring life to pass by means of seeds. My processes are simple, my ultimate aim is my secret. The plant flowers and dies when its flowering-time is done, unless other lives I have created suffocate or slay it, or unless it dashes itself to pieces while hazarding disregard



THE COMMODORE
FORTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

JOHN W. E. RICHMOND
DESIGNED BY
GEORGE W. EVERTY
1925

of my laws. If it shall have met the conditions I have established for the production of fertile seed, and that seed shall have fallen so that a new creature can take root, then its kind will be perpetuated, but not itself.' No one can work among plants and animals and observe them thoughtfully and not feel the overwhelming emphasis with which Nature, day by day + hour by hour, makes this denial of the perpetuity of individual existence. John Burroughs and Luther Burbank, both, heard and recorded this denial.

And who are they, the Church asks, to be listened to when we have the testimony of our miraculously born Jesus Christ to the contrary?

I respect, I revere the personality of Jesus. He so lived and labored that the quality of his spirit has been an influence for nobility of human character twenty centuries after his tragic death. Yet if such a man appeared among us today, I believe he would be regarded as mad, and either violently put to death even as Jesus was, or else shut up in an asylum. And it must be recalled that, sincerely, in the name of Jesus, many shameful deeds of cruelty and intolerance have been committed. It is even hard to decide whether, on the whole, his life and teachings resulted in greater good or in greater evil! He meant to bring truth and light; he meant to establish a rule for righteous living. How many, calling themselves Christians, are willing to live one hour of one day according



THE COMMODORE

FORTY SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
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PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. DONOVAN
GEORGE W. H. HENNING
1923 1924 A. B. M.

to that rule? They keep, of his teaching, what suits their desires, especially, — so far above any precept of love and service to their fellow-beings, — the comfortable assurance of immortality. The simple faith of Jesus, — in the fatherhood of God, in the human nature, sublimated, which could regard with pity the sufferings of us earthly mortals, is a beautiful faith. Those who hold to it have my sympathy and my utter tolerance. I would not break down their source of spiritual strength. But my own attitude in the face of life could not be buttressed by the utterances

of a Jewish prophet reported many years after his death by scribes who knew not the real man, and when his story had already become folk-lore.

Above all, I could not accept the story of his miraculous birth, nor that he died to save me from the consequences of my sins. The whole value of his life would lie in his essential humanity, - in his being a man like you and me, in his being no more and no less divine.

And no one can "redeem" me and give me immortal life if Nature says No.

And it seems to me that Nature does say just that. So that Jesus, in my life, falls into place side by side with Buddha, with Confucius, with Plato,



THE COMMODORE
FORTY SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE
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PERSHING SQUARE
NEW YORK

JOHN MC E. BISHOPMAN
GEORGE W. STEENY
THE PIER & SHIP

with Euripides and Shakespeare and
Bach and Beethoven and Emerson,
— with all those who have proclaimed,
with greater insight than the commonality,
and with greater power, the things that
are possible to the human spirit in beauty
and wisdom and nobility of thought and
feeling. He is a potent influence for
righteousness in living, but he does not
solve for me the riddle of existence. I must
solve that for myself, scrutinizing all things
within my ken with what intensity of perception
I am possessed. And the Bible is no more,
in this interesting, this fascinating survey of

experience, than the flower in my garden or the dog who loves me or the fellow-being I love. So it is wonderful and true that you, who are my beloved friend, have taught me more that is of value to me than any book, or any church, or any work of philosophy or art could teach me. If life were to hold nothing more, the privilege of having known you as we know each other, would suffice. But how much more it holds!

There are many more things I have in my heart to say to you, but they must wait, for at last I believe I'm tired enough to go to sleep in spite of the heat.

Good night, you Blessing, — my deepest love goes out to you, and the thought of you is solace and strength in every hardship and trial of my spirit.

Donald

Sunday, July 31, 1924.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER
EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Carississimo Giorgio:-

I think of you as being able now to rest from your labors as letter-carrier, and I hope you won't find it irksome to have nothing regular to do. Your letter hints at the difficulty of the situation in which you find yourself at home. Well, each of us can keep his own inner life sacred and inviolate, tho it is hard to be unable to express freely what one thinks & feels about the essentials of living. A certain amount of outward conformation to the habits of mind of those under whose roof one lives is certainly due them. Parents have, in my opinion, an unquestionable right to say to their children something like this: 'As long as you are in my house and eat at my board, you will do as I say in matters of conduct which make a great difference to me. If you don't want to do that, you can get straight out. Much as I love you, much as I should grieve were you to go from me, I cannot permit you to engage in actions of which I thoroughly disapprove, - therefore, make your choice.'

With regard to smoking, which seems to trouble your conscience, I feel that, out of consideration for your mother's excess of feeling in regard to it, you should not smoke when at home nor reveal the fact that, in that particular and in others, when you are away from home you see no reason why you should refrain from doing as you like. I should, myself, put abstinence from smoking & drinking on economic grounds exclusively. They are

expensive habits. Some persons with weak hearts, ^{or lungs} have to abstain on the ground of health, - a physical reason. Certainly there is no moral reason for abstinence, unless loss of self-control is involved. It is, they say, easy to get inordinately fond of tobacco and liquor, till one can't do without them. It is also easy to get inordinately fond of women, or going to church, or losing one's temper, or sweets, or coffee, or preventing other people from doing what they want to do. Excess of anything is vice. There should be nothing in this world, except, enough food and sleep, which we could not do without if we had to. To be the slave of any passion is fitious and ignoble. But to have many passions & be master of them means exactly that combination of richness of nature and strength of character which makes the finest type of human being. And we arrive at wisdom through the trying of all phases of experience till we find the kind of life which is 'good' for us. Some phases we feel instinctively would not be advantageous to try. I have never tried gambling nor prostitution, though I have sampled almost everything else, but I have tried these in imagination, and found them not 'good'.

On our special consideration, I think, to those who have made special sacrifices for us, like our parents, but if their view of life diverges too greatly from our own, the best we can do is to refrain from hurting them, - and for just that reason, prevent them if possible from a knowledge of the things about which our own opinion differs radically from theirs. In this connection, you would be interested in an article, 'Shall Doctors tell the Truth', by Joseph Collins in the current Harpers.

My deepest love, always, Donald



On The Great Western Turnpike, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

POST CARD

FOR CORRESPONDENCE
FOR ADDRESS ONLY

We transferred to the big
Packard & came on after
only 2 hrs. delay while
Dad towed the Chrysler
home. I've yet to hear the
full extent of the engine
casualties.

Tonight I'm thinking of
Lulu & her troupe & the
little owl & the moles in my
eye & G. B. Van S.

Did not call up Dean
Bacon. Absolutely no
time, tho I thought of it &
was all ready to be repentant.

Mighty glad everything is O. K. — Will
write fully when I reach Rochester & a
decent pen. Regards to yours & much
love to you.

Donald



Tryon Tavern, Historic Cherry Valley, N. Y.

19 Sept 1927



Dear George: I am writing in the Barber Shop of Cherry Valley

Valley. I thought the barbers ink would do, but it wouldn't, & now I'm back at the tavern with a still worse pen. Funny how these things seem to impede the flow of one's thoughts!

WARD

FOR ADDRESS ONLY

James Biggs Junior was born this morning &

weighed eight lbs. thirteen ounces. We are all so relieved & glad.

Your fears concerning the Chrysler were realized today. We got to Kent & were making 70 mi. an hour

when something went very wrong - bearing broken in engine - insufficient

oil, probably. Dad came to rescue with Charles & both Packards, bless him!

Pub. by Iron Tavern Co., Cherry Valley, N. Y.

24 Sept. '27

53 Matthews Hall
Harvard Sq.
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Douse,

It is Saturday night and here I am
back in Cambridge again. I arrived
yesterday afternoon to find that my
roommate had already reached here. The
building has been, is being, and will
be renovated and great is the mess.
Quite a number of the rooms have
no furniture in at all, and we are

tried to get Raymond on the phone
hoping he might let me have a blanket
for a couple of days but the phone is
still disconnected. I shall therefore
have to wear more clothes in bed.
I guess, for I'm too independent to call
on any one else.

I was very glad to get your
telegram and thank you for remembering
me in that way. I was also glad to
hear from you from Cherry Valley.
Thank Heaven it was the engine
and not something else ^{that} went

fortunate in having beds. The
state of the halls and washrooms
is indescribable. I think, however, that
after the eruption we shall be rather
pleasantly situated. The rooms are
light and all refurnished. The furniture
is all new and adequate enough. It
is not as noisy ^{here} as I had anticipated.
My bedroom faces the yard and
if I had had sufficient bed clothes
I should not have spent ^{such a} ~~xxxxxx~~ weightful
night last night. My trunk, with one
of my blankets, has failed to arrive
and my other blanket is in storage,
not accessible until Monday. I

wrong when you break down.
Were you able to reach Clinton that
night?

I spent quite a busy ^{final} week at
home. Everyone except my grandfather
~~was~~ away, but I had to be mail
carrier, chief cook & bottle washer,
official mail-box painter, packer, etc.
My father and mother didn't return
until late Thursday afternoon. They
had a fine trip and I am not
sorry I could help them to go.
He saw "The Hawk" last evening.
It was given by the Keith stock.

company and was quite well done.
I didn't care very much for it, however.
Red The Cobi Daughter is to be
here beginning Oct 3rd. Is it
worth seeing? I already have
a ticket for a debate between
Bertrand Russell & Will Durant
on Oct 12. The subject is "Is
Democracy a Failure?" Russell
will speak for democracy and
Durant against it — just the
reverse of what I believed they
favoured. I'm sure I shall enjoy

was quite interested and not at all antagonistic - but then one can never tell which way an Episcopalian will lean anyhow.

I was very glad to hear of the safe arrival of J. B. Jr. I cannot write Marguerite and Jim a note of congratulation. I hope you and Betty are feeling settled by this time and that you are not too tired after your summer's work. My love to your mother,
George.

the occasion immensely, if only because I have a great desire to hear Bertrand Russell.

Mrs. Russell's book has not yet been banned in Boston but I'm afraid it will be only a matter of time - The folks haven't started their winter reading yet. I had an interesting discussion of it ^{today} with a fellow who is preparing for the Episcopal ministry. He had seen it but had not read it. He

Monday evening,
Oct. 19, 1927.

Tell my dear, I'm tired, and
wanting to see you very much, so
I'll put down just a few of the
mundane-things I should say to you
were you here, although, were you
here, I should be inspired to say
things not quite so mundane. It
is past nine, and for the past
few hours, with the exception of

and so much false material that
one would like to bring to good
effect. It is hard to remember
that I only correct papers ^{and} not
teach the course.

As for my own work I have
two courses in math. one in
history and one in philosophy.
The first two promise to be very
interesting, but that was to be
expected. The history instructor
is Prof Abbott. Do you know
him? He is a very entertaining
lecturer and may be able

time for the physical calligram
and dinner, I have been trying to
make sense out of a batch of
rather poor freshman math. papers.
In other words, I have lauded a
job reading mathematics paper. I
am glad for several reasons, not
the least being that it will add
a trifle over two hundred dollars
to my year's assets. The work is
interesting and not burdensome, but
I am so sarcastic and conscientious.
There are so many stupid statements
made to be sarcastic about,

To make me enjoy a subject for
which I have no fondness. The
period studied is English History
since 1688. Prof Abbott is
convinced of the fact, - and
not without reason, I think, -
that this is the most interesting
period of all history. It is a
period not yet finished and one
of which we are only now
beginning to see the results.
With an essay on Marlborough's
treason and an hour exam on
Friday staying me in the fall

I think I have written rather
optimistically of this course.

The philosophy course, as
you know, the one in types of
philosophy given by Prof. Hacking.
I think him a fascinating lecturer
despite the "even tenor" of his
delivery. I find the subject
itself fascinating, if one can
be said to take up the study of
philosophy at any one particular
moment. I had rather the
registration were not so large -
300 - but we are to have one

for Oct 18 but for some unknown
reason the sum was cut in half
and the best performance will
be on Oct 15. I mailed my ticket
back on Saturday asking for one for
this week. I live in hopes. I
tried to get into Symphonies on
Friday afternoon but was shut
out with about twenty fine
others. The same program will
be played in Cambridge this
Thursday evening. Unless I
am too busy I shall try to
hear it. Fritz Leher is

section meeting a week, which
will help some.

Then of course I have tutorial
work which started last week,
and upon which I can work as
much as I can find time for. I
have one hour every two weeks
with my tutor and I expect to
enjoy these to the uttermost, for
I have an unbounded love for
personal teaching.

I am enclosing two of Philip
Hale's reviews. I have not yet
seen Sidney Haward's play but
hope I shall. I had a ticket

here giving Shakespeare for
four weeks. I saw the "Merchant
of Venice" on Saturday afternoon.
Although by no means a notable
performance it was adequate
and enjoyable. The audience
consisted chiefly of school
children and I have never seen
any show of any kind evoke
more real laughter and
applause. Shakespeare is
not yet dead. I shall see
Othello and perhaps something
else.

I spent an enjoyable evening
with Raymond recently. He
wished to be remembered to both
of you. He is occupying his
apartment and expects to have
three fellows living with him. He
already had one - a very nice
fellow of Italian parentage, I
should say, who is a graduate
student at the Engineering School.
^{Raymond.}
He expressed great interest in
the "Manual of Harmonic Teaching",
as have also Prof Saunders and
Julia Bryant, with each of whom

the court idea, which removes
the possibility of one's feeling as
tho' he were wandering thru
an endless maze of galleries. I
went once yesterday to see a
new exhibit of sculpture in
wood, bronze & stone by Allan
Clark. Most of the pieces are
inspired by far eastern scenes and
people, but there are a few pieces
^{appealing to the} occidental mind. In particular
there are two bronzes, companion
pieces, about eighteen inches high,
one of a youth and one of a

I have had several chats. I
have not yet seen Mrs. Pray nor
Ralph Eaton. Nor have I
introduced myself to Jacques
Hammond. I learned his identity
by chance, finding him in one of
my classes. Altho' I suppose I
shall ultimately procure myself,
I shan't from doing so, for he
does not look over attractive to
me.

I am quite pleased with the
new museum. I think its
arrangement excellent, especially

maiden, each stepping forth
with all the vigor of youth.
I liked them very much.

Well, I have much more to
write, but it is late, I have a
headache and I must get up early
tomorrow to finish some work
before breakfast. I am sorry
Betty cannot hear the debate
but I shall do my best to
secure adequate reports for
her.

Lots of love to you,
George.

Nov. 2, 1927.

Dear Donald,

How shall I begin after so long? Let
me say I love you and wish I might
see you. Oh, if I were only a Hamiltonian
just for this week! I've heard
nothing but an organ recital since I've
been back and I'm quite starved.
Sunday evening I shall be at Mrs.
Pray's for the first "sing". The

exceptions. History is a rather large term and indefinite. If it means the story of wars, political intrigues, broken treaties, etc. I must say I'm bored at the thought. If it means biography, history of thought, history of science or government I can become interested. I understand that we must keep track of past events and study them and their relations, in order to interpret present events. But I should much rather do it than biography, for example, than than the learning of endless rows. I

next Sunday evening Nov. 13 the Santa Barbara Quartet will play in the Boston Public Library. Hauser's Quartet (Op. 23) is on the program. I shall try to go if I can.

Last week I saw Hamlet and Othello both rather badly acted with the exception of the parts taken by Fritz Lichten. I don't feel that he's a great actor but he is very good to see, and he doesn't "mouth his lines".

History - what shall I say? I have formulated a hundred answers but none is satisfactory for I always find

never had the slightest idea that Europe has been at constant ^{war} for centuries. We can only be thankful that their implements were no more destructive than they were on the race with its achievements should have disappeared.

But what of philosophy? I feel sometimes as if here I were really worse off. The course is one of types of philosophy. The first type was naturalism. After much reading of Spencer and Nietzsche, with Dora Russell not so far behind I felt myself in quite a mess. Prof Hacking

nicely put pragmatism next, and now
I'm trying to decide, for example,
whether some Vermont cider which
to all intents and purposes is French
champagne is champagne. To be
serious I can't believe it is. But it's
good to read James and find some
hope of reaching workable if not
ultimate beliefs

I survey Waters' position but I feel
sorry for you. I knew enough of him
to know that I didn't want to know
more. Demand a great deal of him

and you may get something.

Oh dear it's seven o'clock and I must
go to Math. Club. at eight. I haven't
had any dinner and I must leave.
∴ I must stop. I do wish I could
see you.

I'm enclosing a few clippings. Did
I send one about Kouscenitsky's Double
Baro rental? I thought I had sent a
one but I can't find it.

My best wishes go with you Saturday.
My love to both of you.

Sincerely
George.

Sunday, Nov. 13, 1927.

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo Giorgio: -

No doubt you think I've been very uncom-
municative, but I wanted you to feel, in your
turn, what it is like to go two whole weeks
without a letter. Vindictive of me, isn't it!

I should say, of course, four weeks, but the
interval lengthens to that when I match your
silence of a fortnight with one of my own.

As a matter of fact, it would have been very
difficult to have found time for a letter during
the very crowded period which has elapsed
since your letter mailed Nov. 2nd reached
me, for I was busy preparing for the con-
cert of Nov. 5th, & since then there has

been something almost every afternoon & evening.
For instance, this past week has run thus:
Mon. aft. - Folk dancing. Mon. evg. - Dinner to
Lulu Wile, about to depart for Europe, & Bridge
afterward, M. Morris Hastings assisting.
Tue. aft. - Committee on Scholarships. Tue. Evg. -
Piano practise. Wed. aft. - Mother arrived from
Danbury, to remain, we hope, over Thanksgiving.
Wed. evg. - Group of students who want further
study of Form & Analysis meets here every week.
Thurs. aft. - Philharmonic concert, first of
season: 'All-Wagner' program, - not so bad.
Tea afterward at Mrs. Cunningham's. Saw Lulu off at end of
Thurs. evg. - Concert by Louis Graveure & a
coloratura soprano: the soprano we could have
dispensed with. Friday aft. - Faculty Reception
by Pres. & Mrs. Pheas, giving Dr. Pheas peculiar
pleasure. Fri. evg. - Lecture by Canon Fellows
on 'The Elizabethan Art Song'. Took him to

Cover Club afterward & had a conversazione, with Jooseus doing most of the talking. Sat. aft. - Went to matinee at Lyceum: E. H. Sothern in 'General John Regan' - good Irish fun. Sat. evg. - Jury at contest before Convention of Sigma Alpha Iota Sorority. Sun. Morn. - Walked in Durand-Eastman Park with Richard Chase, who is teaching at the Harby School. Sun. aft. - Birthday dinner, two days late on account of the two events on Friday, to Sander Vas. Later, tea with Prof. & Mrs. Clarence King Moore, our neighbors. And the coming week looks almost as bad, with Recitals by the Flonzaley Quartet & Josef Hofmann, another Bilharmonic concert, & Thurston the Magician (I have never seen a first-class magician) on Friday evening. When the Rochester season begins, it begins, as you perceive. But what a death from March to October 31st!

The concert at Hamilton went off fairly well, - my memory playing me false at one point in the last movement of the Brahms. Mrs. Hoss & Betty went along with us & we all stayed with the Shutes. I thought your brother might show up at the concert, but not he. So I was talking afterward with a youngster who works with him at the dining-hall, & he suggested asking 'Tan' to call on Sunday afternoon, which was done. You father, you know, does most of the talking in your family, so I wanted to see what Harold would have to say for himself in another environment. We heard all about his summer job, & you will pardon me if I express the opinion that it was a thoroughly deplorable affair. I call it downright dishonorable, - at least,

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it would have been for anybody with a decent code of behaviour. The point of view that 'somebody would ~~be~~^{be} paid that money for equally inefficient work and it might as well be I' leaves me quite cold. I would have spoken out if I had thought it would do any good, - I rather feel that I ought to have done so, but I refrained, though I'm afraid Harold goes down in my books as a person who will be a liability rather than an asset to society. Thank God you're not in the least like him! And when I think that that pay so easily

earned was spent with an apparently equal facility, with no thought of the sacrifices that had been made & were still to be made to put himself & his brother & sister through college, I'm confirmed in my opinion.

Hamilton strikes me as a dreary sort of place, in spite of its superb situation and the presence of certain fine spirits on its faculty. Saunders would be a blessing to any community, and Shute is a keen, sensitive, glowing sort of chap. We met some other very nice people after the concert. But the impression the college made on me was too dismal to be offset by any human geniality. There it sits on its hill, nine miles from nowhere (Utica), & the arbiters of its destiny have done all they could to make it unattractive.

It has a Georgian chapel, its one architectural treasure, which someone has ruined inside by varnish & by hideous stained-glass windows featuring defunct professors, to say nothing of a stone arch over the organ which is an unspeakable anomaly. The other buildings are all very bad except Elihu Root's birthplace, which shames the erections of a later day by its stark simplicity. I believe it houses the offices of administration. I conclude that architecture has an immediate and powerful effect on me. I have never seen a 'campus' which affected me more unpleasantly. In one corner is a huge dome that houses the skating-rink, - can't be used for swimming, because the water is only a few inches deep. Balancing that is the Chemical Laboratory, built of fieldstones! The library is glazed with semi-opaque green glass, shutting out all actinic rays & providing such a light for reading as never was on land or sea. In front of that, a quite small, insignificant & ugly structure bears the inscription, in enormous letters 'HALL OF THE ARTS'! The Chapel is flanked by two buildings that don't match it or each other in style, and there are other structures set round that relate to no plan or style. The fraternities have built better than the college. One or two of their houses have dignity, amplitude, & character. They look inviting. The only thoroughly admirable things are the trees and the statue of Alexander Hamilton. Oh, how homesick I could be

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in the place that bears that statesman's name! You may thank your stars that in spite of the anomalies in Harvard Yard, the impression is nevertheless one of vitality and cheer, and that, when the worst has been said, you are nevertheless only a few minutes from Boston.

You had better plug away at your History and Philosophy till you have a foundation upon which to build something durable in the way of opinion. It won't be long before you feel more solid ground beneath your mental feet. You have the scientific rather

than the philosophical temperament, if one can generalize about generalities, — you are, so far, more intelligent than intellectual, & you absorb facts better than you formulate opinions. This is why I think a course in English Composition is still a necessity for you. The technic of writing will help your technic of thinking. You can, of course, continue to make every effort to write clearly & forcibly about the objects of your study. In history, for example, if the course as given doesn't provide you with what you feel is most valuable, dig it out for yourself, & write about it so enthusiastically that your instructors will see your point of view & be forced to conclude that, however little military history is to your taste,

you nevertheless are well acquainted with the state of the society which produced a given belligerency.

I find, in all study of history, great delight in comparing conventional military history with the history of art & of science. Kings & generals are not necessarily any less interesting than painters & physicists. I think you said your particular period of history began with the Restoration in England. Well, it is amusing and rewarding to reflect that the temper of the Restoration is mirrored in the music of Purcell & Dr. John Blow, especially in their pot-house 'catches'. (If you don't know them, go to the library & ask for 'The Catch Club' by Purcell & Blow & others, 'being a Choice Collection of the most Diverting Catches for Three and Four Voices' - London, Printed for J. Walpole Servant to his Majesty at the Harp and Hoboy - no date.) Purcell was 'one of the boys', and it is small wonder he died young. On the continent, Louis XIV was the largest toad in the puddle, - very much gilded, but still a toad, & in Paris Lully was the king's musician & Corneille & Racine were his dramatists. The men of the English Restoration were painted by Van Dyck in their boyhood and Sir Peter Lely in their later days, - at least Lely painted their wives! But Puritanism killed native English painting (Lely's name was Van der Faes), not to stay dead very long, however, since Hogarth was born two years after Purcell died in 1695. Will somebody explain what happened to English music after this young genius succumbed to the licentiousness of his period? Music in England for the next two centuries means Handel, Haydn, & Mendelssohn. Germany was pre-eminent. But that a century which produced Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Raeburn and Lawrence in painting, and Pope, Addison & Steele, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Northcote, Goldsmith, Scott & Coleridge, Johnson, Burns, &

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Edmund Burke in literature, should, at the same time, have produced no sculptors or composers in England is a strange fact. In 1660 in the realm of philosophical speculation, Descartes and his 'Cogito ergo sum' were just dead, Spinoza was living obscurely in Holland, Leibnitz was a youth of fourteen, Locke was in mid-career. In science, Pascal was to live two years longer, and Newton was a young man of eighteen; Stenon, who founded the science of geology, was at work; and Leuwenhoeck was grinding his lenses and peering at bacterial life in Delft to the amaze of the Royal Society of England. What a century it is, — that which preceded the political explosions of the 1770's! The political happenings are results of

causes that lie far deeper. Crowns and mitres have been under intellectual siege since Luther came out in the open in 1517, indeed since the Swiss first began their long struggle for freedom back in the 13th Century. But the version of the Eternal Verities promulgated by prelate and king is not openly questioned till the century you are studying. It is the most fascinating period of European history, because it marks the beginning of individual independence of thought in matters of faith + in methods of inquiry into the nature of things. But the politico-military side is the least interesting. What were the thoughts of men, in what direction were their minds traveling, - these are what really matters. I quite envy you your opportunity to concentrate on this particular epoch. Just now I am reading Napoleon, that magnificent achievement of mingled biography

and history by Emil Ludwig. It has epic quality. Have you had time to look at it?

The sample pages from Ditson arrived on Monday. It looks as though I should have to go over the text very carefully before the M.S. goes to the printer, as I can do it better than anybody else. I know much more now about the making of a book than I did last summer, & I have learned that printers use no discretion, but follow the script almost slavishly. I shall save myself much correcting of proof if I am fussy about the original script, so fussy I shall be. It would be less difficult if there were less mixing of 'words and music'. The types for the accented symbols will have to be specially cast. Altogether, I think we shall be extraordinarily fortunate if the book is out by the beginning of the second semester. Fisher is difficult to deal with. I indicate explicitly what I want, & he does what he wants, sans rancune. I'm beginning to wonder whether it would be expedient to issue orders in a military manner! or to 'bawl him out' when my perfectly plain instructions are disregarded.

Do tell us of the flood. - Of course the Charles isn't long enough or important enough to kick up much of a rumpus, but the Connecticut River must have been a fearsome sight. The Hudson was swollen, but not dangerously, & here in the Western part of New York we had no abnormal conditions whatsoever. Poor Vermont! Nearly all her cities are in narrow valleys. There must have been plenty of dry land, but the destruction of property along the river-courses must have appalled those thrifty New Englanders. Danbury was out of the area entirely. Even so, with an eye to the future, we can be thankful that both our houses are on hills. The factory has been flooded several times, but never to the height of the looms.

I began this letter on Sunday, and now it is past midnight on Wednesday, with a warm rain pattering down on the fallen leaves out of doors. I miss your companionship more than this long interval between letters would seem to indicate. We must plan to meet at Christmas-time. We shall go to Danbury and New York, in all probability. Our vacation encircles yours, so possibly you can plan to return to Boston via New York + have a day with us there.

With my deepest love,

Donald

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY
OF
HAMILTON COLLEGE

November 5, 1927

Psi Upsilon House

ARTISTS

Mr. Wendell Hoss, *French Horn* Mr. A. P. Saunders, *Violin*
Mr. Donald Tweedy, *Piano*

PROGRAM

BEEHOVEN: Sonata in F, Opus 17, for Piano and Horn
Allegro Moderato
Poco Adagio, Quasi Andante:
Rondo

Mr. Tweedy, Mr. Hoss

GRIEG: Suite "From Holberg's Time", Opus 40

(Ludwig Holberg, a dramatist with a genius for comedy not unlike that of Moliere, was born in 1686; he is looked upon as the father of modern Danish and Norwegian literature.)

Praeludium
Sarabande
Gavotte and Musette
Air
Rigaudon

Mr. Tweedy

BRAHMS: Trio in E-flat Major, Opus 40, for Piano, Violin, French Horn
Andante

Scherzo: Allegro
Adagio Mesto
Finale: Allegro con brio

Mr. Tweedy, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Hoss



Sunday afternoon
November 20, 1927.

Dear Donald

If all punishment were followed
by such compensation as I received
Friday I should bid for more
punishment. I am almost tempted
to ask for a repetition of the
"performance" but on further
thought I don't yield. It's always
punishment now to hear from

Under heavens is the standard
maintained at the place where
it is? Radios, vitrolas, noise
machines of all descriptions are
in abundance; sport rules the
day and hidge the evening.
That life would flunk me
in two weeks.

Your letter was stimulating.
Of course part of my difficulty
in history and philology is
lack of foundation. Strange as
it may sound I have read

or other it has a very unpleasant way of recruiting too much attention. In other words I get so fed up at times that scarcely anything attracts. The obvious solution is to substitute something else for a certain amount of study. But it takes me so fearfully long to get the necessary essentials that I have no time to spare. As you know this is the first year I have lived in a dormitory. How

you but doubly so when my whole family decide to punish me in like manner at the same time!

How my head would whirl with such a round of social engagements as you enumerated. However, I fell often of late, that it will be better for me when I shall have more "urgent opportunities" to throw myself into company. Learning is very fascinating but somehow

pitifully little of the best
literature. My high school
teachers made literature as distasteful
as they could, which, added to
an artistic disinclination under
which I labored at that time,
and which I am at a total
loss to explain in the light of
the following year, kept me
from making any friends in
literature at that time. I spent
my reading hours over tomes

meet once a week. My own
section consists of about
fifteen. We meet in a large
hall, normally seating two hundred.
The instructor is a graduate
student, nearly blind, very
unattractive, dry, boring. The
discussion is monopolized,
and under the circumstances
I'm quite willing it shall be,
by the few few when the
course is not their first.

thing). I never thought much
of lecture courses before I
had contact with them and
I think less now. Lectures are
either parking processes or
outlines. I resent having my
brain parked - it's a painful
process. Outlines may be
very inspiring but they remain
outlines. To give a first
course in philosophy along the
outline scheme I consider very
unwise. We have sections which

of electricity, physics etc. God
only knows what I did in
Rachester. (I might better say
I wish only God knew!) at
any rate not a great deal of
work while reading was accomplished.
I accordingly find myself quite
without a foundation.

Furthermore there are
practically the first large lecture
courses to which I have
ever belonged (excepting science
courses which are quite another

But what do you expect for
thirty seven fifty? So there
you are. I shall think more
than twice before I attach myself
to another large lecture course.

You didn't say what you thought
of Canon Fellows. He is to be here
a week from tomorrow evening.

I am not surprised to hear
that you have found that
printers use no discretion. One
person's discretion is not another

certainly is a wonder for coast. I hope I may soon be as unselfish as he is, and that some day I can give him a few of those 'extras' which he has always so unhesitatingly denied himself.

The flood reached Cambridge only through the newspaper. The milk shortage was not even evident. There was practically no rain here and so far as I know the Charles behaved quite normally. My father writes, however, that he never saw as much

person's dissection in the first place, and in the second, we no longer live in the age of the craftsman, as I have heard you say on more than one occasion. Julia Bryant seems very much interested in the "boat". She seldom fails to ask about it when I see her.

My mother has finally gone on a vacation. My father and grandfather are keeping bachelors' hall. Fortunately my father is quite capable of doing so. He

water fast in a day before.

In many places he had to
go thru a fast or more fasting.

I have been invited to go to
Gloucester for Thursday. I
wish the three of you a most
pleasant week end. My love
to all of you.

Sincerely
George.

P.S. I'm sorry this particular
item stands in a postscript
for it is not least in my
thoughts. The thought of
seeing you is ever uppermost
in my mind.

Our recess starts the morning
of the twenty-third of December.
The B & A has so fixed it ^{on the 23rd}
that the last train for home
leaves just thirty minutes after
my last class, one which I

recess. If it should be really
convenient for you to meet me
Monday the 2nd at any time
after twelve and spend
some part of Tuesday with
me I should (if the dean
didn't object) not return to
Cambridge until Tuesday evening
or Wednesday morning. You
may believe that I am
very anxious to see you.

With a big portion of
my love, George.

do not care to miss. Should
you want to meet me in
N.Y. before Christmas I
could reach there in the
evening (about 5:30) if the
train or take the night boat
and arrive the next morning.
I must be back in Cambridge
Tuesday morning Jan 3 - again
for that same class - which
means that I should have to leave
home on New Year's if I were
to see you at the end of the

26 Feb., 1928.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Giorgio mio Caro: -

Life is so full of unimportant things that I don't get leisure enough to write to you as often as I'd like to, whereat you may breathe a sigh of relief, since you have less to answer. Oh, but I do miss you! It becomes a fair-sized ache at times. I wish destiny might land us nearer together for longer periods of time. Not to see you at Easter will be a grievous deprivation. I can't make any plans, but if I discover a possible opportunity, I shall telegraph you. It may be possible to stop in Coxsackie, but you will hardly be there as early as Good Friday, when we shall be traveling East, and at the end of the following week we shall very likely have to take the shorter route through Newburg - Binghampton - Ithaca. I wish you could spend the entire week with us.

at Grayport, but, though the Morris men could stand being augmented, even by a novice, it would be impractical, as after we'd trained you, we should have to see you depart in the direction of Cambridge & you'd be of no further use to us. We expect to take two teams of men, which makes twelve, & we're having the deuce of a time scaring up enough women willing to go on a trip of this sort, as most of our best women, like Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Dr. Whipple, & Mrs. May, are domestically occupied. You would enjoy the fun, & you are certainly welcome to come, whether or not you take part. If you could get down from Crossackie via Chatham for a stay of twenty-four hours, & return the same way, I could of course meet you at Brewster. But that's rather hard for you, as the journey necessitates two changes. Perhaps we'd best wait till next summer, when I shall have no such responsibilities as will be mine through Easter week.

We're planning to bunk our campers in the main house, where all the women will be put, in the Log Cabin, & in the Dalton cottage across the pond. We're negotiating with the Seeligs & the people who run the Hahlahwah Inn to provide us with meals, as I simply could not see how, even if we took a cook from here, we could muster utensils enough to serve twenty persons at Grayport. We'll keep the boat-house for dancing & the studio for a much-needed retreat. This probably sounds wild to you, - to think of your old, bald, stout friend harboring a troupe of folk-dancers in the hills of Connecticut when he might be going to plays in New York or motoring in Virginia, as we did two years ago. But this seemed quite as delightful a way of spending a vacation, and I am never so happy as when I'm at the farm. I can fuss about in the garden & see that my beloved plants get a good start for the summer's blooming. If the dancing were not gloriously good exercise, I don't think I should enjoy it so much, but, as things are this winter, it is a most welcome recreation, since it combines good music & strenuous activity. Regularly three times a week we dance here, one evening class & one special group that meets Tuesday afternoons for studying the more difficult dances; and one may or may not go, as one chooses, to the Member's Evenings on Saturdays.

I have been through the M.S. of the Manual of Harmonic Technic with Herbert Inch. I haven't hurried with it, because I wanted to teach as much of the material as possible before considering the work fully tried out. As the publisher has not yet done more, apparently, than prepare the music engravings for the "cuts", there was no need for haste. Herbert played & I sat & listened, & wherever he read notes that I didn't intend, I stopped him & we found out what the trouble was. Part IV finally went to Ditson last week. I have received & have corrected & returned all the musical illustrations for the first three parts. In spite of the fact that Parts I & II were

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corrected & returned before Christmas, I have not yet seen a single printed page in proof. The sample pages, such as I sent you, were simply struck off so that we could judge about type, spacing, etc. A page of type, — answering your question, — is "set solid" when the horizontal lines of type follow one another without any other interval than that allowed for by the dimensions of the type itself. If the type is "leaded one point", a thin strip of type metal or of brass is inserted after each line of type, which does not protrude far enough to take the ink, but does separate the lines in the way your arrows indicate: $\uparrow \downarrow$. We not yet been able to discover the exact measurement of a "point", expressed in either the metric system or our own. "Leaded 2 Points" would obviously mean that two strips of metal are

inserted. (The Century Dictionary says that a point in typography is "about one seventy-second of an inch".)

I quite understand about the course in English Composition, & since a full year is better than a half, I feel you are probably well-advised to postpone beginning it till next Fall.

You are vastly amusing when you attempt to placate your temperamental correspondent. I remember now what the book was that I mailed before leaving Danbury. It was not the Murray, but a book of plays I was sending to a friend in Ohio. So the Murray must still be in Danbury. Far from forgetting it, I'm sending you a check for it, as, when I find it, I have somebody in mind to whom I shall present it. I shall remember, however, that you wanted me to have just that book, & whenever I reread my own copy, you will be in my thoughts. It's a beautiful piece of work.

The way over words, to say nothing of one thought, return to me after passing through the crucible of the student mind, is illustrated by the following choice bits called from certain historical orthodoxy submitted by the ~~student~~ Fulwider a few days ago:

"Heiod, a Greek poet, wrote the Book of Greece."

"Moses founded the Egyptian Empire."

"Carnibal was a general in the Punic Wars," — also spelled "Tunic Wars" & "Punic Wars."

"Juliana Caesar," — (if that doesn't spell Julius, what does it spell?)

In a certain century was developed the "Punic Order of Architecture."

Tome-louis' people were described as "Mongrel tribes

from Russia." The first Protestant martyr was John Muehl (John Huss).

One student, incredibly, wrote "The Holy Crona Empire."

The last item is somewhat subtle, though, as a mathematician, you should appreciate it: "The Rosetta Stone was dated 156 B.C." Of course I read these to the class, with appropriate commentary, & they howled with delight.

It's very late, & I must to bed, for I've a nine o'clock class this morning. I love you a lot. —

Donald

R. D. 4,
Danbury, Conn.
Sun., 24 June, '28.

Dear George:—

I have thought of your poor father & his strawberry crop all this wretched week. It has been a week worthy of Rochester at its worst! Never, within my memory, have we had six successive days of nasty weather in June. Our strawberries have rotted on the vines before they were ripe. Perhaps yours are on more friable soil & in a better-drained position. Possibly now it will come off hot and dry, so that the bulk of the crop will have some value.

I am still reading History papers. As they are "long themes", and are mostly not typed, they demand a good deal of ones eyesight! We read them carefully because, hitherto, all the reading

in the History course has been done by assistants. I find that either the assistants were much more lenient than I am, or else the students did an unusually bad job on the final papers. As a whole, these are not enthralling reading, though each student was allowed to choose that subject which most interested him. I can only conclude that we admit too many students of a low grade of mentality. Frankly, I had no idea the Freshmen were as poor writers of English as they prove to be. I don't mind bad grammar in a musician if that is the only deficiency; if a youngster has ideas, if he has something to say, I can excuse gaucherie in his manner of saying it. But many of these boys & girls seem to be at the nadir of mediocrity. Well, I shan't encourage them!

Mr. Fisher, of Ditson's, apparently thinks there will be no call for my Manual outside of Rochester. I have been trying to get him to order copies of the Bach Chorales from Leipzig, because, of course, the two books should be sold together. He can't see it, and I am forced to conclude that he's a fat-headed idiot. I suspected this a long time ago, but now I'm certain of it. At the Eastman School, we have already placed our order with Leipzig for the expected local demand. That being the case, he says "We do not want to lay in a large stock of these chorales." I don't know what he calls a large stock, but I should say that if the Manual is properly advertised, there will certainly be a hundred or more students outside of Rochester who will want both books, and I should think it would annoy them exceedingly not to be able to procure both from the publisher of the Manual. Apparently Fisher doesn't want to boost the sale of a volume issued by another publisher; then, too, he may feel that if a prospective customer comes to buy one book, and finds he is expected to buy two, he may go away without buying either. My point is that he shouldn't be expected to buy both, but, having bought the Manual, he will, if he is a serious student, desire to have the Chorales also, since they are a standard musical classic, though not well known in this country, and since I continually refer to them as illustrating important problems of technique. Fisher's stupidity infuriates me, but I can only go on trying to be as persuasive as possible.

No use trying to tell you how much I miss you and want to see you. As soon as I can plan ahead, we'll have you down here, - after July 10th, of course.

My cordial good wishes to your people and my love to you, always. Donald



20 Aug., '28

Dear George:-

Pat Fur came on Saturday & was returned this morning. The com-
pleted Index followed this afternoon. The Chorales will be finished and shipped off tomorrow morning, & then we're off to Boston via Amherst, where I have to attend a meeting of the Federated Branches of the C. F. D. S. I, with my own fair hands, typed the Table of Contents this afternoon. Why didn't you save me the labor on the first three Parts, you lazy rascal! you'll get the stick!

We found our friends "at home" at Woodstock. M. & Mrs. Vas are radiantly happy there, & were so glad to see us. The Refers gave us tea & showed us round the "Mavericks" where all the musicians live. We got back about 9³⁰. My best to you. -

Donald

From D.N. Tweedy,
R.D. 4 —
Danbury, Conn.

31 Aug
1928



Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
Coxsackie,
N. Y.





Catsaackie, N.Y.
6 P.M. Monday
September 10.
[1928]

Dear Douse,

This is certainly no time
to write you a letter, but
it is a time than which I
have seen no more likely
for three weeks. Today is
Monday. I accordingly

write? By the way, thank
you very much for the
photographs, but I don't
remember giving you any
license to confine your future
communications to the backs
of a couple of postcards!!

I'm awfully sorry you
had to type the Table of
Contents but I was under
the impression until Tuesday
morning that I was to
type everything here later.

spent this morning acting
as prime mover to the wash-
ing machine and allied engines.
Since then I have been
generally clearing up and
ironing - oh yes, I can
iron. This evening will
mostly pass in trying to
explain some of the mysteries
of trigonometry to my sister.
And it's over more or less
thus. Now, I'm not kidding,
but pray tell when do I

It'll be up to you to make
me do pleasure at some
later date.

I'm not so sure that there
is a God of eternal justice
disporting himself up among
the constellations but if
there is this sense of justice
must have suffered an
aberration this summer.

I'm sure I don't know what
my father has done to
have so many set backs

in one year. About two
weeks ago our one and
only "Bossie" (cow!) ^{felt sick} and
although she didn't die, cut
her value to a fifth, as she
same time ceasing to give
milk. And then last Friday
a neighbor's dog (as my name
we believe it to be his dog)
killed over thirty of ^{six} finer
young pullets. We shall
probably get some compensation
from the town but not

more than a few hours
before. My mother says
he acted seventy years younger.

Thank you so much for
the Harris books. I think
he has written a fascinating
account. Truth is certainly
stranger than fiction. Either
Douglas must have been very
strong or Wilde very weak.
One of Douglas's many
trades would have finished
me.

up or here expense to spend
the week and bring the car
so that they might all dine
home. He went, and can you
believe it, she was small
enough to sneak away from
Coxsackie without paying the
majority of his expenses. I
declare she gets my goat!
I was glad, however, that
^{my father} he went. He loves the
ocean but had never been
able to be at the shore for

full value; but worse still,
it is mighty discouraging to
lose in that way any
product over which one has
expended so many pains.

There is one very large
spar in the canyon, - the
space filled until last
Monday by my aunt. A
week before she and my mother
came home from Maine she
was round asking my father

Tuesday All.

Call for supper came at
this point.

As I read this letter over
it sounds quite cynical. It's
not meant to be so. Perhaps
I need a slight change of
environment. At any rate
I'm due for one in a few
days. I must be in Cambridge
in time for registration on
the 29th. I shall probably

ago that my scholarship
will be continued with an
increase of \$50, making \$500
in all. I guess the Committee
on Scholarships knew Cassackie
had seen a lean year.

I could say a good
many other things if you
were here. One would be,
"I love you."

My kindest regards to all of
you.
George.

leave here on Saturday the
22nd, though if you and
Betsy should be leaving then
Cassackie as late as that
I should certainly remain
over until after that event.

Shall you be going back
to Rochester then here? If
you do I hope you'll stop
and have some tea with
me.

I had notice a few days

Thursday evening.

Sept 27 1927

Dear Doused

I hate to write this letter.
It was with no little disappointment that I saw the Rochester postmark on your last letter and it is with even more disappointment that I give up seeing you tomorrow. I didn't say "No" this after-

noon, because I wanted
a little time to think and
to find out what my
parents had to say. You
know I am by no means
an independent being when
I'm in Cassackie. My father
thought the idea of going to
Pittsfield on such an
occasion very foolish, and
my mother couldn't bear
of my suddenly leaving,
not to return until Christ-

mas. Of course they don't understand
how I should enjoy being at the
festival, and certainly have no idea
what it means for each of us to
see the other. Besides all this
there are a ~~series~~ of odd jobs
which must be done in the next
~~two~~ ^{days} which, if I leave ^{them} undone
won't get done. So my dear, I'm
afraid you'll have to content yourself
with the non-physical part of
me tomorrow - all of that part
shall be with you. Thank you so
much for asking me - I'd just love
to be with you - but I hope you
know that. I'm awfully sorry
Bessy's sick - I hope it's only the
result of change of environment.
Give her my love when you get back.

It was very sweet of
you to send me two such
lovely ties for my quarter
century work. It was also
very thoughtful of you to send
me those books - you're
so very good to me all the
time.

Well, I must stop and
take this up to the train.
Every one of the 2's on the
stamps signifies a heap of
love and kisses - George.