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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.

Exp.: D. M. Tweedy,
% Bankers' Trust Co.,
5 Place Vendôme,
Paris, France.



UN ALTI
MEDIA F
DELLAVIT

? = 20 August 1929
other

Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
1734 Cambridge St.,
Cambridge 35, Mass.

U.S.A.



M

ÉDITIONS PLANT - GUY - PARIS
REPRODUCTION INTERDITE

NOTRE BEAU PARIS

I want to send you at least one example of how freely the Parisians use sculpture in the round to adorn public places.

The Louvre in the background, the Gauletta monument just to the left of the Arch of Triumph, the urns on pedestals, & the female figure at the left, all are parts of a total impression which is Paris.

Arc du Carrousel



(Particolare)

Scultore Arrigo Minerbi

La "Vittoria" nostra prigioniera al Piave
NOVEMBRE MCMXVII

really think she's well enough to travel, yet she will do it, & here we are in the middle of a trip. Well, it won't last very much longer now, for we shall be back in France within a week & can find some comfortable spot on the Riviera in which to pass the bitter part of the winter. — We left Bolzano last Saturday & drove to Trento (Council of Trent!), then over an easy mountain pass to Riva at the head of Lake Garda. Here we come upon olive trees & cypresses in great numbers, & felt we were really in Italy. One does not feel it in Bolzano or Merano, which were Bozen & Meran till the War, & everybody, including the police, speaks German better than Italian. Then down the East shore of blue, blue, — Nile blue Garda, — such blue as the Danube never could be imagined to be, — and into lovely Verona, full of young men & soldiers, a place of stage-scenery palaces and Roman ruins. Sunday etc. excursioned to Mantua to see the Gonzaga palace, a huge pile with a million rooms at least, or so we felt after we'd been "quidled" through them. On Monday to Padua, where



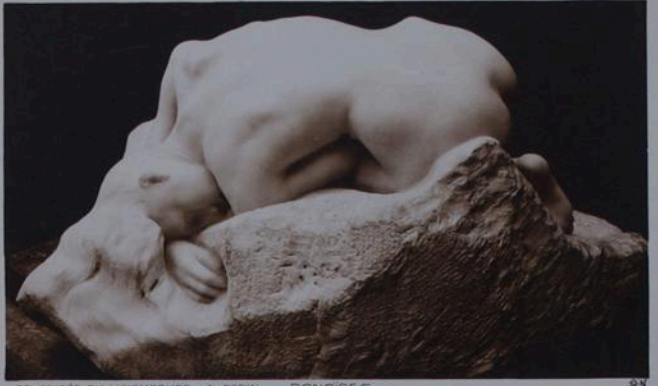
89 Musée du Luxembourg 80
Alexandre FALGUIÈRE. - *Un Vainqueur du Combat de Coqs.*

ADRESSE

Like many other figures - you would be surprised to realize how many there are, - this singularly charming one now stands outside the Musée du Luxembourg, - it used to stand inside. To my eyes it has more grace and animation than the celebrated & much copied

CORRESPONDANCE

"Flying Mercury" of Giovanni da Bologna, - do you remember the replica of that which tops the chimney of the former brewery "dove by the Genesee" in Rochester? (It takes a German brewer to do the ultimately tasteless thing, however his beer may taste.) I always go, when in Paris, for another look at this fellow. He pleases me mightily.



33. MUSÉE DU LUXEMBOURG - A. RODIN - DANAIQUES -

RN
1460

When Rodin takes the trouble to model lovingly and clearly, he approaches Michelangelo in the mastery of human representation. For me, the Age of Bronze is his most perfect work, both in conception & execution. You will remember the fine replica of that at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. I could not find a photograph of it in Paris without a fig-leaf, though the statue itself stands un-Bowdlerized! This marble is so remarkably carved that one has the same Phrygian illusion as with the best Greek works. I think it should be Danaide, without the s. Have you ever seen anything purer & lovelier?

MUSÉE RODIN



HLM 6 307

AUGUSTE RODIN
JUPITER TRAIERU. JUPITER THE BULL.
GIOVE TORO. JUPITER STIER.
JUPITER TORO.

This illustrates the other type of thing which Rodin frequently did. Having got his effect, he failed to finish the sculpture with any care, and, though the vigor of the conception captivates the imagination, the lack of definition in the modeling is something of a disappointment, at least to me. I believe this is plaster, cast from an original in clay. Possibly a "sketch".



6 - MUSEE DU LUXEMBOURG - E. FRENET - PAN ET OURS.

AX
1875

6.

Made in France - Fabriqué en France



This amusing piece is one
that pleased my sister mightily
when she was in Paris in 1910.
Pan is feeding the bear-cubs
honey.



11. MUSÉE DU LUXEMBOURG — LE JEUNE — « PRO PATRIA »

AN
1863

This amazingly fragile & lovely marble has been in the Luxembourg ever since my first visit there.

The broken sword & the legend "No Patria" do not matter. The figure is one of the most exquisite things in all modern sculpture.



Why the ultra-moderns want to make of the human body a thing of cubes & triangles & other mathematical symbols is beyond my comprehension. I always suspect it is because they cannot model as perfectly as this, & that therefore they strive to do something - anything - different. As if symbols could in themselves be as beautiful as the reality in nature they purport to symbolize!



MUSÉE DU LOUVRE — MICHEL-ANGE
ESCLAVE W.C.P. 320 215
ALAS

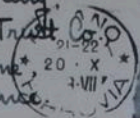
This famous statue is the climax of the collection of Renaissance sculpture in the Louvre. Many do not see the collection, for it is housed in a separate part of the vast building from that ordinarily visited by the tourist. Like the Venus de Milo, it is placed at the end of a long vista, and the first glimpse of it almost takes one's breath away, so marvellously expressive is it of a kind of immortal yearning, a striving to burst the very bonds of the flesh & attain to the realm of the spirit. I wish you could see it in the round, for its beauty deepens with almost every angle of vision. —

From D. N. Tweedy.

c/o Bankers' Trust Co.

5 Place Vendôme

Paris, France.



Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
1734 Cambridge St.,
Cambridge 38, Mass.

U.S.A.



MEZANO CASTELLO MONTEBONE

17 Oct. 1929.

Carrizino :- When I wrote you from
Bruck I forgot to acknowledge a letter from
you telling, among other things, of the great
Coraackie drought. I do so now with apologies
for the delay. - After leaving Bruck we drove
down into the marvellous country of the
Dolanite Alps, which this card represents.
We crossed four passes between Bobbiaco
and Bolzano, one well over 7000 ft. high,
& Mme. Renault took them without a
whimper. We spent 5 days at Bolzano.
I chose our one rainy day (so far) to be
sick in bed with diarrhoea, but Betty cured
me with burnt rum & sugar, - a delightful
remedy. We motored over to Merano on
one of those 5 days, & had the singular
experience of looking up from amid palm
trees to snow-capped summits, so the
folks in Pasadena & Los Angeles have
nothing on us. - Betty does not seem
much better as a result of the higher al-
titudes & fresh air. The hotel rooms are
cold at this season, & no proprietor yet
dreams of turning on the heat, for during
the day the sun is actually hot. I'm sure
I don't know what to do for her. I don't



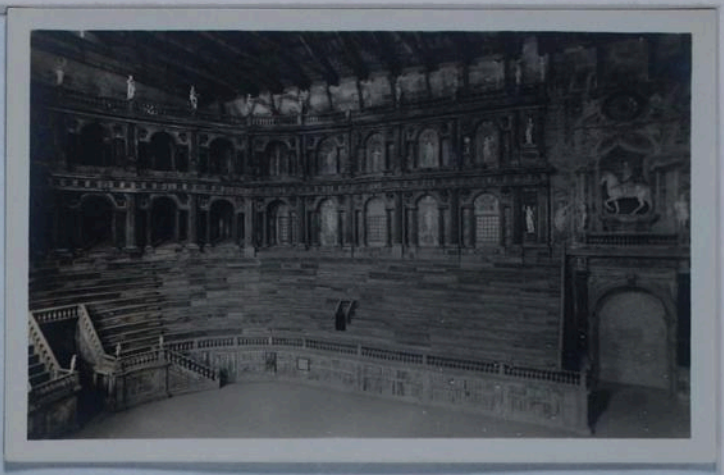
LES PETITS TABLEUX DE PARIS

Le monument aux volontaires américains morts pour la France, œuvre de sculpteur Jean Boucher et de l'architecte Charles Lallemand. Le monument aux volontaires américains, élevé à Paris, œuvre de J. Boucher, sculpteur, et V. Lange et Milligen, architectes. Das Denkmal der für Frankreich gefallenen amerikanischen Freiwilligen, von dem Architekten V. Lange und Milligen.

Stilbons Farb-MONA, 28, Av. Nive-Emmanuel, Paris. (Reprod. Interd.) — Printed in France.

This illustrates the kind of thing that has gone up since the War. Most of the war-monuments in France are horrible bad, especially the mausoleums on the battlefields. I dislike this kind of thing extremely. It is a petty and sentimental expression of a gesture that was really noble.





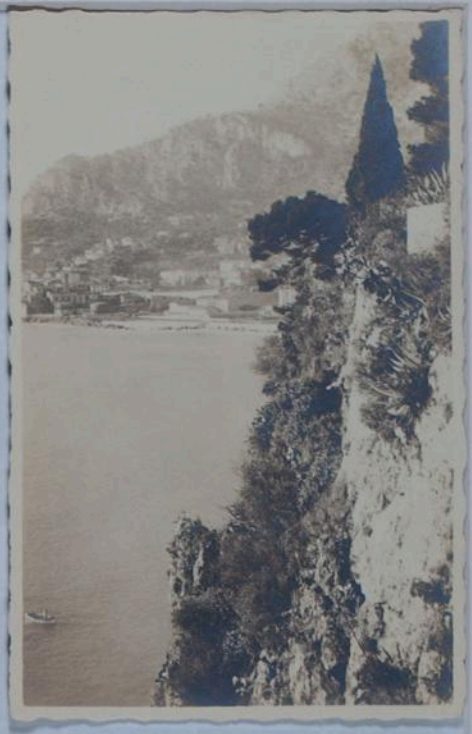
From Ravenna we journeyed on a surprisingly straight Road (the classic Via Emilia) to Milan, stopping overnight at Parma to see the Coreggio frescoes. These disappointed us. To me, they are badly designed & have little relation to the edifices they are supposed to adorn; but his Madonna di San Girolamo is a beautiful thing, all suffused with a wonderful mellow light which no photograph can render. We were much interested in the Farnese Theatre which this card pictures. This is the way I wish auditoriums could be designed today, with performers in the orchestra space, amateurs in the circle round about, a social lights and other devotees of fashion rather than art in the boxes at the rear.

We also found two nice buildings in Parma: the cathedral & the baptistery, the exterior of the one & the interior of the other being worth the visit.

At Milan last night your letter of Sept. 24 from Cambridge was awaiting me, & I will answer it when I have more leisure. I was joyous at receiving it. We go from here to Favia, then to Genova & the Riviera. Write as often as you can. - Betty joins me in affectionate greetings, & I bid you my special love, always.

Sunday, 20 Oct. '29.

Donald



DOTTIE VARNUM
MORNING
JANUARY
Betty is
feeling much better now that we
are settled.

Dear George: - This gives you a very good idea of what the French Riviera looks like. We have settled at Villa Ciappes-Fleuries, Ciappes de Castellar, Menton (Alpes-Maritimes), and I think shall probably remain here till Feb. 1st. We drove all the way to Marseilles from Genoa, & found no place that suited us so well as does Menton. Helen Tufts has gone back to Paris, & Mme. Renault is up for sale. I imagine however that we shall have her for some time yet. She runs better now than she has done all summer, or perhaps I know better how to manage her! - I sent you yesterday by mail "Im Westen Nichts Neues", which you gave us just before we sailed, hoping you had not yet read it yourself. I may say that if you've not read it in German, you have a most interesting experience ahead of you. The English translation is bowdlerized. We are very grateful to you for giving us this remarkable book. We have read parts of it aloud to each other, evenings, & found it an amazing document, though not a work of art! In a few days I shall run over to Cannes & see if there's anything for me in the P.O. there, but I want to give you plenty of time. Address us directly to Menton from now on. - Are you hearing any music? Love to Hilda & Raymond.

Your Donald

[Posted in Menton, Alpes Maritimes
France]

27 Nov. '29.

Dear George: - Your letter of the 12th arrived a couple of days ago & gladdened my heart exceedingly. We are still at the Villa Ciappes (or Chappes) ^{Flauries} - one spelling is Mentonese & the other is French - but are going to Paris for Christmas. If we still have Mme. Renault, we shall go in her bosom, but there's an English major in Nice who got quite enamoured of her yesterday, & he may take her off my hands! You'd better send any communications you expect to reach me between Dec. 20th & New Year's Day direct to the Bankers' Trust Co., & then resume the Menton address till about Feb. 1st at your end, as we expect to leave for Egypt around the 15th of February. If you want to know what I'd like for Christmas, I'll confess to a hankering for a small tin boxful of Lord Salisbury cigarettes. They would have to be mailed with every precaution, probably have to be sent First Class, - you might inquire. They should be labeled "ce paquet contient des cigarettes, valeur — Frs. Le destinataire paiera les frais de douane." And, of course, register the package & send me the registration receipt. Nothing you could send me would give me

more pleasure, as good cigarettes are exceedingly hard to obtain over here, & when they are good, they are frightfully expensive. I doubt, though, if they will come through safely. The French customs officials are not too honest, & they have a consuming passion for American cigarettes. However, if we make it plain that we know they're untrustworthy, we may shame them into better ways, & if I fail to receive the package, I shall raise merry Hell.

Your letter shows me how much you are growing in spiritual stature. The difference between the George who left Rochester & the George who is now teaching at Harvard University is greater than the four elapsed years can account for. If I loved you then, what do you suppose my feelings are now! It is a comforting thing, and hard, to have one's belief in the potentialities of another personality so amply justified. I know you are a good teacher, and I wish you joy in all your work. I am sorry, of course, that the small group which your job is to tutor is composed of such unsympathetic material. But the only way to combat bad manners is to be courteous to the point of ceremony oneself. Put on politeness as a shell, an armor, if you can. I am not very good at that sort of thing, but I'm better

than I used to be before my marriage & before I knew Sándor Vas. Vas's courtesy, which has something Oriental about it due, of course, to the Magyars being an Asiatic race, is so polished & so imperturbable that it protects him from vulgarity like a shining coat of mail.

This perfection of good manners is hard for an American to acquire because he sees so little of it around him. And then you may consider that your particular black beast is himself so hard-shelled that the niceties of behavior are quite lost on him. But it is not so. One can stab very politely, & when it is a case of getting under a pachydermatous hide, the finer the weapon, the more surely will it penetrate. One needs wit to outwit even the barbarians. Vas always gets in the death-blow to vulgarity without acquiring a reputation for sarcasm, which is more than I've yet been able to accomplish.

It is the perfection of courtesy which accomplishes this. As a friend of ours said of him, "you are halfway up the next block before you realize that you've been knifed." - Mrs. & Mrs. Vas plan to join us here after the 1st of January, coming down from Switzerland, where they are at present. That will be a happy time for us, as he is one of the world's rarest and finest.

I sent "Im Westen Nichts Neues" over to you to read & to keep for us. Be sure to let me know whether you received it safely. I may send also a few French books on the subject of the homosexual temperament. That phase of psychological aberration, if that's what it is, is being very frankly discussed on the continent since the publication of works by Marcel Proust and André Gide dealing with it both from the point of view of a great novelist and that of a writer of unquestioned genius who himself confesses to the temperament in his autobiography. If I send them, I'll notify you by post-card.

It is now Thanksgiving Day, and we have celebrated it by having some mince pie in addition to our meagre fare here at the Pension. We bought the pie in Nice day-before-yesterday. The victuals here are really so slim that Betty, not I, is the one to complain. I tell her she ought to have been in the army! As a result, we are both getting much thinner. The suit I bought in London is too big for me now, & I've had to have new holes punched in one of my belts! One doesn't mind being on short rations when one feels well, but Betty is still very delicate and I'm still anxious about her. We not been able to get to Cannes again, & shall write the postmaster there to forward anything for me to Poste Restante, Menton.

I am sending off an article on Harmony to the Musical Quarterly & am giving them your address as my American representative! If they refuse the M.S., which they probably will, I will tell you later.

what to do with it. As a matter of fact, there are so few periodicals that have the equipment for printing a technical paper on music, that my only other choice may have to be the English Music and Letters. However, we shall see.

We both thank you heartily for sending us Philip Hale's criticisms of the Symphony concerts. Philip hasn't long to live, and we must enjoy him while we can. We are in fact interested in anything in the newspapers at home which you think important. We see the Paris N. Y. Herald only occasionally, & get most of our news from the London Observer, a really good weekly paper, which Hilda first brought to our attention. But there's a great deal that we miss, so we'll be grateful to you for anything you send.

I'm working pretty regularly now in my little room up the hill. We have symphony concerts in Monte Carlo now, and have attended two. The orchestra is a little better than that at Rochester, & the conductor, Paul Paray, is most competent & does wonders on, I suspect, very little rehearsal time.

The best of my love to you, dear Boy, & Betty sends here also.

Faithfully,
Donald

Menton, 14 Dec., 1929.

Dear Georgie Porgie :-

A renewed Merry Christmas to you & to all your family. Please give your father and mother our very best wishes, both Betty's and mine, and may you have a happy holiday at home.

We go to Paris to spend Christmas with Helen Tufts this coming Tuesday, the 17th. Just after Christmas we, or rather I alone, may run over to London to have a look at Cecil Sharp's library of folkmusic which I was unable to see in July because the present owner was abroad.

After that, we shall all three go directly to Sicily, Egypt, & Greece. The reason for this change of plans is that I am resigning from the Faculty of the Eastman School and shall return to the States in March to look for another position. You know that at the E. S. M. the ax is suspended by a very fragile thread. It fell on the Hildgenbergs, on Palmgren, and now on me. I will save the details till I see you, merely stating that I was not nearly as surprised as I

fancy you may see. It was, as a matter of fact, very decent of Hanson to allow me to go off on sabbatical leave when this event was impending.

I bear no resentment, because I really should have resigned last year. I never intended to remain in Rochester for the rest of my days, but having honestly earned a sabbatical, I felt it was wise to take advantage of it, since our profession is the only one at present in which such an opportunity is afforded, and we all know that it is otherwise not economically advantageous. I had intended remaining one more year, during which I should have had time to hunt for another job, but now that the decision has been made for me, I shall have to cut short my year in Europe and come home early enough to be in the running for the next academic year. If, however, I am unsuccessful in finding anything suitable, there is plenty of work to be done, and we shall not starve.

I am putting the house at 48 Gorton Place up for sale, but I rather hope it won't be sold till we have another place to which to send the furniture. I'm wondering if you'd like to go out there with me in April at the time of your Spring Festival and help me with the packing? There are thousands of books to be wrapped and boxed, and it would lighten my labor considerably, - in fact, it would make all the difference in the world, - if I could have you with me. I would put off the job till summer if it should be impossible for you in April, but possible at the end of June.

Betty will remain over here with Helen till the end of hot weather anyway. I don't want her to have any of the labor of the packing. The last time we moved, she did it all, Hilda & Harold helping her with the books while I was summer-sessioning out in California. Mr. & Mrs. Jefferson will, I expect, be available, and I shall have professional packers for the china and kitchenware.

I'm not sending you a Christmas gift this year, George, because the postal service simply cannot be counted on. We sent a birthday gift to Marguerite which failed to arrive, and several of our letters have been lost. So I'll wait & bring my gift to you when I come myself. I may send the book or books I spoke of, but not till after the Christmas rush, and of course to Cambridge.

We are not spreading our news broadcast, and, in general, the less said, the better. People in Rochester will know, of course, when the 'For Sale' sign goes on the house, if gossip is not already at work. You may tell Hilda & Raymond, if you wish, that we're not returning to Rochester next year, but of course we shall tell them ourselves when next either of us writes.

We are not especially sorry to leave Menton earlier than we expected. Every place has its ills, and this one has a good many. We both find the climate here enervating, in spite of sunshine and sea and mountains. Then the people who run this pension are very niggardly with food. I stand deprivation better than Betty because she is not well. She has got rid of her cough, thank Heaven, but she continues very delicate & the slightest thing upsets her. But the worst plague of this beautiful place is the barking dogs. Every house has a nasty little mongrel cur, and their training is as bad as their breeding. It amazes me that in a land where children are uniformly well brought up, the dogs should be permitted

to make

such infernal misances of themselves. Then there are the flies & mosquitos. No French person ever dreams of going to the expense of window-screens. As a result, one is treated to the torture of innumerable flies in December, while our beds are still swathed, and for good reason, with mosquito-curtains. And still Betty wonders why I prefer to live in America! Travel abroad is all very fine, and I enjoy it, but as for residence, give me a shack at Balls's Pond.

I had a very comforting letter today from Mr. Vas. He and his Elisabeth are in Zurich & expected to join us here next month, but now it's all off. He writes that he is "like struck by lightning" at my news, and after saying some rather severe things about the administration of the E. S. M., he concludes: "And how much warmth and loveliness will be taken away from Rochester with both of you." Bless his dear heart!

Betty sends you her love, and I mine. All things have their compensations, and one of mine now is that I shall see you again sooner than I expected. Faithfully, Donald

Paris, Jan. 2, 1930.

Carissimo :-

I returned from London last night with a jolly bronchial cold after a most feverish four days. The Channel passage on the way out was most exciting. The wind blew a gale, & the waves were so high at Boulogne that no ship could get out of the harbor. We were supposed to have embarked there, but they sent us on to Calais. I was traveling 2nd Class, being foolishly economical at times and at others spendthrift to an equal point of idiocy. I didn't dare go below because I can't stand people being sick all about me. I elected to stay put, on a bench on the leeward side, roofed in but otherwise unprotected. And then the fun began. As soon as we emerged beyond the breakwater, the spray left by the prow poured on all sides and was blown straight back. I hastily appealed to a sailor for two tarpaulins, one of which I wrapped

round my breech while the other was festooned over my left shoulder & immediately blew tight round me & remained in place. Unfortunately not tight enough! The spray ran off my hat, it ran off my forehead into my eyes and along my nose, it cascaded from nose and cheeks to upper lip and chin, it invaded my mouth and soaked my scarf, tie, collar, & overcoat. I've not been so cold, so cramped, so utterly and dimly miserable in many a long day.

Fortunately I wasn't seasick, though I felt that if I tried to move along that incalculable deck, I should surely succumb. In back of me was a Frenchman who talked to a woman till she gave up and disappeared below, and then talked to me till we reached Dover, gaily, casually, as if we were on the most delightful pleasure-trip, with cold spray dripping from every exposed inch of him. Opposite was another Gallic hero wedged in a steamer chair, who held an umbrella in front of him like a Roman shield, silent, motionless,

grim. At length we three were the only persons left on deck, & I stayed there only because I was afraid to risk a move. When we reached Dover my teeth were chattering and my feet beating an involuntary tattoo on the deck, so that a cup of the British national beverage was a Godsend.

The weather in London was insupportable. Added to that factor, there was no central heating in my "economical" hotel, and I was in my room so little I felt it was useless to ask them to build a coal fire in the grate. The climax was capped when water leaked clammy through the skylight of the bath-room & dripped on me while I was shaving. The bed smelt bad, the manners of the chambermaids were as free as if they had been addicted to occasional prostitution, one of them was sick in the W.C. on New Year's Eve, and, altogether, England is going to the dogs, as usual. One pays three times as much for accommodations as in France, and one gets less comfort in exchange for higher prices. So I rushed round pretty rapidly to get the things done & the people seen that I went to do and to see, and Paris seems a veritable Paradise compared with that blighted metropolis in Blighty.

I saw & talked with Miss Maud Karpeles about folk-tunes on Sunday evening; visited the E. F. D. S. Vacation School on Monday & met Ralph Vaughan-Williams, the composer; went to a rotten performance of Monteverde's Orfeo (in English) that evening & left ~~at~~ the first intermission; worked in Cecil Sharp's library all day Tuesday till tea-time; and visited the marvellous loan exhibition of Italian art at Burlington House on Wednesday morning. Between-whiles I visited book- and music-stores & did a couple of necessary social things. So now I'm ready to give in to my cold!

Your letter about Morris Dancing reached me the day after Christmas, & your letter about Tutors and Tutees was waiting for me on my return last night. I'm immensely pleased at the thought of you doing "Morris." Be very prudent about it. If you stop short of strain & make everything hinge on ease & balance rather than strain & stress, especially when you

get to capers, the unusual exercise ought to have a healthy effect. Change shoes immediately after dancing & wear a flannel shirt, & you'll probably avoid ills you know not of.

As for the tutorial system, - tutoring is simply teaching, with the class-room happily eliminated! A new element enters in, however: the element of the direct contact of two isolated personalities. The danger of the class-room is too much impersonality: the danger of tutoring is too great familiarity, which proverbially breeds contempt.

As for the handling of tutees, circumstances can alter with individual cases. If men talk well & get somewhere in an argument, i. e. if conversation stimulates them to real development of their ideas, then a sagacious tutor will let them talk, but one who is also conscientious will want to make sure that they can write as well as talk, & that they know how to use books & libraries. So more power to you! And I hope next year sees you in residence in Lowell House!

I am terribly sorry you have to live at close quarters with a gaitly such as you describe. It's maddening. Can't you put a stop to their nonsense, or else get out?

I'm so sorry about the cigarettes! If they go to Menton, there isn't a chance of their reaching me. We leave Paris Monday the 6th for Rome, Brindisi, Athens, & then Egypt. It's safest to stick to the Bankers' Trust Co. address, as the plans of all travelers are liable to instant change, & short of an expensive cable-message, there's no way of letting you know. I'm regretful you should have had your trouble for nothing, for of course I can be philosophical about the non-arrival of the cigarettes since their safe receipt was in any case dubious.

I mailed you a book from London called "L'Amour qui n'ose pas dire son nom", — which is a foolish title, and it was still more in questionable taste to have put Oscar Wilde's name on the cover in parentheses.

Still, among many people, Wilde is the only one they are sure of. They can learn about many others from this book, however, and will discover, if they go far enough, that it was mainly written as a protest against the utter frankness of André Gide in his "Si le grain ne meurt." It's a weak book, although it has a strong case to present. We already forgot the author's name!

Betty wanted me to read "The Wall of Solimene"; the book by Roddy the Mall surprised me in England, as I did. I had a field of review had led me to believe it was anti-westal, but not so. I think it's remarkable. The case is true, — that of the ^{sexually} masculine woman, — but the study is fairly superficial, though very earnest. The style is nothing much, but as a courageous radical study, the book deserves attention. It was stupid to suppress it. Well, my lad, I must break off. But hold! Not before we

thanked you for the Gilbert Murray book, which reached us
at Minton, but was only opened on Christmas Day in
Paris. I've had time only to begin it, but I'm sure I shall
devour it gratefully when I can compass more leisure. Betty
joins me in warmest thanks. Her eyes are not yet
much good, so she goes light on reading.

I hope to hear from you next in Egypt!

With deepest love,

Donald

Athens, Greece.

14 Jan., 1920.

Dear George: -

I have had two nice letters from Engel about my Didacticus paper, which has probably reached and amused you long since. Now will you do something more for me? I don't want to send it to Music and Letters in England till it has been the rounds of possible music-publications in America. But most editors won't consider script, so will you have it typed, or type it yourself, copying the illustrations, & keeping strict account of secretarial expenses? I will settle with you on my return.

But I'm in rather a predicament, as the Musical Quarterly is practically the only publication for whose tonality the article is pitched. If you have time, you might go into Ditson's & look over the musical magazines with a view to finding one which might print it.

The Music Supervisor's Journal is a possibility. This is published by P. J. Weaver, University of No. Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. You might begin with him, & then look out for other "prospects" if he rejects the article. As my literary representative (ahem!) - you can of course write letters (with a typewriter), sign them with my name, & give your own address "care of Van Schaack". Musical America, The Musical Courier, & such-like periodicals are, I fear, too interested in exploiting the concert-artists to pay any attention to an article like mine. But I leave the whole matter to your good judgment. The Widener Library might help, as whatever periodicals they see fit to subscribe to must probably have some special value.

We made a rather arduous trip from Paris, sitting up two nights in trains, & taking a steamer from Brindisi to the Piraeus. Greece meets our every expectation. It is one of the most radiant lands that my eye has ever looked upon, & we have had great good luck in striking perfect weather

here in January. The country is all mountains, great, barren things they are, with narrow strips of not very fertile land along the coast and in the valleys. Olives, cypresses, & pines are almost the only trees we have seen, vegetation is everywhere sparse, there are no extensive meadows, & therefore sheep & goats are almost the only cattle. There is a noticeable lack of water, rivers are little streams even now, & in summer the land must be parched. But the air is clean and clear, the sun has a "morning" mood even in the afternoon, and the play of light on mountains and sea is ravishing to the sight. The sea! It is all-pervasive. One feels it even when it cannot be seen, and one sees it always with glad surprise. As everywhere in the Mediterranean (will I, shall I ever get to spell that puzzling word correctly?) it is really blue, even five yards off shore it looks tinted, so that the most exaggerated colored print still has verisimilitude. The variety of tones is like that of the different yet subtly-blending blues of the Delphinium. (Is the flower named from Delphi? If so, it must look down from Parnassos on its own counterpart in color, the Gulf of Corinth, through which we passed last Saturday morning with ohs & ahs of wonder and admiration.)

And the temples! Even in their ruin, they are so beautiful they make you ache with yearning. The Parthenon has the strangest quality of not having been built by mortal hands, but of having grown out of the ground of Hellas. It is, or seems to be, an organic part of Nature, so marvellously has time molded and colored it. We go round in a kind of dream, & the only thing that wakes us is the shock of returning to Modern Athens, the most squalid, filthy, noisy, utterly unbeautiful city I have ever seen.

I will try to write more later, but there are so many things to be seen & done! With my love, always, Donald



Egypt - Shepherd driving homeward

Cairo, Egypt.
21 Jan., 1930.

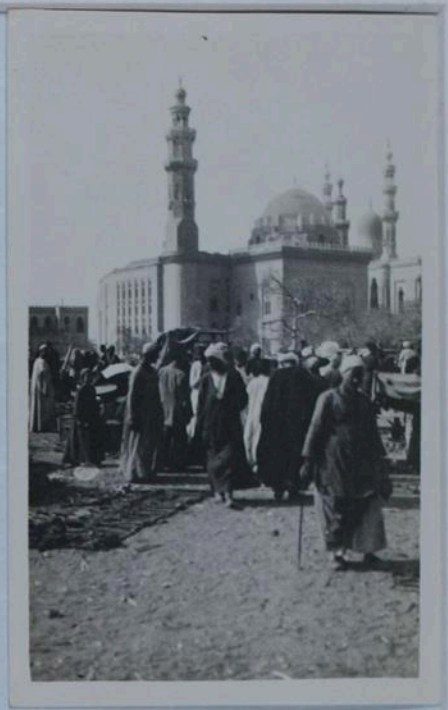
Dear George :-

At last we are "way down in Egypt's land." And the truth of ^{Wikipedia's} ~~Wikipedia's~~ ^{lines} strikes me with renewed force: "East is East & West is West & never the twain shall meet." Imagine! All the men are in robes of various sorts with turbans or fezes on their heads except an amazingly small minority who wear European costumes, and most of these wear the fig or tarboush as it is called in Egypt. All the women are in long garments abba, and most are veiled to the lips in true Mohammedan fashion. One gets a strange feeling of insecurity in the thick of these alien, alien crowds of people. Most of them are miserably poor, with sore eyes & skinny bodies, but the colors they wear make them incredibly picturesque. The scene on this card is typical of the roads in the Nile Delta. The very sheep & goats have an utterly alien look, & they probably talk Arabic among themselves. The country is flat, of course, & incredibly fertile. But halwa & Rice-cakes are the



only common trees. Coming up in the
 track from Alexandria one gets the full
 flavor of the life of an Egyptian peasant.
 He works his fields the year round, &
 new seed is springing up now. In
 summer he has to irrigate, with age-
 old water-wheels or bucket systems
 that have never been superseded. So he
 never gets any respite. He saw many
 ploughing with primitive-looking ploughs
 hauled by buffalo or mules, though
 there are horses too. But the ploughman
 in blue & white robes would most cer-
 tainly give our farmers a sight to re-
 member.

The Nile is a grand sight, not be-
 cause it is big, for at this season of
 the year it is within its banks, but
 because of the boats which this card
 pictures. Did you ever see so beautiful a
 combination of mast and sail? Even
 when the sails are furled, the lines are
 amazingly lovely. And the river is often
 crowded with them, as here.



Cairo, the largest city of the Arab world according to Baedeker, is full of jabbering, gesticulating Arabs, Coptes, Berbers, Bedouins, & other varieties of brown, yellow & black men & women. The worst nuisance is the horde of would-be "guides" who wait in dozens outside the hotels and talk you dead, dumb, & blind in an effort to induce you to hire them. Usually recourse is to take along one recommended by the hotel, otherwise they give you no peace. There are beggars too, very pathetic sights, some of them, but they are not as troublesome as the guides. Today, however, I succeeded in getting to the Pyramids alone and unaccompanied, but only by dint of the strictest patience & determination. Three on the way to the electric train, three who climbed on the train to accept me, & two on the road up to the Great Pyramid had to be reasoned with. I think

Sultan Hassan Mosque



Estor - The Tombs of the Calif

I am probably the first American to accomplish the feat.

One sees such a bewildering variety of things in Cairo for the first time. Believers in the Prophet prostrating themselves in front of their shops while the call to prayer is given from the minarets of the mosque; women of the harem driven to market in donkey-carts by men whom one must take to be eunuchs — eunuchs, in the year 1930! — cashty nosing their awkward shapes along, as in this picture; a cartful of women, veiled & unveiled, clapping their hands & skirling strange, monotonous rhythmic chants, as in the next; (our guide said they were on their way to wait outside the prisons for the release of their husbands, and, sure enough, when we passed the prison later, we saw a dozen such carts drawn up in the square in front of it, & women, children, & babies all making the devil of a racket); — I



Bunch of Egyptian flowers

could multiply the list of these strange sights almost to infinity, - but there is none stranger than these cartfuls of chanting, hand-clapping women, with eyes painted with kohl, finger-nails & toe-nails scarlet with henna (most are barefoot), rings on their fingers in the upper lobe of their ears, & anklets as well as bracelets. Such fun!

The mosques I find disappointing. Such stone-carving as there is has a husky look as if the Egyptian Theatre in Rochester, N.Y. It is too much of a shabbiness, as Lewis Carroll remarked. Or two of the minarets are very fine. The biggest mosques are impressive for their size & spaciousness, but the detail is disappointing. The finest things, architecturally, beside the minarets, are the fountains and the pointed domes on pillars over the well or fountain in the middle of the great courtyards. The elaborate lamps & the rugs that ought to be on the pavements are mostly gone now.

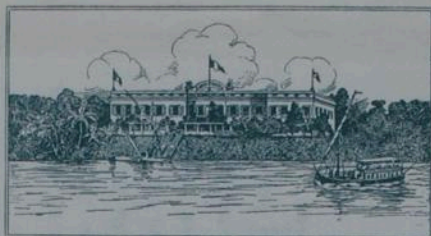
HUMPHREYS & SON, LTD. LONDON. GARDNER & SON, LTD. LONDON.



6.

But if the Egypt of the Califs is somewhat disillusioning, that of the Pharaohs is still, after the lapse of centuries, a marvel of marvels. We have seen only the Pyramids at Giza with the Sphinx, and spent one morning in the Cairo Museum, but already we are spell-bound at the concepts of the ancient Egyptians, and at the incredible degree of mastery they showed in dealing with every kind of material from granite & basalt to gold & precious stones. The splendour of the finds in Tutankhamen's tomb has not been in the least exaggerated.

Tomorrow we take the 13½ hour train journey to Luxor (ancient Thebes), where we expect to remain four days. We leave Alexandria for Naples on the "President Garfield" of the Dollar Line Jan. 29th, spend 25 days in Italy, then 10 in Sicily with my Mother, & then I start for Paris and Home, nothing loathe. My best to you, always. Donald



SAVOY HOTEL

G. RUNKEWITZ, PROP.

LUXOR (Upper Egypt)

23 Jan., 1930

Dear G. :-

What do you make of these?

In the great temple of Ammon at Karnak, which we visited this morning, the god, - the principle deity of the ancient Egyptians, whose worship centred here in the district called "Thebes" by the Greeks, is represented again and again and again, on the walls of all the many little shrines, on the pillars of the huge hypostyle hall, on the pylons, & in the apartments of the pharaohs, as "ithyphallic", till one marvels that even a god of fertility and creation could have been expected to "keep his pecker up", as the English say, so unflaggingly at concert pitch. We were all much amused at this quaint symbolism, which is rigidly conventionalized just as the photograph shows. Being in profile except for the shoulders, as always in Egyptian wall-reliefs, only the prodigious organ itself is visible. The Greeks & Romans had similar deities, but made them so much more realistic that the

museum authorities generally seclude them in a locked room to which only serious students of classical art are, by special permit, admitted. Again at Luxor, there are three rooms full of the same sort of thing, - the god Min is the one here represented, with Alexander of Macedon as Pharaoh.

The picture from Abydos is less credible. I asked the shopkeeper at Luxor for an explanation. He said it represented the "resurrection" of Osiris. Some divine enemy cut him up into fourteen pieces & ~~threw~~ threw them into the Nile. In searching for him, Isis & Horus, shown at left & right, fished out the pieces & put them together. The phallus was the first piece found. In the picture, the fragments have just been put together. I don't know what an Egyptologist would say to this. It looks rather to me as if some naughty boys had been at work improving on ancient sculpture.

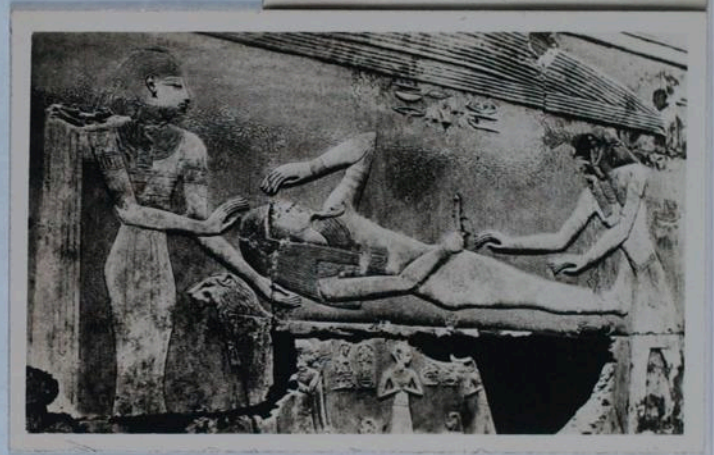
This for your amusement.

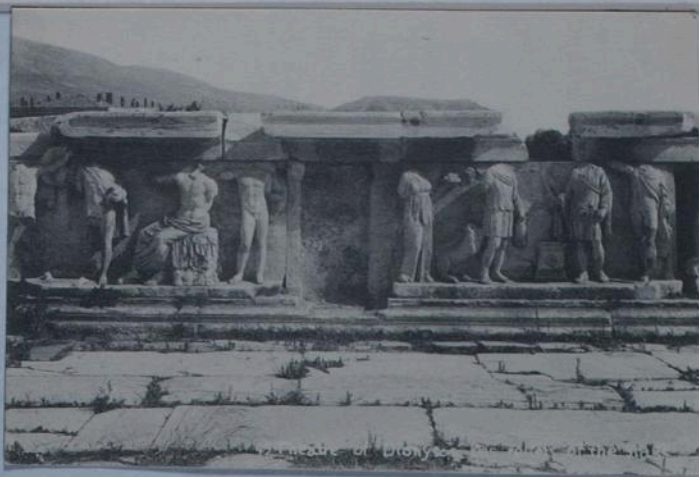
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1907



JETON YOVAR



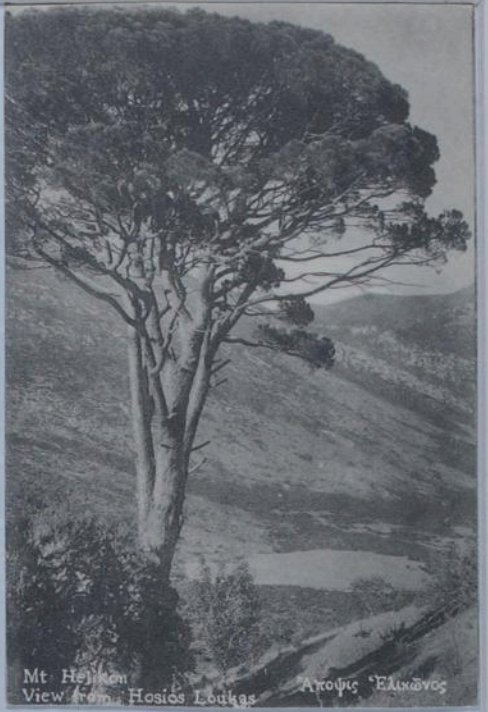


These reliefs still stand in place, under the almost vanished stage of the Dionysian Theatre below the Acropolis.

In the distance, and always a part of the Eastern horizon in Athens, is

Mt. Hymettos. The mountain ring round Athens, with two high hills actually within the city (Lycabettos & the Acropolis) is something no stranger can realize, & no picture gives it.

ΕΛΛΑΣ
ΕΠΙΤΟΙΚΙΟΝ ΑΕΤΙΩΠΙΟΝ
Post card Carte Postale Postkarte
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Mt. Helikon
View from Hosios Loukas

Ακροψή Έλαιωνος

This is a good sample
of Greek country scenery.
There are steep mountains
everywhere, & some have
much grandeur.

ΕΛΛΑΣ

ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΕΛΤΙΟΝ

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Bas relief Demeter Triptolemos & Kore N M Athen

This was the loveliest thing found at Eleusis, which we visited last Sunday. Demeter is supposed to have taught husbandry to Triptolemos. The cult of the earth-goddess was evidently the chief feature of the Eleusinian Mysteries, but the temples have practically vanished & nothing is left save shattered & fragmentary pieces of marble. This relic is the most complete, and if it is a fair representative, what beauty must have been lost!

ΕΛΛΑΣ

ΕΠΙΤΡΟΦΗΝ ΑΕΤΑΡΙΩΝ

Post card - Carte Postale

Union postale universelle

Florence, Italy.

16 Dec., ???

rather February,

1930.

George dear: -

You see by the date what travel is doing to my poor mind. - Your long-awaited letter of Jan. 30th has just reached me here, and astounded me with the realization that when in Paris I clean forgot the one commission you ever entrusted to me - to buy & send you the Traité de Mécanique Rationnelle, author unknown, published by Gauthier-Villars, rue St. Augustin. I am overwhelmed with shame & chagrin. There is no possible self-justification, for I see no reason why I should have forgotten. I just did. I'm terribly sorry.

I shall be in Paris again on March 3d, & this time I shall not forget, & shall bring the volumes with me & mail them to you from New York or Danbury. But of course your "Reading Period" will have passed long since. I can only trust that the work is of permanent value & that you will want it for your library in any case. Please forgive me.

The conclusion about my funny little article sent to the Musical Quarterly would seem to be that Engel

has a forgettery as well as myself. I know he received my letter giving him your address, for he acknowledged two communications: the first was the article itself, & the second was the letter, which, curiously enough, reached him only a couple of days later.

I congratulate you most heartily on your re-appointment. It is a great pleasure to me that your Department appreciates you. I was sorry, however, not to see your name in the list of proctors for either of the new houses. Better luck next time!

Of course I got a kick out of being fired from the Eastman School. But it was unquestionably my defects which brought that about, not my virtues, such as they may be. When I see you, I will tell you the whole history of the affair. I have no particular reason to be pleased with myself. I did my duty as I saw it, but if I had been more tactful, less brutally outspoken, I should probably have been allowed to withdraw when I wished, at the end of another year, — but the actual situation ~~all~~ suits my real desires better, as I was remaining only to justify my sabbatical year. Nor am I prieved at having to cut short my year abroad. Europe doesn't suit me as a place to work in, & I've had enough of travel for the present. I shall be very content to settle down in Danbury for the summer & work undisturbed at composition. During the spring I must look round for a new job, but shall take none that does

not promise more permanent satisfaction both for Betty & me than did the position at Rochester.

Will you please plan definitely for the week of April 6th-13th? I will let you know about it in more detail when I get back, but I see no reason now why we should not motor out to Rochester together & spend that week there. Would you wish to stop at Coxsackie going or coming? That could probably be arranged.

I received two notices about the cigarettes. They were held at the Customs in Nice, & I was requested to make an application for them on governmental stamped paper. The first notice reached me in Egypt, the last in Rome, 20 days after it was mailed. Naturally there was nothing to be done, as I do not get within the boundaries of France till March 3d. Had you sent them to my bankers, I could easily have arranged for them to make the necessary application, & would have left instructions to that effect before I left Paris Jan. 7th. I think that if you had only mailed them promptly & addressed them to Paris, they would have been there before Jan. 7th & all would have been well. I am very sorry you didn't, as you had your trouble for nothing.

I must have told you that I'm coming home on the Bremen, leaving Cherbourg March 6th due N. Y. March 11th. There is just time for a letter from you addressed to the steamer "Partant le 6 mars" North German Lloyd Line, Cherbourg, France. I should be so happy to get one, if you have the time to write it!

We're off for Sicily day after tomorrow, where we meet my mother at Palermo & travel with her for a week. Betty is in much better health, & I think we've regained most of the pounds I lost at Menton, worse luck! I'll write again from the steamer.

With my deepest love,
Donald

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (with the Horn Call—B. & H. No. 31), Lazar, Concerto Grosso No. 1 for orchestra, in the Old Style, De Falla, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" for piano (Mr. Sanroma) and orchestra, Gruenberg, Jazz Suite op. 28. The symphony was played for the first time at a concert of this orchestra. Lazar's Concerto was performed for the first time anywhere. The Jazz Suite, having been played at Cincinnati and Los Angeles, was heard in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be heartily praised for acquainting the audience with Haydn's delightful symphony. When a symphony by this composer is chosen, it is usually one with which we are all thrice familiar. Arthur Nikisch had the courage to put the "Bear" symphony on a program, but in spite of the fact that the list is a long one, few conductors here have felt it their duty to let the audience know that Haydn wrote more than a half-dozen. These, by constant repetition, have become stale, so it is not surprising that the younger generation in the audience is inclined to regard Haydn's music as hopelessly out of date and boring. This "Hunting Call" symphony is interesting not only because written in 1765 when Haydn was in the service of an Esterhazy prince, the score calls for four horns; not only because the finale, instead of a rollicking movement, is in the form of a theme with variations, but because the music itself is surprisingly fresh and charming. Solo instruments have so much to do—the first violin in the adagio; first violin, violoncello, flute, horns in the set of variations that the symphony may well be described as Concertante. There is no attempt at program music although the horns suggest the chase; and there is another title bestowed by some unknown commentator—"On the stand or hiding places" from which the hunted may be slain as they pass by or approach. The richly ornamented adagio has nothing to do with the chase. In the lutey minutes one hears the stamping of the country folk—music that is far removed from the grace and elegance of the French dance. But in the finale, after the variations, the horn call brings the end. The whole symphony was admirably performed. The variations, melodious, not painfully complex, yet calling for tonal beauty and technical proficiency, served for the display of virtuosic qualities.

Filip Lazar, the Roumanian composer, living in Paris, is not an unfamiliar name. His "Gypsies" and a Scherzo have been performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. They left only a fleeting, if not pleasing impression. This concerto has solid substance without dryness. "In the Old Style"—in that of Handel rather than of Bach or Vivaldi. The first movement full of life and showing a technical authority that one missed in the preceding works is followed by a singularly impressive slow movement—and here was a not unwelcome touch of modernity through an emotional quality, somewhat sombre in its gravity, yet the modernity was in the musical thought, not in the harmonies, not in the instrumentation. The two following movements, interesting enough, even when there was purely scholastic treatment, have less individuality, and the theme of the final allegro is of a trivial lightness. The concerto well deserves a repetition.

De Falla's "Nights in Spanish Gardens," was performed here in 1924 when Mr. Monteux conducted and Mr. Gebhard was the pianist. The composer says that this music is not descriptive; it is merely expressive. Some no doubt found it full of "local color." A good many years ago Johannes Weber, the Alsatian, who was the first music critic of *Le Temps* in Paris, and held that position for a long time to

the distress of musicians and those only "fond of music," wrote an article to prove that local color is chimerical. For example, a Westerner, not knowing native Oriental music, but told by a program that a certain piece has eastern character, at once finds in that piece peculiar melodic characteristics, rhythms, gorgeous coloring that he fondly believes are Oriental, though a Hindu, a Persian, an Arabian, a Chinese, perhaps disagreeable noises, and wonder what it was all about. There is some truth in this article of the catchety Johannes. But De Falla is a Spaniard, who sojourning in Paris for some years, was not unduly influenced so that he wished to be more French than the French composers. There are charming pages in the work played yesterday; there are also pages that are simply music without especial suggestiveness of Spain or any other country; pages indeed that suggest labor rather than racial spontaneity. Though the performance by the orchestra and the pianist was brilliant, a mere foreigner prefers to gain his impressions of Spain from Chabrier's "España," Debussy's "Evening in Grenada" and "Iberia," Ravel's orchestral suite, and the compositions by Albain and Granados.

There is no denying the fact that jazz has mightily influenced contemporary composers. There is no reason why works that show this influence should not be performed at symphony concerts. Whether jazz gains by symphonic and sophisticated treatment is a subject for those who write learnedly or chatter jauntily about music. We prefer our jazz to be naked and unashamed. Mr. Gruenberg is an accomplished musician. That is recognized by those who heard the symphonic poem played earlier in the season and know other works by him. In the "Jazz Suite" one misses the frank melodic lines that should be on the brink of vulgarity; one misses delicious rhythms, the crooning or compelling sensuality that should permeate and give a vitality that is not gained merely by daring instrumentation; the spirit of Harlem, or of the Congo as it appeared to Andre Glide and Paul Morand.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Florent Schmitt's Symphonic Study for Pœ's "Haunted Palace"; the violin concerto and the symphony No. 6 by Sibelius. Mr. Burgin will be the soloist.

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

It was announced a week ago that the program of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday would comprise Florent Schmitt's "Study of Poe's 'Haunted Palace'"; Sibelius's Violin Concerto and Symphony, No. 6.

Schmitt's "Study" was reserved for a later occasion. The program then read: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; the Violin Concerto and symphony by Sibelius; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

Late in the week the score and parts of Schoenberg's transcription for orchestra of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major were received. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto was thrown overboard, but the last change was made too late for the Program Book which necessarily contained no note about the transcription and retained the pages about Bach's Concerto.

The program finally presented was as follows: Bach-Schoenberg, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major transcribed for orchestra. Sibelius, Violin Concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These moderns will not let Bach alone. What do they not do to him? The organ Prelude and Fugue transcribed by Schoenberg were originally separate compositions, that is not composition of one lot. The fugue is the one known in England and this country as the "Saint Anne" fugue because there is a similarity between the first notes of the fugue's subject and those of the familiar, stately psalm or hymn tune. The authorship of this tune is ascribed to Dr. Croft, but it is said that the first strain of it is from a French chanson of the 16th century. There are some who will resent the transcription for full orchestra, seeing in it only Schoenberg's desire to show ingenuity in orchestration without regard to the characteristics of the original; to turn a noble prelude and a masterly fugue into a bedecked and bedizened showy, virtuoso piece. On the other hand transcribers may reply: if organists persist in playing the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony on the organ, why should we not be allowed to make Bach's organ music more popular by employing strings, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments? If Schoenberg had only written in a parenthesis following the title "Prelude and Fugue in E major (after Bach and longways after)!" Impressive and sonorous continuity in the prelude was thus turned into mosaic patterns and kaleidoscopic effects. It was all very clever in its irreverential modernism, and as it was brilliantly performed, great was the joy of the audience.

Two Sibeliuses entered into Symphony hall yesterday. The composer who wrote the violin concerto 23 years ago; the Sibelius who wrote the Symphony, hitherto not performed here, of 1923. Only here and there in the Symphony was the earlier Sibelius revealed.

The rhapsodic Concerto is the work of the man still obsessed by Finland's epic; the man on whose musical horizon a tempest was ever looming; the composer whose most characteristic music often suggested the "Spasms of the Sky and the Shatter of the Sea"; music of passionate emotion; wild, heaven-assailing defiance; the darkness of black melancholy. Music peculiarly individual, not recognizing influence or school. Music robust, dramatic, often tragic; yet at times tender without sensuousness; lighter moments turning to demoniacal fury.

The sixth Symphony might be considered by his many warm admirers as in the nature of an experiment. An experiment in structure, in harmonic schemes, even in orchestration. Or as

a sketch in black and white to be afterwards enlarged as a painting. The work seemed us in thematic invention, in expositions and developments, in emotional appeals, in the employment of instruments the weakest of his symphonies. Later works have shown that his creative powers have not failed; but here is thinness, a passion for the repetition of insignificant, almost childish figures, an absence even of sentiment—these seem inexplicable. In spite of Dr. Koussevitzky's care in preparation, and in performance the symphony to which one had looked forward disappointed those eager to praise.

Mr. Burgin's performance of the concerto was more than technically brilliant. There are other qualities necessary for an impressive, even an adequate rendering of the work. These qualities were fully displayed. An excellent musician-virtuoso might easily content himself with an exterior view; the inner, the emotional contents and the prevailing rhapsodic, bardic spirit might as easily escape him. They did not escape Mr. Burgin.

The familiar Wagnerian excerpt was strongly in contrast with what had preceded. Here sensuousness in highly dramatic guise made its customary appeal to nerves and to other organs than the ears. The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on March 14-15. The program, as announced, will be: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G major, Martelli, Assyrian Bas Reliefs (first performance). STRAUSS, An Alpine Symphony.



Please write to
10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.

12 Mar. '30.

HARVARD CLUB
27 WEST 44TH STREET

Carissimo: -

It was inexpressibly good to see your handwriting on board the Bremen yesterday after we left Quarantine, and I longed to take the first train for Boston that I might be with you as soon as it was physically possible! But I can't come yet, though I shall try to do so during the week of the Bahus Festival.

We docked somewhere in outer Brooklyn at 8 P.M. & I spent 3 hours on the pier. Some idiot of a German baggage-man put a "C" on my trunk instead of a "T" & moreover it was sent to the 1st Class Division instead of Tourist 3^d. So I had time to send you a telegram, just for

the fun of surprising you.

I'm feeling very rocky today for some reason or other, - must have captured a germ. Shall dine light & retire early. My first appointment in N. Y. is at 11 tomorrow with Franklin Robinson. Baumsoch & Hutchison are out of town.

The voyage over accomplished itself in 4 days 21 hours. I'm satisfied! Never again on a boat so fast that your teeth chatter from the vibration! It was nerve-wracking. And we had almost continuous bad weather & much motion from the sea as well as the vibratory massage of the four propellers. As for the crowd, it was 97% Germans & Jews. Somebody suggested "Nordkoster Lloyd". Betty would have committed untold murders had she been aboard. I'm thankful she wasn't: it was

all I could do to endure it alone.

However, I'm here, & that's the main thing for me. Oh, George, I'm so glad to be back! It was, to be sure, a wonderful trip, & I enjoyed parts of it very much, - but it was too long & there are ~~too~~ many fa & buts. I'll unburden myself to your sympathetic ear when I see you. I have missed you intensely.

I hope to plan the Rochester trip one way or the other, i. e. calling for you at Cossackie or else defeating you there on the way back. But I think the former will be the more practical way. I can't be quite definite till I know what the family decide to do for me in the way of a motor. Father is in Florida, & I haven't any idea when he'll be back. I'm supposed to get a new Chrysler, but whether one will be deliverable before April I can't tell. Furthermore, I may stay on in Rochester & have to send you back to Boston by train, - in which case, of course, you would more certainly want to be sure of your Cossackie stay at the beginning of the week of the Recess. I'd like to take an old car out to Rochester, not a new one, & shall have to see what Jim has to suggest.

I can assure you, dear Boy, that wherever I may choose to settle for the future, it will be nearer Cambridge than Rochester, unless it should so happen that the best job turns up in Washington! At any rate, I can't help being influenced by the fact that I want with all my heart to be nearer you. You suit me, my dear, - yours is the most utterly companionable temperament I've ever found. I love you. Donald

P. S. I have both the Affell &
the Böcher books for you &
shall have them sent from
Daulbury as soon as I get there
and get them unpacked. I do
not think it is going to be possible
for me to go up to Daulbury
till Saturday morning. The books
will probably start in your direction
next Monday.

D.

15 Mar. '30.

HARVARD CLUB
27 WEST 44TH STREET

Giorgio Poggio,
Caro, carissimo:

It looks, after a preliminary survey, as if Harvard's musical faculty were somewhat decimated. Wetmore has retired for good & a'. Ballantine is going. Randall Thompson has gone. Now if Messrs. Hill & Spalding don't think too ill of me, I may have a chance there.

The trouble is that my Harvard relations have always been somewhat strained. Spalding has never showed any warmth to me whatsoever, - in fact his spirit, whenever I have visited the Department since graduation, has always been: What the Hell are you doing around here - more or less. Hill has always been most

courteous, because he is a Boston gentleman, but he has never given me reason to feel that he was keeping an eye on me with a view to extending me an invitation some fine day. If I get in at Harvard, I shall have to crash past those two. Surette is not friendly, either, but I think he knows what I'm worth. Davison is the most human of the lot, and I think I shall go to him first for a sort of feeling out the lay of the land. Were Heilmann still in Cambridge, I should have a firm friend at court, but he's in Africa, - having sailed on the Providence with my mother.

I'm prepared for disappointment, but shall have a try all the same.

Now I want to come to Cambridge as soon as possible. I go up to Danbury today, & as soon as I get some laundry done, I shall be ready to start out again, say by Thursday or Friday. What can you do for

me in the way of a room? Can you put me up, or, if you're not so fixed that that's possible, is there something inexpensive in your vicinity that can be hired for a couple of weeks? I'm going to do some work at the Widener & Boston Public Libraries, & shall stay through the week of the Brahms festival, which, if I remember aright, begins the 24th. I shall come up to Boston from Bridgeport by train, as I don't think I want the expense of maintaining a car. Still, I may change my mind about that if I can economize on lodgings.

We had an interesting time in New York. Robinson & the Cliftons have been most cordial. And who should I run into here at the Club last evening but Tom Surette himself! So I got in a hasty word with him, & he suggested Harvard. Well, we shall see what we shall see.

Of course, it goes without saying that I am all impatience to get to you, dear Boy, & I'll promise to let you alone as much as you wish because I know your work is going full blast. You won't have, in any case, to make a "quest" of me, nor even meet my train unless you want to. But do let me hear from you by return mail, to Danbury. —

Faithfully, & with love,

Donald

17 Mar. '30.

HARVARD CLUB
27 WEST 44th STREET

Carissimo :-

Your letter postmarked noon yesterday has just arrived. How good it seems to be within 24 hours reach of you by mail!

I am forced to wait here till Thursday in order to have sufficient clean clothes for a visit! On Thursday I shall have Charles drive me to Bridgeport & take a train for Boston reaching So. Station between 8 & 9. Shall let you know more precisely later.

Then I will "rush" with you on Friday afternoon. As for the Festival proper, please get me a seat & change yours so that we can sit together throughout, if that's possible. I enclose check for \$15⁰⁰ & we can settle when we meet.

I have decided not to come in the car, as garage fees would be more than having the car would be worth. I'm driving Father's new Packard here, but the subway makes a car in Cambridge superfluous unless one plans excursions, which I do not.

The room at 96 Prescott St. sounds quite all right. I will keep your letter & follow your directions should it so happen you could not meet my train.

The family are all well, including Bobby. Uncle Charles & Aunt Estelle are here at 10 Tenace Place with Annie during Father's absence. Home food is wonderful, but I'm going very cautiously as I don't want to regain the pounds I've lost.

With my love, Donald

P.S. I must be back in Cambridge on the 29th.

31 Mar., '30.

Carissimo: -

I had a marvelous happy time with you and am deeply grateful to you for being so generous with yourself at a period when you had so much work to do. I only hope you will now subside for a few days & get sufficient sleep, which you were most certainly not getting during last week.

Jim seems to think that I can have the 4-cylinder Dodge for the trip to Rochester. It is not very fast, but the back seat is removable & we can pack the rear part full on the return trip.

Marguerite & I are going to New York on Thursday of this week and expect to see the Guild play "A Month in the Country." In the morning I hope to see Frank Hartsack and D. J. Mason & thus have two more fishlines out.

I completely forgot, on Friday, that
I was to call at the Coop for an Eversharp
Pencil (black) which they sent to be
repaired for me? Will you do me the
favor of calling for it? I left my name
& address, - 96 Prescott St.

With a great deal of love,

Donald

Danbury, 19 April, 1930.

Dear George: -

Your letter arrived by this morning's post, & I was right glad to get it, as of course I miss you sorely. I can stand being without you, but being with you makes so much difference! I'm glad you had a comfortable ride to Boston, & hope you got a little sleep. I am still rueful about that last night & feel that I did not take proper care of you. We returned to Danbury the other way, via Newtown, & while I didn't measure it, I am positive it takes longer, though I drove so much more slowly that there was no fair test. From Long Hill just outside Bridgeport to Newtown, nine miles from home, the road is fine concrete, & one could of course make very good time. But the cops hereabouts are very zealous. I read in the Danbury News last night that somebody had been arrested near New Milford for driving 55 miles an hour. By that standard, you & I ought to spend a year in jail!

We have reading quite a bit this week, & seem to have strained my eyes. As I must do a lot of work with them this year, it will not do to abuse them, or

else, if I insist on abusing them, I must have glasses.

A note from Tecumseh arrived with yours, accepting an invitation for supper after the League of Composers' concert in New York on Tuesday. He says "I have tried three times to get in touch with George - but in vain. I shall try again + again." It looks as tho it were up to you to do some of the trying. He lives at the Charlesgate Hotel, but of course he will be in N.Y. the early part of next week.

Of course, if you write a satisfactory thesis, the Faculty will waive the residence requirement. I know, tho not from personal experience, that they are not apt to quibble over the residence of a man who has been four years in college as an undergraduate. I shall be interested to know what Morse has to say.

I have finished Gilbert Murray's Ideal of This Generation, - I began again at the beginning - and have been ruminating over it. The thing that strikes me with most force is what he says about parliaments. Certainly in America Congress has steadily lost prestige. The editorials in the newspapers about the hectic senatorial investigations

that go on from time to time are written generally in so bawling a vein that one blushes for the dignity of our elected representatives. Have you followed the Coburn testimony before the present committee investigating Prohibition? It is most diverting, but not at all calculated to raise ones estimate of senatorial competence. As a symptom of the "Chaos" that Murray talks about, the whole problem of Prohibition is relevant. What a mess!

Hoovers whole tendency as an executive is in line with Murrays exposition of the immense value of the Conference of Experts. Party politicians are too biased, too committed to certain policies, too interested in making a splash & in currying favor with the electorate, to conduct impartial investigations. Unfortunately, they must make the laws. But, in gathering information preparatory to lawmaking, they show up in the worst possible light. The President, if I remember correctly, has appointed Commissions to study Prohibition, Agriculture, & various other pressing public questions. He has taken care to ensure that the prestige of his commissions shall be as far as possible unimpeachable. And that would seem to me to be the most sensible way to handle these important matters. Certainly the tone of Congress gets worse & worse. The old system of national government in the United States is already in a chaotic condition. Confidence in the integrity of senators & representatives is already far on the wane. There is nothing to be done, unless they change their ways, but to take their prerogatives from them. We may even get to the point of requiring unanimous decisions, as in the Council of the League of Nations.

I am deeply grateful to you for giving me the Murray book. I think Murray has a great gift for saying difficult things in a wise & coherent way. I must see that as many of my friends as possible come to know this book.

With regard to the chaos in morals I shall have something to say later, when my eyes feel better.

Please remember me to your cold-hearted friend J. B. On that subject we already said all I had to say, & I'm pretty sure you won't forget it. Please forgive me if I seemed to treat the matter too lightly. But I think you had better be a little unhappy than very much so. —

Faithfully,
Donald

Danbury, 27 April, '30.

Carissimo: -

Morris has invited me to the symphony concert ^{this} next Saturday evening & says he has an extra bed for me, so I'm coming if I can manage it. It may be possible for me to drive up. In any case, it will have to be a brief stay. But I shall plan to have dinner with you Sunday noon & then go out to the Arboretum afterward, just you & me. I hope you have no other engagement. If you have, be sure to let me know.

Your letter arrived on ^{my} birthday and it made me very happy to have you remember it. I'm glad to say I feel no older at forty than I did at thirty, & not half so old as I did at twenty!

We been working very steadily at my garden

these last few days, giving it a thorough
Spring cleaning & renovation. Today the birds
were ecstatic — all our usual songsters are
back except the wrens, the goldfinches, & the
bobolinks. I'm so pleased that the purple finch
likes our evergreens & has already returned
to them. The afternoon was enhanced by a
perfect view of the sun's eclipse. Nothing can
ever completely atone for my having been unable
to see the total eclipse of four years ago (was it?)
because of that execrable Rochester climate —
but today's phenomenon was a good show.
I smoked up a pane of glass with a candle,
& Mr. Hayes, "Mike" (one of the hired men),
& I took turns in squinting at the marvel.
We been looking at new Chryslers. They
have two "high" speeds & are most fascinating

Conversations, but I don't like the party which is cheap &
tin-canmy. You friend Frank offers to borrow what
he's talking about.
I shall be so happy to see you again. I suppose you
will not be at the concert on Saturday night. If I don't
see anything of you, & if no other plans are made, I
shall show up at your abode at about noon on Sunday.
With my love, & a great lot of it. —
Donald

Daubury, 1 May, 1930.

Caro Giorgio Porgio: -

It is 80° in the shade + we got Spring Fever. I want you awfully, but I suppose I shall have to "suppress those desires" till Saturday or, at worst Sunday.

But as for Strange Interlude, NO, a thousand times No! I couldn't bear to see it again, even with you. Why don't you get Frank to go with you? It would give you plenty to talk about! It's a morbid, irritating, unhealthy affair, but I suppose everybody who wants to be up to the times on the drama ought to treat himself to the luxury of being miserable for five hours or so, - that being the length of time it drags on, including the intermission of an hour to afford relief to the houseated.

It is much more tolerable in spots (+ much more intolerable in others) to see it acted rather than to read it, because O'Neill has a real gift for the theatre, + the device of making the actors speak their silent thoughts works most effectively. But the play affords

my canons of good taste to an extent which makes me quite unwilling ever to go to it again.

I am driving up to Boston in a new Chrysler 77, made possible for me through my father's generosity. We will go out together in it to the Arboretum. I fear I must start back to Danbury on Monday, as I'm departing for Rochester on Wednesday. However, I shall have a little time with you, enough, I hope, to assuage the pangs.

your ever devoted

Donald

16 May, '30.

48 GIRTON PLACE
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Carissimo :-

I don't want to let too long a time get by without your having a word from me, yet it can only be a brief one as I'm so busy.

I want you to know, however, that, from what I can gather, the students know all about my having been requested to resign from the Eastman School! They knew before I did that I was not to be allowed to come back! And it is comforting to have them say, in their various ways, that they are sorry, & that they think my departure is a real loss to the school. According to one, H.H. is determined to be "Cock of the Walk" and was afraid of my influence in the faculty. Altogether, if in my most egotistical moment I had devised what the psychiatrists call a "rationalization" in defense of myself, I could have gone no farther than this particular student in clearing myself of all blame! "We all know you got a raw deal, Mr. Tweedy," said he, "and we think it's a shame." The more I have opportunity

on the Faculty. I'm glad they wish to make this gesture, but I hope they actually will not go through with it. It might possibly mean less goodwill toward the signers and certainly it would prove futile.

We not yet finished with the books, but I begin to see daylight. I shall probably not return to Danbury before the end of next week. Tonight I'm giving a Folkdance party, for the sake of dancing myself, and am inviting only those, both students & outsiders, who have shown real interest in the dancing. We arranged with Syley Keith to have it in the new School gymnasium.

Shute is coming over from Clinton to spend a couple of days with me. He arrives this afternoon. We go down to Lulu's tomorrow evening for a Grand Picnic. Hasn't the weather been abnormal! Only today does it seem to have got back to the usual coolth & freshness one associates with May.

The new car is perfection, thus far, tho I've not yet driven over 40 miles an hour, & don't know what speed she is capable of.

Do let me hear from you soon. I enclose the snapshots we took of each other in the Arnold Arboretum. What a delightful place that is! And what a great happiness it was to be with you again!

With my love, always,

Donald

Daubury, 6 June. '30.

Dear Boy: -

I was sad not to see you again, but I was so tired! I simply couldn't face the prospect of being on the wing another two days, especially since there was nothing particular for me to do except bother you. I therefore took a short-cut through Amesbury, Worcester + Pomfret, Conn., reaching my "regular route" a little above Willimantic. It made 316 miles from Brunswick to Daubury, but I reached home easily before sundown. There was surprisingly little traffic, considering the day + date, except through Worcester, which was badly congested.

You will let me know, won't you, the best approximate date for you to come to the farm? We haven't gone up yet, + Father doesn't want to go before July, but I shall

take a picnic lunch each day from now on + return to Terrace Place only to supt + sleep. The two pianos were tuned today + the studio thoroughly cleaned, so now I am all set for a long spell of work, + I am exceedingly happy at the prospect. Marguerite + her family are tentatively planning to spend the first part of the summer with us. On August 1st they all go out to Colorado, because Jim's father has been very ill for a long time + he wants to see his grandchildren before his term comes. Therefore, by and large, it would be advisable for you to plan to come after they have gone, though should that prove impossible, we should certainly be able to manage, since the Cabin is always available.

Mother asked for you + hopes you will be able to spend two weeks with us. She likes you, thank Heaven, - but then, everybody does except, apparently, one prospective suitor, and he will if he has any perspicacity whatever!

I must write to Miss Cummins this evening, as she promised to leave a book for me with Miss Vayo & I forgot to call for it! It was Paul Claudel's "L'annonce faite à Marie". I got it at Brentano's in New York the day Mother's ship came in & read it yesterday. It is a strange thing, very beautifully written. It moves me by its beauty, but I confess I do not understand its meaning. It is a mystery play, the action taking place in mediæval times. The heart of the mystery is when the heroine, who has contracted leprosy, warms her sister's dead baby in her bosom & it emerges alive after an experience which miraculously recalls the birth of Jesus. I think one would have to be a Catholic, or at least religious in temperament, - which I am not, - to find human significance in all this. It is, to me, perfectly surreal. But perhaps Miss Cummins can make me see what there is about it that evokes her enthusiasms.

Today, for contrast, & because it is also in some sense a Mystery play, I read Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande". In this there is symbolism that escapes me, but no one could fail to understand & react to the tragedy of Golaud, driven first to cruelty & then to despair by jealousy. This is "human, all-too-human", and the doing of it is masterly.

Now I really must tackle seriously the Book of Job & write Hilda a letter about it. I had word from her yesterday. She said you had told them there was nothing in the Wellesley proposition for me.

Goodnight, my dear. I bless you for being.

your
Donald

Catskill, New York
June 19, 1930.

Dear Danaed,

The end came and the transition is at last made. I came home on Sunday and have slept so much since that my short waking hours have been too filled with odd jobs to leave any time for writing.

I was disappointed not to

shortly and said he might get
down Danbury way in his new
machine. I ^{had} dinner with Raymond
and Hilda, and on the last afternoon
went swimming with Harold
and Raymond at L street, by
which the latter swears. It
was so good to lie in the sun
that I was sorry I hadn't planned
to stay a week longer and spent
several days that way.

I found home quite the same
as ever. My parents are quite
well, as well as they have been

Have you come back to Cambridge
but I realized how you felt about
it. The exams came and went.
I did very well in the subject
I liked and better than I had
expected in the one I didn't like.
My last week in Cambridge was
proverbially busy with practicing
appointments, correcting bluebooks,
packing and social engagements.
I had lunch with Morris and
found him beaming despite the
all but intolerable weather. He
is planning a few weeks vacation

in several years. I see no change
in my father's attitude toward
me but my mother refrains from
all expression of affection since
my disclosure in the spring. I
wish she would show more
sincerity and realize that it is
I who are living my life.
She insists upon reminding
me several times a day of my
waywardness, never speaking
but directly but always semi-
obscurely. Apropos of something
this evening I said that she

coaxed soon have more "pep"
than she knew what to do
with - to which she replied
that she had lost all "pep" for
ever. - there is only one thing
that can ever give her back
her pep and I know what
that is!

Within two or three weeks I
^{shall} face a complication that I
don't know how to deal with
without compromising myself.
As you may know I am a
member of my father's church

we shall have a new minister
in whose future the whole
family is much interested and
I shall be expected to show as
much spirit as anyone. Well,
I suppose everyone should have
the courage of his convictions but
I wish my religious convictions
didn't loom so large on the
horizon of my people.

Example of that kind of subject.
I send your mother thanks for the
invitation to Ball's Place and am
looking forward keenly to spending

and, as such, am expected to
take communion. It so happens
that for the last two years I
have not been at home for
that ceremony which comes only
every three months. But I see
no way to avoid it on the first
Sunday of this coming month.
I shun the hypocrisy of taking
communion when I have no
inclination whatever to do so and
at the same time fear the consequences
if I refuse. The situation is complicated
by the fact that on that Sunday

the full two weeks then. Though
I shall be very sorry to miss
the Begg's, ^{I think that} August will be the
best time for me to come. Father
would like to have me here the
last week in July but had our
plan to see me in August. However
the early part of the month would
be best for I should like to induce
my parents to take a vacation the
latter part of August or the first of September.

It is my part my established
bed time and since I plan to get up
to breakfast tomorrow I had best
get in bed. Kindest regards to everyone
and much love for you, George.

21 June, '30.

GCT

Dear George: -

Mother + I came up to the farm a week ago with Louise, the "second girl", to help us, leaving Father + Annie in town with ~~Annie~~, the cook. All the Biggses arrived yesterday with their two maids, so that now every bed in the main house is full. Father, Annie, + ~~Annie~~ will come up on July 5th and the Biggses will go home to Garneau Avenue. That will give us the North-West room free for visitors, but when you come, we shall probably put Annie in there + let you have the small room next mine. The policeman will probably be occupying the cabin! However, if he is not, you can have your choice.

I told^{you} your exams would come out all right. you have a knack with them. — I must have Morris down soon after the Bigges leave, but I don't think that I myself shall get to Cape Cod. — I have to give a talk at the summer school of the English Folkdance Society at Amherst, Mass. If the date, which is not yet fixed, falls during your stay here, we'll go up together. —

Now, my dear Boy, with regard to your Mother, I think that if she is determined to make herself miserable, you must calmly let her do it. She probably enjoys acting from a sense of duty, however mistaken, & when she finds you unchangeable, as I hope she will, she may decide to make the best of what is undoubtedly a huge disappointment. By your being unchangeable, I mean that you must hold patiently to your customary demeanor, — be affectionate, helpful, sweet & dear with her, and call your own sense of

humor to your aid.

Of course, if it is at all possible, there should be an absolute showdown. You know, of course, whether your mother really cares for you, the real you, or whether she cares for an idea she has of you. If she honestly loves you, you ought, I think, to take her gently by the shoulders & say "Mother, we're not going to have any more nonsense. I won't have you cold to me because of a notion you've got as to the way I ought to behave." Then make love to her. Get her to see that the sole calamity which could result from ~~your~~ ^{the} situation would be the loss of good feeling between you & her. If she then chooses to deny you all show of affection rather than compromise on the issue, tell her plainly what you think, add that it will make no difference to you, for you will love her just the same & will be as good a son to her as she will allow, & make her feel that, if it is a contest of wills, she will come out worsted. Don't ever let her guess, from the flicker of an eyelash, that she has the power to get under your skin. Your line is imperturbable good-humor. Then, as I say, if she obviously is set on making herself miserable, you will have to let her live her life as she wants to live it.

On the other hand, I should most certainly compromise about the communion. Here is a situation where there is nothing to be gained by standing out for your convictions. You will satisfy both your father & mother by conforming outwardly, & do no harm to yourself. If the rite is significant to them, you are, in my opinion, fully justified in joining in it for their sakes. Only, if your mother dares to make any reference, in that connection, to your possible "unworthiness", take her up immediately, & say, "Very well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll abstain." As

GLT

far as I can see, that is your only possible avenue of escape.

Will you forgive me for presuming to counsel you in matters where your own experience is so much more pertinent than my distant view of the matter? I only do so because you seem to be in a quandary, & most certainly you need not heed my advice unless it seems good to you.

You are so thoroughly good & fine & lovable, that I feel you have little more to do than follow your own instinct in these matters. With regard to the smoking, the thing to be desired is that, in spite of your mother's lack of common-sense, there should be no real rift in

your relation with her. She needs your affection & your understanding, & you must give her all you can in spite of herself. Have you talked this matter over frankly with your father?

With regard to the communion, the thing to be desired is that your parents shall not know how you feel about it. If you make a point of conscience of this thing which is negative from your point of view, - (i. e. you merely dissent from their conception of its importance, you are not positive that it is morally wrong) - you will, in my opinion, be guilty of sheer folly. It is absolutely a problem of expediency. Clearly, it would do neither you nor them the slightest good to reveal what your religious convictions are, or to reveal how few religious convictions you are possessed of! You "conform" for

a very good reason, which is their peace of mind. The sanctuary of your own soul cannot be violated. Inside, you are free to think what you please. Short of turning zealot in your own cause & denouncing that which now seems to you merely meaningless, you have no call to let your scriptures loose upon your family, where they could create only havoc.

It is just a year ago since your father & mother were here overnight with you. And I suppose, in my incorrigible fashion, I shall be, during this next week, reviewing the happenings of the corresponding period last year, seeing you in all the situations we shared together, happy always in thinking of you.

Bless you, dear George. —

your
Donald

R. D. 4 —
Danbury, Conn.
Thurs., 14 Sept. '30.

Carissimo: —

It seemed ever so good to get a letter in your dear, familiar handwriting today.

To begin with the subject of your "private" enclosure, you know that I am only too happy to help you in any way that I can. Short of actual legal proceedings, no one could be more of my own people than you are, & therefore no one has a better right to appeal to me for all manner of assistance. And just as you would naturally not expect to pay interest to your own father, so I think you ought not to expect I should

require to be offered any other remuneration than the pleasure of being of use. The enclosed check is for the amount you mention plus salary. We didn't agree upon, nor even speak of, any definite amount this year, but I figure it up that you did about a week's work while you were here, so the old rate applies.

Now let me speak of the time you wanted to pay our check at Schraft's. I felt distressed at your evident feeling that you should share expenses under those circumstances. It's true, I never treat you as a guest, nor were we in my home, but still, when it comes to the actual expenditure of cash during your visits to me, I feel that you should sur-

under all matters involving the exchequer to me unless you definitely invite me to do a certain thing at your expense & I accept. Had you previously asked me to have tea with you, that would have been different. Comprehends - for? - Most certainly I do not want to deprive you of the pleasure of being host to me occasionally, but I do insist on a previous invitation.

I was here at home on Labor Day, having decided that the traffic to & from Cape Cod over the week-end was too nerve-wracking to be faced. Another went, - a chamber-music concert at Falls Village, near Canaan, Conn., - was also ruled out for the same reason. These concerts are given by the Gordon String Quartet plus Lee Pattison for the compositions involving the piano, & are to take place every Sunday in September, so Mother & I may go up later.

As you may have guessed, I had a thoroughly joyful time at Amherst, & I think Shute enjoyed himself also, for he entered into everything with the exuberant zest which is his prime characteristic. Miss Chapin & I spoke of your brief period of Morris Dancing, & she said you were coming along splendidly! She seemed, unless my sensibilities were all wrong, to have taken quite a shine to you. I do wish you would learn Country Dancing this winter, for I want to take you with me to Amherst next Summer. How about it?

Shute says that Mr. Krutch pro-
nounces himself "Krootch", but I
shall continue to call him "Krutch" be-
cause of the fatness of the symbol. You
should take a look at Ibsen's Peer Gynt
if you want to get his real measure,
though it is a difficult play to under-
stand through reading, - It needs wise
& artistically competent interpretation.

Brand is another play that would never
have done for Krutch's purpose, but I
suppose he would say that it represents
neither Ibsen's maturity nor his modernity.

I knew you would enjoy Joseph Collins.
I believe he is a Roman Catholic, or, rather,
I find it hard to believe. Whatever his relig-
ion, he has more common sense than most

of us. By profession, he must be a specialist in nervous & psychopathic disorders, & as such he sees many human beings who are off the track by reason of lack of common sense on somebody's part.

I have picked up Jalna, and if you haven't read it yourself, you really ought to. The family therein depicted will divert you extremely, they bring in such interesting contrast with your own people. Moreover, it is a book in the modern temper, I think, decidedly, but no more like Brutch than cheese is like chalk. Annie was delighted with it, & of course the "sequel", Whitcoks of Jalna, is really a Volume II, essential to the complete plot, so she had sufficient reading-matter.

for a week. We not finished Whitcocks yet, but when I get it read, should you like me to send you both books? Annie, I'm sure, would be glad to let you take them. Father has been having an attack of the gout, not serious enough to confine him, but sufficient to make him rather nervous & irritable. He thinks Anna's cooking is too rich for him, and so he & Annie returned to 10 Terrace Place on Tuesday, leaving Mother & me to hold the fort here. As September & October are the most beautiful months of the year here, I am loathe to leave the place, & shall not as long as Mother will stay. Louise will have to go down to town also, but Anna will be all right as long as there is no company.

With regard to Foxgloves & Canterbury Bells, their blossoming the first season after sowing is dependent upon how large you can get them before frost, or else how early they can start in the Spring. If you have doubts, do everything you can to hasten their growth during September. Cultivation & liquid manure now, & shelter from frost in October will probably get them large enough. Next Spring I am going to try Hot Caps (I think that's the name) for the first time, if I'm at home. They're made of paper, & there is one for each plant. A woman gardener up in Maine told me about them. In Maine they are a Godsend, as the warm weather comes so late.

I'll give your message to Betty. She & Helen Tufts have gone to Switzerland for September. Mother sends her love & I mine. My best to you people. Donald

R. D. 4,
Danbury, Conn.

23 Sept., '30.

Mon cher: -

I am sorry not to have written before, but we have been preoccupied with pegging away at the 'cello sonata, which is progressing pretty well. And I must plead guilty to having forgotten your birthday, which comes from the fact that I can never for the life of me remember which day of September it comes on! Mea culpa - mea maxima culpa! Never mind, you shall have an un-birthday present, one of these days when I can get to New York & choose something suitable. After all, un-birthday presents, as Lewis Carroll reasoned, are the best, because they can be received on all the days of the year that are not our birthday.

I shall send this brief scribble to Cox -

Richard Chase writes of the prospective arrival of a baby next month. If he's not trying to pull wool over my eyes, Bushie & his Rochester gossips were misinformed.

Mr. & Mrs. Vas are back & have written me.

Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Jefferson have relinquished their residence at 48 Girton Place & have taken on a new family on Dartmouth St.

Don't forget you're to join an English Country Dance class this fall! - Get Raymond & Hilda to join too!

sackie, knowing that it will be promptly sent on if you happen to have left for Cambridge.

Gaylord Brothers finally came through. The covers are here, but I fancy they'll wait till you're here again before they'll be put on. They wrote complaining about the sizes, but I wrote back & told them to do the best they could. So they did.

Morris was here a week ago last Sunday. He seemed to have an enjoyable time. I wish he didn't think I'm so witty: it's a terrible opinion to live up to. He's a good egg, however, & I like him a lot.

My scheme for slaying three ornithological specimens with one lithoidal missile failed. The Howards couldn't come when Morris came, & Stewart Reinhart was in Baltimore & couldn't come at all. But the Howards came this last week-end. I'm sorry Morris

wasn't here, because he would have had an even better time, as Mrs. Howard is a fascinating person. She knows more music than I do, though she is a housewife by profession. We had a beautiful time. I took them up the Sherman arm of Cambridgeport for a picnic Sunday noon & they loved it.

I have found a most instructive account of Egyptian religion in Sir James Frazer's "Golden Bough", which, it seems, I ought to have read years ago. On page 381 of the one-volume edition & on the preceding pages you will find an explanation of the covering of skulls. I sent you a photograph last winter. Your mother ought to read that book! It would widen her horizon, perhaps unexpectably.

My mother has been sitting gnawing her teeth with rage at Patti & Mildred in "Of Human Bondage" while she has been writing. But she knows how enough to send her love to you. I send mine, - a whole load of it. - Ronald

10 Terrace Place.
Sunday, 5 Oct. '30.

Carissimo Giorgio: -

I have been itching all day to write to you again, simply because you have been much in my thoughts. Before I got out of bed this morning I lay thinking of the one time you came in to me in the morning this summer and of how sweet it was to have you then. And, later, there was much talk of George, because I plan to send you, tomorrow, by express, a box of apples from the farm. Mr. Hayes & Mike picked them, and I selected them, & Peter & I will polish, wrap, & box them the first thing in the morning, so be on the lookout for them. They are Northern

spies. We shall try to put the ripest on top, + I think you will find them good eating. (Of course you like apples: is there anyone who doesn't?) We have never had them as large as some of them are this year. I hope you can find a cool place to keep them in.

I am also sending you a package containing something which, if I mistake not, will amuse you mightily. I think you should have a guarantee of privacy, + I think it should be installed well in advance of my arrival!

Father has a large assortment of shirts, some of which he has never worn, and now that he has taken a fancy to the exclusive wear of those with collars attached,

he never will put on these others. He offered them to me, but my bull-neck is a whole inch more around than his, so I suggested he pass the shirts on to you. Those you will probably receive by forced post, + if they don't suit you or fit you, you can give them away without hesitation.

The 'ello sorata grows slowly but surely, and I think it is going to be good. At least, it looks me up to its present stopping-place.

Steer you, my dear. It is a great comfort to know that you exist. Life would be very different, and far less agreeable, without you. I love you.

Your
Donald

10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.

4 Oct., 1930.

Carissimo: -

That was a mighty good letter you sent me the other day, - worth waiting for! I'm immensely interested in what you say of your prospective work, - not that it sounds interesting, for it doesn't, - but in view of the possible repercussion on yourself.

I am convinced that last year you over-worked. We just re-read the first letter you sent me during vacation, and in it you speak of the amount of sleep you put in after you got home to Cossackie. Then, as late as August, when you came to stay with us, you were still sleeping more than your normal amount. This certainly points to undue vigil on your part during the academic year, & several years of it might, it strikes me, have very serious results. I want to suggest that

it would be good sense for you to plan your schedule of work with extreme care, so as to avoid being sleep & also to avoid eye-strain. To do as much reading by daylight & as little by electric light as possible; to take regular exercise, to plan to have your exercise at hours when you can be in the sun, if the day is fair; to smoke very little when you are using your eyes; to do no work requiring close application on Sundays, but to save Sunday for sleep & long walks, - or one day in every seven if not Sunday: these things are hard to make up ones mind to do, but they make a deal of difference with ones well-being.

Your health, George dear, is very much more important than your degrees, & should not be sacrificed for them.

You will conclude that I'm anxious about you, & I confess that I most

certainly am when I see what your adviser has advised you to do. Therefore be advised by me! Find out how to keep well & still do your weekly stint, and above all things be reasonable about the needs of your body.

Your rejoinder to Coolidge's remark about your being too snobbish to live in his house might have been "The question is, is it Pride or Poverty?" — I read Lucien Price's description of the two new "colleges" in the Alumni Bulletin, & I can see that Harvard is resolved not to be outdone by either Oxford or Cambridge. I shall be delighted to be guided by you when I make my first inspection.

When that will be, I can't yet tell, but I intend to come & spend a week near you before I sail for Europe again. Is the room at 96 Prescott St. vacant again this year? It was not elegant, certainly, but the location opposite your friendly window was just right. Morris will doubtless ask me to stay with him, — in fact, he already has told me I must, whenever I come to Boston, but that doesn't suit me. I'll think of a good excuse.

We, — Mother & I — came down from the farm yesterday. For the last week we had kept warm by having fires going in both fireplaces day & night. The weather has been marvelous, though so dry that I'm afraid we shall have forest fires again if it doesn't rain soon. The garden is finished, except for the Japanese Windflowers, which have been really tremendous this year, five feet tall and full of im-

meuse blooms. There are, of course, certain annuals still going strong, like the Zinnias, Calendulas, & Salpiglossis (Painted Tongue sounds better!) - but the garden effect is over & I have cut most things back to the ground. I planted the bulbs we brought from Rochester yesterday. Some few had rotted. Marguerite says I should have opened up the packages & let the air get at the bulbs. I didn't know that.

My Foxglove plants have grown to be whoppers. I never before had such big, healthy ones to transplant. Now if I can keep them healthy, I'll have a nice show next spring. The Canterbury Bells also look vigorous: We been feeding

them liquid manure, + they respond to it.
But what vile-smelling stuff it is!

Hilda did write me about Miss Florida
Friedus + her dramatization of Alice, +
gave me her New York address. Of course
I shall go to see her when I am next in
the City, but I can't see Eva Le Gallienne
affording an orchestra of 40 to 50
pieces even if my music weren't meant
for a ballet to be entirely "mimed" as
H.T.P. says. I haven't begun to score it
yet. What interests me is Miss F.'s
scenario. That I should like to talk
to her about. — When I answered Hilda's
note, I got in a word about English folks-
dancing, but I'm not very sanguine about
persuading those two to take it up. If it
were German folkdancing, 'tis an idea they
would think it superior + go right at it!

We not had much time for reading, lately, though I did manage to read through very rapidly Bernard Fay's biography of Benjamin Franklin. It is a remarkable work about an amazing personage, but the translation is execrable. The translator is so obscure that his name is not even mentioned on the title-page; only a perusal of the Preface revealed it, - a Mr. Bravig Imbs! This is as curious a name as I have ever seen, & his use of the English language is exactly what you would expect from his name. So important, so significant, so admirable a work on Franklin should have had the advantage of a master-hand for the putting into English.

Speaking of good English, I have been noticing that you seem to have more than the normal amount of difficulty with shall and will. We are all apt to go wrong on these absurdly "irregular" verbs, but mistakes from carelessness are the usual thing & your mistakes seem to be carefully reasoned out. The next time you are in the library, have a look at the article on the subject of shall & will in Fowler's Modern English Usage.

We been listening - in this evening to the B. S. O. Tercentenary Program, hearing E. B. Hill's Silaca again & not liking it so well. Reception was mediocre, hence the sound of the piece was less effective & I could concentrate on the ideas & the structure. It is not a strong piece of work; I'm inclined to think its chief virtue is the clever & brilliant orchestration. Arthur Fote's String Suite sounded better than anything else, but how that kind of thing dates!

I heard the entire program, but was baffled by faintness in all soft passages & by the practical absence of the "lower depths", - basses, bassoons, tubas, & trombones. And the Jesus Maria Sanromá piano in Loeffler's Pagan Poem sounded like a Woolworth display of tinware.

The most interesting thing on the program was Koussévitzsky's speech. Surely the famous "gift for languages", supposed to be the birthright of all Russians, was denied him. One would think the veriest peasant, the most abjectly illiterate laborer, after six years in this country, might speak English better than does this L. L. D. of Harvard University. Judge Cabot also spoke, & I know from his voice exactly

what he is like, - sensitive, prim, sedate,
a true Bostonian blue.

So we spent the evening in Boston, but
my well-beloved was not with me. I missed
him so much, but then, I miss him every
day & just have to get used to it.

Mother & Annie have been talking in the
other room, & called to me to send you
their love. Annie wants to know whether
you had any success cooking squash?
~~she also would like~~ ^{she also would like} to know if she shall send
you Jalna & Whiteoaks, & I said No,
you had enough reading to do, - but
don't mind me if you think you'd have
any eyes for them.

Good night, my dear.

Your Donald

Danbury,
17 Nov., 1930.

Carissimo: -

Whoosh! what a week! If I get on board the Homeric with my head left on my shoulders, I shall be thankful. Everything is out of 48 Girtou Place & a telephone message has just informed me that it has arrived in Danbury. I just got in myself at 6 P.M., having spent Sunday with the Shutes in Clinton. The carter did most of the packing, & did it very well, but there were many things I had inevitably to do myself, & if it had not been for the valiant aid of Mr. & Mrs. Jefferson, I should be a wreck. It is a great relief, since they are no longer in the house, to have the furniture out of it, - including the wine. I gave Mr. J. the white

wine, as, so far as I was concerned, it was undrinkable. I have the barrel, however, ready for the next vintage at Ball's Pond.

I got through to Rochester via Ithaca, starting from Danbury at 7¹⁵ + arriving there a little before 5³⁵ with an hour for lunch at Binghamton, averaging a little better than 35 m. p. h., which meant keeping up between 50 + 60 most of the way from Ithaca to Pittsford as there was extensive construction going on in the Catskills. Arrived at 737 East Ave., Mrs. Vas welcomed me with many little facts, + ushered me into a suite of rooms fit for a Dutch queen, with walls 12 ft. high, heavy embossed wall-paper, + carpets + hangings to match. It reminded me of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam. Sándor got home from the Factory very soon, kissed me on the mouth, and then we had tea in their apartment, a floor above mine. It was good to be with him again. She is very nice, of course, but he is rareissime.

that evening we spent most satisfactorily hearing Myra Hess, + next day I looked up the Jeffersons + got busy. Incidentally I changed my Real Estate Agent, as the previous firm seemed to be accomplishing nothing whatever. I spent one evening at Lulu's + the rest with the Vasas, + on Thursday evening Paul + Ghislaine Kéfer came + we tried out the sonata movement. On the whole, it sounded about as I had expected it to, but the bowing had to be radically revised in spots + other spots will have to be re-written, - rather "re-scored", one might say. Mr. Vas, whose opinion I value highly, thinks it is good work, + says that undoubtedly I should compose. So that helps what my purpose.

On Friday evening I dropped in at the Richford, - now the Ford Hotel, - to pay my respects to your father + mother. I found them both there, + both in high good humor, surrounded by fellow-Grangers + enjoying their holiday most thoroughly. This is the first time we see your mother on a spree, + I waited to hear her break out, as you do, with a Whee-ee-ee! But maybe she saves that for when she goes to church.

I received your letter, + have pondered it, with the result that I shall come to Cambridge this Friday, arriving before dark, I hope, at 1734, in the Chrysler. Helen Ficker is coming up with me + will stay with friends - the Paines - in Brookline. As to your psychological state I shall have more to say anon.

But there an E. F. D. S. party in Cambridge Friday evening, + shouldn't you like (as you would say) to take me? I could miss the B. S. O. concert without pain unless you think the program surpassingly attractive. My love to you, always. Let me have a word before Friday. Your Donald

10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.
28 Oct., 1930.

Carissimo: -

You must forgive me for not having written. It isn't that we've not thought of you, for, as a matter of fact, it's hard to live without you, but that's a problem that calls for philosophical resignation. We've been pottering away at the 'cello sonata. I took the unfinished M.S. to New York with me last Saturday, hoping I might do a little work at it on the train, and then during the day I went to see Marion Bauer + she insisted on hearing it, finished or unfinished. She is a member, - I think Chairman - of the Executive Committee of the League of Composers, and she was pleased with sonata, wants me to finish it as soon as possible (she doesn't want it finished any more than I do!) + to submit it to the arbiters of the League with a view to public performance in the Spring at one of their Chamber Music concerts. As the League's audience is one of the most distinguished,

musically speaking, in the country, I should be in great luck were they to choose my work, and now I have something very definite to work toward. So I feel I ought not to do much gallivanting till the final double bar is written.

I wish very much that I were free to come & visit you now & then again later, and certainly I am very happy that you are willing & wishful to put up with me to that extent. But the way things look now, I shall be lucky if I can get to Boston for as much as a week before Thanksgiving.

I sail on Friday evening Nov. 28th, the day after the holiday, & this time, if you want to run down from Coxsackie & see me off, I think I should like it very much. I say I think, but as a matter of fact, perhaps it would make going so far from you seem more of a wrench. However, we can talk it over when I come to Cambridge. My boat is the Homeric of the White Star Line. There are no Cabin Class boats sailing that week-end, & this was the next-best

thing, and much cheaper, as I go Tourist Third + get a Round Trip for \$210. — certainly most reasonable. They have suppressed 2nd Class and part of 1st Class on this vessel, to increase her Tourist Third capacity, and my cabin is one of those which were originally 1st Class, — moreover I am assured that, this being Off-season, I shall have it to myself. The Homeric crosses to Cherbourg in 7 days, so I shall be in Paris Dec. 5th, weather permitting.

I went to see Helen Hayes + Arthur Sinclair in Mr. Gilhooly Saturday afternoon + was sadly disappointed. It's an Irish play, + Miss Hayes doesn't fit into it. She is an excellent actress, but every time she opened her mouth one couldn't believe she was born in Galway. The interest of the play is in situations only: the dialogue is commonplace. Good acting is wasted on such a "vehicle".

In the evening I went with Mr. + Mrs. Henry Howard to hear Mary Garden + Walter Giesecking in an all-Debussy program. Mary looks younger than ever + fairly sparkles with magnetism. But she is no singer of songs. She's an actress who happens, by the grace of an indulgent Deity, to be able to muster sufficient voice to get by on the operatic stage. There she is in her element, + there she should stay. Giving a recital is as different from singing an operatic rôle as reading poetry is from acting on the theatre. That one has a talent for one of these arts by no means implies ability in the other. — Giesecking, as an interpreter of Debussy, is well-nigh perfect, to my notion. He weaved a magic + we sat spell-bound. It was masterly piano-playing, without a touch of self-conscious virtuosity, — sheer beauty at every moment. Such interpreters are rare.

Of course I shall be more than delighted to stay at 1734 Cambridge St. when I come, but wouldn't another bed in your room inconvenience you too much? Of course I'd like it, but would you? Love, love, + love. Donald



S.S. Honaric
N.Y. Harbor,
28 Nov. '30.

Dear George: -

Your letter is a blessing, & I'm
ever so grateful for it.

We had a cram-full day &
expect to get a grand rest this
week. This stateroom is the best
I've ever had, with a real bed &
bureau, running hot & cold
water, & a large, gaily-up-
holstered couch. I shall be com-
fortable here, & can work when
I am rested. Your package has
not yet been delivered to me, but
it may be aboard. - I'm so
happy to have had that week-
end with you in Cambridge.

With my deepest love, Donald

Private Enclosure

Catsackie, N. Y.
September 2, 1930.

Dear Donald,

The big week-end is at
last over and the family
has decided that another
year we shall all go away
for Labor Day week-end!
That doesn't sound very
hospitable but a haulful
of not very interesting

yours. I'm wondering whether
I can expect them to bloom
next year. I have just read
that unless the seed is sown
early in the spring that
they will not bloom the
next year. Canterbury bells
sown last year about the
same time did not bloom
this year. The plants you
brought me are doing very
nicely though two of the
sidelice seem to be having
a rather hard time. None
of them has bloomed but they

company for five days is
rather hard on our limited
personnel. I wonder where
you spent the holiday. If
you did any long distance
driving on it or close to it
I'll wager you won't try it
again.

We have had rain at last.
In fact, two very good rains
and things are looking quite
respectable again. I have
some nice fox glove plants
which seem to be about
two or three weeks behind

of the sidalcea promises
to do so.

Do you remember the *Swain*
trees we saw in the wood
at the bottom of the hill?
I looked them up from
memory when I came home
and believe they are same
kind of a kind. My sister
is at home now and is,
as ever, collecting botanical
specimens. We went up to a
pretty glen this afternoon for
a walk in a natural bath.

Sub and found some very
nice helminth grazing right
at the water's edge - I had
never seen it world before.
I wonder if you saw the
ballast which passed south-
eastward over here about
three o'clock this afternoon.
Someone reported that it
was marked "goodbye" though
I thought I could read the
word "Pleasant" on it. I
imagine it is one which
started from Cleveland
yesterday in the Jordan Benson

of the "Modern Temper" in
that book.

I've nearly finished the
"Dakota's Love and Life" book
and find it about the same
thing I have read in a long
time. He must be an extremely
interesting man and he must
have led an extremely varied
life. The chapters - "Adult
Infantilism" and "Voices
Crying in the Wilderness"
interest me especially, for
reasons that I don't have
to mention. His characterization

of races. It is rare for them
to come this way - they
usually go up the St. Lawrence

I have read "ghosts" since
I came home and can see
why Krutick picked it out -
he needed such a play to
"prove" his point. Oswald's
view-point is quite like
that of Krutick. The local
librarian told me today
that the author (whatever
that may be) of "Adventurous
America" spoke rather unfavorably

of the average American, that
that individual thinks it
"more important to succeed
than to live", certainly hits
fair and square in many
places - ~~and~~ education,
which he doesn't mention, ^{there}
not excluded.

Well, now I shall read Brand
Whitlock's article on law-enforcement
in last month's Atlantic in which
Fisher has just reported as writing
him to a "T". And so to bed.
My kindest regards to each of
you.
George.

Private

[Sept 2, 1930
w/letter to
Donald]

My dear,

I hope the notation "private" has not led you to expect the extraordinary. I want to speak about a little financial matter that I would have discussed with you when I saw you if I had known that I should have to. As you know I am able now to just break even each year

far many this year having
to advance at least a thousand
dollars to my brother and sister
Another hundred would probably
not be the last straw but
he is harassed in so many
ways that if I could I ~~would~~
like to spare him any trouble
on my account. What I ask
you is to loan me a hundred
dollars at six per cent to be
paid back not later than
next July. I'm sure you
realize that I understand quite
well that despite your wish
to do so you may find it

but can do so only by getting
a certain amount of credit at
the beginning of the year. That
amount is two hundred dollars.
I have approximately half of
that in the bank. My father
told me at the beginning of the
summer that I could count on
him for the other half if I
would come home this summer
and he had reasonable expectation
of being able to help me in
that way. I have not spoken
to him about it since then
but I have found out that
he is to be very much cramped

quite impossible, and I'm
equally sure that you know
you have only to say so. I
shall certainly be able to manage
in one way or another. Last
year I had to have ^{payments} half of
my tuition deferred until July
and shall this year, but it is
quite possible that the full
payments can be deferred.

I thought sympathetically
of Betty when I read recently
of the heat which western Europe
has been having. Please send her
my love when you write. My
best love to you,
George.

On board S.S. Homeric,

3 Dec. '30.

My dear: -

We are having a "good" crossing, & there are only two days of it left. I have thought of you very often & wished you were with me. Your companionship is so pleasant: when I am with you I have a pervasive sense of well-being. Perhaps it is fortunate that we can be together so comparatively seldom, else I might grow too dependent on that companionship. It is certain that I miss you sorely, yet I can manage to do without you because I must.

You would love this little cabin. There is a real bed & a big couch where either one of us could sleep. The wardrobe is diminutive, still you should have half of it, & your shoes would go out next to mine for the "boots" to pick up & polish by night. I would rub your back when you got into bed, & you would perhaps rub mine before I should get up in the morning. An ocean voyage would then become something Elysian, & not be the prosaic eat - read - sleep - stamp the deck - thing it is now. But - I am going alone to Paris!

I am thinking about your grandfather. Be sure to let me know how it is with him. If his time has come to go, I hope he may go quickly, without suffering. Old people do not usually suffer as younger ones do, but my own grandfather had daily agony to endure for a long

period of years, owing to the mortification first of one leg & then of the other. He begged for release. I think it was inhuman not to give it to him. Had I known how to bring it about without anyone's knowing, I would have done it for him, or would have put the means in his way. One of these days I must find out how to stop life when to cause its cessation would be a deed of the highest mercy. Certainly I should like to be capable of putting an end to my own existence should it ever cease to seem desirable.

I am sorry about this blot, but as you will doubtless destroy this letter, I'll not trouble to rewrite. A tragedy happened - I left my precious, my favorite pen in Brennan's in New York, and the one I hastily bought to replace it does not behave very well. Of course I wrote them about it, & told them to send it to Paris if they found it, but I haven't much hope of ever seeing it again.

Why on earth did your father use arsenic for rats when there was a dog in the house? The spring rat-traps are not safe, either, unless you put them where you know the dog cannot go. - The safest thing is the cage-trap, & then drown the critters. Your package was on the boat, & had I been a 1st Class passenger it would doubtless have been delivered to my stateroom the night of sailing.

As things were, it didn't turn up till next afternoon, when we were miles at sea, along with Morris's package of three books, + Raymond's + Hilda's San Michele. What a nice cuss you were to put in those cigarettes! I have already smoked one box of them, and shall try + keep the other for a very special occasion, or for a day when no foreign cigarette tastes good to me. The book by Thomas Mann is also appreciated, though I've not yet had time to do more than glance through it. Have you read it yourself, + what do you think of it?

And this reminds me to ask you whether you read the books you returned to the Tweedy family + which I took back to Danbury a week ago last Monday? You told me about Julia + Whitecoats, but not about Trevelin in the Desert nor Joseph Collins's book, which latter I thought might be of great interest to you, + perhaps of some assistance in the solution of your most special problem. Collins is an opinionated fellow, but he usually "talks sense"; + doesn't confuse his subject with technicalities. It is perhaps too much to expect that you should share my delight in Lawrence's book: I have found no one yet that does. I read it as literature, not as travel, nor yet as politics, + the man Lawrence didn't bother me. I think I had no preconceptions. Yet that book took me into a magic world, - the Arabs fascinate me anyhow - but what extraordinary powers of observation the little man has, - what an eye! - and what a style!

I am so sorry you were tortured that Sunday afternoon, + what a perfect gentleman you were to wait so uncomplainingly, even while I took the two ladies back into their apartment. But, dear Boy, don't ever do that stunt again. Trump up some excuse for stopping - don't be so afraid of giving yourself away! Everybody, especially women, understands how tyrannical the bowls can be!

We met one fairly congenial chap on board, Stanley Houghton by name, an agreeable fellow, friendly, talkative. We sit at the same table, + we regularly go to the Smoking Room after dinner + spend the early part of the evening over a glass of liqueur. We also play ping-pong + shuffleboard together: both are good for the liver.

Well, the time has changed four hours, - it's 2 A.M. on the Homeric + 10 P.M. in Cambridge. One more hour to Greenwich Time - we shall disembark at Cherbourg Saturday morning if the weather holds. My love to you, + write me as often as you possibly can. I hope you will send me the review of H. H.'s

"R-r-romantic" Symphony as well as
Mr. Vas, + I wonder if you will have sent
Morris's lucubrations also ???

Yours ever + always,

Donald

P.S. I am going to start the habit of
not reading your letters to Betty unless the
salutation is to us both. As I usually call
at the Bankers' Trust Company alone, I
should prefer it if you would regularly use
that address. But please don't use any more
red ink, - it won't be necessary. And please
do dare to be indiscreet once in a while! And
when you enclose reviews, either put them in a
short note or in a letter for us both.

Per S.S. "Bremen"



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

U. S. A.

Xmas Message.



Paris, 16 Dec. '30.

Molto caro amico: -

I believe this is my last day to send you a special word for Christmas, as the Bremen is the last ship & she leaves Cherbourg tomorrow. - I am sitting in the cafe we call The Two Maggots - Deux Magots (= Mandarins) & having cafe à la crème to take from my mouth the taste of the vile stuff they call coffee at the Pension. This is my 10th day in Paris. I found Betty looking very thin. She cannot eat much without indigestion, as she eats a little at frequent intervals. The medicine the doctor gave her in Concarneau this summer seems to help her a great deal. She absolutely refuses to have another general examination. I don't know what he thinks, but I see plainly that she is very much less well than she has ever been before in the years I have known her, without being ill enough to take to her bed. If she had another X-ray examination & if any cancerous growth were found, she would refuse to have an operation because she does not really care about living. With all the passion & intensity of her previous temperament, there is not love of life in her; she thinks existence on this earth is overvalued & she doesn't really care how soon she leaves it.



This doesn't sound as if she considered me very tenderly, and she does not, because she knows - to speak the truth - that I do not love her to that degree that an irrevocable separation would cause me to live in want of her for the rest of my days. I was not made to be dependant on the presence of any other living being; I can stand alone if necessary, - she knows it & I know it. My absence & the possibility of my death are quite another thing for her.

I don't know why I write you in this vein on postcards in a case, except that postcards are easier to come at than writing-paper, & I am just telling you the truth, as I always do. You know me as nobody else does, because you are the sole being on earth in whom I un-
 flinchingly trust. Your understanding of my nature is such that I have never felt the slightest desire to withhold anything from you. I know you can bear to see me as I am & that you still care for me. This makes our friendship the most precious of my earthly relations, and were any disaster to visit you, it would visit me too. I do this is, after all, my Christmas message to you, that I exceed the Golden Rule & love you better than myself.

We found a rather nice color-etching on very thin paper which we sent to you at Cambridge as a Christmas present. If it didn't reach there before you left, it will probably



be there on your return.

I had the luck to find a room almost immediately which could be used as a studio. It is only two blocks from our pension, at 67 rue Madame. You can write to me there directly if you feel inclined. It is also in the VII^{me} Arrondissement. The room is on the 5th floor - i.e. up 5 flights of stairs - & has two nice big windows way above the street-level, with a balcony & a view of Paris roofs & chimney-pots. There is an open fire-place which works beautifully, & there is chauffage centrale besides. By exception it seems to ~~chauffe~~ ^{heat}. There is a table, two chairs, a large couch bed, a secretary, & plenty of electric light. There was an ~~enormous~~ wardrobe (armoire) which I had removed to the hall when the piano was installed. There is a large closet with a washbowl & running water, & I have the use of a bathtub & W.C. - the latter none too pleasant; the French are incorrigibly unsanitary when it comes to the functions of excretion. - But this very connected with the room itself, & am hard at work there every day.

Now, my dear, I must stop. This brings you my deepest love & blessings & every affectionate holiday wish. Your Donald