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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.

16 Sept., 1928

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Dear George: -

As you perceive, things have been happening very fast, & as they're likely to move faster during the coming week, I'm taking time by the forelock & scratching off a little letter to you which will probably have to content you till things settle down a bit.

I meant to have written you some sort of a little letter for your birthday, but all I could do was to get you those ties, which, I thought, looked exactly your style. I hope you liked them. The shop in Danbury where I got them was a little short on boxes. The best they could do was a Christmas box, & that had to suffice, as I had only a few moments in which to get them off for the mail train that would, I calculated, ensure that the package would reach

you on the 13th I daresay you were amused at the premature reference to Père Noël. However, there was a lot of love done up in that little bundle.

Monday afternoon we started for New Hartford to visit our friends the Parsonses. Staying with them were Kathleen Parlow, the violinist, & her mother. Next morning Miss Parlow played for us in her studio, & among other things she did the Bach Chaconne for violin alone, a fiendishly difficult thing technically, & requiring consummate musicianship. She played it with such mastery, such depth & intensity of feeling, & such understanding that I was profoundly moved. She is a superb artist, — one of the very few, — and if you have a chance to hear her in Boston this year, I hope you won't let the opportunity slip by. Then she & I played the Franck sonata for Mrs. Parsons, who is eighty-five & has just recovered from a bad heart-attack. I would not have tried to

play if it had not been possibly the last opportunity the dear old lady may have to hear music, as I had not practised all summer long & my fingers were treacherous to Frank. But I got through somehow, & enjoyed the privilege of playing with so great an artist.

Wednesday came the Daubeny Garden Club show. I helped Mother with the exhibits, & we took three blue ribbons, for Japanese Windflower, white Phlox (var. "Etta's Choice"), and Nelenium. We also had a red ribbon for Mallow (Hibiscus). No other exhibitor did quite so well, so we felt quite elated.

Thursday we went to New York, - Mother, Marguerite, Betty & I. It was insufferably hot & humid, but Betty stood the weather better than I thought she would. We witnessed the Theatre Guild performance of the version of Ben Jonson's Troilus made by Stefan Zweig & translated back into English. It is a capital farce, & the acting is quite the best I have ever seen in this country, taking the whole company into consideration. As a group, the actors compare most favorably with those at established institutions in Europe such as the Comédie Française in Paris, & I can give no higher praise.

I spent hours sorting & re-arranging books before I left home, & found several which I thought you might like to have, with especial reference to your work in English Comp. this year, so I have had them sent to you at Cambridge, & you will find them waiting for you when you arrive there.

I'm terribly sorry the summer has been so very unusually trying for your father & yourself. That aunt of yours seems to be a Tartar. I suppose you can endorse the old saying, "God gave us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends!"

We came to Rochester yesterday via Kingston & Oneonta, stopping overnight at Stamford, N. Y. Beautiful trip & no trouble. With my love,
Donald

Thurs. Evg.
27 Sept., 1928.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Carissimo :-

I was a little desolate that Friday evening last week when you could not be with me. I went to my room at the hotel very early and tried with all the force of my soul to conjure up your presence. I found, however, that imagination was the best magic. — Your letter was brought to me at eight in the morning, so I knew the worst early in the day. I must say, now, that I think you might not have had a thoroughly good time. Music is music, of course. But you would have had to submit to

being introduced to a good many people, musicians, composers, teachers, whom I know & whom I should have had to greet and to talk with in any case. Your best bet, in such situations, if ever in the future they should confront you, would be to do exactly what you want to do, regardless of me. Let me do what, socially, I have to do, and join in or not, as you please. Be assured, I should never leave you 'out' if you desired to stay 'in'.

I have told no one that I talked with you over the 'phone or was in any way in touch with you during the Pittsfield jaunt, though had you joined me there, I would have made no secret of it. I don't want it to seem as if I were straining to be with you when possible, though that is near the truth. I wanted you to hear the concerts since you

love good music, but I understood completely, of course, why it was impossible for you to join me. I'm only too thankful you were able to be in Danbury for so long this summer. And I sent you the programs so that your people might realize what an 'occasion' the festival was.

There were about 600 guests there, but I had no difficulty in getting a ticket for you. Moreover, you were signed up for the picnic luncheon which Mrs. Coolidge gave between the concerts on Friday. When your letter came, I simply turned in the tickets to Mrs. C.'s secretary & told her you had been prevented. Such is the lavish hospitality on these occasions that one guest more or one less could make no difference.

The concerts are held in a large auditorium, sturdily and roughly built, which Mrs. Coolidge erected ten years ago on her estate on South Mountain, about a mile out of Pittsfield. The acoustics are admirable. Chamber-music sounds there as in few other halls I have been in. The Roth Quartet of Budapest is a superb organization. Perhaps Mrs. C. will send them to Harvard to play. If they come, you must hear them.

I saw my editor at the festival, & he said the Manual had gone to the binder, and he hoped we should have our copies by October 1st. I shall give myself the pleasure of presenting you with a copy, so don't rush in to Boston to buy one!

Things have begun very auspiciously at the School. I have, at present, a very hard schedule, - 9 to 1 continuous on Mondays and Fridays, 9 to 12³⁰ on Thursdays, 2 hrs. on Wednesdays, 1½ on Tuesdays, -

- grand total, - adding 2-3 on Thurs. & Fri., 17 hours. Wouldn't a Harvard professor howl if he had to spend that much time in the class-room! However, this year I shall have comparatively little to do outside the class-room, no lectures in History, no papers to correct, and if it weren't for those long stretches on Monday & Friday I should regard the schedule as quite easy.

Mr. Penny is back from Europe, & his mentality is as bizarre as ever. On his blackboard during the first few days was the legend: WELCOME TO EASTMAN, and from every letter of 'Welcome' and of 'Eastman' defended a string of more letters

forming words descriptive of the qualities to be desired in the new student and the things to be expected of him, - Work, Enthusiasm, Learning, Character, Organization, Mentality, Energy, - that was as far as I got. I don't suppose he does anybody any harm, but what must the really intelligent students think of him? I know what I should have thought of all that twaddle when I was trying to get an education, as they say. I should have been enraged if any instructor had tried to stuff that rubbish down my throat! I wish the poor old sentimentalist could be pensioned, but that isn't G. E.'s policy. If he were told of Penny's incompetence, the man would be mercilessly turned out within 24 hours. It's pure charity to keep him on, but Hanson feels,

very humanely, that the school must worry along with him, since he is sincere & gives of himself unreservedly & is too old ever to get another job.

I am in somewhat of a quandary concerning my own future. I would rather live in Boston, or nearer New York, and Betty would give a great deal to accomplish that end. But this particular position is as right for me, I fit into it as peculiarly well, from the standpoint of my own individual aptitudes, that I question whether I could find another as suitable. I'm asked to do here exactly what I can do best, I'm fairly well paid, as teachers go, & we've a comfortable home. Yet, if ever I'm to pull loose, I must do it before I'm forty. I shall resign this year, sell the house, & go abroad on the funds we accumulated, or shall I take my abolitionist & return to teach for at least one year afterward, at the

end of which I shall be forty-one? and ?? and ???
It would perhaps be wisest to wait quietly till some
other institution sees fit to make advances. Possibly the
Manual will bring this about.

I hope this will be the best of your four years at Har-
vard, & that you will be both busy & happy during
the remainder of your course. If you need funds,
you know I'd take the shirt off my back for you if it
were necessary. If ever you want to write to me
only, be sure to address me at the School. I read
all your letters to Betty, & it isn't always possible to
read them first to myself. Therefore, at 48 Gorton Pl.,
you might just as well begin "Dear Betty & Donald."
— I'd appreciate a private 'amex' occasionally, when
you want to let yourself go. I love you with all my
heart. — Donald

20 Oct., 1928.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo :-

Your copy of the Manual was done up last night with my own fair hands & will have been despatched to you before this letter departs. I have taken the liberty of correcting with pencil the several errors which still remained after all the agony of proof-reading. It took 13 months from the time the M.S. was accepted, to get the thing printed. I wonder how much it really cost? how they can afford to sell it at the published price? and whether, in the long run, and even with reasonable success, it will prove actually profitable?

I want to take this opportunity to tell you again how much I appreciate the quality of your work. As you say, you are a plodder, but, as we know from the fable of the Hare & the Tortoise, the plodder

often wins because he works steadily & carefully as against the far more 'brilliant' person whose efforts are spasmodic. Like me, whatever you do with your hands you do slowly, but with fastidious exactitude. I am exceedingly grateful to you for the care you expended on the Manual.

Mr. Gardner Anthony, Charles's father, and Mrs. A. were here with us overnight a few days ago. He was formerly Dean of Tufts College and is now occupied with the building of a new college under the auspices of the Christian Science people out in St. Louis, which is to be called "The Principia". He is a man of high ideals, enormous vitality, & compelling enthusiasm. Both Betty & I are greatly attached to him. He was much interested in the Eastman School, - we showed them all over the place, - & asked us many questions as to just how the school is administered. Of my text-book, - I hadn't yet seen it in book form! - He remarked that while I might plan it to be used in my own classes, the true test of its worth will be whether anybody else can use it. I am, of course, not

at all dependent on its financial success, but the publisher's future attitude toward me is directly dependent on that factor. I am very curious to observe whether the Manual proves to be a dud outside of Rochester. We can only wait and see. I received, as is usual, 20 copies free for distribution to such persons as I might wish to burden with them, & these copies are now on their way to points as far distant as San Francisco (Ernest Bloch) and Leipzig (Ralph Robbins). After you have looked over your copy, will you lend it to Professor Saunders? I can't spare him one for himself, but I'd like to make sure that he sees the book. Will you write me when this happens, as I'd like to ask him whether the acoustical problems might not have been better set forth. We sent a copy to the library of the Division of Music at Harvard, with a letter to Professor Hill, and am anticipating a little fun as the result of that move. You know, they have always been decidedly cold toward me in the music department of my own dear Alma Mater! The members of the music faculty have never made me feel welcome when I have visited Cambridge, - the attitude has always been: "Well, what in Hell are you hanging around here for?" So it's rather sport to be the first graduate of the Division since Prof. Spalding himself to put forth a book relating to the Theory of Music (as far as I know.) Spalding's "Music: an Art & a Language" (horrible title, - either an art is a language or it isn't, - it depends on how you define art), and Hill's "Modern French Composers" (very dry & abominably written), are the only books the music faculty has put forth since I entered college, for I shouldn't count Davison's "Music in America;" - valuable as it is, it is a series of newspaper articles and belongs rather to the domain of education than to that of music. If "Doc" gets out his Lowell lectures on Choral Music, we shall have a real book, but that will make only three: rather small pickings for a university department during twenty years. Of course Hill has composed music, and this counts as

much more genuinely creative work than a text-book or a critical volume, and Heilmann has composed a little, but, ⁱⁿ such an academic style! Spalding & Davison have composed nothing, but Davison has won laurels with the directing of various choruses. Ballantine has published "Variations on Mary Had a Little Lamb" and was most ill-advised in so doing, because that job was better done than his songs or his orchestral pieces, hence the answer to the query: What has Ballantine written? is always, Oh yes! "Mary had a Little Lamb"!

Well, as I was saying, (but I'd say it only to you), it's not bad sport to be the first graduate of the Music Division in 20 years to dare to produce a serious work on the theory of music, & I expect they'll pick all the flaws in it they can

find. I only hope they'll care enough to criticize frankly, as they're all more experienced teachers than I, & their comments ought to be helpful.

I was disappointed that your efforts to find a suitable course in English Comp. proved abortive. You need just the little more training that could be got in a year. I'd almost suggest a half-course during the second half-year, — Maynardier would let you in at that time, as English 22 can be taken either as a half or a full course, — but what you really need is only to be had from personal criticism. See to your grammar, and read a lot of good writers with the determination to find out why they are good, and your own style will inevitably improve. The books I sent you you can read, can you not, even if you don't have to read them in relation to a college course? I always found Hill's Rhetoric an amusing & a stimulating book.

We have engaged passage on the French line steamer De Grasse, sailing for Havre on July 4th next. Does it surprise you that we are thus forehanded? That is because of sundry unpleasant experiences in the past. We happened to know just which staterooms are the best on the boat, and we put in our bid early in order to make sure of one of them. The De Grasse is slow, — she takes about ten days, — but she's cheap and comfortable, & those qualities are both very desirable. I'd like to inspect the Caronia of the Cunard line. She is even cheaper, & we might do well to wait 2 weeks & take her. Still, my thought is that, having a sabbatical year abroad, we might as well take advantage of both the summers involved. We shall be at the farm during June, so that I can enjoy a few of the blooms of my garden before sailing, and also have your companionship for a week before the long separation. You are to plan to come to Danbury for a week between June 15th + 30th, without fail, please!

Sometime this year I'm going on a tour of the principal institutions of music in the East. This will include the New England Conservatory in Boston, about which I know absolutely nothing, the Juillard Foundation in New York, the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, and the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Dr. Hanson says that he is very willing I should do this. My object would be to observe how theory is taught in these various schools. I'm rather hoping to work it so that the school pays my traveling expenses. I'd like to go out to Chicago & Cincinnati also, but the scope of the trip entirely depends on Hanson. The next time I mention it, he may be quite positive that it's impossible! We shall see what we shall see.

The programs and reviews you sent came safely. How I wish I had your opportunities to hear music! It was

a great pity that you missed hearing the Roth Quartet. I could have told you the Hall would be crowded, as there were many Bostonians at Pittsfield & they were sure to take all their musical friends to Paine Hall for the chance of hearing again that remarkable ensemble. But it is easy to be wise after the event.

This has been our first day of real autumnal weather. We've been having it unseasonably warm, & whether the furnace fire was to be or not to be, that has been the question. The wistaria climbed almost all the way up one of our wires this summer. Anemones & Chrysanthemums are luxuriant. I'm planting more Tillips for next spring. Now we shall have about 30 dozen. — I've lots more I'd like to write you about, but I've reached the limit of my time. I wish I could wish myself into 53 Matthews tonight & have the comfort of being with you for a little. You are inexpressibly dear to me, and I miss you with a constancy that would surprise you if you could realize it. With deepest love, Donald

28 Oct., '28.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo: -

We hear the Boston Symphony tomorrow evening. They are playing the 2nd Brahms, a "Classical" symphony of Prokofiev, & pieces by Debussy & Ravel. Later in the week we hear the last performance in Rochester of the Flonzaley Quartet, to our sorrow. I suppose all good things must come to an end. On Friday, I go to New York en route to Danbury, where I shall vote next Tuesday for Hoover. I lately saw Al Smith in a news reel at the Eastman Theatre, and was confirmed in my feeling that he is no person to be President of these United States. He is common, common, common. He looks like a

bum off the streets, or like a sharper at a county fair. Hoover is not a man of distinction of intellect or of statesmanship, but at least he is typical of the unusual American business man & doesn't look as if he'd been begotten in a saloon & brought up in an alley. A president is, after all, a head figure if not a figure-head, and character is revealed by physiognomy. It may be the roughest snobbery, but I just can't "see" Smith in the White House. I imagine that the majority of voters feel just as I do, whatever their expressed reasons for voting against Smith.

I had a letter this week from Dr. Goetschius, a very lovely letter, full of friendship & wise counsel. He hadn't yet had time to read all the book, but he agrees with the fundamentals as set forth in Part I. I think his letter pleased ^{even more} me, & made me happier than did the publication

of the book itself, it was so generous & warm-hearted. The dear old gentleman is seventy-five, and he says he is "so weary." He works very hard still, as you will see by consulting the back of the jacket or the Manual. I remonstrated with him. I don't see any sense in working beyond ones powers, - in over-working, - at the age of 75, when one has already published enough good work to make the reputations of several men. He promises me a thorough critique of the book later, and, if he lives, he will keep his promise. He is a great pedagogue, but, what the readers of his somewhat pedantic books do not suspect, he is greater in sheer force of character, besides having one of the most lovable dispositions it was ever my good fortune to encounter.

I received, among others, acknowledgments from Professor Hill & from Franklin Robinson. They will, perhaps, let me know what they think later!

It may possibly be some days before I can write to you again, - that is the reason I am writing now without waiting to hear from you. I wish you were also going home to vote, - then we could arrange to meet in New York. I had the crazy idea of sending for you to come to New York next week-end anyway, but discretion seems still to be the better part of valor & other things. Why didn't I advise Columbia instead of Harvard!

What are you going to do next year? At this time, ^{then} I shall probably be settled in some small place in the South of France with the Mediterranean in sight, thinking very often of the dearest fellow in the world, & depending on a word from him frequently. But that's just as true in Rochester! - All my days are different, dear Boy, because I love you and because you are so lovable. -

P.S. your last letter to us both.
Pleased Betty very much indeed.

Your Donald

Monday afternoon
Oct 29, 1928.

Dear Donald,

The "book" arrived last Tuesday
and this is an unmentionably late
time to acknowledge it.

First let me thank you for
it. It was awfully good of you
to make me one of the twenty
to receive an author's copy.

and more thinking appeals to
me more and more. and I
think it should appeal to many
who have given up in despair
the other method involving endless
lists of rules and their exceptions.

Long life to the "M. H. T."!

My copy is already in Prof.
Saunders' ^{hands} where I shall leave it
until I hear from you that
you have heard from him.

I'm sorry this can't be a letter

I'm quite delighted with its
printing and general form. The
paper is excellent and the
cuts much better than I had
hoped after seeing some of those
last summer. And then I
think the "index" is so laudably
to look at that it ought to
be used, as I hope it will be.

As for the contents, I feel
somewhat incapable of speaking of
that, but the idea of no rules,

Am just at present in
a sea of work. I must now
over now to hear a lecture
on the "Electrical-mechanical
Properties of Rochelle Salt."

My love to both Betty and
you.

George



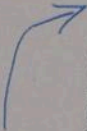
Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
53 Matthews Hall,
Cambridge 38, Mass.

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Don't miss this!

KEDROFF QUARTET CONCERT



Through the courtesy and generosity of Mr. Charles R. Crane, the Kedroff Quartet will give a public concert in Paine Hall of the Music Building, at 8.15 P. M., on Monday, November 12. The program will include Russian folk-songs, works by Tschaikovsky, Schubert, Mozart, and Johann Strauss.

Matthew Hall 53

November 14, 1928.

Caricinus,

Your very brief note was received in plenty of time. It was very nice of you to make sure that I knew about the concert.

I had, though, to disobey your injunction. The B.S.O. opened its

the slightest idea, except that I'm pretty sure I shan't be here. In the first place, I don't see how I can stay here any longer just now. My father says that it is quite difficult for a Harvard graduate to secure a scholarship in mathematics here for his first year of graduate work, practically all such scholarships going to

Monday evening series that same evening. I have a ticket for this series and couldn't bring myself to forego even one concert. I have, of course, many opportunities to hear the orchestra but this may be my last year about ^{far quite a while} Boston, and I don't want to throw away any such good chance.

This brings me to a subject about which you have interrogated me repeatedly this fall. Where shall I be next year? I haven't

men from other colleges. After
the first year it is, however,
much less difficult, and there
is, moreover, a good chance
of securing a part-time
instructorship in place of a
scholarship.

But, in the second place, I
don't know that I want to
stay here just now, although,
of course, I want at some
time to do graduate study here,
(here in preference to all other places).

I have not entirely analyzed my feelings on this point but a not insignificant contributing factor is the spark of Van Sheck's independence still left to me after all these years of dependence. It would be quite a satisfaction to show my grandfather, who can't be expected to live many years more, that I can support myself, if necessary; and, in addition, it would be no small satisfaction to demonstrate that fact to my-

any graduate study, I should slip backward in that time, but ought, on the contrary, to make some progress on my own. Unless

I were particularly unfortunate in securing a good position, I ought, in that time, to be able to come enough to bring me back here with a start sufficient to see me through a doctor's degree, if that much is in me.

But quite aside from the

self. And then, eight years of squeezing one's pocketbook, even with the most generous of friends behind one, is an experience not calculated to make one look forward with zest to three or four more years of a like nature. It seems to me that three or four years of teaching couldn't do me any harm and would probably do me a great deal of good. If I'm any good at all, that is, watch

financial aspect, it might be
good for me to get away from
here for awhile. The brilliance
of so many shining lights as
are here brought together in
one faculty has tried my
mental eye, and, to mix the
metaphor, a free and less
stimulating atmosphere for
a time could be quite refreshing.

I am, of course, aware of
the danger that even hurks

about men who leave
academic walls for such
periods of preparation, namely,
that of getting interested in
"non-academical" matters; but
I believe am sufficiently wary
and level-headed, not to say
disinterested, to be able to avoid
any catastrophe of this sort.

Well, that's that, for the time
being. Please let me know what
you think of the idea.

that time I shall receive approximately one hundred seventy-five dollars from the University. This will take me into the latter part of April when I shall again have a sixty dollar term bill and the expenses of the remaining weeks of school, another two hundred dollar proposition; ~~with~~ the University ^{will} paying me, the latter part of June, the same amount it will in February. I believe my father can see me

I most deeply appreciate your offer of a whole back of aid in meeting the expenses of this year, although I have been disgracefully slow in acknowledging that offer.

My finances for this year will work ^{out} about as follows: By the first of December my bank account will be nil and I shall have a term bill of sixty dollars to pay. That means that I shall need about two hundred dollars to take me to February first. As

through half of the necessary
four hundred dollars, if I repay
him the major portion of it in
June. If you can see me through
the other half, charging it, for
the time being, to love and affection,
I should be most grateful. It
is, of course, possible that
I shall be able to earn quite
a bit tutoring, though such
a source is uncertain, and
moreover, next spring, I shall
as quit exam. time

4.

Have so much mathematics
on my hands that tutoring
in the subject would drive me
out of my senses. I'm sorry
there have been so many "dis-
gusting details" to be gone
over all at once, but I think
a full exposition now is best.

I know I haven't been at all
generous with letters this fall.
I do hope you'll forgive me. I study
very hard, and get so tired mentally
that I simply can't write. I miss

If I didn't have you love
I should feel quite destitute,
but with it all else can make
not a great deal of difference.

Well, it is nearly twelve
o'clock, and I should have
been in bed a long time ago.
This was intended to be an "amen"
but it's too late now to revise
the main letter. If there is
anything in here which you
think would interest Betty, feel

you so much, and have no one
or hand, as you do, to partly
fill the gap. I suppose this
may be my fault but I'm
not sure of it. My roommate
is a complete failure, in all
ways, and I have met no one
else to whom I was even
attracted. I know plenty of
people but not one of them
appeals to me. This is not
"Klage", mere statement of facts,

yourself quite at liberty to
read it to her.

One more thing, however. I'm
looking forward keenly to the
last week in June, though not
to its end. On account of graduation
the week will have to begin not
earlier than the twenty-third. Should
you not change your date of sailing
I believe I can be in New York
for that sail even if I should
be welcome. With a heartfelt of
love

good night.

P.S. Three cheers
for the election.

George.

21 Nov., 1928

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo Giorgio:-

The night is very quiet outside my window & the first heavy snowfall of the year has begun, outlining all the trees in white and making a soft carpet on the ground over which people seem to move noiselessly. What a magical thing is snow! What a deprivation it would be to live in the tropics where snow is unknown!

This would be the time I should choose, were I in Cambridge, to journey round to Matthews Hall & climb the stairs to No. 53, throw your room-mate out of the window, & have you to myself for an hour or two. But since that can't be, I must just solace myself by talking to you on paper. Dear Boy, how I miss you! You are, I think, very right & sensible as to your immediate future. By all means get out

and scratch gravel! You need time to grow, time to reflect, time to assimilate what elements of knowledge have been presented to you during these last four years. I should certainly begin now, if you have not already begun, to seek out a position for next year. The Harvard Appointment Office was never of any service to me, but it might be of service to you. Raymond Tweedy will help you if he can, though I suppose such positions as he knows about are more in the realm of commerce than in that of education. Still, I should certainly take the next opportunity of discussing the future with him. Ask his counsel in a general way, don't expect anything specific, & you may get some valuable suggestions. At your age & with your record, I think you ought to expect \$2000 a year or better. See what Raymond thinks. — And then, later, if you want a higher degree, you will be more mature & more likely to achieve it without undue strain, mental or economic.

Would you like me to make inquiries as to the possibility of a position in the Mathematics Department here? You know, of course, that a personal word, from someone who knows you, is often of much more avail than correspondence. I make this suggestion rather hesitatingly, because it is only too true that I wish you near enough to be accessible at brief instead of at long intervals! But, discounting my personal desires, I would think this kind of a position suit you, i. e. the Math. Dept. of a small college in the Middle West, or should you prefer another locality? Whatever you decide, be assured that I will help you to the limit of my ability. If you were to come to Rochester, you could have at least one advantage next year: you could live in this house, using my bedroom & study, with Mr. & Mrs. Jefferson to look out for you. They are going to remain here during the year we are away, having the house rent-free in return for taking care of it & paying the maintenance bills. You would be charged a third of the coal & light bills, but you would have no other expenses, as you would get your meals elsewhere. — Isn't this a nice little dream? Of course, I shan't mention it to Betty unless it threatens to come true, but she wouldn't object. (Nor did I show her your letter, as I didn't want to explain why it was sent to the School, nor did I want to discuss your finances with her. I shall simply tell her that I have agreed to make good your unavoidable deficits, and that these this year will amount to \$200. You shall have a check for half that amount on the 1st of December and another in April.) Another parenthesis: (Of course, you're not to reply to this letter when next you write to 45 Jirton Place. If you mention the Math. Dept. at Rochester, do so on your own initiative, & I shall be very much surprised & delighted. As I said at first, I wish you would write to the School only when you feel the need of letting off steam. — I need to have you let it off occasionally, remember!)

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It is really a shame that an affectionate fellow like you shouldn't have someone nearby upon whom he can lavish affection. I know how much of a deprivation this is, for it happened to me the year I was in Paris. (Never before or since!) And I am not nearly as affectionate as you are, that I know. I'm not as dependent on having somebody to love, at least, I think I could stand enforced loneliness better, though in that year of 1912-13 I was certainly very desolate. Of course, the thing for a perfectly "normal" youngster to do would be to find him a girl and make love to her, or at least a girl-friend who would permit him to be affectionate. But with your temperament, you will just have to worry along as best you can. The thing to do, of course, is to follow the line of your sympathies & to seek out intellectual companions. I was younger than

you when I was in school and college, but I was different from you in that I was always in love, like a schoolgirl with what is rather unpleasantly denominated a "crush". I think that, when you consider how comparatively steady a person I appear to be, the fact that I have seldom been free from a thorough-going passion for somebody is nothing less than amazing. At least it amazes me, myself! Nor have I been unfaithful, nor changeable in my own will. I've been steadily devoted in every love-affair that mattered, and it has been always the other party who withdrew or changed. This has made me very philosophical about my temperament, and ready, at last, to accept what Fate seems to bring without losing my balance, without being bowled over. Beside the instances where my heart was involved, we made experiments, as most young-

sters do, some of them pretty grossly physical, and the lesson I learned & learned thoroughly is that one does that at deadly peril, in America. In Europe one might do it with absolute candor on both sides, but here the case is very different. The peril is, of course, that of mistaking sexual passion for love, & they are worlds away from each other. I feel now, having most of my youthful years (but not I hope, my youthfulness!) behind me, that sexual passion ought not to be allowed to culminate in actual intercourse unless the two people concerned really love each other, - unless each is certain that that love is mutual. But friendship can & ought to be affectionate, and an affectionate nature ought to find & keep friends, mindful that passion must be kept out where it is not wanted. So I hope you will get find real friends, & I am unutterably glad that you are my friend as well as my lover.
Eversteadily,
Ronald

Matthews 53
Cambridge, 38, Mass.
November 25/28.

Dear Betty and Doused,

Ah, what a lovely night, snow,
snow, snow. It has been
snowing for a couple of hours,
and the yard is looking up
some after its recent drabbles.
I do hope the snow can stay

couldn't imagine why she should
be calling me. But my
surprise was greater when I
found on making the call that
she had Irving MacArthur staying
with her for a few days. He
had given a recital there the
night before and he was staying
over to see some of the many
notable places about ^{here} and to
get another suggestion if
possible. He and "Pete" came
to Cambridge that afternoon and
the three of us then went over

over Thursday for it makes
Thanksgiving so much more
notable an occasion.

I had a real surprise
this past week. When I came
in Thursday noon I found
a request to call Coburn 0211.
I knew that Caroline Peterson
lived there but since I hadn't
seen nor heard of her since my
first week in Cambridge, when
I met her on the street, I

To Waterbury to see the
Perkins Institute. As you
probably know the institute
moved a few years ago to a
hill overlooking the Charles river.
The grounds are very nicely
laid out and the buildings
are very attractive. It was a
sorry sight, though, to see some
three hundred boys and girls
in such lovely surroundings who
were quite unable to appreciate
them visually. But every one

I then see the blind persons' proverbial cheerfulness and activity so that one scarcely noticed their blindness. He saw them in classes reading guide as well as well as their brothers and sisters of the same age who are not blind. He also saw them playing games, dancing, roller-skating etc. In one group there was a lone pickaninny, but she was alone only in color, for both

very luckily met Woodward
whom Mar had ^{met} years ago
and who let us in the chapel
so that Mar might see and play
the organ. This pleased him
immensely and I was glad
he could do it for them but
a great deal about Harvard
to interest one who can't see.

After leaving the chapel
we visited the Jagg and Giovanni
museums where there are
sculpture and carvings about

she and the others are in
little danger of developing
race prejudice, over color or
any race.

Leaving Wakestean we drove
into Boston to get Edmund
Stanley and then out to
Cahasset for dinner. You may
imagine there was lively talk
of Eastman and Ricketts.

Pete and Mar came in
again yesterday afternoon to
see something of Harvard. He

which Irving could get some
idea by hand.

Julia Bryant had me over
to dinner a couple of weeks ago.
She and a friend have a nice
little apartment on Craigie
Circle. It was Friday evening,
and after dinner we went over
to Mrs. Warner's to a "Sing".

The "Sings" have been reorganized
into a serious and a non-serious
group. Those who want to be
regular and work, constitute the

Bach Cantata Club with
J. W. Woodworth as conductor.
They meet every Friday night at
Mrs. Wainers for an hour of
practice. They intend to give
two recitals in Emmanuel
church, giving Bach cantatas
and other music of a like
nature. After the serious
rehearsal the rest of the
congregation is welcome to come in
and they all can then sing
anything they want as badly

(Doris) address? I have some pictures of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, about which building she expressed much interest last summer, which I should like to send her.

This letter had to be interrupted a while back for a bridge game so that now it is Monday afternoon and most time for supper, or dinner if you prefer.

I hope both of you are enjoying Rochester as well as

as they please.

Well there isn't much more news of note. The following fair isn't of much note but I suppose must be mentioned if I am to get ahead of the press. Phi Beta Kappa held their elections last week and my name was one of those that came out above the line. The key presentation and banquet came on the evening of December fourth. 'Nuf said. Could you send me names

can be expected. I wish I
could leap into 48 guitar
Place once in a while. Of
course I do in spirit, but
in the flesh would be
much more satisfactory. My
love to you.

George

Best wishes for a most
pleasant Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day,
1928.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[29 Nov 28]

Dear George:-

I am delighted at your election to Phi Beta Kappa, though of course it was a foregone conclusion with your scholastic record and your likeable personality. Betty says to tell you she is so pleased, "but", she adds, "it's no more than he deserves: he's a nice boy". Now you have to aim, don't you, for final honors & for the degree with distinction. I hope you surpass my record & pull down a "summa cum laude". Everything of that sort helps to label you when you seek a teaching position. Not that it proves you a good teacher, but heads of faculties & departments are nevertheless sensitive to all evidences of good scholarship.

You know, I suppose, that at the banquet on Dec. 4th you will be called upon for a short speech. "Noblesse oblige!" It's rather a trying ordeal, - at least, I found it so & wished

I had prepared for it with greater care. Perhaps they have abolished this feature of the occasion by now, but I doubt it. If you speak, I hope you will manage to say something significant & say it well.

I am glad you saw Mac Arthur. He is going to try for a Master's degree here. He's a thoroughly nice chap & his blindness doesn't seem to handicap him too much. — You didn't give me any real account of Julia Bryant. What is that irrefresible doing now? If she's read my book, you might tell her I'm waiting for somebody to tell me all the things that are wrong with it. She might like to join the chorus of denunciation, or lead it, or organize it: thus far I hear nothing but congratulations & vague words of praise from people who have seen the book but haven't gone into it with any thoroughness. Not a word from Fred Saunders! Of course, nobody likes to read textbooks. But teachers of harmony ought to be professionally interested. Perhaps they are, and

perhaps the book will begin to draw fire when it's been out a little longer.

The snow which fell here as abundantly as, according to your letter, it did in Cambridge last week-end, has almost disappeared in the succeeding thaw. I had hoped my bulbs were safely blanketed for the winter, but no such luck. Now let's hope there won't be a hard freeze before snow falls again.

We are giving a large Thanksgiving Day dinner-party, & I'm just trying to get these few pages off to you before the guests begin to arrive. There will be Mr. & Mrs. Vás, Mr. & Mrs. Emanuel Balaban (he is on the Faculty of the School) and their boy André, and Mr. Soderlund & Mr. Ames, my assistants in Theory II & in Orchestration. Dad sent us a couple of pheasants & we shall have the traditional turkey as well. Mr. Jefferson is with us now, & another colored woman is coming in to help Mrs. J. serve the table, so there will be twelve persons to eat the dinner. And I have to carve three "birds"! I only hope the knives are reasonably sharp.

Mamie's address is Miss Mary Davis, % Chas. Hoeing, Esq., 6 Portsmouth Terrace, Rochester. She will be tickled to death to have the photographs of the cathedral. We saw her recently at a "Church Supper" given by the colored people. Eustace was there too & came up & spoke to us. Mrs. Jefferson had a thing or two to say about Mamie after the summer was over. Mamie was as sweet as peaches to us, of course, especially to the men of the family bitter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but she was apparently very cranky & very selfish in her dealings with Mrs. J., who vows that she will never try to work with her again.

Of course you shall come to us next June when you best can, & you shall be permitted to see us off in New York if such is your desire, though it will require no little stoicism on my part to take leave of the dearest friend I know.

With my love, always, Donald

1 Dec. '28.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear George:—

I am enclosing my check for the sum you said was needed. And with it comes my love & my happiness in being able to be of service to you.

I received today a letter from Herbert Inch, who is at the American Academy in Rome. His letters are rather like himself, a curious personality, diffident, reserved. His music shows decided talent. There, at any rate, he can speak for himself fearlessly. I think he may become a very good composer in deed.

Have you seen the psychological notes on Harvard students at the back of a book called "Why We Misbehave" by a man named, if my memory is correct, Schmalhausen? You might be edified by the book, though I think the whole Freudian

Abstinence from any act through fear of the consequences is sensible, but only when one is certain the consequences will be worse than the abstaining. Abstaining on theological or conventional grounds alone is sheer cowardice, and the repression of perfectly human instincts or impulses through fear of Hell or through fear of being thought "queer" are apt to produce very curious repercussions in the soul. People don't realize how much, to what degree, the repression of a strong impulse may warp & twist their nature. Life is a series of compromises & adjustments, but if one perpetually tries to play safe, one is apt to find that he has dammed up a flood in one place only to have it break out in another, with a shattering of the whole personality that could not have been foreseen. At least Freud & his colleagues have uncovered enough concerning the causes of hysteria to make any thoughtful person pause before deciding to sit on the safety valve of his own emotions. One returns with admiration to that old Greek saying, 'Everything in moderation'. If one is master of himself & keeps his head cool & his feet firmly

system should be approached very cautiously even by those who are possessed of great common-sense. The ~~old~~ question of sex demands the stability of maturity in an investigator, yet, for all of us, it is so important to get our own conception of it right that we are naturally interested in every scrap of data that is presented to us. There isn't, of course, any one path of sexual behavior which is right for all persons. But so many worry about the problem till it becomes an obsession, and they become morbid & sometimes neurotic. I passed through this very dangerous stage when I was at college. There was a sharp conflict between the way I had been brought up, - very conventionally, as you know, - and the way I began to develop. My eventual solution of the problem, as you also

know, was very simple. I simply accepted the fact that I was as likely to fall in love with another man as with a woman, and I just struggled against the affection that the world tends immortally. After that, it was like being released from confinement. I am no longer even afraid of "being found out." I simply don't talk about my sexual nature with people who wouldn't sympathize or, as in the case of my family, with those who would be deeply shocked if they knew the facts. If I were so judicious as to be "found out," I should merely ask, "Well, what of it?" I think it of the utmost importance to be ready, at any time, to have the whole world know all about you. Then you don't have to play any game of concealment. We are all naturally reticent about our most precious intimacies, but there is no need to be ashamed of them, & there is every need to be ready and willing to face the consequences of our behavior when it is unconvictional. That keeps you from building false walls to protect yourself from the world of convention, and it keeps you from being afraid, - from dwelling what the Freudians call complexed or neurotic.

planted on solid earth, then anxiety & its attendant
psychic ills is banished. Self-control is now, &
always ~~was~~ ^{has been}, in the history of the human race,
the condition of completest adaptation of the
self to its environment. If you're reasonably
sure that, in any given emergency, you will act
as you think best, regardless of what parent,
priest, or neighbor think of you, then you are a
mature man and can be safely entrusted with
your own destiny. Furthermore if, having acted,
you know you will be willing to stand by the
consequences of your action, you need fear nothing
that destiny may bring you. It is when we are
all emancipated from fear that the Freudians
may close their laboratories. Therefore, if we
decide for what the world deems "sin", let us at
least have the courage to sin unequivocally, -
let us mean to do all that we do and spurn ex-
cuses or defenses or "rationalizations".

Ever yours Donald

GLT

Christmas Day, 1928.

Dear George: -

Betty and I want to thank you heartily for your thought & your gift for Christmas time, the "Founders of the Middle Ages" of E. K. Rand. It promises to be most interesting, and we are looking forward eagerly to the reading of it. It was dear of you to send us anything at all, - you know a Christmas message could be put on a card or in a letter, & we should think just as much of it, coming from you.

I'm afraid it will be impossible for us to

meet this vacation, unless you happen to be in New York on Friday or Saturday of this week. I have to be there then for the conference of representatives of the branches of the English Folk Dance Society in America. Should you turn up, you would probably find me at the Shelton, or, if chance prevented my being there, I can always be located through the Harvard Club at 27 West 44th St. But I don't expect such good fortune as that you should find yourself in New York so far before the close of vacation, though I should be overjoyed to see you. We return to Rochester next Sunday in order to allow of my taking a walking trip of three days, - that is, if present plans go through. I must get some exercise this vacation, and it must be in the open air, not within-doors, as is the case with folk-dancing. So I'm going back early to take advantage of the opportunity to have a companion. Richard Chase is spending

his entire vacation in Rochester, & he suggested this scheme. We are going out to Letchworth, a state park 54 miles S.W. of Rochester, where the dear old Genesee River cuts a magnificent gorge through wooded hills, — they call it the "Grand Cañon of the East" for advertising purposes. Betty & I drove out there last week to reconnoitre, & we found it a most inviting region for a pedestrian, — no motors at this time of year, & 6000 acres of park land, with roads & trails near the river & heaven knows what in the hinterland. We often wished you & I could take a jaunt of this sort, & some day we must, — but I'll wait for you to make the suggestion and to plan the details! In other words, if you'll take the initiative, you'll probably find me as quick to jump at the opportunity of a prolonged hike as Richard has in this instance. The only trouble with Richard is that he has the poetic temperament, and one can never be quite sure that he will do what he says he intends doing. I am perfectly resigned to the prospect of receiving a telegram from him tomorrow telling me the whole thing is off. — In which case, we should remain here till the last day of vacation.

Please write to us here, if you have time, & be sure to give us news of your family. We've just been having a grand party, Marguerite's four children, Gladys Rider's three, & William's two, all round the Christmas tree downstairs. Little Jimmy walks now, with a grin from ear to ear while so doing, — & you should see the proud grandfather!

My love to you, George dear, & our best wishes for your happiness & welfare in the New Year to come.

As always,
Donald

Coxsackie, N.Y.

December 27, 1928.

Dear Betty and Donald,

Santa Claus came to Coxsackie
the other night by way of Rochester.
Tuesday morning found two packages
here which seemed to have been
picked up in that "midwestern" city
and which contained, on the one
hand, a lovely blue scarf, and,
on the other, a green sweater with
sacks and tie to match. Please take
my sincere thanks back to the

proper agents. It was very pleasant
to be so nicely remembered at this
time.

I was greatly relieved this
morning on reading your letter
to find that you had not already
read the "Rand". I hope you'll
enjoy it. I didn't have time to look
it over very thoroughly but it
seemed to be very interesting, and
of course "E. K. Rand" is a pretty
good guarantee of scholarship.

I wish it were my plan and fortune
to be in New York tomorrow to see
you, but I don't expect to get down
that way this vacation. Christmas

seems quite incomplete without at least a glimpse of both of you.

I came home last Saturday, and shall stay here until next Wednesday when I never go back to Cambridge.

I found everyone quite well, and we had as merry a Christmas as we could without my sister. She did not come home from Michigan, although she has, for the present, practically given up school. She has again been quite unwell and has attended few classes for two months. She spends most of her time with a teacher-friend, who, with her father, has played the guardian angel for my sister ever since

she first wears out there to school.

My mother has supplied me with one sensation this winter that I never expected to have - that is riding in an automobile with her at the wheel. She has really learned to drive, and to do so quite well indeed. She used to try to get us to drive at twenty miles an hour, that being the only "safe and decent" speed, but she now takes us along merrily at thirty-five !!

I did not hear the Black "America", and have regretted it much if it's as bad as Phelps Hale makes out. When I heard of all the times that were used in it I began to fear a pot-pouri- I should consider it very difficult,

if not impossible, to incorporate as many ideas in one work without producing a medley-effect.

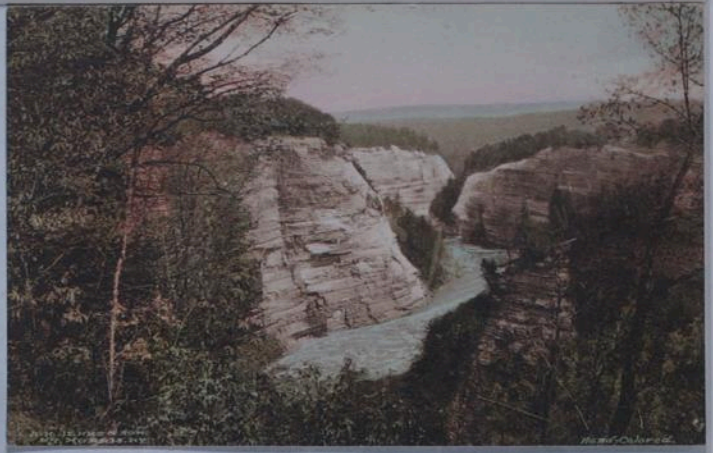
I did hear the Flaughey Decades and shall hear as well the two remaining concerts in the series.

I love to watch the cellos play - he looks so much like a bull-frog but plays so unlike one.

I'm sorry you wrote the Manual so well you can't get any adverse criticism. I don't know why Prof. Saunders doesn't write you - certainly it is not because he hasn't had ample time to read the book. I called for it only last week, for I wanted to bring it home - he had evidently

finished with it for he had left
in it a note of thanks. Julia Bygones
has not yet read it - she's too busy
to do anything except be busy. As near
as I can find out she's holding down
three jobs - a major one and two
minors, which take up all her day-
times - and doing "many" other
things besides. Perhaps you will run
into her this week-end - she said
she was to be in New York for the
holidays.

I called on Raymond + Hilda a
couple of weeks ago but only the latter
was at home - and she ^{was} having tea
for an old school-friend! - so I
had to sit tea and talk pleased or wild
tales of people I mean knew. Hilda is
marking reports at the new Business
School. ^{My} love to you, and best wishes for a happy
New Year to all. Sincerely, George.



Setchworth Park, Dec. 31, 1928.

I saw your letter night before last when I returned home from New York, and I read the clippings yesterday on the train. Thanks ever so much, especially for those about Bloch's America. Philip Hale has probably hit the nail on the head. We are threatened with a performance of the work in Rochester toward the end of the season, instead of Beethoven's 9th Symphony which had previously been planned!

Richard Chase & I are just back from our first walk down this remarkable gorge. It is really most beautiful, and the sun & fresh air have done me a world of good already. R. has entertained me all day singing folksongs, of which he knows dozens, & telling stories of this & that. He's an interesting person. — I wish you were along! With love, Donald
I've heard from Saludera!

Matthews 53, Cambridge 36.

January 7, 1929.

Dear Donald,

Well, there it is - 1929. It
seemed a long way off in 1925
but it has come amazingly
quickly. June still seems a
way off, but it will probably
arrive all too soon, for there
is much yet to be done before

still the better part of water.
If we could meet more naturally,
that is, with less effort, it
would be different, but my
mother can't see the point of
my making a special trip to
see you, especially when it
curtails my time in Coxsackie.

I hope we can get together
in April - I have the week of April
7th - but I'm beginning to fear
that I may not feel like
allowing myself any time away

the two threatening examination
periods. I've been studying
math for several hours and
have succeeded in getting myself
so hopelessly entangled and
bewildered that I must take
time off to recuperate. I like
to think I couldn't use it more
agreeably to both of us than in
writing to you.

Christmas time just wasn't
right without seeing you. But
I didn't make any definite effort
to do so because discretion is

from Cambridge or all that week,
far, unless my general examinations
should come directly before the
vacation, they will follow it
at a dangerously close distance.
I must of course come out of
them with flying colours if I'm
to get a "magna" - a "summa"
as you wish - but remember
the latter are ^{almost} as rare here as
white blackbirds. There has been
only one in mathematics in
the past three years - that

was awarded Tessa Seidel's
beaker, who came here with
mass of his undergraduate
mathematics already behind him.

I suppose you plan to be in
Danbury or work on your garden
at Easter-time, do you not? If
I could spare the time I
should be very glad to come
and assist you, though my
presence might be a hindrance
to intensive work. Or we might
spend a couple of days in

two or three, all now practically
settled, as I found out tonight
from my tutor, who very kindly
climbed up four flights of
stairs to give me the news. The
Division today voted me a
part-time instructor for next year.
I have yet to get by the "President
and Fellows" but that is a mere
matter of form. However you had
better keep the matter under your
hat until the official announce-
ment. I'm mighty sorry to have
to turn down your kind offer, but
as I wrote before "a bird in the

the Catskills (before the Israelites
arrive) or elsewhere if you chose.

Here I of a jealous nature I
should have been extremely jealous
of Richard Chase, but as it is
I'm glad you had such a
good opportunity for a hike
with someone so "entertaining"
though "temperamental"! I
couldn't refrain, however, from
being with you in spirit.

My whereabouts for the next
year and possibly for the next

hand is worth two in the
buck - if I left here now
I might never get back. I'm
afraid my appointments will be
somewhat of a blow to my mother.
Since I wrote her that I was
looking for a job she has been
planning on my getting one in
Coxsackie (!), or at least very
near there. I must respect
her feeling but I can't fathom
it. My father wisely said he
should look upon such an
arrangement as most unfortunate.

3

He repeatedly gives me occasion to brighten my already high estimate of him. He said quite frankly the other day that he was glad we had been able to get away from home and get a broader outlook, although he couldn't accept in entirety our extended view of things. The way he has broadened in the last ten, yes even five, years is most amazing, in a man of his age and environment.

nevertheless. His people are so real and so human and he makes you so intimate with them that I feel a jolt on coming to the end of his books and finding that I don't ever know any more about his characters.

But before I close I must again thank you for so nice a Christmas present. I've wanted such a sweater for a long time but haven't felt I could afford myself the luxury. Thank you ever so

and most cordially. Please excuse me for eulogizing, but my father is really a very remarkable man, all things considered. I do wish he didn't have to lead such a hectic life.

It's after ten and my bedtime so I must stop. I shall go to bed and read myself to sleep with "Bleak House". Dickens is lengthy and complicated - but he is so witty, so earnest and sincere and so acute in his observations that I love him

much. My father was quite
"intrigued" by the green silk
sacks!

Much love to you with a
bunch of hugs and kisses, my
dear.

George

12 Jan. '29

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo:-

I think your part-time job in Cambridge is probably the best thing that could happen to you, though I wish you could be paid enough to render you independent. (No, I'm not thinking of myself, - I mean rather the unsatisfactory recompense of the teacher in general, but, above all, the young teacher just starting in.) Does the arrangement include lodgings? I hope so.

Ralph Eaton wrote me a nice long letter the other day and mentioned having met you casually just once. I think you are an idiot not to go & see him. He is a very human kind of person, & he might prove helpful to you. As for you, all you need to give out is friendliness, which you can do without effort. You are both affectionate natures, & I see no reason why you shouldn't

find plenty of points of sympathetic contact. There's no need for you to seek to astonish by the brilliance of your intellect, — on the other hand, there's nothing overwhelming in being a doctor of philosophy. Ralph might like to find someone to do secretarial work, either for himself or for another, & you will need every cent you can earn in that way. Certainly I can recommend you for that without qualification!

My point is that you should seek out opportunity, especially if you are to occupy what will at first be a humble place on the teaching staff of Harvard University. Nor am I thinking of the matter from a materialistic angle. Humanly speaking, you can get to be liked far easier than you seem to imagine. And, once people like you, life becomes richer & more worth living. Now that your future at Harvard has taken on the beginnings of stability, I hope that, even if for some inexplicable reason you shy at Ralph Caton, you will nevertheless be unwilling to leave all your human relationships to mere chance. You will never, short of complete trans-

formation, become what is called a "pushing" person, but a little more initiative on your part would, in general, make a great difference to you.

You would, of course, make a serious mistake if you decided to live at home & teach in the neighborhood of Coxsackie. However, I don't think there's much danger of that! Of course you found your father sympathetic, as he has never stopped growing, spiritually. He will be a finer man at sixty than he was at fifty, at seventy than at sixty. I have a very great admiration for him, & I see from where you get some of your best qualities. Your father has real wisdom & he renews his spirit by constant open-minded contact with human nature. On the other hand, I think you can help your mother to grow more broad-minded if you really care about her. With her, it is necessary that you be the patient & sympathetic one, as she is a dozen centuries, at least, behind the times. She is very much to be pitied, I think. The dogmatic point of view about life brings about death.

As for Spring vacation, ours begins March 30th & ends April 7th, so we have to be returning to Rochester on the 7th. It's too bad, but it can't be helped, unless you could leave Cambridge on Friday the 5th with me for a day spent, say, climbing Mt. Monadnock in southern New Hampshire. I think we may come to Boston anyway during that week after stopping a few days in Danbury. In which case I should see you anyway. Leave that to me!

Did the various green things fit you? Were both pairs of socks right? — Be sure & tell me in your next.

We are very active just now. Three concerts this last week & three next, & all kinds of committee meetings for this & that. I speak before the Alliance Française next Thursday on *La Chanson Populaire en France*, in French, as your aunt would say, and I shall sing to them also. Wouldn't you like to be a fly on the wall!

With my dearest love, dear Boy,
your
Donald

Matthews 53
Cambridge 38, Mass
February 17/29.

Dear Betty and Donald,

I hope you were able to
survive the shock of receiving
this letter. I am dreadfully
ashamed of myself for being so
laazy. But having spent most
of January writing and just

being talked to. One has
to write, write, write before
one sometimes even under-
stands what he's talking
about. By the way, this
particular course is an
excellent substitute for the
course in English composition
which I missed.

Now the second semester is
here and is moving on apace.
I am registered in only two

now the first two weeks of
February I beg consideration.
Up until the first of January
I had somewhat neglected my
most important course.
Accordingly I had to spend all
of the first three weeks of January
writing up my notes, and let
me assure you it took all
that time. The theory of
mathematics is a good subject
but it's not mastered by any
amount of reading or

courses but I ^{have} plenty to
keep me busy, with tutorial
work and preparation for
divisionals always about. As
you may know this is the
first year the mathematics
department has given divisional
examinations. No one of the
students has any idea of
what they will cover and
I sometimes doubt that the
instructors do. The doctors,
to be exact, that there will

the written exams on the
three fundamental courses,
which, however, everyone
finishes by the end of his
Junior year. What the best
exam and other written
exams will demand me
I am in idea. My own
taxon is most in difference
to the whole business. I
can't get him to talk
about the subject as art.
I understand that I have

in mathematics for next
year. The division appointed
me sometime in January and
last Monday I received the
official appointment from
the "President + Fellows." I
shall have the "imposing"
title of "Instructor in Mathematics
and Tutor in the Division
of Mathematics"!! I shall
be paid enough to live
upon, nine hundred dollars,
and in return must teach

a thesis but sometime around
the Easter vacation, but
what its subject is, how
extensive it is to be, or how
original I can't find out!

I have my next year's work
quite definitely picked out
for me. As I may have
written, my tutor told
me early in December that
he was planning to get me
a part-time instructorship

Acad. of the elementary classes
and take two courses.

I don't believe I wrote
you that my poor sister
had quite gone to pieces
again. She was out of school
almost all of November and
December. But she went back
again after the vacation
and so far as I know was able
to pass at least enough
courses to let her graduate
if she can get them this term.

I do hope she will be able
to get them this year. But I
don't know what she will
do next year even should she
finish. I'm afraid she would
have a hard time getting a
teaching position with her
nervous condition; although
she did teach most successfully
for a year and a half, under
the most trying conditions,
namely in a country school.
At any rate we must all bow
before her pluck.

are stuck in it and keep
papers there.

The Hazyards gave their
last Boston visit on Wednesday
evening. I enclose Philip Kalso
review. It was a fine
concert, three grand works,
more well played. The Smetana
was quite appropriate - the
last three pizzicato chords of
farewell, played with just
a touch of sadness.

I heard the Strauss "Also

I have been as Raymond +
Hilda's service lately. They are
quite well and very happy.
This is Harold's last year at
home. He goes to Yale next
fall, to the Sheffield Scientific
School to study aeronautics.
Raymond has inherited from
his mother a lovely old grand-
father clock, built in 1689 in
Lezay, France. It is a real
beauty. The original steel works

"Speak Zarathustra" on
Monday evening. It was
my first leaving and I
disregarded P. H.'s goal alone
to forget Nietzsche and listen
to the music. I got completely
lost so that I don't feel
I have a right to an
opinion. Some man with
woman, Yolanda Méis,
played a most admirable
Liszt concerto (A major - no 2.)
to the huge delight of the
audience. I can only remark

that she wore a very lovely dress
or should I say gown?

I hope you won't repudiate
of your intention to come
to Boston during the vacation.
I am anxious to get a glimpse of you
at least. I shall reserve Friday
the fifth, Danaet, for a walk
on Mt Monadnock or any
other place you choose.

I enclose almost a mass
of clippings. Please feel your-
selves at liberty to throw them

in the fire if you find them
has stale. They have to you,
and I hope that I may
hear something from you
Please before too long.

Yours.

12 Mar., 1929.

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear George :-

I haven't been holding out in order to cause you to wait as long as I waited for your last letter, but I have simply had to scabble to keep my own head above water. Why I ever got into this Folk Dance presidency is beyond my comprehension. I love to dance, & willingly set aside two hours a week for the dancing, but when it comes to committee meetings, "demonstrations", and seeing people in order to persuade them to do this or that, I soon get fed up. Never again!

Plans for the Easter Vacation are shaping up. We shall probably be able to get away on Thursday the 28th. We are motoring straight to Boston from here, by the shortest route, & expect to reach there the evening of the 29th. I don't know just yet where we shall be staying. Is there a new hotel in Cambridge, and, if so, is it any good? We shall remain only just long enough to allow Betty to get some business.

attended to & me to have a look at the Harvard Music Dept. & the New England Conservatory of Music & to call on my publisher. And that, of course, we want to see as many of our friends as possible.

I wish I could play the Monadnock jaunt with you, but I'm not free to do so, as you can well understand. At first, I intended to come to Boston at the end of vacation rather than at the beginning, but it now seems wiser to return to Danbury and end our holiday there. We shall go to New Haven while in Danbury, as I want to visit the Music Department there, at Yale. If, therefore, I manage to have any time to speak of with you, you must invite me to spend the evening, or take advantage of any vacant time I may have. If we could stay in Cambridge, I could and should naturally run in to see you at any free moment I might have. Dear Boy! it will be good to set eyes on you again!

you will know, of course, of Professor Pray's unexpected death. We were very much shocked by the news, which came to us over the telephone from a mutual friend, entirely without forewarning, as we hadn't known of any illness. I can scarcely yet believe it. Sturgis Pray was very dear to both of us, and we cannot get used to the idea of his not being here any longer. His going makes the world a less desirable place in which to live. He was of the kind that can ill be spared. Poor, dear Florence! Just as they were beginning to think of taking things a little more easily, with the children through college, - to look forward to growing old together with more time for companionship because less would be needed for meeting the budget. The best was yet to be, and they were robbed of it! It takes a deal of courage to go on after such a loss. We had a note from Florence today, and she is very brave, with her thought centred on the children.

The clippings in your last letter were very much appreciated by us both. Some have gone on to Paris for the delectation of my sister-in-law. Philip Hale is getting old, but his position as the soundest & most distinguished of American reviewers is unchallenged. When he goes, as I go he must one of these days, Boston will be a changed place.

I hope you are not grinding too hard, - not dulling your mental edge with too much study & too little frolic. The Summa Cum doesn't matter, you know, - there is all the rest of life to grow in. However, I wish you the best of good fortune in all your academic tests & trials, & I'm confident you will acquit yourself proudly.

We just finished my annual tussle with the Federal Income Tax, & find I'm due to contribute only \$2.13 to the Treasury this year. Now, with that job off my hands, I can breathe a little more freely & write letters to my friends!

DONALD TWEEDY
48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

They are having a campaign now to "Keep the Orchestra." They were to raise \$60,000. Last week to make up the necessary total, & with a house to house canvass all they got was \$7500! I think the townsfolk are thoroughly disaffected regarding everything that George Eastman has had a hand in. The Eastman Theatre has been leased to the Paramount people, and they have been at great pains to make it "go over big." The result, of course, is vulgarity, and people of taste and refinement are disgusted. The audiences for the concerts of the Rochester Philharmonic have been dwindling, & if the public does not go to the concerts, how can they be expected to subscribe toward the deficit of the orchestra? I fancy most people feel just negative about it, but Betty declares positively

that the orchestra is not worth keeping alive unless there ~~are~~^{are} prospects of improving it, and she cannot see those prospects. She never goes to the concerts any more, because she says she has heard too much in her life that was beautiful & fine to be willing now to sit and endure third-rate playing.

The real trouble with the orchestra, as I see it, is a deficiency in quality of leadership and personnel. There are not enough concerts and not enough rehearsals ~~for them~~, - for the good of the organization, that is, - there are apparently too many concerts for the public! - but the matter of concerts & rehearsals is secondary. A zealous leader with high artistic ideals and the necessary guts to hold the orchestra to them, coupled with the ability to choose his players with discrimination, would make all the difference between an orchestra worth keeping together and an orchestra which only professionals and sentimentalists can regret seeing disbanded.

At present we have a conductor who is more or less of a matinee-idol, a good fellow, a charming man, an accomplished and versatile musician, but no leader calculated to whip the orchestra into shape by insisting on adequate technical preparation for every concert, - by holding his men's noses to the grindstone till he sharpens them into a tool fit for a musical performance that is competent. What it might be, over & above competence, ~~indeed~~ would be due to his own gifts as an interpreter; at present, those gifts have no chance to make themselves felt because the orchestra as an instrument is incompetent.

The public may be stupid, but, while it may be unable to analyze the difference between a competent and an incompetent performance, it can feel the difference between a concert-hall atmosphere charged with the electrical activity of a "good" performance and the absence of magnetism which characterizes a "bad" one. I am of the opinion that so-called good art, and especially good music, does really attract the public at large, not because it discriminates as an expert is supposed to, but because the very air, during a first-rate representation of a play or audition of a concert, tingles with the emanations of beauty. There are some clods insensitive even to this sensation, but the great public is inevitably moved by it, and no "popular" singer, actor, or preacher (!) can continue his vogue if unable to set those vibrations going. The Rochester Philharmonic is certainly unable to set them going in its present state & under its present leader, so that it will be small wonder if the public fails to support it.

I miss you, always, and hope with all my heart that my being in Boston will give us an opportunity to be together for more than five minutes! -

With my love & a big hug, Donald

25 Mar. '29.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear George: -

It looks now as though we should reach Cambridge on Thursday evening, as we shall be able to leave Rochester at 2 P.M. on Wednesday. We can make the cherry Cherry Valley by dark on Wednesday, - with ordinary luck, - and then rise early the next morning. We've written to The Commander for rooms, but shall not have time to hear from them. If we can't get in there, we shall have to go on to Boston. If you stick to your room Thursday evening, you may see me, but if I can't come, I'll phone.

With a heart full of love & anticipation,

Donald

17 April, 1929.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Carissimo: -

Here is your check, but here is no time for a letter! I'm just off for Toronto with Gleason & three organ students to hear the Bach b. minor Mass. I'll write you later about that.

Hilda sent us the reviews, as you requested, and we were much amused & edified by Philip Hale's, though I doubt if H. H. was.

Life is excessively full. We got back here without mishap, though the hotness of the weather was awful. Since then, there's been the Folk Dance Festival, successfully negotiated.

I was so chagrined at missing you on that Tuesday. While I sat in your room getting acquainted with Verhock, you sat in the Bellevue wondering where the Devil I could be! It was unfortunate. - Verhock seems a very nice fellow. It's too bad you chose to live together. You might have got along much better if you hadn't.

Faithfully,
Donald

21 May, 1929.

Carissimo!

I must just dash off some kind of a letter to you before the interval elapsed since your last communication gets to be of unconscionable length. We had news of your delivering a talk before a mathematical club which was announced in the Gazette, - this Hilda sent us. I should like to have been a fly on the wall, though it would have been a fly with mere human sympathy, not one with any capacity for ^{the} comprehension of mathematical formulas. I'm glad you did that particular stunt, & to be requested to do it augurs the approval of your superiors.

The jaunt to Toronto was very interesting and rewarding. The Bach Mass is a gigantic work which I have heard only once before in its entirety, - at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, before the war, - and then I was too young for it, so that my chief impression was one of intolerable length. This time the ordeal was physically greater, for the work was performed without pause and lasted three hours, - but such an experience! The Mendelssohn Choir is the finest large choral organization I have ever heard, singing with a precision of attack, purity & freshness of tone, variety of color & dynamics, & a sense of musical values that many small choral groups might envy. Only the conductor, Fricker by name, was a disappointment, because, though entirely competent on the "mechanical" side, he lacked imagination & temperament. The chorus is capable of superb musical singing; that the performance was less than superb is due to the defects of its leader. As for me, I was learning the work as I listened, but I know Bach well enough to realize the implications of many of his ways of writing, - the full score was before me, - and you must fortize, rhapsodize, - you cannot take certain passages as if they were mere counterpoint written to the beat of a metronome. I will admit that here and there, that the solo parts have redundancies and barren areas, - but the choral writing and the power of the

conception are beyond all praise. I was not deeply moved, as one would be by a performance under a great conductor, but I was profoundly impressed, again and again, by the sheer grandeur of the work. I must try to hear it next year in Germany.

Gleason is a good fellow with a nice disposition that makes him tolerable as a traveling companion. We shared a room at the King Edward that night, and were up at 5:30 the next morning with the necessity of being back in Rochester by 11. As a matter of fact we made the 175 miles in 3 1/2 hours, Gleason driving "like a bat out of Hell", as Ralph Eaton used to say of my conduct of the little Ford I once manoeuvred. But Gleason is no artistic companion. A less sensitive person to beauty it would be hard to find. The three boys in the back seat were his superiors in that particular.

The ordeal of the presidency of the local branch of the E. F. D. S. is over, & so are the folk-dance classes. For exercise, I am defaunt on walks and the very few weeds that have to be pulled in our little garden. The house is now gorgeous with Tulips, — such beauties! — Louis XIV, Bacchus, Tw. Eubank, Bronze King + Bronze Queen, Pride of Haarlem, John Ruskin, Mrs. Moon, Anton Roozen, — a goodly company that transform our little rooms into something smacking of regal splendor.

This week-end a chap named Bush & I are going out to Setchworth Park for a hike. He's a U. of R. graduate who is business-manager of the Harley School. He's a most companionable fellow. You would like him tremendously. He has a mind & uses it; he has maturity of judgment combined with a delightful fund of high spirits. Just at present he's "rushing" Gladys Metchell, (Gertrude's cousin), with considerable zest, so I feel complimented that he can spare the time for a two-day trip with me. Gladys is a charming girl, & I wish him luck!

I always miss you, but never more than at this time of year when the Peabody birds are singing at the tops of the scale & in the tops of the trees & I recall our first walks & talks together five years ago. There will never be anybody who can fill your place in my heart, George dear.

Last Sunday Betty & I spent with the Wiles at the Lake, & I looked over toward Charlotte & Ontario Beach with a great & overwhelming sense of being deprived of you. However, you know I am not unhappy because I can't have everything just as I want it. But you must come to me as soon as you can in June, & this time we really will take that canoe trip on Lake Caudlewood. When can you reach Danbury, & would it not be well for you to come there on your way home from Cambridge rather than to return to Coxsackie first? I imagine you may want to remain at Cambridge through Commencement Day, which will occur the week of the 20th, will it not?

Lulu Wile is engaged to be married to an Italian, a marquis, and a composer of light opera. God in Three Persons. She seems radiantly happy at the prospect, and I am very glad for her. We shall visit her & her husband at their villa near Florence next year, & what fun it will be!

With a very great deal of love,

Donald

R. D. 4 -
Danbury, Conn.
15 June, 1929.

Dear George: -

I think it is a fine thing your father & mother are coming on for your Commencement, & I hope you give them the time of their lives. There will be time, I trust, for your mother to drive you at breakneck speed all round Boston, - time for a look at Bunker Hill (which I have never been to!) and Lexington & Concord & all those places. When you come on here, better come via Providence, Dan-
-elson, Willimantic, Middletown, Meriden, Waterbury, Newtown & Bethel. It is much the shortest route, and after you leave Massachusetts & Rhode Island, Connecticut is beautiful. If you get an early start, you can reach here by from 2-3 P.M. (it is about 6 hrs. drive averaging 30 mi. per hr. - just about 180 miles, if I remember correctly), and it is 3½ hrs. from here to Cossackie, in case your people will not stay the night. If they would, please tell them we should be very glad to have them. If any other arrangement would suit you better, be assured of our entire coöperation, only write or wire us when to expect you. Telegrams are relayed by telephone, & the number is 1572-4 on the Danbury exchange, in case you've forgotten. Are you coming on Friday or on Saturday or on Sunday or on Monday? You speak of driving during Saturday & Sunday, & you've certainly picked the two worst days for motor traffic. Well, make your plans the way you want

them, & work us in where we'll be most useful.

I'm anticipating the canoe trip, & shall spar-varnish the canoe on Monday after leaving it submerged for a couple of hours tomorrow. I'm going to buy an army pup-tent in case we have hard luck as to lodgings, though I don't anticipate that we shall. This is going to be the greatest lark ever, & I think it will rest you as nothing else could that is likely to happen. I'm expecting it to rest me, too. Imagine everything you have that you'll be likely to need, & bring it along.

We reached here a week ago, - the evening of the 8th, - after getting arrested en route. I had not renewed my N.Y. license, & sure enough, we were stopped by a State cop who was checking up on renewals. He took me before a Justice of the Peace, who fined me \$3. - which wasn't bad. Probably he made it small because I said I was a teacher.

It is very beautiful here now, though the country-side needs rain. We had two guests from Rochester, - Helen Rogers & Herbert Stern, - overnight yesterday, but otherwise we've been very quiet. We been reading exams, still have two or three more to report on, & the garden has of course claimed considerable attention & looks extremely flourishing. The three poplars have at last given up the struggle for existence, & are to come down as soon as Hayes gets the time to perform their obsequies. Such a pity! But the peonies that you once mapped are glorious this year. I think you may be in time to see the last of them unless we have too much hot weather.

I haven't heard yet whether it is to be *summa cum*,
magna cum, *just cum*, or *sans cum*, but I suppose
you will reply to a direct question after you get here.
At any rate, you have my love & a thousand
blessings on your dear head, & would have even if
you failed entirely to graduate, — which, however,
is quite unthinkable.

Ever your

Donald

R. D. 4 —
Danbury, Conn.
18 June, 1929.

Dear George: —

I just wanted you to have a word from me on your Commencement Day. I feel very glad for you that you have completed your four years at Harvard so creditably. I am proud of you, though of course not surprised, because I know the good stuff that is in you. I feel justified in having helped separate you from a place where you obviously did not belong, though at some cost to my own feelings which, even at that time and though you knew it not, were those of warm affection. I told all my Sophomores about you a few weeks ago, — not naming you, of course, — but citing your case as an encouragement for those who might have begun to feel that music was not, after all, their proper field of work. I have found only ^{other} one student who seemed to need exactly the same counsel, — she had a gift for writing verse, & she left the school at the end of her Sophomore year. (She sent me a Christmas card, so I suspect she is grateful to have been switched to another track.)

Today is the third very hot day in succession. I began to water the garden in the evening with the hose, a week ago, & now of course I must keep it up. Tomorrow comes the Garden Club Exhibit, and our "entries" are down in the cellar, getting reserve strength for the ordeal. I painted the outside of the canoe today, patching a couple of cracks in the canvas, and varnishing the interior wood. I couldn't make a first rate job of it because the old varnish had blistered and it would have been a trying ordeal to have sand-papered it all off. I don't like the new color, - it is too yellow a green, - and perhaps I shall put on a second & darker coat to-morrow. The old craft leaked a bit when I tried her out last Sunday, & I'm hoping the paint and varnish & patches will take care of the leak.

We shall take things very easy, & I expect to get you in fine condition to go home & labor in your father's hayfield & strawberry patch.

With deepest affection & heartiest congratulations. —

Faithfully,
Donald

June 1929

Commencement Day

Dear Donald,

I have just come upstairs
from the alumni luncheon
and found you made of
congratulation. I thank you,
and again send you assurance
that without your help this
would never have come to

You may expect to see us
at Gray's sometime on
Saturday afternoon, probably
about 4 o'clock. We shall
all be very glad to see you.
Marta and father will stay
with you until sometime
on Sunday.

Love to Betty and you,

George.

parents.

The exercises this morning
came off very nicely. It
started to rain just as we
were fanning in line, and
there was a consequent flurry
about rain-checks, but before
we got started it had stopped
raining again. It has been
delightfully cool since yesterday
afternoon, for which we are
all grateful.



Dear George:

7 July '29

The enclosed brief communication marks the last act in the drama of the Licence. I hope it will amuse you as much as it does me.

We have all missed you, and the ladies of the family are all agreed that you are an unusually nice boy, so I'm glad my opinion is shared. Dad said you had a thrilling ride, & that you appeared to enjoy it to the full.

Please give our best wishes to your father & mother, & for you we wish a restful & recreative summer. Write to me often.

Donald

Your steamer-letter, which I haven't specifically
acknowledged below, came safely! Thanks!



UNITED STATES LINES

S.S. American Trader

Tues., July 16, 1929

Dear Georgie Gorgie :-

Here we are in mid-ocean, enduring the in-
evitable with as much philosophy as we can
muster. It was oppressively humid & hot in
New York. We went to see Street Scene the night
before sailing, & since during the play the
characters talked constantly of hot weather, it
seemed most appropriate. I ~~W~~ liked the play.
It is a regular "slice of life," a realistic piece
with a good plot & excellent characterizations.
Don't miss it if it comes to Boston this Fall.

Stewart Reichart, the painter, was in New
York, & he & Helen Rider came to see us off.
We had no sooner got on the boat than I was
accosted by a couple of newspaper photographers,
who wanted to know if I were "Doctor" Tweedy

of Rochester. I owned up to Tweedy, & then they asked to take our photographs for the Rochester papers. Betty thought it was a joke till she saw the cameras. Stewart succeeded in persuading her to pose & get the thing over with, so I presume we adorned the Photogravure section of the Rochester American, or some other equally distinguished sheet, last Sunday, or that we shall adorn it next. They must be hard put to it to fill their space!

The American Trader is a staunch, well-built ship of about 8000 tons. That is small for an ocean liner, but this boat is really a freighter, & the passengers are an afterthought. There is very little space available on deck, and the Social Hall, so-called, is a very small one, & everything happens in it.

This type of boat is not for Betty & me. We are much ~~too~~ fond of being able to get alone by ourselves. Here, the one place where

that is possible is in our stateroom. Nowhere else can one read or write in peace. On sunny days we cannot read on deck, as our eyes are not strong enough to bear the full light of the sun on the pages of a book, & there is absolutely no shelter except near the galley, where the smell of cooking is sickening, nauseating, as it always seems to be on board ship. The Victrola & the writing-desk & the card-table are all in the Social Hall, & since somebody is continually putting on phonograph records, one can neither read, write, nor play Bridge in peace. When it rains, the Social Hall must be unendurable, as one can't sit on the exposed deck, and there is no other place to go. We have had one or two slight squalls, but as yet no rain in earnest, & the sea has been quite smooth. No one, as far as I've heard, has yet been sea-sick, & everyone is initiated by this time to the motion of the boat.

The ship does a little better than 350 miles a day on the average, & if no fogs hold us up, we should reach Plymouth on Friday the 19th. We have mail aboard, & when that is the case, these ships call at Plymouth & leave the mail there, going on to London to discharge freight. Of course Betty & I will disembark at Plymouth. We've no desire for this voyage to last an instant longer than is absolutely necessary! We shall both put "good old terra firma" where we reach it, even if it is British soil.

I am inexpressibly glad to have had that trip with you. It rested & refreshed me & was a deep delight from beginning to end. And wasn't it a mercy that Busbie couldn't go! When two persons are as thoroughly congenial as you & I, any third party is a misfortune. I must say I prayed some little prayers about that situation, & I think fate they were answered to our entire satisfaction.

Please give my cordial regards to your father & mother, & write to me as regularly as you can. Address Paris till directed otherwise. — With a large portion of my love, Donald



Dear George: - It is easier to carry on a post-card correspondence when you are as much on the move as we are. We reached Paris last Tuesday evening & found the most beautiful city in the world as lovely and attractive as ever.

These photographs will help show you why we love Paris. There are many reasons, but the principal one is the spaciousness. One gets so many vistas like this of elegant buildings at the ends of long avenues of trees. Only Washington, of all our our cities, can compare with Paris in this respect, & there the plan of the city was initiated by a Frenchman who doubtless had Paris in his mind. - Another contributory factor is the Seine. You

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS

L'Avenue des Champs-Élysées et les Champs de Mars.

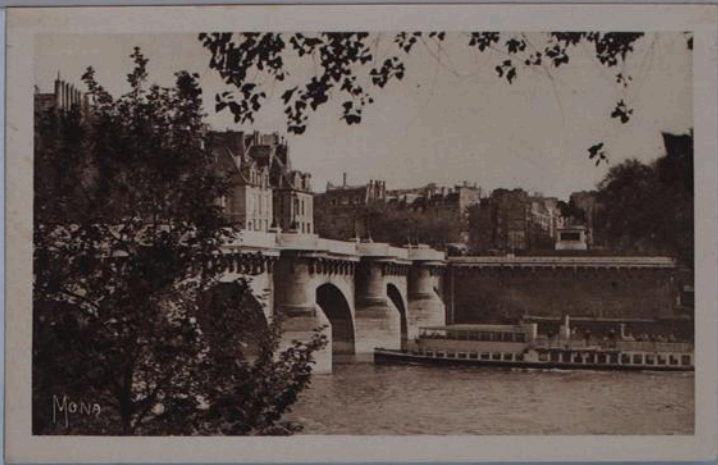
The "Champs-Élysées" and "Marilyn Horras".

Die "Avenue des Champs-Élysées" und die "Pflanz von Mary".



might think from the accompanying photo that you were looking at some river-village in the country, but this is the very heart of Paris, the end of the island on which ancient Paris was entirely built & which supports the cathedral (hidden by buildings). The river is very much alive. Little steam-boats fly along it at intervals, house-boats for laundresses & house-boats for "la notation" & "bains" are moored along the quays, and fishermen are always trying their luck, though I never saw one of them catch anything. Commerce has been prevented from encroaching on the beauty of the river, - a tragedy which is permitted to happen all too frequently in America, & while freight is landed on the quays, I have never seen a warehouse. The bridges, of which there are many, are nearly all very massively

79 PARIS - Le Pont-Neuf et l'île de la Cité
 Vue prise du Quai de Louvre



built of stone. This one, while called the "Pont Neuf" is, as I perceive the legend tells you, actually the most ancient of them all. - Another feature of Paris is its statues, most of them good, though some are atrocious, - as bad as "Civic Virtue" in New York. Henry IV in the present photo is one of the most effective. (This is the same bridge that is shown on the previous card.) There are statues everywhere, along the avenues, at street intersections, and of course in the parks, while statuary in the round (and in the middle!) is a prominent adjunct to architecture in every public building + many private ones. Paris is certainly the modern sculptor's Paradise. He is appreciated here as nowhere else in the present world, so far as my experience goes. There is

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS

Le Pont Neuf, Le plus anc. des ponts de Paris (1578-1603), sur le tiers-pont, statue équestre de Henri IV.

The "Pont-Neuf", the oldest bridge of Paris (1578-1603).



always enough time & money to commission a sculptor as well as an architect, & most of the results here are marvellously effective & singularly tasteful.

The gardens of all the former royal palaces are now public parks, very well kept up, & full of children, nurse-maids, sight-seers, lovers clasped in embraces that would be embarrassing anywhere but in Paris, and Parisians, who seem, as a whole, to take life more easily & more agreeably than do the citizens of other places. They don't seek to run their shops to make money but just in order to make both ends meet comfortably. more than that they seldom desire, & therefore they have more time to live and love! I call that

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS

Le Palais de Luxembourg, Construit par Salomon de Brosses pour Marie de Médicis, de 1615 à 1620 (1844)

modifié par Christophe Badois & Jean-Baptiste Poitevin (1844)

"The Luxembourg Palace, Built by Salomon de Brosses for

Marie de Médicis (1615-20),

and modified by Christophe Badois and Jean-Baptiste Poitevin

for the Luxembourg Palace, Paris, 1844

Das Palais von Luxemburg, Gestiftet von Salomon de Brosses für Maria von Medici (1615-20), verändert durch Christophe Badois und Jean-Baptiste Poitevin



wisdom, & the result is a state of civilization worthy the name.

I wish you could get a Traveling Fellowship for next year. I should take such delight in showing you something of the Old World!

Betty has not been very well. She has had a return of that bladder-inflammation which so troubled her two years ago in Rochester. But we have found, through Gerald Mass, an excellent French physician, & without surgical treatment he is confident that she will be all right again in a few days. We shall probably be here for another week & then start out in a second-hand Renault for Germany & points East. Continue to address us at Paris. Betty joins me in love to you & best wishes to your people, & I send you my special love & a lot of it. - Donald

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS

Prospectus sur la Seine, les ponts, The Seine and its bridges, Blick über die Seine.



London, 25 July '29

Carissimus: -

We got off the boat at Plymouth & went 15 mi. back into the country & 1400 ft. in the air, to Princetown on Dartmoor to spend the week-end. It was a glorious place, & I had two long tramps & found some interesting habitations of pre-historic Britons. We landed on Saturday the 20th & were in London the 22nd where we found Helen Tufts awaiting us. We've had a beautiful week here, though I'm sorry to say Betty has not been at all well! We shall move on to Paris this Tuesday & there we shall put her in the hands of a good physician & stay till she is definitely better. I have many things to tell you, but they must wait till there comes a more favorable opportunity for writing. We have seen the Russian Ballet & a play by John Galsworthy called Exiled, - a poor thing poorly acted, - & of course been entertained by old friends. I have missed you a lot & love you more than ever. Donald

% Bankers' Trust Co.,
5 Place Vendôme,
Paris, France.

13 Aug., 1929.

Carissimo: -

Do you by any chance recognize this writing-paper? I was humminging round in my toilet ^{box} yesterday, & was surprised to find, tucked away in the back of it, two postal cards of "New Milford, Conn." & two ^{two postage stamps} envelopes each containing two sheets of this well-known paper. What surprised me more was that it made me dreadfully homesick. I wouldn't for the world confess this to Betty. She is absolutely contented & happy to be on this side of the Atlantic, but I always feel somewhat uprooted. I don't think I should triumph well, & I shall droop a little in spirit as long as I remain in Europe, - and sometimes the feeling of strangeness, nostalgia, almost overwhelms me. I think it will be better when we get away from Paris. We are still here, because, for a whole week our "voiture" has been being tinkered with for one little thing or another. It's been rather discouraging. But Thursday we are going down into Normandick for over the week-end, to give the car a thorough try-out, & then, if it holds together & continues to run, we shall settle up our affairs here & light out

for Germany.

I shall not bother to return to you your post-cards of New Milford. I have more interesting post-cards to send you, which will be on their way in a day or two, only I must warn you that ~~several~~ of them may be too pagan to be shown to your ~~to~~ Christian family.

Do you know, there is no satisfaction in this travel business comparable to the joy I took in our four days together on Lake Candlewood! I have thought of them again & again, & they have proved a solace at the times when I've been discouraged and lonely. There is nothing like cities to make one feel the futility of human endeavor, & nothing like the open country to restore one's confidence in the conduct of the universe. I see that I must get myself out into the countryside as soon as possible. I am sensitive to the beauty of Paris, but I cannot stand the tumult of the place for long. Truly, automobiles are an enormous convenience, but peace has departed from the great cities, & the vacarme in the Paris streets is something indescribable.

Nadia Boulanger has invited us to lunch at her country-place on Thursday, & as that is on the road to Caen, we shall stop on our way out from Paris. We intend to spend Friday & Saturday

at a place called Thury Harcourt, have a look at Rouen on Sunday, & then, if the car is all right, pass through Paris & go on to Rheims on Monday or Tuesday. If the car doesn't behave itself, I shall exchange it for another, & that may take several days.

We have not yet received any mail in answer to our letters from the steamer. I go to the Bankers' Trust Co. about every other day, but so far there have been no letters except from Europe, and those written prior to the receipt of letters from us. If you knew how delightful it is to receive letters while one is traveling, you would write to me at least every fortnight. I hope you will do this, as I miss you so constantly.

I have lost nearly all the sublimity or awe I acquired in June, & I'm aching for a chance to travel. I did have one marvelous experience the day we landed in England. We failed to find Helen on the pier at Plymouth, so we telegraphed her we'd be in London 2 days later & sneaked off to a place called Princetown on Dartmoor. Now I knew nothing about Dartmoor, ~~except~~ what I'd read in a novel of Thomas Hardy's called The Return of the Native, but I expected something unusual, and found it. It is a tract of land with an extent of some 700 sq. miles almost uninhabited. Princetown has grown up about an enormous convict prison, the prison of Galsworthy's Escape, but there are no other towns, only scattered farms, — and the eye roves for miles over rolling ground on which only heather & broom can grow. The soil is peat, and quagmires are numerous & dangerous. A long time ago, this region was covered with forest, but now the trees are all gone, & the tracts of forest are tiny and limited in number. The substance of the ground underneath is granite, and at the tops of the hills this granite breaks forth, — there is no better way to express it, — into masses of rock called tors, some of which are very lofty & picturesque. But the most amazing thing about this region is the remains of prehistoric civilization. The so-called "Ibrians", a Mediterranean people, preceded the Druids here, and from any height, almost, one can see the remains of their huts, great boulders arranged in circles (originally roofed over by poles), these huts arranged in larger circles, with sometimes long parallel lines or "streets" of boulders, & an occasional menhir, or tall erect stone, so placed that, from the centre of a ring of stones used probably for religious ceremonial, it marks the point on the horizon at which the sun rises on the longest day of the year. It was overwhelmingly impressive to me to see these things for the first time.

I climbed one of the highest tors, from which there was a most splendid panorama, with Plymouth & the sea to the south, Cornwall to the southwest, narrow deep valleys between, & to the north the desolate but singularly impressive grandeur of the moors. On one of the crags I found a "rock basin", a kind of primitive bowl-shaped hollow, made by prehistoric man. There are also barrows or tumuli, mounds under which he buried his dead, but we did not see any of these. Truly it was fascinating country, we had perfect weather, & those two days are the happiest I've had over here, thus far.

The "kitchen" which served us so well on our canoe-trip was abandoned in London. I rather hated to let it go, for I had a sentimental attachment for it. But I found at G. G. Spalding's just the thing to replace it, - a gray-brown canvas bag with leather trimmings & a zipper fastening device, - which can be padlocked at one end, so we've given this grander affair the same nick-name, and into it go all the odds & ends that make the proper packing of a suitcase so difficult.

I meant to write to Elliott Moses, he of the deep chest, to tell him we found no camps or habitations suitable as an overnight stay for a hiking party, but there was no time for such extras before we sailed. Nor was there ever any revelation made to Mrs. Kelly of the fact that she had entertained two Harvard men unaware. It would be nice if one could stop long enough in the course of life to tie up all these little threads neatly, but

it is as much as most of us can do to keep the main strands linked up.

There is, of course, little time to read & less to write when one is on a trip like this. The evenings, which one would think could be devoted to reading & writing, are apt to be very much cut into by dinner. We dine at 7³⁰ in Paris, & usually are not finished till nine. Then the lights in hotel rooms are generally bad. In England we found them impossible, but here they are usually adjustable so that one can at least get them at a practical distance from one's pages. I have been reading a book by André Gide, the author of Corydon, called Si le Grain ne Meurt (If the Seed Perish Not), - a quotation, I take it, from the parable of the Sower. It is straight autobiography, & begins, curiously enough, with his recollections of masturbating when a very small child. Memoirs so thoroughly & devastatingly frank I have never read before. He even dares to be truthful on the subject of his own sexual temperament, which was, or is, for he is still living, directed toward men exclusively. He says that love, for him, is quite distinct from passion. For sexual pleasure only men can arouse him, but he never has loved those with whom he has consorted for the sake of sexual experience. A peculiar temperament, surely. This book was recommended to me by my sister-in-law. Incidentally, she & Betty have been reading The Well of Loneliness, which, as you know, is a tragic novel about a woman of the homosexual type. I've not yet read it, but there has been much discussion of the homosexual phenomenon in this family, with

both Helen & Betty depending the right of my humour being to free, physically as well as spiritually, or any other way, another humour being, whether or not the sex be the motive. I wonder whether this has not always been the view of the wisest & most enlightened people at any time in the world's history. After all, if sexual intercourse is for children, then it can only be between opposite sexes & of long intervals. But if sexual intercourse is for pleasure, then it must be admitted that the view or two women can claim the right to indulge in it without scandalizing society. (Conceivably, as I have told you, I incline to the view that there should be complete individual freedom in these matters, but, contrary to Gide, I feel that to indulge in several intercourse without ritual & fore is exceedingly dangerous.)

I have found a very beautiful book, Le Roman de Tristan et Isolt, by Joseph Bédier, which is a remarkable example of what a genuine scholar in retelling an old tale. Bédier preserves the feeling of the Middle Ages while employing the language of the present, a difficult feat, but marvellously well done.

Goodbye for the present, dear Goy. I send you my love, always,

& Betty, too, sends her warm affectionate good wishes.
Faithfully,
Donald

Dresden, 9 Sept., '29.

Carissimo: -

You were most certainly one devil to keep me waiting so long for a letter! Have you no imagination? Can't you figure it yourself my disappointment when, day by day in Paris I went to the Bankers' Trust Company to ask for mail, & there was no word from you. Just think, from July 11th to September 6th, no letter! If I had you here, I'd just take down your little panties, and there! * * *

We are nearing the end of our stay in Germany, and Betty is consequently very happy. She avers she can't stand the Germans, but I notice it depends on what kind of Germans we run across. It so happens that Dresden is an uncommonly attractive city, with a picturesque situation on the Elbe, nice rococo palaces & churches, a good opera-house now in full swing, & lots of animation & bustle in the streets. So she is content to remain here a week, after which we shall be-take ourselves to Praha, Vienna, & Budapest. Helen joins us probably in Vienna.

We saw ~~some~~ Ralph Robbins in Leipzig. He was almost pathetically glad to see us, as I think he has been very lonely there. We went to his pension for two meals, which were very nicely served to us three in his own room, & he played to us & introduced us to his teacher, Professor Telemague Lambrino, a powerful personality with a Mephistophelian humor, with whom & with whose wife, we passed a very stimulating afternoon.

Now I have so much to say to you that I doubt whether it will all go on these two sheets of yours which I've been zealously saving, - relics of the never-to-be-forgotten canoe trip.

To begin with, I never again would attempt to pilot an automobile through Europe. What may possibly be saved in R.R. fares, is undoubtedly more than counterbalanced, for me, in nervous anxiety! I know I shall come home very gray & very bald. I was too trusting when I bought this old Renault. Nothing was right about it but the engine itself, which had functioned very well, though it behaves very lazily on long grades. The worst feature was the transmission. There was a broken tooth in the crown & pinion gear, so those parts had to be taken out & replaced. When that had been done, the gears made a noise like an old Packard in second-speed. The mechanic said the adjustment was right. The garage-chief said it was right. The proprietor said it was right. The mechanic said, "Il faut ~~bien~~ qu'ils se marient bien ensemble", - that it must be driven 200 kilometres, & the parts would smooth themselves off, in his picturesque language "get well married." Well, we tried her out. We went down to Normandy for three days, visiting Chartres, Caen, & Rouen. We did 610 kilometres. And when we got back, the gear made just as much noise as it did when we started. Well, if I'd had any sense, I'd

have taken the thing out of their hands then & there and put it in those of a Renault specialist, but instead of that I believed their positive assurance that the sound would diminish with use, & we started for Germany. For two days we drove with that distressing racket going on. We reached Metz, & I determined to find out why it did not diminish. I took it to the Renault garage & workshop there, & they said immediately that the gears had been badly installed. So they took the transmission to pieces again, corrected the adjustment, & since then there has been no unusual noise whatever, as there should not have been from the beginning. Otherwise, I'd had to put in a new ball-bearing in the right rear wheel, a new leaf in one of the springs, & a new dynamo for the starter, but all this was done before I left Paris, and since we've been on the road we've had no serious trouble whatever.

You know, I've some Johnsonian quirks in my make-up. I said to myself, this thing won't be right till I've used up my old tube of shaving-cream & begun on a new one. And lo! the day we left Metz was the day I began on the new tube of shaving-cream! I had no such hunch about when I should receive another letter from George.

Fortunately, I left Paris owing the garage there for the new dynamo, a little matter of 1900 francs. I shall take my time about paying it & when I do pay it, I shall subtract the expenses incurred at Metz. Again fortunately, the gears had not been damaged, for I had driven very carefully & never gone over 50 miles (80 km.) an hour, & then only on good, level road. But if they had been, the Paris garage would have paid for them.

I wish now that I had brought over a new Ford sedan. Fords are as plentiful here as any other make of car, & find a ready market even second-hand. Other American makes one sees frequently are Chrysler, Buick, and Chevrolet. The General Motors cars are all well-known here, but Fords & Chryslers are popular in Germany as well as in France. On the other hand, I have seen only one other Renault since we crossed the Rhine. Therefore I'm especially grateful we've had no motor trouble since we got fixed up at Metz. I suppose it was not to be expected that a French make of car would be much sold in Germany. The way everyone, old & young, stares at our car, which has the peculiar Renault hood, makes Betty furious.

Driving through strange cities is not calculated to make an old fellow like me any younger. There seem to be no speed-regulations in most places, but it is an invariable rule that you honk

at every street-corner. Therefore every large European city is now a Hades of fast-moving automobiles and nerve-shattering noise. It is sheer madness so to spoil the peacefulness of the towns, but I suppose some people, - most people, I fear, - can get used to anything in time.

The great advantage of travel in an automobile is that one can observe the countryside in a much more intimate way than when one travels by train. One sees in France how poor the peasants are, their villages for the most part cheerless & dirty, though the harvest this year in the fields, at which they are all busily working, is exceptionally good. Equally apparent is the comparative prosperity of Germany. We entered by crossing the Rhine at Strassburg, going over the Swabian hills to Stuttgart, thence through Württemberg & into Saxony, where we spent three nights in Nürnberg, then up through Bamberg into Thuringia, stopping at Eisenach, and then heading east across rolling country to Dresden via Weimar & Leipzig. The land is fat & so are the people. They exude well-being. They live on sausage & beer, & they look it. And such beautiful country! Well-kept fields, forests nurtured as carefully as we tend only our tree-nurseries, villages

bright with plenty of fresh paint, the windows of the houses gay with boxes of petunias or geraniums. With so lovely a home-land, it seems incredible that Germany could have coveted the land of her neighbors. At any rate, there is no evidence of Germany's now suffering a greater load than she can bear. Her land is fertile, her factories wear a busy air, her people are smiling and sleek. Whereas in France, outside of Paris, which is cosmopolitan & therefore no criterion, the people look pinched & care-worn, they are ragged & rusty as to dress, their homes are dreary places, and the fear of Germany still haunts them.

Around Verdun shattered villages are still unrebuilt after eleven years. I realized with a pang that no one whose home-land has escaped invasion by a modern army has any right to pass political judgment on the present attitude of France & Belgium, not even England with all she suffered in the war. It is right that "tribute", as they call it here, should be levied on the German people, for the will to wage an offensive war was unquestionably theirs. The cost can never be reckoned nor ever paid, but the nation that sanctioned that

madness, having herself escaped invasion, should realize what a hideous spirit she evoked in 1914. Certainly any traveler in this sweet and blessed land (blessed by Nature) can bear witness that the screws are not being applied with unreasonable pressure.

There are many things about European travel to astonish an American, little things that differentiate us so sharply from the peoples of this side of the Atlantic, especially from those on the "continent"; that they give us a considerable shock. For example, "bathrooms". Baths are really hard to get here. Many places do not possess a bathtub. It is a matter of social custom. English people bathe more than we do, & the bath is usually included with one room. But on the continent, a charge is always made, the water has to be specially heated, & the arranging towels provided suggest, in their amplitude, a veritable ceremonial, such as actually attends the visiting of the hammam in Mohammedan countries. Another shock comes when one goes to the latrine. Sometimes there is a water-closet, sometimes not, but when there is not, no seat is provided. One squats on ones heels over the place and feels very uncomfortable and absurd, not being used to it. Men urinate in public with the utmost nonchalance, in fact, there seems no danger of a drought in Europe even during so dry a summer as this, the male inhabitants water the earth so copiously. More distressing still to us is the habit of putting men's & women's toilets side by side with a partition between which does not reach the ceiling. The same light does for both, often the same window, & naturally every sound from one side can be heard on the other. Beds are another sore spot. In Germany we have not seen a blanket. There is often only one sheet, underneath ~~you~~. Over you goes a down quilt done up in a clean linen bag, buttoned all round. And over that goes a goose-feather-bed, - no variation for the hottest weather. If I hadn't my bath-robe to sleep in or under, I should occasionally be in a sad plight.

Well, the end of the sheet approaches. I've much more to gossip about, but I'll keep it for another time. I'm glad to learn you've not been much plagued by Auntie this summer. Send me your Cambridge address as soon as you know where you are to be, & I'll send you the "pagan" cards I'm saving for you. Betty sends love, & I my dearest love, always. Donald



Vienna, 19 Sept. '24

Dear George:- It was a delight to find a letter from you awaiting us on our arrival here, very comforting after a long, hard journey. We started from Dresden last Thursday afternoon & spent the night at a border-village hotel in the Erzgebirge. Next day we tried Czechoslovakia as far as Karlbad, but the roads were so terrible we decided Prag wasn't worth the nervous strain of driving, & spent the afternoon getting back into Germany & on to Weiden, a quaint little Bavarian town where the people greet you with "Guten Gott." Next day to Regensburg & Passau, as picturesque a place as I've seen anywhere, & Sunday to disgorge on the Danube, where we had a grand view of hills & river & sunset from our hotel windows. Monday we came here. 2 flat tires & our total of mishaps since Metz. Not bad! But roads in Austria very poor, & we shall go to Budapest by train. ~~Never again do I attempt to drive a car in Europe!~~ Too much constant wear & tear. Arnold

Bruck, Austria.

2 October, 1929.

Carissimo: -

I must write you a "little, small" letter tonight because I miss you so. A year is so long! But it is some consolation to reflect that "a year from now" I shall have seen you again. Nothing is going to be allowed to interfere with that meeting, I perfectly hope, though I shall not attempt to be so forehanded as to plan it this far ahead. But I fancy we shall reach Danubury about Sept. 1st, 1930, or very shortly thereafter, so that it is the end of your vacation & that will be in requisition, not the beginning.

We are on our way to Italy from Vienna, having started yesterday afternoon & having been held up at Nieuw Neustadt on account of trouble with the clutch. Fortunately there was an excellent garage two minutes from the place where we came to a standstill. They found a broken piece of the clutch gear in the gear-box, which they said had been in there a long time! This got wedged in somewhere yesterday, so I couldn't change speeds. They had it all fixed at 7 A.M. today, & we have been able to continue without further delay. We came over the Semmering Pass, with beautiful mountains all round us, & had lunch at the

top after a walk in the woods which should have been beautiful but was somewhat marred by the usual family altercation between Betty & Helen, since Helen tries to boss Betty & tell her how much she can do & how much she can't do, & Betty gets raving mad & declares she won't be bossed! They are a rather hard pair to travel with, because, tho' very fond of each other, they are both very nervous & one wears on the other. I can deal with either alone, but it's the combination that wears on my nerves, which was the reason I wouldn't let Helen start with us from Paris. She came by train to Vienna, & we all three went to Budapest by train last week to see Mr. & Mrs. Vas, who gave us a royal good time. Budapest is another of Europe's most beautiful large cities. Pesth, on the left bank of the Danube, is on flat ground, & contains the larger proportion of the population. It has a promenade along the waterfront something like that of Boston along the Charles River Basin in plan, though enlivened by sidewalk cafes & hotels on one side, while the river craft dock at the quays on the other. Moreover, there are many beautiful shade trees, mostly acacias (locust-trees), to provide shelter from sun & wind. Across the river, on a series of densely wooded hills, is Buda.

Buda begins, to the eye, with an ancient Turkish fortress crowning the highest of her hills, toward the East; just opposite our hotel is the palace of the kings of Hungary (now kingless because the Allies forbade a Hapsburg & the Magyars won't have any other royal house,) and, farther West, the cathedral, a most picturesque building with a touch of the Orient about its towers. Buda's streets zigzag up her steep slopes in a fashion that makes for especial charm at night when the lamps are lighted, & there are many flights of stone steps for pedestrians, while the palace is approached by a double inclined causeway that, for sheer imperial grandeur, is one of the most impressive feats of engineering I have ever beheld. There are villas with lawns & gardens & ornamental walls, and, most surprising thing of all, there are many large springs, a few still uncommercialized, which gush forth in copious streams from the hillsides, some steaming with volcanic heat. But the campaign to popularize Buda as a Kur-ort has already begun. Let us hope the zeal of the advertisers will be properly kept

in check by the municipal authorities. Kur-hotels are always hideous, - at least, we never saw one that wasn't.

The evening we arrived, the Yassos gave us a wonderful dinner at the Hotel Hungaria. A gipsy orchestra, the leader of which looked like the Emperor Nero, with three chins in front & two at the back of his neck, played rhapsodically the whole evening. Two fiddles, viola, 'cello, bass, & cembalo make a nice ensemble. They all play without notes. The leader improvises variations on well-known tunes, & the others improvise the harmonic accompaniment with a feeling for the right chord which is positively uncanny. Of course they rehearse these things, but, even so, they cannot always anticipate just what the leader may take it into his head to play. Yet all that evening I never heard a wrong note! But one evening was enough. The gipsy style is very acute & very sophisticated, even when, rhythmically, the pulse of the variation is definitely marked, though that happens infrequently. After three hours of slithering cadelugas and soulful vibratos, I longed for one simple tune, simply played. The Liszt Rhapsodies represent the style quite faithfully.

Both Mr. & Mrs. Vas look tired & not well. He is always delicate, & she is always worried about him. I hope both will get a really restorative rest this year.

I am very glad to get away from cities for a while. Betty has not been well all summer, though the special ailment that was troubling her in Paris was quickly cured. But she catches cold very easily, and now has a funny, peculiar kind of cough that started in in Dresden & seems not to be traceable to her colds or to any local cause in her throat.

I must confess to you that, though I never mention it to her, I have always a fear that she may be harboring some growth that may develop into cancer. I don't like this brand of cough at all. But her last X-ray examination in Rochester revealed nothing suspicious. I think mountain air, after gasoline fumes in so many cities, will be most helpful, & we may stay at Bolzano or Cortina in the

Dolomites for a week or more.

One thing I wish you would do for me, & that is procure the pamphlet issued by the American Society for the Control of Cancer (I think that's the title) and send it 1st class postage to Poste Restante, Cannes, (Alpes-Maritimes), France. The pamphlet I want is the one that deals with first symptoms & how to prevent the disease from getting to the malignant stage. As I shall have no other mail sent to that address, I can call for the pamphlet without her knowing anything about it. Incidentally, if you want to write me any pent-up things, that would be the place to send your letter. We shall probably be somewhere near Cannes when we settle down on the Riviera after this motor trip. But I'd like the pamphlet as soon as possible, & if you send a letter to that address, mail it at the same time, as I shall probably call there only once.

This little town of Bruck is just a place

we happened to reach at 5 P.M. You know, I refuse to drive over here after dark. But we found a nice, clean little hotel, & from our rooms can see the green-
clad mountains all about the town. Not yet have we had one single rainy day since we stepped off the American Trader at Sylvenstein. I never favor such phenomenal weather. We're praying it will hold at least till we're over the Alps. Our route is Klagenfurt, Seis, Bolzano (Bozen in German), Trento, Verona, in case you're interested.

My dear Roy! I love you very much, & wish you were here of our day. Call you "wangle" a Traveling Fellowship, & get over on this side the ocean next summer? We could take a walking-trip, & it wouldn't matter where!

Ever your
Ronald