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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.

285 Oxford St.
Rochester, N.Y.
February 14, 1937.

Dear Donald,

The past has been a hectic week as you would have had answer before this to your several good letters. Two Gray exams came a week ago yesterday, and since the grades had to be ready by Monday afternoon I had a frantic week-end of working. Three evenings went in the writing of a set of notes for one of my classes to be mimeographed over this week-end. Term started on Wednesday, there was a meeting of instructors,

into the previous pattern of my life. I don't know that I ever said she would have been the 'Perfect Wife' for me, nor that I ever thought it. I merely know that I responded to her as I have never responded to any one else, and that she responds to me as no one else can do. That I should have married her, that I should ever marry her, I admit to be a question. For the present, at least, the question does not have to be answered, and there will be a deal of time before it does.

Even were I free today it would not have to be answered, for she would not marry me now. I am sure that my first letter to you after I left New York misled you, for I had misled myself. I assumed from C's behavior two weeks ago thought that she was still in love with me - but I hadn't asked her. That I assumed so and

on Monday, a conversation on Thursday.

It was interesting to receive on the same day accounts of last Saturday evening from both you and C. Apparently all concerned had a very memorable evening. And according to her account at least she stood her liquor slightly better than you did - at least she didn't record any indiscretions on her part. As for her ability to 'take it' with a man you are undoubtedly right - although she wrote that she kept on drunk for drunk with you because she couldn't bear to admit that she couldn't 'take it'.

I am glad that you found the evening so revealing about her. For you now understand anything but vaguely the stress there was in my mind between my love for her and the certain knowledge that she could not in any way fit

that I still loved her passionately
I made clear in my first letter to her.
Her answer was a masterpiece. She
said that she feared I had misunderstood,
and that rather than hurt me more
later she must hurt me then. She
still loved me with a profound
tenderness, but she was no longer
in love with me. She was rightly too
sensible to languish in an unrequited
love, and when it had become clear
that I didn't want her she had with
some suffering freed herself of her
passion for me. I don't doubt for
an instant that this^{is} true, so far
as she knows her own mind, - but
if it is absolutely true, I must say she
bewilders me. I have had several letters
from her since, and if she is not in
love with me I would like to see
what kind of letter she would write
if she were!

But be that as it may, I feel that it is psychologically better for me that it should be for the present, at least, as she says it is, - that it is better I should do what I have to do because I feel it to be abstractly right than because by doing it I should gain something I probably don't deserve.

I know you are interested in my state of mind as it is from day to day and in how matters go along here at 285. It would be hard to make much clear in a brief space. Domestic equilibrium, such as it is, is, to say the least, very unstable, and I sometimes feel at my wits' end. My spirit has gained strength from having finally faced the facts two weeks ago and in the face of them having made a decision. I have accordingly appeared there two weeks

And on one night during the past week she cried herself to sleep. Last night after putting out the light I seemed at once that she was on the point of crying and got into bed with her. For nearly a solid hour she lay like a log paying, ^{practically} no attention to the fact that I was there or to what I said. I knew, for I could physically feel it, that during that whole time she was crying inwardly. Let me assure you that I was stumped - I tried talking sense, then nonsense, then not talking, then sleepiness, then sleeplessness. Finally I got her to send me to my own bed by trying to get her to let me prepare her something hot to drink. Both of us taced for sometime, but I did not hear her cry. I spent a miserable night, with what seemed an almost night-long nightmare over the matter. And this evening I have been through

much else 'sad', as Elizabeth called it, - in fact, I have appeared definitely cheerful, and I have worked courageously, thoughtfulness and the like to a degree. But without the hoped-for effect. Daytime and early evening usually pass with apparent calm in the household, but as bed-time draws near the feeling of tension becomes so pronounced as not to be dismissed by any means that I know. Almost without exception during the past two weeks I have spent from a quarter hour to an hour in bed with E. before getting into my own bed. But the mere affection bestowed there, which I feel that I can inwardly defend, is definitely not enough. On practically every night E. has taced for a long time afterward before going to sleep.

at least as trying an experience. During
the afternoon I did quite a lot of
typing with the result that ^{after} supper
my back was tired and I sleepy.
So I said I would lie down for a
few minutes. The day had passed with-
out apparent tension and I was
sufficiently calm to drop off to
sleep at once. An hour later E. came
in and called me. It took me a
long time to wake up and while I
was doing so she lay down on the
bed with me. I was not inattentive
nor unaffectionate. Finally she
said 'And how long do we have to
live this chaotic life?' It was the
first she had mentioned the doctor's
restriction. I made as convincing a
case for my health as I could and
dared and told her that if she
wished I would ask the doctor again.

I went further and said, probably un-
wisely, that if she couldn't stand it
I would consider giving her satis-
faction, as I can, without exorbitantly
exciting myself. That she received
coldly, saying that she guessed
she wouldn't die under the strain.
Whereat she turned away and began
again this torturing inward crying.
Well, I patched matters as well as I
could for the moment, feeling her I
was sorry and suggesting that she
might be happier if she would try
to entertain some. She thereupon
blamed me for having put the lid
on entertaining anyone. I accepted
the blame without question, ^{and asked}
she would like to entertain, whom
of any of the people she has met here,
she would like to invite. She confessed
that there was no one, and I think that

yet over.

I declare, Donalds in the light of the fact how much I don't see how I can manage equilibrium for another eighteen, though I shan't give up until every device I can think of has failed me. And when the break does come I know it is going to be hell. For on Friday night I had a taste of the sort of thing that is going to be developed. On that evening I made the monthly check-up of the bank account. We have a joint account. In E's check-book was originally put as a balance the money which she deposited - some which she brought from Cleaveland, but chiefly money received at her marriage, including \$100 from her father and aunt. I have paid all the bills from my account except the

is essentially the truth. Though she frequently affirms that people interest her she seldom shows any interest in anyone, and I must confess that I am frequently amazed at the ungenerous attitude she shows toward people who have been nice to her. I told her there were several people I wanted like to have and named them, - with that I sent her into the living room to think it over while I returned into the study to write. An hour later she had decided to defer choice until tomorrow. I then suggested the Moores - whom I like - for Saturday night, and it now remains to be seen what she will do. At that point she decided to go to bed though I could see there was no sleep in her - and now, for some minutes later, she is up reading. So, the evening is not

strictly day to day household
expenses and her minor personal
expenses, asking her to take charge
of these and to pay them from her
balance, I to reimburse her from
my balance at the end of the year.
Naturally since she has made no
deposits her balance has been
decreasing slowly, roughly forty
dollars a month. Mine has increased
slowly, roughly by about the same
amount, so that we are essentially
~~maintaining~~^{maintaining} an even keel, although
making no gain.

As usual at the monthly check-
up, she again on Friday evening
remarked the decrease in her balance,
and asked rather petulantly what I
had to say about the carry over
of affairs we should be in by June.
I was feeling muddled, fatigued

and replied that we should then probably go to the posthouse. She took me seriously and replied in a frantic tone 'well, I shall certainly take to face my family with all that money gone'. And then you see - if she could not face her family with that simple and relatively minor fact, granting that it is any of her family's business, how in the name of heaven is she to take the blow of having to face her family with that which impedes. I had, of course, figured to allay her fears on Friday night - but in general I have nothing really to allay her fears, and though I cannot be certain of what she suspects, it must be that she is beginning to suspect the truth and I reckon that fearful as it is it is no more fearful than her

Much as I enjoy your letters to me at the university, I feel like suggesting that if you can do it you decrease their number in order to write us here. For I suspect that E. may be jealous of you, a complicating factor which it is not wise to allow to go unchecked - and letters written to us both would help to check it. I know this is asking something hard of you, but I know equally well it is not beyond your powers.

I attended Mr. Pace's ensemble class last Tuesday and thoroughly enjoyed it. There was a quintette with piano & double bass by Schubert, and the first movement of a Beethoven piano trio. I thought the playing really very good - he told me ^{he} had the best players in the school. After the class he asked me to stay for a few moments chat

family's reaction.

Well, my dear, I shouldn't have overburdened you with these details. But somehow or other it helps me to be able to write them, so I know you will forgive me. Please worry about me as little as possible. Life is devilishly hard just at present but I suspect I shall survive somehow. To think of the past and of what might have been is no help and I have pretty well brought myself not to think of it. And I think I am definitely stronger than I was two weeks ago before I saw you. As much as I still dread my own family's reaction and the acute pain I shall have to cause them I do not fear it any more as I once did. My one concern is to get through this term if that is possible.

He was very cordial and I was very grateful. He asked twice about E., each time in a tone which made me feel as if he knew more than I had suspected. And when I told him that I had seen you his surprise seemed to be a bit feigned - I couldn't help wondering if you had written him something at least to make him suspect - but I dismissed the idea as quite improbable for I reckon you would have told me when he asked about E. the second time I was tempted to tell him the truth - he seemed in so like a mood to take it, but I didn't. Are you sure he would not feel I was imposing on him? I fear I should be.

The conversation on Thursday was the first annual. We all dressed up in our robes, gathered in the 'marble hall' and paraded into

the Eastman Theatre, preceded by
trumpets and accompanied by
strings from the organ. The stage
was filled with the school orchestra
and the dignitaries, the last with
family, students and his fellow.
The orchestra played under the direction
of Paul White, and played very well,
I thought, - but the selections were
tipe - 'Racofsky (?) March' and 'Les
Preludes'. After which Pres. Valentine
delivered a long address on the unity
of the university. It was a fairly good
talk, though rather diffuse and
wordy. One burden on his soul seemed
to be college athletics and collegiate
life in general, and he took several
occasions to hit both of them
severely. A large part of his talk
centered on the virtues of intellectual
discipline and its distinction in character.

photographer as the person who selected
from the films taken lacked imagination.
Despite the fact that the expedition went
straight across the Himalayas only
a few scattered views of that noble
range were shown. Most of what was
shown had to do with the actual
physical difficulties of the enterprise.
And they surely were many and varied.
The expedition started from Beirhat (?)
with seven steam trucks, each with
a trailer. Progress across the plains
was difficult enough, but in the
mountains it was all but impossible.
Several times a truck had to be com-
pletely dismantled and its separate
parts carried over a place too
narrow for the truck itself to pass.
There was a fair number of views
showing the natives encountered and
some of their customs with a few,

from what so often passes for
education. I think I told you that
earlier in the year he had told the
people of Rochester in no uncertain
terms that the matter with education
is that people think of it as a
commodity which can be purchased
with so much cash. His talk ended
with a laudation of truth and
a university's devotion to it. And
then the anti-climax. The president-
electus arose and in his 'peculiar'
manner of speaking said 'let us pray',
following which came a long and
very orthodox benediction.

Last evening we went to see the movie
'The Yellow Cruise', which portrays
the struggles across Asia of the
French expedition led by Cuvier and
Haardt. It had its spots, but on
the whole it was disappointing, for the

too few, scenes of dancing

well. I must stop and get to bed
Elizabeth is still up, though apparently
for the moment in better spirits. I
wonder what the night will bring
forth.

Please read as much of this letter
to Betsy as you care to. With
much love to both of you
George

P.S. Monday morning - The night
passed without storm.

I have made a sort of application
for the Cornell position. Since Moore
is well known there and was formerly
instructor there I should have to
have his backing anyway, so that I
have written him to ask him if he
wants to recommend me. I suspect he
will reply ^{at once} or act in the negative, for
I feel of one fellow whom he must
already be backing. 9.

285 Oxford St.
Rochester, N.Y.
February 24, 1937.

Dear Danesed

Last night I wrote you many pages of a long letter. Some providence kept me from finishing it this morning and sending it to you. For it contained a few statements I would have been ashamed to have communicated.

I know more facts now and more of truth, - for the dam burst this afternoon. I despair of relating to you what happened or how it happened, but I shall ^{try} to make some things clear.

Last week went along quite smoothly, but the long week-end was a great

found in it two notices of positions
in English, sent by an agency with which
she had at one time been registered. One
was in California, the other at Stephens
College in Columbia, ^{Mo.} The latter was
for the very position she had held
several years ago before going to Yale.
She remarked that she was quite sure
she could get the position for she knew
from several sources that the dean
had been very much pleased with her
work there. And she said she would
try to get it if I had only a job nearby.
I answered that I thought she might well
try for it anyway, for I might myself be
out of a job. Suddenly her mood changed
and she brought up the subject of having
a baby, saying that she didn't want a
job because she wanted a baby. And
she made the point that she believed I had

tried, with two repetitions of the preceding
Saturday night. On Sunday night I felt
I could no longer fail to take verbal
note of E's crying, and told her gently
that I wished you wouldn't cry - but I
didn't have the courage to ask her
why she cried. I thought I knew, but
I was the more perplexed for both
Saturday and Sunday had been in them-
selves. Just congenial, at least not
definitely otherwise. She promised to
stop crying and I went to bed. But
she couldn't keep her promise and
cried most bitterly for a long time.
On Monday night I went to bed very early,
for I was very tired from the strain.
Yesterday passed without event and
today waited the afternoon mail.
When she brought the mail up at 2:30 she

decided in my own mind that I didn't want any children and that I apparently was living in accordance with that decision without telling her about it. There ensued a long discussion of the desirability of parenthood, the cost, etc., my chief point being that I was in no position even to consider having children until I had a permanent job. She cried a bit and finally turned to her desk to answer the letter.

I came into my study and decided that the moment had come. So I suggested a walk and we rode off to Cobbs Hill. On the way she asked if I would mind her taking the Stephens position for a year or two, with the probable necessity of being separated from me during that time. I took ^{she says} what she said for what it sounded - that ~~was~~ here ~~was~~ a providential

way of bringing about our separation. Then I spoke, saying that we did have a much more serious question before us than that of having children, namely the wisdom of our marriage and the wisdom of continuing it. I was asking partly on the occasion and partly on what you wrote in your postcard last week.

But I had guessed wrong. She was not prepared, she had not thought of separation in any serious way - she had merely wanted me to say, ^{in answer to her question} that I would mind her leaving me for a year or two.

To relate what followed is, of course, impossible - there was just too much of it. She listened heavily and took what I said almost stonily for a while. I tried to say nothing that was untrue, and I think I succeeded. I told her that I loved her no less than

patch matters here and patch them
there, she couldn't give me, because of
her nature, that which could only
make for happiness of us both. She
replied that I was much too idealistic
in wanting a perfect relation, that she
felt from what I had said that she
had and could give me things to balance
what she could not give me. I couldn't,
of course, make her understand what
the lack is. I could name the word -
temperament - and she knows what
that is, but that its lack is vital on
that I need it she says she cannot
believe.

She finally broke down & cried at intervals,
and as she picked her slight my
heart bled. Her family are about as
understanding as mine, and she has no
intimate friends. Her love for me is
perfectly genuine and great. She says

I never had, but that I had never loved
her enough; that I admired her for the
way she had borne with me ~~these~~ ^{these latter}
months, for how she had tried to change
herself to be ^{to} me what she saw I wanted
her to be. I told her further that I
had felt for some time that she was
quite unhappy. But she denied that,
in words I know were truthful, - on the
contrary she had been very happy at
times and very seldom unhappy, - the
latter only when she thought I was
unhappy. These nights of crying were
due to my withdrawal of affection
passionately expressed - she had thought
I ignored her for the same reason that
one ignores the crying of babies, as a
discipline.

I told her that I had thought this
matter over for a long time and that
I had come to feel that while we could

she is willing, and I know she is, to do anything if it will only keep us together - that she feels for me to give up is for me to defeat myself. And she pled with me to promise to try to make the whole thing over. I couldn't promise it - I could promise only to try to try. And that I did - and so matters stand. The day, since six o'clock, has had its ups & downs - I have shown her much affection, all of which was genuine, and she has now gone to bed, and I think to sleep.

What to do next I don't know. And if you have anything to say, please say it - I'm ashamed to ask you, but I must.

The most serious immediate problem is intercourse. She wants it, not for herself, but for what it might help to do. She wants to try other contraceptives, but

there are no sure ones. Dr. Michraus says that an alkaline douche is absolutely sure, but I find it hard to believe. E. has left it to me to bring up the subject next. I shall, of course, see the doctor first, and he will probably uphold me in practicing continence for some time yet, but there is an end to that, or there may be. I am still very rich, and still somewhat nervous. But that I shall remain so is by no means certain. There is, of course, always cancer interruptus, and if need be I shall fall back on that. That is certain contraception, though a method which I doubt would be satisfactory to E.

Well, you can't decide this any more than I can, - now. It remains to be seen what the marrow and the marrow brings forth. E. has been

my feeling would now be different. But only to that extent did she voice any disapproval of you.

She has made no mention of the possibility of my leaving anyone else. If she does I don't know what to say. In some ways I am inclined to tell her of my struggle between two loves, - but that is a bitter pill which it almost seems best to spare her of possible. But deceit is probably a worse one. What do you think?

E. cried during the night for some time before I awoke. After an hour I quitted her ~~again~~ but she could not sleep again. She is up this morning and trying hard to be brave - so hard it is heart-rending to see her, - the more so since I do love her enough to wish to spare her.

limitations which we both knew, but that her heart is good there is no doubt. My conviction about our marriage is unchanged, but my admiration of her is considerably increased.

It is midnight and I must get to bed. I shall try to write more, on other matters, in the morning.

Thursday morning. I have just reread this letter, and were I to rewrite it this morning I think I would say essentially the same things. There are, however, a few things which I must add. E. asked me if I had talked with you of these matters when I saw you in New York, and I didn't deny that I had. And when she further asked me what you had said I replied that you agreed, from what you knew, that I was right in my conviction. She feels that had you disagreed with me

To pass to another matter - you need
have had no 'Gewissenbisse' about
your letter to me two weeks ago. I
remembered nothing in it and felt no tres-
pass - nor have I ever remembered
anything in what you call your proprietary
attitude toward me - I welcome that
attitude and in so far as it is good
for me I want its diminution in
no respect.

You say that I must ~~be~~ allow for
a fact, the true nature of which I
shall understand clearly only when
I experience it - namely that nothing
matters to you so much as I do. You
are right that I have not allowed
for that fact, and the reason is
pretty largely that I simply didn't

do so. In my mind you are exasperated, and you must exasperate yourself in yours.

And another thing, once for all, though I shall try to remember that you are not a mind-reader I may forget it, and if I seem to, discover my mind by the most direct means you can. I may read your question, in a certain sense, but deep down, I ^{shall} want it every time - I know and shall know that your question will be prompted by a love such as I have never had before, nor shall ever see the like.

The photograph you sent came yesterday. I am very glad to have it - it almost speaks aloud - if it only could - and it does speak silently - a great help. I am grateful so much for your sending it. I could read the unwritten words that came

I suspected and feared that you were displeased, not at my marriage, but at my marrying in so precipitate and unconsidered a manner, - feared so much, in fact, that it never occurred to me that did I speak out displeasure would give place entirely to every effort of love to help me to a solution. I didn't doubt your love - I never reached that point.

And once for all, you must delete from your mind all thought that I blame you in any particular. You haven't yet done that - it still worries you - it creeps in between the lines every now & then. You might, of course, have done differently than you did, - so might we all of us - but for you there was no reason to

with it.

Worry about me as little as you can and burden yourself with my problems as little as you can. I am not on the point of collapse. The next turning is not in sight - it will come in view only in time. What burdens the world I have now taken is rather different from what I had expected - the set of facts to be faced is at least somewhat different from what I had supposed they were. My own plight concerns me least, grave as it may be. That of our parents scarcely more. But that of Elizabeth and that of Constance do perplex me. The latter must be prevented from again falling in love with me until my present marriage is finally broken, if it is to be so. She must not suffer again. She has a great deal of strength, but she has a great weakness for me, and I am not sure she is fighting that weakness.

Elizabeth's strength I don't yet know.
Two women before her have been deeply
in love with me, one of them, at least, as
deeply as she. Both have got over it.
Whether she can, if it is necessary that
she should, without wrecking her life
I don't know.

I must stop, for I am only going around
in circles.

My best love to both Betty and you -
the calm fact of the love and understanding
of both of you
is greater than I can thank you for.

George

P.S. And many thanks for the lovely letter
of this week. I hope it didn't cost you
too much. It was a noble effort
nobly carried out, and it did help.

February 25

Dear Donald,

George has finally told me what he says he told you in New Yorks - that he thinks our marriage a mistake, and that the only thing to do is to separate. I am writing to you because there are two or three factors in the case which he could not have explained, because I have no one to whom I can turn for advice, and because I want your help, if you can give it. I'm sure you will if you can.

In the first place, as he no doubt told you, he thought I was very unhappy. That he did so is my fault; you have already observed that I do not easily express my happiness. I have been unhappy at times this year, terribly so, but always over

some specific aspect of our relationship.
I have never felt that the whole
was hopeless, and I have had c-
nough and more than enough
happy days to make up for the others.
I told George this, and he has been
very kind, in spite of the fact that
this fact will make a separation
much harder, if it is necessary.

I realize, that, as George says, the
lack he finds in me is one which it
will be almost impossible to change.
I can and will try to act happy when
I feel so, and will try to feel so; I
want, if we are to be together only a
few more months, to make the
most of them. At times, since he
and I have discussed this, I have
felt that there is absolutely no use
in trying; that he has made up
his mind, and nothing can change
it. I have wished desperately that
I had somewhere to go, but I

beaut; I could not possibly face
my family and burden them with
this.

But at other times I have determined
not to give up, and it is in this spirit
that I am writing to you. To be quite
frank with you, I think that if you
had not agreed with George that a
separation is probably necessary,
he would not have been so deter-
mined that it is. I am not blaming
you; I know you wanted to help
him, and were no doubt horrified
that he seemed so ill and unhappy.
(I have ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} for some time
that he was unhappy, but there
were many causes to which I could
and did attribute his feeling.) If he
is going to continue so, and to become
even more unhappy than when
he is alone, then I will give up,
though, at present at least, I can

not see how I can endure life with-
out him. I know I should never
have the courage not to endure it,
so I suppose somehow the years
would pass. But, to return to my
point; it seems to me important that
both George and I should try to-
gether awhile longer, another year
at least. No human relationship
is ideal; George has never been
happy; and it seems to me it
would be folly to throw away
abance what good there is in
ours (and even George admits
there is much that is good) ~~for~~
because he feels that there might
be more good. People and relation-
ships do change, for the better as well
as for the worse, and there is much
that we may still learn about
each other, and therefore our
understanding may improve.

For instance, George said that one evidence that we were not "spiritually blind" was that he could find no sparks of common interest in a certain friend of mine who visited us last fall. He assumed that I did find such. As a matter of fact, if we had ever thought of discussing natural history, he would have found that I too have very little in common with her. We were friends in college, and shared her theories in together a good deal so that we have a certain common background of experience. But that is all.

This of course is only a detail, but it shows how much we each have yet to learn. It may be that what we shall learn in the course of another year will make matters worse instead of better.

in which case there will be nothing
to do but give up. But if you could,
in any way, encourage George to
keep on trying, I think you would
be helping him. He has really been
less nervous since he went to the
doctor, and he sleeps well - and
eats well - and so that I
do not think you need be alarmed
as I know you must have been
when you met in New York.

George has read me some of
your very interesting letters, and
I know that you have worked
to accomplish what you could
in Danbury, in spite of the fact
that you could not do what you
wished you could. The letter that
you wrote after the performance
of the Nilsads was so sure, in
spite of discouragement, that I

can't help feeling that you will agree with me that we should keep trying for awhile.

I hope I have made myself clear, and that you will not think I am trying to keep George against his will. Of course my motive in wishing to keep on trying is chiefly selfish, but I do sincerely think that George would, at least, be no better off were he to give up so soon because our relationship is not what he had hoped for.

Did you ever read Matthew Arnold's poem The Buried Life? It is not a very good poem perhaps, artistically, but a terribly real one.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth

July 8, 1938

Dear Donald,

I was so happy to find such a long and
newly letter from you when I returned on
Tuesday - it seemed I had been away so long
and accordingly had not had word of you
for so long. I thought often of you on the trip
but was so rushed I wrote only the most
brief & necessary notes.

There is really so much I ought to write you
and want to write you that I don't know
where to begin, nor what to omit for want
of time. So far I have done nothing about
packing up - it has been so dreadfully hot
since I returned - I sit here now in a pair
of shorts with hot currents coursing about
me (it is 10 A.M.) Since about all I can do
is sit still and write, here goes.

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First for the business end. I saw Mr. Emerson
 some time ago and asked him to look into his
 account with you. He said then that if you
 were unable to find that check of last fall
 he would stop payment on it and write you
 another. But day before yesterday he called
 me to say that he couldn't stop payments
 for he had ^{no} date about the check - neither
 date nor payee. So he suggested that you
 let it ride for another two or three months -
 if the check doesn't turn up by that time
 drop him a line and he will send you
 another trusting you to return the first
 should it ever turn up.

I found Ansel still working on the interior
 of the house when I returned, with the
 Parkers moving in in pieces. I think he
 will finish the interior today. He has done a
 very good job and the house looks fine. He
 has however batched two items in the lower
 hall - his patching the paper around the

Furnace control is pretty obvious - I think he could have used more imagination, but there is no changing the weather now. The other item is a bad spot in the floor - apparently the cleaning in one very open spot was improperly or incompletely done. He has told Mr. Parker that it can't be fixed, but I am going to try to persuade him that he must fix it if he has to do the whole hall floor over.

When he got the paper off of some of the walls he found quite a sizeable amount of plastering to be done. That was not a part of the contract. He hired a ^{plasterer} ~~carpenter~~ himself - the man worked about 7 hours and furnished the materials. Quail beat his price down to \$5 which I consider most reasonable.

Before I left for the week I went over the house with Quail to take up the matter of necessary carpenter work and contracted with a carpenter ^{to do it} for \$31.95-

such things as fixing a window, replacing
~~the~~ nine window cords, fixing the back
porch steps, repairing four shingled corners,
altering the screens. I think the bill for that
reasonable! While I was away several other
things to be fixed came to light and I will
hire the carpenter again - I had told him
he could for anything necessary. Of course
there was no contract for the second lot.
This included anchoring the window in the
second floor bedroom, fixing eight more
shingled corners, repairing the basement
screens, which were in bad shape, repairing
two of the living room screens (previously
overlooked) etc. For all of this the charge
is \$24 which again I think is reasonable
though negligible. I have paid the car-
penter \$31.95, and will pay him the balance
unless you have some objection.

I believe I have previously written you about the linoleum - I do not have the complete bill, but it will be about \$20. I think I have also written you about a lumber bill of \$32.84 - for new conductors, and repairs to tin roof. I do not have the bill for turning the ^{new shades} shades - it should be not more than about \$7. While I was away the sewer backed up, - the bill for fixing that is \$2.50.

Now for a summary:

Quail	478
Plasterer	5
Shades	7?
Plumber	2.50
Tinsmith	32.84
Carpenter	55.95
Linoleum	20.00?
	<hr/> 601.29

I am relieved to find the probable total

of the same order of magnitude as the figure you gave me. I shall keep all the bills for the time being and you need send no checks just now. When all is finished I shall send you what ~~checks~~^{bills} and receipts there are.

There is one more rather major item not so far mentioned - the garage roof. It is in pretty bad condition. Its repair was not made a condition of renting, but for the good of the building it should be fixed, for the roofing is dry and thin and has leaked in one or two places. I have no estimate on it. Do you want Woodard the roofer to do it?

Now for the Parkers. They have found one thing they feel they must have for which they did not ask - two cross-arms

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clothes poles. Mr. Parker says he will install them (set in concrete) if you will buy them - about \$3 each. I am of a mind to cover the paint for we did not have to repair the tub in the laundry and Mr. Parker himself cleaned thoroughly that very dirty cellar, which he might well have asked us to do. But you let me know your wish in this respect as soon as you can?

The Parkers at first said they would not use the ice box for they had an Electrolux of their own. But now they are in they have decided to use yours. I have told them I see no objection - they have promised that? they do not use it they will have it stored in the attic.

I have little further reaction of them so far, except to say that I was pleased

to see that they had selected wall paper in very good taste - a good sign. I have put two of the trays (11 and 15) and cassette them very well brought up children.

Mrs. Merchant wants me to suggest to you that you have the heater cleaned & examined during the summer. I think she said the charge was about \$2.50.

The point of doing so is to relieve you of responsibility by later in the winter.

Friday evening. And there I had to stop. It has been a frightful day and forenoon, to be an even more frightful night - my bed is like the top of a stove, so there is no use in getting into it yet. It is 89° up here and not a breath stirring.

I had a long phone talk with each of the Vasec night before last so I know their immediate plans. Tonight they have been

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with you and I know what a happy evening it has been for all three of you. I am sorry that you must have so fleeting a glimpse of them and they of you.

I reckon they have told you part of the news of my middle western trip, for Mr. Vas asked many questions about it and said he would relay the answer to you. I can't remember that I wrote you even a suggestion that I might find another position by going out there. A week before I started I had word from an agency in Detroit that there was a position at Michigan State College in East Lansing, but no details. I wrote at once to Prof. Plant, head of the department there, and told him I would stop over there if he had a position I might be interested in. He wired that the salary would be under \$2200, fine opportunity, and to stop

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over of I could. I reached there Monday afternoon and liked the place at once. Prof. Plant turned out to be a rather charming middle western, just about ready to retire. He was quite enthusiastic about his department & the college. It is similar to Purdue, - engineering, agriculture, liberal arts, etc., - rapidly growing both in size and standard. The position is theoretically for one year only, but both Prof. Plant and the dean assured me that were I to be satisfactory, reappointment would be practically certain, because of various imminent rearrangements in the department. The teaching load would be 14 hrs, four hours less than Purdue, and the subjects somewhat more interesting. The place is alive with statistics, the field in which I am trying to get started.

I liked the whole set-up, so much that when I left on Tuesday to go on to Lafayette

I was rather miserable at the thought that I might not get the offer. And when I reached Lafayette the more miserable, for I did not think that place at once. The offer came Wednesday afternoon by wire. I thought it over that night, called on one of the younger members of the department to get some 'low-down', met some of the department Thursday morning, and then went out to the summer home of the department head to interview him. I found him a rather elderly man, also fast about ready to retire. He was very pleasant, but at first felt he should refuse to consider my resigning, although regarding to the contract I had until that evening to resign. But finally he said 'Go ahead, make your choice, you will probably decide wrong whichever way you decide!' I wanted to see Plant again before making

At final, so I returned to East Lansing
Friday morning. He gave me the same assurances
as before, and I accepted the offer. (Purdue
had extended my free-time by one day). I
have had no regrets so far and don't think
that I have made a mistake. The whole set-
up at Purdue looked as if it would crush
me had I to go there. The salary at M. S. C.
is \$2000, slightly better than Purdue, but I
didn't decide on that basis.

I spent another day there looking for a
place to live. It was difficult finding a
place for practically everyone who takes
roomers takes boys (or girls) and the
accommodations are pretty cheap-looking.
I finally found something which promises
quiet, at least, though it is far inferior
to what I now have, and the price is
almost the same. But it will do to start on.

On the whole the trip was quite interesting. I drove across Ontario from Buffalo to Detroit. It was a surprise to find that country so flat. There were marvelous crops, perfectly beautiful clover fields in bloom, and thousands of acres of extremely healthy looking tobacco. I stayed Sunday night in Detroit, calling on the agency there and the department head at Wayne Univ. Monday morning I drove toward Lansing via Dearborn and Ann Arbor. I stopped off to see Facki Village and Museum. I was able to get only a rough idea of the place in the time I had. It is truly remarkable and will be an invaluable museum of American life from colonial times onward. I would like to spend at least a couple of days there some time. I made a turn about Ann Arbor to see the

University. It was park-fanned with
summer students, a vast place, looking
a little overgrown. I wanted it turn up
my nose at a position there, but the
place did not appeal to me on about sight.

Tuesday afternoon I stopped on the shore
of Lake Michigan with the intent of having
a swim - but the water was foggy and there
was a very cool breeze. I could not help
with a contact. And then nearly a hundred
miles across flat Indiana. At first it was
interesting but it got monotonous - 90
miles as level as a table and nearly as
straight as a ruler - I made it in two hours
with a stop for gas! At Lafayette it kept
there are fine sized hills ~~at~~ between which
flows the muddy Wabash, just then in
flood from a rainous cloudburst a
few days before. The thousands of acres
of corn were a pretty sight, laid out as far

as the eye could reach in perfect rectangular patterns. But even with all that green it was a dry, hot looking country, - and I am glad I shall not have to live in - and rather poor-looking - within 5 miles of Lafayette I found people living in - genuine log-cabin, and any number of the farm buildings looked sadly in need of repair.

The temperature seems not to have fallen during the hour, but there is a small breeze springing up and I am getting sleepy, so I'll have my milk and try to manage dropping off.

Saturday afternoon.

I saw Benoit this morning about the floss in the hallway. He says he did the best with it he could. Some one had sheltered it there over the dirt and he could not remove that with his device. To

fix it would require the work of a regular floor man, and to get such was out part of the contract. So on that point I think we can do nothing - I have a feeling Mr. Parker will let it pass for this year.

The mitchana had to be taken down for the painters & roofers. Mr. Parker says he will trim it & cut it back and give it a new start.

Mr. Parker pointed out today that he believes he has discovered why the laundry is such a damp place. There are no gutters on that small gable at the back of the house and on the back porch. The water coming from those roofs settles in a low spot at that corner of the house and seeps into the laundry. Mr. Parker is of the opinion that that corner is settling because of

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this condition. I reckon it would be a matter of somewhere around \$25 to get gables put there. Do you want me to get an estimate?

There is much else I have to write you but it is important you get this on Monday so that you can get me answers to these various questions not later than Wednesday - earlier if possible - a special from Danbury Monday night ought to reach me Tuesday. I am still at the very beginning of packing up here, but I am hoping to get away next Thursday or Friday. It is so hot I can't just myself in this upper hell.

Much love to you all, and my special love for you - I am so happy you are getting along so splendidly. George.

January 28, 1940

Dear Donald,

It lacks but two days of a month since I last had any word of you, and I am beginning to get concerned about you. Though I left you in apparently so much better health than I had seen you in for months, you were having trouble with your eyes and were not yet free of colitis, so I'm wondering if either or both of these have been bearing down on you these last weeks. I wish you would give up letting the Danbury doctor fool around with that colitis and take yourself to a real diagnostician in New York and really find out what is the matter and what should & could be done. In a letter from Betty a few days ago she wrote with much concern regarding the way you do not seem to be able to get rid of the colitis. I think you ought to try to release her mind regarding this by having a thorough examination by someone really competent - you are not dealing with a common cold or a simple infection, and you shouldn't submit yourself to a common doctor. Won't you please go & see someone in New York?

Thanks for readdressing Miss Cummings' letter - it was good to see that much of your handwriting. Her letter was in excess to my Christmas note -

I thought I gave her my address, but apparently not. She asked me for news of you and Betty, and wanted me to send you her greetings. Contrary to what she said she would do, she is teaching Italian at the school, - and, conscientious as she is, that keeps her very busy.

I had an interesting and amusing experience Monday evening. Prof. Plant, former head of my department, and his wife asked me to accompany them to a meeting of a local club. The club was being entertained that evening by Prof. L. L. Richards, head of the music department (do you know him? - he lived for many years in Belgium, before coming here about thirteen years ago). The place was the new music building, just finished this fall - a TWA acquisition. I am ashamed to say I had not been in it before. Prof. Richards gave a history & description of the building and then showed us about. I was most favorably impressed, and considerably amazed at what had been done for only \$200,000. It is small, of course, but everything is to the last word - very attractive studios, a charmingly simple rental hall, costing about four hundred, and a most attractive orchestra room. They had the good fortune to have an architect who is a musician as well - who in his youth wavered between music and architecture and he was most sympathetic to all their demands. - So much for the interesting part of

the evening - the evening part concerned another guest of the Plants - a niece by the name of Dean, who had spent '27-'29 at Cashuan. After discussing with her several members of the faculty there, I ventured to mention your name, without giving her any clue that you were more to me than a former teacher - her response was - 'you know, I hated the curse, though most people there thought I was crazy'. Do you remember her - she's a sort of semi-hummock, small head and small features - a somewhat unattractive face. She inquired about you at length and said she wished she could see you again. When I mentioned Ralph Robbins, whom of course she couldn't have known, she said 'Oh that name, how he (meaning you) used to fling that name at us - "Oh, you couldn't fool Ralph Robbins like that"'. Well, that was one I never heard about you!

Do you remember our watching the skating in Rockefeller Center a few weeks ago? Well, I made a pseudo vow that evening that I would start skating again when I got back to Michigan. And so I have, after eighteen years, and have been wondering why I have waited so long, for it is fascinating exercise. Skating here is almost universal with the students, and fairly common among the younger faculty, so one never has to go alone - rather one has to refuse invitations. And so long as the

freezing weather lets there is skating, for
the city maintains several rinks, one a
very large one, with music at intervals,
chiefly waltzes, which enhance the fun
about three hundred per cent.

My father is about to have the time of
his life. He and mother start for Florida
tomorrow. He has wanted to go to Florida
for years and years and now he is at least
able to. He loves going places and this
will be by much the farthest he has ever
been away from home and the longest. He'll
have a great time and I think it will do him
much good both mentally & physically.

Now please do sit down & write me a
note - and tell me that you're going to a
good doctor - and how your work is
going - and how the family is. My
love to them all and to you. George.

P.S. And I'm not forgetting that tomorrow
marks an anniversary, and thanking the
gods that it doesn't mark what it came
so near doing.

May 7, 1940

Dear Donald,

I was so glad to get your letter last week, after what seemed a long time not hearing from you. I'm happy that the Halheim volume proved such a fortunate choice. I'm very fond of Halheim and was pleased to find in this volume reproductions sufficiently good to call up visions of the originals.

Many thanks for the copy of the sonata, which I'm proud to possess - my congratulations on its appearance in kind, - it is a good job, as pleasing to the eye as to the ear - but I wish it could speak to my ear more frequently. I earnestly hope that when it will be played. Have you sent out any copies to collect - or is that something that just isn't done?

I'm delighted over the news from Betty and

Helen - in fact, I'm distressed over them. I do wish they could have got out of Europe before. The whole situation over there is very threatening - Italy may be in the war before they are ready to sail - or can get passage. I wish Helen had come here for the operation since she's coming anyhow - it would have been so much easier for Betty. - And I'm concerned too over your summer plans. I want you to have Betty back, but I don't like the thought of your having to spend the summer with Helen unless you need. She is very wearing on you and you ought not to have that strain. The three of you simply must not keep house, and if possible you and Betty should not even be in the same house with Helen. If that can't be arranged you must make the time when you are all together as short as possible. - I have been intending to write to Betty, but have waited lately to hear whether she was leaving France. Do let us know when she's arriving for I'd like to send her a letter of greeting.

Sir sorry I wasn't more explicit in writing about the matter of Carstairs coming with me for that week during the summer. I realised only too well that of course you could not ask your mother to invite us to the farm - I quite understand the whole situation regarding that. What I had in mind was what you suggest, - that Carstairs & I stay somewhere in the neighbourhood for that week. It would not be an ideal arrangement, but it would be the best possible under all the circumstances.

I'm glad to hear your work is going so well as to have you say so and glad you're having fun with it. I've not forgotten that Thursday will see 'daisy in Danbury' and I'll be thinking of you and wishing I could be with you.

How does your garden grow - or hasn't it started yet with this late spring? At least the shrubs here have a few leaves and the Forsythia is coming out - it seems years since the trees were leaf in leaf. I am getting

out must be less than last year - partly because
of the weather & partly because of work. I did
go on a picnic Sunday with the astronomy
club. In the morning we visited the solar ob-
servatory of U of M, just north of Pauline. We
were given a very interesting description & demon-
stration of the heliograph, which is very new
and the best in the country. It can be
set to follow the sun all by itself for hours
on end with no measurable error, all corrections
being made automatically. - After that we
went to a state park - called 'Dodge Brothers
#10'! (the D. B. bought up a lot of lake &
surrounding territory & gave them to the state).
The country around there is quite pretty - the
nicest I have seen in Michigan. There were
hepaticas in bloom, but that was all - there
are ^{so} many types of flowers around here
as in New England.

Well, I must stop & get some sleep. - My best
to your mother, the most of whose bad health
distresses me. And love to you all, with
much for yourself. George.

April 20, 1942

Dear Danved

I see by the calendar that you have another anniversary coming up. I wish I could be in Danbury to help you celebrate it - a walk in the spring woods, a good dinner, good music & talk, - but the best I can do by this note is to send filicitations, the assurance of my affection and the expression of my warm wish. Unless you declare Thursday a holiday I reckon you'll not have time for all the good things I'd wish were I with you - probably that day will see you pushing in special work for your career on Sunday - I'm sorry too I can't be near to hear that - I know it'll be good - I reckon the best I would ever have heard of church music.

Your last letter was very welcome - how do you manage to cram so much into your days - I get so little done aside from the routine of lesson classes and preparation for the evening one.

I've been blessing the fate which brought about cancellation of my graduate course, painful as that was, for I've been kept very busy with my civilian course and the course in electronics which I'm taking. In both, of course, I try to get to the root of everything and that takes so much time.

I still have no plans for the summer. If I were either considerably younger or considerably older I'd know so much more definitely whether I'd be drafted or not, but at just my age the die can fall either way. I rather believe that I am about as useful right here as anywhere, but I don't believe that I'm the one to decide that. I don't want to try to avoid military service unless I ~~feel~~^{feel} sure I could be of more use elsewhere, say at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, where, from what I hear, I don't doubt they could use me. But the thought of being in Washington now is almost enough to make me want to keep out of Washington! Just as a matter of insurance I suspect I should do some organized shakedown this summer - just what I don't know - probably through in New York - for I don't see how to find money enough to do it elsewhere. - I wonder how about the fate of us here after the war - if the army does reach

many millions we stand a good chance of being
run by the discharged soldiers after the war - and
I mean 'run' - what jobs there'll be will go first
to those who were in service, regardless of other
qualifications. Of course, there need be no scarcity
of work if there is intelligent planning and organiza-
tion, but I'm not very optimistic that there
will be. - Can & I have done nothing about
Elizabeth - I don't see how to come to any decision
before June and perhaps not before I get to New York
- perhaps by then I'll be drafted - I don't yet know
my draft number. I wish I could see no way, for
several reasons, - not the least to keep H.T. away
from there.

A week after I last wrote you Mrs. Jordan suddenly
took very ill and died within two days. Her
sufferings are immense I guess it's just as well, - I seem
to have been the only person who benefited by
her continued existence. The executors have very
kindly said that they would be glad to have me
stay here until the end of the term - which is a
great relief to me, for how I would have moved
I don't know. And when I'd like visit you I don't
imagine.

I got out into the woods last Saturday and
found several wild flowers in plentiful numbers.

Only one of them do I remember having seen before - the day-bush violet, which grows rampant here. The others were Deichman's breeder, a charming thing, spring beauty, spring cress and one I couldn't identify. But no hepaticas - the washes were not thick enough for that. Finding good woods here is not easy - nearly all the remaining woodlots are in the centers of sections, half a mile or more from the road, and not very promising looking from a distance.

I regret to report that I got very little response from Jones regarding your Canada - I guess he was too busy with his own campaigning. I have loaned it recently to Maunheimer - he & Schubert are planning to work up several American waists - one, they have, is by Hecker, Dub. I hope Maunheimer will like it and persuade Schubert to buy it.

You have not said anything about Annie in a long time - how has she recovered from her operation? And how are the rest of the family. I am sorry Betty is having heart trouble again - she must be made not to do hard things like making cake etc. Yes, but how! And I'm distressed to hear your throat is still - how and why - perhaps you're trying to sing too much out of your range. Again best wishes for Thursday and my love - to you & to Betty. George.

July 2, 1942

Dear Donald,

I am very grateful for the two letters you sent so speedily, - for their warmth, your understanding and your sympathy. You have understood so well I shall not go into any further detail just now - except to repeat Constance's reaction. I have had two letters from her, both in answer to my first one. In the earlier one she said she could not believe I would be so unjust and so cruel - that we were adults and the only decent way for us to behave was for us to go east and discuss the whole thing in detail with her, and that she would give me until August to do so. The second was much milder in statement, but the argument was the same. Previously she has always mastered me in

discussion by the device of throwing herself
on my mercy. I believe that I now know suf-
ficiently well what is involved and what is
right to be able to hold my end up, but
discussion could only result in either implicit
or explicit accusation of each of us by the other,
and I see nothing to be gained by that. So
I wrote her, rather more definitely stating
my position, as gently as I could and with-
out accusation - except that I think she
must realize from what I wrote that the
present state of affairs is as much due to
her attitude toward our relationship as is
anything I have done. To this letter I
have had no reply, although there has been
sufficient time. I am not surprised now
that I be at further silence. I am sorry,
very sorry, but I think you are right about
the 'all or nothing'. And I believe she may
consider herself so humiliated as to refuse
to recognize my further existence.

I have been given a job in the first session
of summer school, closing July 31. I teach
two hours every morning, and two hours

each of these afternoons - a fairly heavy
schedule in hot weather, but there are only
two classes and a total of some thirty students.
We are fairly paid during the summer, but
I am still glad to leave the job - what
salary there is will be a very welcome ad-
dition to my exchequer.

I received my selective service question-
naire yesterday. According to one of the
rules it is the duty of an employer to
request deferment if he believes an employee
to be a necessary man in a necessary oc-
cupation. The dean told me this morning
that the college does so consider its mathe-
matics instructors and that I should
ask the President's Office to file the proper
form. I think it is ⁱⁿ a 50-50 chance that
the request will be granted. If it is not
I may be called as early as Sept., and in
this case I may try to get into the signal
corps. In the other case I shall let the
deferment run its first course (up to 6
months), at least, for I do want to leave

a really recuperative holiday this summer, before entering upon anything so strenuous as teaching in the army. I am considering taking such a holiday during August, going with a friend from here to a camp in northern Minnesota - in practically virgin lake country. If such a month, largely away from civilization, living with cold water & gasoline lamps, swimming, sunning & walking wouldn't set me up, then I reckon nothing short of a paracetarium would.

As far work planned I have another new course to give next year, on which I must do some work this summer. It is not only new here, but so far as I know largely new in character anywhere - my own idea. Not difficult mathematically, but pedagogically - a course for senior majors aimed at integrating their knowledge of mathematics by means of studying fairly substantial problems. I think the material could be worked up into a book eventually. For the present I must collect (or devise) three problems, classify

them and formulate a working plan
for having them do the work. This month
I shall collect problems and next month
can take them along and work at organizing
them.

But I do not want the summer to pass
without my seeing you and Betty and
my parents. So I am planning to get
east in September - the draft board being
willing. But all definite plans beyond August
first depend on my classification which I
suppose will be forthcoming in about three
weeks.

I am still living here at 247 Delta,
the house not having been sold or rented.
There being only four weeks left I am
keeping my fingers crossed, hoping I'll be
able to stay here during the whole season.
I dread the ordeal of moving and of finding
a new place to live.

All for now - with much love to Betty &
yourself, and again my gratitude for your
welcome letters. Devotedly, George

July 21, 1942

Dear David,

I am afraid I have rewarded your staunch support of me rather feebly - but believe it was a great honor to have such a succession of good letters from you. It is good and comforting to know one is understood and not censured by those he cares for most, and I am most grateful for your support.

I have finally heard from Con again. It is not clear whether she has accepted without discussion. She has not argued the point and does say that this is an absolute need - I cannot expect a friendship to be feasible. But she insists that to deal with your & Dorothy I must come east to see her, - now. In fact she wants me to take her to Cassachic and act there (ambivalently) as if nothing were the matter - she wants to bid my family a

silent goodbye - and she speaks of a possible
'final blossoming' of our relationship, now
that it would have no problems for the
future, there being none. This appeals to me
as being a slightly mad idea, to carry out
which would be a jury for me (and Helene for
her) at the present time. I want to be generous,
but I am desperately in need of a long holiday
away from my post, and whether I be here
next year or in the army, I must get set up
physically & mentally for a hard year. I am
not commencing to do what she has asked.
If at some later time when each of us has
grown into a stable attitude toward all this
she wishes to come and to go to Cassin's
I think I shall be more than willing

The plan of going to Minnesota has fallen
through. I am thinking now of going to Colorado
with Mr. Mendenhall. It was with him I first
tackled over this matter of Cass & me - I had got to
know him somewhat last winter & spring, felt him
to be sympathetic and sufficiently apart from
the department and the college to be able to talk
freely to him. He was reluctant to give very

could go up to Danbury on Wednesday -
or you might want to come down just
for the day on Wednesday. At any rate I
shall be with you not later than Wednesday
evening - which will make the time plenty
short, for I must leave New York on Satur-
day evening in order to reach here in time
for appointments Monday morning. - Or
perhaps, I can push going to New York a
day ahead and be able to get away Tuesday
afternoon - this I think is quite possible.

Ralph Rabbitt has finally sent the score
of your suite - it came yesterday. Mannheim
leaves for a trip tomorrow and I shall see that
he gets the score when he returns. He plays
at the Garden Museum Sunday afternoon.
He played his program for me last Sunday
evening - a suite arranged by himself from
sonatas of Leonardo Vinci, the first sonata
of Schumann (F# minor), Schubert 'Hommage
à Rameau', Faure 'Impromptu', Roussel 'Rondeau'.
He was in the wood alright, and the Schumann
was a stunning performance, full of fire
and very exciting - he said he had done

even better by it a few times, but not often.
If you know it you know it is desirable - but
he has it as clean as a scale.

Many thanks for sending along the old
photos. The ones of Sunshinck and the Hall of
Bronzes especially took my eye. I've simply
got to go to Sunshinck - that great range
seems to rise right from the city street is
far more vertiginous than anything I saw in
Colorado - the picture seems to indicate
that the mountain rises higher above the
valley than the mountains do in Colorado,
although ~~they~~^{it} may not be higher above
sea level.

Yes, I do have Peck's address: 141
Webster, Jacksonville, Illinois. - I
suppose you know that Joe Cleland is
his head of department - I'd like to see Joe -
and I understand one can see him from a
great distance!

This must be all over. Keep well in this early
winter - we have already had snow-flakes
several times, though no real snow. With much
love to Betty & yourself, George.

I was there for two whole days, during which she had ^{no} difficulty in talking, was very little nervous, did not show being tired. and showed no confusion - which last, I think, is the most significant. He had a perfectly delightful time, walking, swimming, looking over her large and flourishing vegetable garden and her many flowers. There will, I expect, be some reaction, but I doubt it will be serious, and I think, all told, the experiment will be to the good.

Thanks for the news of Morris - I am glad he finally has a job again and one in which he fits, even if he doesn't want it for the rest of his life. - I hope Annie is getting along well, and will soon be able entirely to take care of herself again. - And I trust you and Betty have been having some of the cool weather mine had here. It has been hot a few days, but usually with cool nights.

All now - I shall write again soon probably to report my draft ~~depression~~ ^{fixation} which is now up. Much love to the family, to Betty and to you. George.

definite advice, but he did believe himself of considerable wisdom. He has been giving a private summer school here and after that is planning to go to Colorado to rest and prepare for next season. He has asked me if I would like to drive him out there and, if we don't get on each other's nerves, stay with him and work. Doing so would probably mean that I should not get cash at all, which I would regret on several counts, but it would provide so completely the change and the opportunity to work which I need that I am seriously thinking of accepting. If I do I shall hate breaking the long sequence of summers we have spent at least some time together, but I know you will understand that I need an unbroken holiday and will realize how much it ought to do for me.

I have some relatively good news of Eva. Sunday was her birthday and last week she asked me to come for the week-end - the first in a year and a half. She is still far from well, but she is obviously much better.

August 27, 1942.

Dear Donald,

Your card of Monday with enclosure came today - why the letter to Harkings was not forwarded to me from Palmer Lake I don't know - they supposedly have an address for me.

I am dreadfully sorry that you could write no encouraging news of your mother - a psychoneurosis at her age is a terrible thing to deal with. I wish I could be with you to help you and to help take your mind off this trouble now & then. Had I only known in time I would gladly have changed my decision by a full half hour. I am glad that you do have Betty and I know well what a comfort she is.

Did you watch the celestial Tuesday night?
We drove to a vantage point from which we
could see the plains, in the hope of seeing the
moon rise, but there was a bank of cloud
and the moon was considerably above the
horizon before it appeared in view, just about
as it entered the penumbra. We watched it
for about an hour - it never seemed as
golden before - and then it went into
another bank of cloud, so that we missed
seeing totality take place. The clear air
here makes the moonlight so much more
intense - this valley is simply magical
these nights.

Twice this week we have climbed the ridge
opposite, via a wonderful canyon valley
which points directly at Pikes Peak and
from many points of which there are
wonderful views of the peak, either framed
in evergreens, or seeming to stand right
out of the wood - I took a number of photos
which should be very good if they turn
out. - So far we have not been up the
peak itself, but we are thinking of going

early tomorrow morning, going in moon-
light and watching the sunrise - I trust it
will be clear - it usually is mornings,
with a thunder shower late afternoon or
evening.

Something your wife makes me think you
must have misunderstood a previous letter
of mine. Much as I regret it I do not ex-
pect to get east before Christmas. We
shall not get back to East Lansing before
September 16th and I must be on duty
by the 20th - in which brief interim I
must try to get settled again - I looked off
+ on all summer without finding anything
I wanted to tie myself to - the housing
situation in E. Lansing is very acute
at present - I may end up living in
a single room for a while. - So I
am afraid we must wait until Christmas
to meet, much as I hate to think of it.

As for an address for September 13th I'll
try to send you one if I can, but plans
are indefinite as yet. To some extent
they depend on the gas situation - should

that became acute because of Helen's recent
order regarding train transportation by railroad
we may have to leave early & worry our
way across the states between here &
Michigan.

I have been sitting here writing faint sun
in the sun, which has just now set
behind the hills and the temperature has
dropped ten or fifteen degrees straight off -
go soon to clothes!

I don't think I told you that I had very
nice letters from both my parents relative
to the trouble between me & Con. Father
was especially sympathetic - said he
didn't see how I had stood it all these
years, and that he would rather not see
Con for he feared his friends would
compel him to tell her that he would
have done the same thing.

All now - I hope your next letter will
bring good news of your mother. With
much love to Betty & yourself and all
my sympathy,
Jan 9.

Chipita Park, Colo.
September 8, 1942.

Dear Donald,

I am afraid I have let two letters of yours arrive now without answer - I'm sorry - last week proved more strenuous than anticipated.

What news you had to write! I was surprised and shocked to hear about Raymond - I had not thought of him as the type who would have coronary thrombosis. I am so glad to hear that he lived through the attack and is making progress. I wish him at once, but of course have had no answer for Hilda must be very busy - so I shall look forward to how he gets

on from you. I was surprised too to
hear of Harold's move. I had thought
him safely settled in Washington for
at least a long time. I'm sure he was
being very successful and he couldn't
have been in any immediate danger of
a call to the army. Apparently he
has a certain wanderlust, or ^{at} least some-
thing which impels him to take a leap
early now & then. I wonder if Cynthia
has gone back to work. I'm sure Raymond
would not have objected (to Harold) for
wanting to do this, though he would
probably have thought it unwise (and
unnecessary) - and since Harold is his
one son and child he must have
worried over his entering so dangerous
& a service.

And I am distressed that you cannot
write better news of your mother - poor
soul, that she must go on torturing her-
self to the very end. If only she would re-

main sensible of the affection of all of you
it will mean as much.

Thank you for sending the New York Times
book review, reached at the proper place.
It happens I had already bought the book -
it is a fine piece of work on the highest
level. Regretably, the review author, Courant,
is a little backward - one time head of the
department at Göttingen, and very able, -
a Jew, who while still at Göttingen, sought
to further his sect by firing all the
other Jews. I knew the junior author
while a proctor at Harvard - also very
able, a rather brilliant bore, though, I
feel. But this book is tops!

Our time here is now very short - we
leave Friday morning to drive to Cannon
City & Leadville, stay the night there,
taking the Trail Ridge Drive in Estes Park
Saturday & then back on the plains. We
expect to reach Hanksville Lake Sunday (address

& Mr. Dean E. Shaffer, 1126 North Kansas Ave.), and East Lansing late Thursday. And so back to the fray.

We had a remarkable direct west - the Gold Camp road - an old railroad right-of-way from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek - forty miles at about 9000 feet with incredible mines at a hundred towns. We took a road-trip hike to St.

Peter's Dome, about 9700, a sheer peak overlooking all of the Pikes Peak area.

Cripple Creek, the site of the first gold mines in Colorado, was interesting - bare hills park-marked by thousands of shafts - the town a skeleton of its former self - once 60,000 in the area, now only two or three thousand - a rough looking place. We ran into a couple of the oldest inhabitants who recounted some of the former glory.

Yesterday we had another beautiful trip -

north of here to a great rock group
a thousand feet high, called Devil's
Head - again surveying all the area -
the most spectacular we have seen, I
think - can never see than on P. the Peak.
These are well called the Reckies - so many
great rocks shooting straight up for
five hundred or a thousand feet.

It is mid afternoon and I am trying
to write outside in the sun. But there
are so many biting flies I shall have
to stop. Have not stirred from the
place today, and with only so little
time left I must get out for a walk.

With the hope of hearing better news
from your side, and much love to
Bill & yourself,
George.

September 23, 1942

Dear Donald,

'Home aint what it used to be' - in fact, at the moment 'Home Aint' - for while I'm comfortably settled here at Hambleton's temporarily I have no quarters yet in sight. There is an almost drastic housing shortage here - there are no apartments of any description - there are - or perhaps it's now 'necess' - a half dozen rooms - I suppose I must take one of these temporarily. The solution I have in mind is to buy a house & convert it into two apartments - but suitable ones are very scarce at any price, not to say a reasonable one, and of course with conversion is not feasible these days. - What a mess this war is making! Still, it has not begun to affect

us as it has afflicted many people. Maubain
occasionally reads me a letter from England, and
our brains by what length life there has
been in unnumbered. One today from an
artist - used to a grand apartment in London
- now living in the country running her
own house & small farm - goats & chickens,
vegetables etc - all the food for five people
and eggs for some forty families - and of
course, no art - no time for it. It is an
object lesson in adaptability, but a grim one.

Reached here last Thursday - how slow
washing but look, look, look, can since - and
tomorrow the real work starts.

I had your good letter in Chiswick Park
just before we left - I shall answer it as
soon as I can. I am sorry your mother
shows us improvement. But I agree with you
that if she must live her remaining life in
poverty it is better that the time be spent
as hard as that is to contemplate. With
much love to Betty & yourself,
George.

626 M.A.C. Ave
East Lansing, Mich.
October 2, 1942.

Dear Darned,

It was good to have your card today after the long lapse since Chippewa Park. But I am sorry you have had been ill - how & why? Did you get the flu in this oppressively bad September weather? I am glad to hear you have solved the problem of your mother, though I can't guess how - I hope the solution involves her being more comfortable and more cheerful. I am surprised to hear about Berrian - but damn what he did was probably enough shock to bring on anything. Am glad to hear Raymond is coming along so well and that he can look forward to working again.

I finally have a home address again -

I gave up the idea of buying a house, there being no really suitable one available which was worth the price, and with a heavy term coming on I didn't want the trouble of fixing one & renting it. I have taken the only room I was sure would be quiet - a rather small one in the house of one of the professors of English - he lives alone, reads nearly all the time and never has the radio on except for a news broadcast now & then. He is rather frightfully messy, but I can keep my own quarters in shape. And not unattractive is the fact that the rent is very low - \$15 per month - at most two thirds of what I should have had to pay anywhere else - so, with the car paid for and this rent, I'm looking forward to getting out of debt for a change.

Our enrollment, although less than two years ago, is greater than it was last year and our mathematics enrollment much greater than it has ever been - and we have fewer instructors. So we all have heavy schedules - I have sixteen hours,

in five different classes - four of these being at the lowest level - high school algebra & high school trigonometry - and I must say the quality of student this year is not very high. Actually, this afternoon, after one week, I felt quite dulled by all the contact I've already had with essentially wiser minds - some of them seem not to be able to understand the simplest sentence.

I have just had a card from Ralph saying that he will send me his copy of your note unless I have one. Shall I write him to do so, or have you sent one?

Re Naumburger and his musicianship, I doubt that I am in a state of bewilderment. But actually I have practically never heard him play - once with the orchestra here, some a year ago, he played very well, almost bewitchingly certainly. The rest of my experience is confined to the last few months, during which time, by his admission, he has not been playing like a pianist - in fact, he has not played, although he did practice some

new material - which was not much more exciting than any one else's practicing. He seems to be very sensitive to mood and the mood has not been right there last few months - at least when I've been around. But I'm hoping that when he gets settled this fall and back in the routine of practicing and touring that I'll have something pretty good to report. That's a good teacher I feel pretty sure, for his pupils do play well, some of them very well.

I've not written you about the trip back. We began it by three hundred miles through the very heart of the Rockies - and did that too quickly. Canon City, Leadville, over the Continental divide four times in or nearly hours, the Trail Ridge Road a back to Echo Park - really too much in a few hours. Lavaland Pass at 12000 feet was perhaps the most awe-inspiring - high above timber line, the great mountain base, except for a colorful but tiny shrub, four or five inches high, and the road climbing for miles to those very steep slopes. And then, the same day, back into the plains.

All for now - I have Saturday off, and I must make the most of this week-end to recuperate from the last hectic day. Must love to you both, Georg

626 MAC Ave.
East Lansing, Mich.
November 21, 1942

Dear Donald,

The term has lately reached that stage when I feel I have started so much and finished so little, that keeping up with correspondence is even harder than usual!

But the nearer the end of the term the nearer the time of our meeting. I am still planning to go to New York on Sunday so that I can have the benefit of all of Monday there, rather than spending part of it travelling. I would like to go up to Danbury with you on Tuesday, and shall if I can get through in New York by then, but in any case I'll be in Danbury Wednesday.

I am arranging to leave New York the afternoon of January 2, so that ~~that~~ I shall be able to stay with you until the morning of that day. - I seem to have no address for Morris, so I shall send a letter to him via you - in time for thank-

giving of his work you - if not, will you forward it?
If he presses me to stay with him I'll probably
do so, - if not, I think I'll go to the Makaha - it's
next the Lyman + not so expensive!

Well - this is all speculative - in the sense that the
army may take us over by January 1st and want
the instructors back right after Christmas - though
I doubt they'll be that quick about it. But I reckon
we shall be taken over - and that we shall probably
have to speak many more hours in the classroom
than we do now - to which there will be only one
solution for me - early enough to bed every night
to get nine hours sleep - probably very good for
me.

The name of the choral conductor here is (Prof.)
William Kimmel (address Kumei Dept). If + when
Coleman have sent him a copy I'll speak to him
about it. Even had you been able to send a copy
now I doubt he'd have looked at it, for he's never
his head in preparations for a mammoth Christmas
program three weeks from tomorrow.

Isn't the most recent news of the war encouraging?
Heaven knows there is much hard fighting ahead, but
it now seems clear how it and victory in it may
be brought about.

What is the news of your mother - I hope the new
treatment is successful - now I must go to bed.
Must love to Betty, + yourself, George.

January 10, 1943

Dear Donald & Betty,

I suppose you have spent the day relaxing after the festivities of yesterday. I trust the knot was well-tied and that the new regulations regarding gas didn't seriously cut in to the number of guests. I suppose you, Donald, were able to use your car judiciously since you had to furnish the music!

I had little difficulty getting the first train out of New York a week ago Saturday - there was a crowd at the gate, but apparently everyone was early and the train was not crowded - I had a seat all the way from Poughkeepsie to Rochester. And on leaving Rochester I was able to pick up an upper berth on a train earlier than the one I had a reservation for! I was not able to find Miss Cummings, so I spent a part of the evening with my old friends on Vest Pocket St. And then I walked down to the station by the

route I so often took to the school. I was surprised to find so many changes on East Avenue - at Goodman both of the houses on the ~~west~~^{west} side of Goodman have been removed, the one on the east side of Arsenal Park, and the Heiman Sibley house is gone - as well as the old nursery. Met a student in Detroit and had a ride from there here - on the way hearing the Phethamianic Broadcast - the 4th Concerts of Beethoven thrillingly played.

Found things here more or less set for our new term of the usual character - after that the army is expected to alter things, - but just how is still a mystery. Have picked up a pretty good schedule - no Saturday classes - and after this week-end expect to get into the army again. These last two or three days I've been discharged nursing a cold, but I think I've got the better of it now.

It was so good to get to see you again, even for so very brief a time - for it seems to have been only a few hours. Will hope the summer may grant us more. - I've been wondering what you have done about your mother, Dorothea, - I hope you have found a good place that will take her. Shall be looking for word from you soon - with much love, George.

and she knew it. May² back then I had enough
faith to believe that she knew what she was doing
- and I agreed. I ^{have} often since thought and
think now that that one simple item of information
should have been sufficient reason for me
to drop the whole affair.

The other mistake, series of mistakes, or what
you will, is concerned with the physical side
of our marriage. We have never had sexual
intercourse. There was an unsuccessful attempt or
two, in which she became frustrated, following
that she said she could never give herself
until such time as she felt sure of my
love for her. That time seems never to have
come, nor has she allowed any demon-
stration of affection to help let it come
- at times I have thought I must actually
be physically repulsive to her - she has not
even let me kiss her with any passion.
Last summer I could stand this no longer
and simply said that so far as I was con-
cerned the physical side of our marriage
was dead. To this she made no particular
objection. Until a couple of months ago

I managed to keep all of this pretty well
submerged, but as the summer drew near
I came to dread it and sought ways & means
of avoiding going to New York. Apparently
my letters took on a different tone and
finally last week I was asked for an
explanation. I sent one yesterday and I
don't know yet, of course, what the reaction
may be. I wrote, I believe, with tenderness
and with no suggestion of blame, simply
asking her to try to understand that while
I felt a deep friendship for her and a
real affection I believed there must be
more than that at the basis of so intimate
a relationship as marriage, that whether
^{there} was ~~more~~ in our case I did not know,
but that if there were it had been sub-
merged by the kind of life we had led
- I must have a summer away from the
relatives and friends to closely bound
up with ~~that~~ ^{our} life. I suggested no action
except that I stay away.

She will, I know, be very greatly upset, -
without trying to judge her feeling for me

February 4, 1943.

Dear Donald,

It was good to find your handwriting in my mail again - I was beginning to get concerned that something had happened - perhaps you were recovering your old bout with the flu. I'm glad you weren't - but what are these ills which have been besetting you - I don't like them - and if they are of a treatable nature I want you to see a doctor at once. I trust that many of them could readily be traced to the strain you have been under because of your mother's illness, and that when you have managed to get her a new & comfortable place nearer you they will be less in evidence. I hope they have agreed to take your mother at Silver Hill.

I spent last week-end with Eva - at her invitation. In several ways I thought I could see quite a lot of improvement. She had had a very bad insulin reaction on Friday night and was exceedingly more nervous than usual when

I arrived - but she seemed to put herself under con-
trol almost at once - a good sign. She looks well
and seems physically so - and apparently she
is able to get more done in a given time than ~~in~~ a
year ago. She even talked about when she would
be able to take at least - part - time job - there is
no immediate prospect of that, but she had not
even mentioned it before. We had a very good
time together - went down to Lake Michigan &
walked out on the ice, which extends in large
masses several hundred feet into the lake - looked
over my pictures from Colorado, watched the many
birds that come to her feeding station, etc. - I
have not heard how ^{surely} the way have lined her - ~~surely~~
I suspect, but I doubt seriously.

Well, I am seriously considering a radical change
- namely, trying to get a commission in the Navy.
This idea has appeared suddenly in my consciousness
rather suddenly, but I think it is the result of
general lines of development coming together - although
I recognize that the present ~~agent~~ agent was having
one of my best friends here leave to take up
his commission this week. - For one thing I
have so far had no part in this war at all,
and apparently the only part I'm likely to have

here is to teach some third rate soldiers fourth rate mathematics - for I believe the college has managed things so badly we are likely to get the brunt of this war is the greatest catastrophe of all time and just to sit here in security has ceased to appeal to me. I could of course walk out nearly any day and get a defence position of some kind - very likely teaching - which would pay me much more than I get here. But I am appalled at the spirit of profiteering which is so rampant and I want have anything to do with it.

Of course the one consideration which is perhaps most pressing is - what would such a move do to my future? I understand authoritatively, though not officially, that I would not be given a leave from here - for they need mathematics teachers here and I am in no danger of interdiction. So after the war I would be out of a job. But frankly - I have had almost my fill of this place anyhow and to be forced to find another place would probably be a boon. I have been vegetating here now for a couple of years, and to vegetate at 39 is not good. I'm sure the Navy would be no bed of roses, but just for that reason it might be the very thing

to set me up for the next fifteen or twenty years.
I would like to have you men enough to back
this one with you - though I have a feeling from
things you've said before that you'd open me on.
But it is, the bug has bitten me so deeply I may
already have made application before I
hear from you, - for it is a long time between
application & commencement and just now I'm not
in a mood to waste time - you can see how I
feel when I say I'm already fearful of not
passing the 'physical'. - But whether or not I've
applied, tell me what you think.

All now - I hope you & Betty will keep well during
this more than usually severe winter - what
weather it has been, and what snow! - With much
love to you both, George.

625 M AC Ave
East Lansing, Mich.
February 16, 1943

Dear Donald,

It was good to have your letter of a week ago. I had already made my decision, but found much encouragement in being supported in it - and you are right that I am finding great satisfaction in it.

I went down to Detroit this last Friday evening in order to have all of Saturday available for the preliminaries - and it took from nine until after four - interviews, physical exam, mental exam, etc. I passed the 'physical' except for one point - weight - but the doctor said that would undoubtedly be waived - you may believe I was rather pleased to learn I'm not yet a physical wreck - and my eyes are 20/20 uncorrected!

I do not know what I am applying for - in fact one doesn't apply for this or that - rather one's application is accepted, the Navy perhaps having in mind some particular service, but the applicant realizing he may be called upon for anything. I find it all tremendously exciting and stimulating - I just can't imagine myself going on here in academic & research security, and I am praying my application won't fail.

I spent all of Sunday and much of yesterday frantically filling out forms, writing for transcripts & recommendations and the end is not yet. I would like very much to have a letter of recommendation from you - it should be addressed to: Director, Detroit Branch Office, Office of Naval Officer Procurement, Detroit, Michigan, but should be sent to me to enclose with duplicate application papers.

I am very glad to hear of the encouraging news of your mother - although I am

not very much surprised - I realize her age,
but I also realize how extremely difficult
the found life at Terrace Place, and I rather
expected a long separation from that life to
show salutary effects.

My father has finally decided to do something
about his severe headaches - he goes next
week to the Leaky (Sp?) Clinic in Boston
for a thorough diagnosis - I have been
urging him to do this for years - I hope
he has not waited too long.

This must be all news - I am simply swamped
with letters & details. Much love to Betty
& yourself.

George.

integrity
hard worker, never shirking
& never satisfied till the job
in hand is thoroughly accom-
plished.

11 Chapel Place,
Danbury, Conn.

Feb. 18, 1943

The Director,
Detroit Branch Office,
Office of Naval Officer Procurement,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:-

I am glad to recommend to your office my former student and my friend of twenty years' standing, Dr. George Booth Van Schaack.

I suppose the Navy scarcely needs a professional recommendation for the possessor of a doctor's degree in Mathematics conferred by Harvard University.

From the human standpoint, I can assure you that Dr. Van Schaack ought to measure up to the most exacting qualifications. His integrity is unquestionable. He is a hard worker, never shirking, and never satisfied till the job in hand is thoroughly accomplished. He is a patient, thoroughgoing teacher, and should prove valuable should his work lie mainly in the educational field.

He is also an excellent analyst, first-rate at estimating conditions and making surveys, and an organizer with a good mind for detail, though as a leader he tends to get results more through persuasion than through command. He has an excellent memory and is a keen and intelligent observer. There is about him nothing of the absent-minded Professor.

In addition, I should like to say simply that he has the best disposition of any of my acquaintance. For sheer good-nature, I have never met anyone who equaled him. He is an exceptionally thoughtful and considerate person, - to desire to be of service to those with whom he is associated, is simply second-nature to him.

Yours respectfully,

formerly Professor of the Theo: of Music
University of Rochester

March 23, 1943

Dear Donald,

I should start 'Dear neglected one'. My correspondence has suffered these last few weeks - too much on tenter-hooks for a while, and lastly too much red-*g*-herm. - Thank you indeed for your good letter of recommendation, rather more generous & laudatory than I deserved - I trust I shan't have to live up to the letters I submitted to the Navy! - I finally got all my papers collected by March first and submitted them. Just a week ago I was informed that the Detail Office had sent them to Washington with recommendation for approval. I shall be informed of the final action sometime between April 1st and May 15th. I am inclined to believe the commission will be granted, for one hears from several sources that the Navy is taking people right & left for all sorts of things.

Anyhow, in the meantime I have bought a novel
officer's jacket, and am beginning to study up
on a few of the hundreds of things I shall
have to learn. I pray I shall have the benefit
of indoctrination school, and not be sent green
to do a job of teaching. Indoctrination is no
picnic though - about fourteen hours a day
of study & classes covering practically every
phase of Navy life - obviously very abstruse,
for it is all done in two months.

Yes, this is the coldest winter in my experience -
it has seemed it would never end - we have
recently had three sunny days without rain
or snow, but little warmth, and I am still
doubtful that we are finished with winter. I
have been fortunate to keep well despite the
lack of sun - perhaps it's the exercise we had -
quite a lot of walking back & forth every day.

I had a nice letter from Raymond about a
month ago - he & Hil da have been back in
Kachua since January 1. He is working regularly,
but he says he is only a small part of the
man he was a year ago - I hope he will have
the sense not to press himself too hard.
Harold is a second lieutenant in the army,

and is teaching at the intelligence school
in Harrisburg, Pa. - Raymond said he
tried to write you some day, but that he
finds it difficult to write as much as he
used to.

Harris your mother - you have not sent
any news of her for a long time. I hope
she is contented and is not finding this greatly
changed life depressing.

My father finally got around to going to the
Leahy clinic for a diagnosis of his severe
headaches. But the report is not very satis-
sfactory - it talks of arteriosclerosis, blood pressure
a kidney, none of which troubles can have
been producing these headaches for 15 years
without showing other symptoms, and none
of which belong to the family - nor has the
treatment so far proved very effective. What-
ever the cause may be, I'm sure he is working
too hard, with a full half dozen or more
chairmanships of county war committees. -
Harold was to go to officers' training camp
today - he has been waiting for his call nearly
three months - something of a strain, to
my mind, and I reckon he must be relieved

So far at last. I have not been able to find out what he is training for.

Term ended Saturday and I finished grades, etc. yesterday morning. It was the most discouraging term I have ever been through - the level of performance hit a new low - nearly all the boys seemed not to give a damn whether they passed or failed - Aw, hell, will be in the army anyhow, was the attitude. Next term we shall have the army - and as yet no one knows very much about what we are to teach them.

I am going to Chicago tomorrow for the rest of the week to visit some people whom I knew here last year. I may stop at Holland to see Eva on my way back - I want to see her just before I leave, and I don't want to lose the opportunity of doing so by wearing her out by a previous visit - but in talking with her on the phone tonight she seemed to feel I would come this week without what risk and perhaps trouble. - Good for bed. - I trust Betty has dropped her cold and you gave 'em a ride' - and that the Navy will shortly put me again in your neighborhood. Much love to both of you, George.

Catskill, N.Y.
March 29, 1943.

Dear David,

Father died last night, a few hours before I was able to reach here. Last Thursday he was apparently recovering from the intestinal grippe he had had for a week, but on Friday was taken with severe pains which were diagnosed as appendicitis. He was operated upon at once and the operation was declared quite successful with no complications, - but by Sunday morning he was sinking, apparently from pneumonia, which it is believed had nothing to do with the operation. I have not seen the doctors.

I knew nothing of this until yesterday morning when Mother called me in Chicago - I reached

get no plane, but did catch the first train
so that I was here early this morning. I feel
it is just as well - in fact better - this way -
I would prefer to remember him as he was
at Christmas time - I think those few days
were the best we ever had together - we
seemed at last after all these years to under-
stand one another - I think he felt they were
the best - I know I did - and as I look
back upon our parting I can see that it
really was 'the' parting - subconsciously, it
was so for both of us.

If only we didn't have to go through these
farturing funeral ^{rites} ~~rites~~, I would so much
have preferred not to see the remains and to
have them here under the funeral Wednesday
afternoon - and I am sure it would have been
much easier for Mother had she taken her
final leave of him there in the ~~hospital~~. But
such is not the worst - as it is it seems
designed to give maximum torture to the
maximum number of people. Should I not have

a job after the war I carried with relish (as it
seems) crusade against these organizing notes.

Father was a very good man, in the best sense -
there are no better - high of principle, loyal, tolerant,
kind & helpful - and a near-constant worker. I
think these last years of almost unmitigated labor
in organizations all over the country, have largely
brought on his death at an age so much younger
than he had a right to expect. He is going to be
sorely missed. Opposed as I am to public
funerals, I saw no alternative to having a
public funeral, for I am sure that if they
can come people will come from all over in
crowds.

The problem of Eva was difficult - but we
telephoned Miss Boyd and with her decided to
let Eva choose - the choice to come and
will be here tomorrow morning. What way
came of it I don't know - it is just possible
the shock will have a good effect - it may
be just the thing that is needed.

Mother will bear up until it is all over after
that it will be difficult. In fact, what to do

with her is a problem - especially since Harold
goes to the Army soon - he was to have gone
today - and I shall probably soon be in. But
these things will arrange themselves, I know,
and I am not worrying.

It would be good to see ^{you} Harold, but I
am afraid that is not possible now. If I can
I must get back to E. Lansing within a week and
get my affairs in order - I shall try to persuade
Mother to come to Michigan - and first let
things go here.

All now. My best & my love to Betty
& yourself.
George.



DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

April 17, 1943

Dear Donald & Betty,

At last a quiet moment and a good night's sleep ahead - with a few words to you before I turn in. I haven't known whether I was coming or going since I phoned you ten days ago.

I reached here a week ago yesterday to find that I was under what are called "proceed orders" - which allow four days plus travelling time to report, - but it was not clear whether that was after acceptance or after receipt of orders. I was advised ^{by the office here} that I could wait to begin that time until yesterday morning. So Saturday to Thursday were frenzied with packing and clearing up affairs - everything finally got packed and in storage, or sent to Eva, or loaned for the duration - the car sold at a handsome price, etc, etc and I came down here late Thursday.

Yesterday I was sworn in - a rather solemn moment - passed the final physical and made



OUR AIM IS TO RENDER SERVICE
A LITTLE MORE COMPLETE - MORE HOSPITABLE
MORE PLEASING - THAN EVEN THE MOST EXACTING GUEST EXPECTS

a dash for the uniform shop. In two hours of
reckless spending I ordered green suits, soft -
raincoat - for \$25.00 - bought shirt, socks, ties,
gloves, etc., etc. - and still spent some of today
acquiring further items. The uniforms were finished
at six today and now all is stacked on a bench
about my room ready for packing tomorrow -
I leave at 7:20 in the evening.

My orders require me to report to the Commanding
Officer, Anti-submarine Warfare Unit, Atlantic
Fleet, Boston, Mass. That sounded to me un-
pleasantly like immediate sea-duty, but it
seemed so preposterous I dismissed the idea.
However, they told me at the Procurement Office
here that it obviously meant sea-duty -
that I had an assignment very near in the
office would give his eye-teeth to get. So, a
week hence I may be on the bounding deep!
- which is simply more than I have yet been
able to grasp. At least I have not grasped it
enough to be afraid - rather excited, thrilled -
but apprehensive of not being up to what may be
expected of me. - All of which means, doubtless, that
I'll not be able to meet you in New York next week
as you so fondly hoped and as I would wish.
For the moment I have no address, but I'll inform



DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

you as soon as I do - for I shall want letters - lots of them - though I'll probably have little time for writing myself - my first duty is to get through 850 pages of heavy regulations. - My official title for address purposes is D.(j.g) --- -- U S N R (the last R is important!)

Mother & Evn arrived here this morning on their way to Holland I met them & visited^{ed} while and then stowed them away in a room here to rest. I had too much to do to spend the day with them, but we met for lunch and I saw them off to Holland at five o'clock - and have just talked with them by phone to know they arrived safely. Both of them seem to be standing up very well.

These last three weeks have seemed like years. Three weeks ago tonight was the last unusual meeting - spent quietly in Chicago with some friends. The next morning came the news of Father, and since then there has been no rest - and what definite and final change. It is ironic that Father could know of two of his cars having entered service - although he did know they were



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were about to - he would have been so
modestly proud - he humbly had his whole
soul in the war, and I don't doubt for a
moment that he is to be counted among its
casualties.

I must stop a get to bed. I would dearly
love to see you too - and shall as soon as
it is possible. With much love to you,
George.

Wednesday evening

Dear Doreed,

This is first to wish you a very happy
birth day - and to say I'm sorry I couldn't
have got around to spend it with you.
But time is now 'of the essence' and I
scarcely have time to write notes.

I am not at sea! Am assigned to
the Anti-submarine Warfare Instructor's
School at the Boston Navy Yard - six
weeks training here, and then an equal
amount at Key West. After that probably
some more training and then it is hinted
an assignment somewhere on the face
of the earth to teach the USN the
use of anti-submarine weapons. The
school is a mess, for the subject is new,
the instructors inexperienced and over-
worked, the equipment in use all day by
the USN crews, etc., etc. We report at 8
and work till 5 and may then stay for
study two more hours. One is about
ready there for dinner & bed, since
we live on our own & need to be up

by six or shortly after. I have had a large room on the fifth floor of an old Beacon St house - very comfortable with luxurious beds.

It's good to get back to Boston, but I shall see little of it - anyone of us will get through only by circumventing labor - we have less or three thousand pages of technical material to cover these six weeks - obviously we shall do that!

It's like to go on working, but I'm still trying to catch up sleep and have scarcely eight hours ahead of me now tonight.

My address here is 185 Beacon St.

Boston, and at the school: Anti-scholarship
Marfan Institute School, Bldg 5, Boston
Mary Gard, Boston, Mass.

I hope you will soon be able to move your mother into a small house as you are needed - if you can get really competent people to take care of her she would be much happier to be near you than me, and all of you to have her near.

All our - again all good wishes for your birthday - and my hopes of seeing you & Betty all too long. Love to you both.
George

April 7, 1943

Dear Donald,

Not an hour after I called you this evening I had a phone call from East Lansing to tell me that notice of my commission had been received. And with the commission, orders. I am to go to the anti-submarine school in Boston - back each by benefit of Hitler! I am somewhat concerned that no date for my reporting seemed to have been given. But there is a usual interval of two weeks for the purpose of taking the oath, getting uniforms, etc - and I am looking for that. The earliest I can get to Detroit is Friday morning - and that, of course, I shall do. After that the scramble to get packed up and away.

Everything has gone very smoothly here - Eva came and I think the effect on Madeline has been good - for she has felt she had to keep up for the sake of Eva - and the latter in her turn has kept up for Madeline. The two of them are going out to Holland in about ten days. I regret a little having to leave them here alone for these ten days, but I am trying to have faith all will go well. Madeline is still in

leave and comes down once a week & day.
And blessed returns in a full laugh tomorrow
morning for a few days. After mother's rather
probated & blaw'd life of so many years she is
getting quite a few folks all at once. But I
think she will be able to take them.

Con came up for the funeral and staid over a
couple of days. She was very fond of Father
and I think her being here helped all of us. I
must give her the credit for having made the
experience something beautiful for me to re-
member. She & I sat up all of Wednesday night
writing an account of Father for the local
paper. I am enclosing a copy - much, in fact
most, that is really good in it is largely
her work. - There were many calls, quantities
of flowers, and masses of letters & messages of
sympathy - Father was much-loved - but
all of it did not depress me, nor convince me
that he is gone - that is yet to come - it still
seems only as if he is away. Perhaps that is
natural for me since I have been home
so little for the last twenty years - I am
now permanently separated from him, but
it may take a long time for me to realize
that. - I wish I could tell you, for there is
much more I'd like to say, but I can't get
it down now. I must try to sleep - I just

wanted to dash the word right off to you -
perhaps I'll find time to write more to-
morrow. — By the way! — the commission
is lieutenant. p. 9. !!

It is now tomorrow, and there is not much
time to write more. I had a telegram this
morning to say that I have two weeks in
which to accept the commission — I suppose
from April 6 — after acceptance, active duty, —
whether that means immediately after acceptance
or after the two weeks, I don't know. I shall
try to check in Detroit tomorrow morning.

I am not going to try to write further
now — I simply have too many things to
do here yet before I leave this evening. I
hope I shall be seeing you + Betty ere too
many weeks in the meantime, but please
to you.
George.

Class 73A

West Coast Land School

San Diego 1, California

June 15, 1943

Dear Donald,

A week ago I was complaining about how cold it was here - and now I am about equally uncomfortable with the heat - Until Sunday the myth of California weather was just that - fog, clouds & chilly winds every day - rain one day - the natives called it a fog! - now there is full sun all day, but little chance to be in it - we are in cots from 7:30 until 4:30 every day - including Sunday - with chow at five the sun is pretty low before there's time to be out - and at that there's no place we can take off so much as one's shirt.

This school is brand new - a group of low buildings on spacious though bare grounds at the north end of San Diego harbor - there are four hundred enlisted men and one hundred fifty officers in training here. The work was pretty dull for two or three days - a sort of rehash of what we had at Boston - but it has picked up since. For the next three days we ride up & down the harbor - not very exciting but you know how satisfied I am on water, so I'm looking forward to even that much 'sea duty'. After another

week ahead we go to sea on four short trips of three days each. My present orders call for returning direct to Boston after the 10th of July - no stop-overs anywhere. But I am trying to get switched to a group which would stay here another ten weeks for additional material training, with the chance of getting at least one convey trip after that. I reckon there is little likelihood of my getting switched, but it's worth trying.

Found the trip out very interesting as you can imagine. Saw part of Colorado & New Mexico one day, and my feet itched to get out. Got up early the next morning to see the sun rise over the desolation east & west of Needles - the desert of Southern California is something to see, but it is far from inviting. Found L.C. crowded and had to go away out to find hotel accommodations, - finally found a room in a bungalow in a park attached to a very swanky hotel - there being a pool I took the opportunity for a sun-bath & swim. Did not like L.A. - I think it rather ugly - and it could have been beautiful - it embodies in pretty full measure so much that I deplore in this country - it is so obviously the haunt of the idle rich and would be idle rich. And if I had my way they'd cut down the palms - I think they're hideous - not so many beautiful trees why tolerate these ugly things.

Your notes to me in Boston were forwarded here. I wonder if Rider Grew was still here -

the Marine Training Station is a couple of miles down the shore - I'd be glad to look him up if he's here - perhaps I'll run down there one of these nights. - By the way, the exam did come the day you left Boston - I wrote on it for nine hours - not too long but very long - was told I did well, but was not told my grade.

Your reports of the farm make me long to be able to go up there with you - it must be very beautiful just now - I am glad you can get there as often as you do - how fortunate there is a bus - for I can imagine how being there restores your soul. Congratulations on your lupines - they must be a grand sight - I saw quantities of wild ones through northern Indiana - acres of them.

No. I did not come S.P. but on the Santa Fe - and I didn't need Paul's Escort - the train was air conditioned and as comfortable as one could wish - excellent food too, but at a very high price. I expect to go back by the same route, for it is the quickest and apparently the only one which will get me to Boston in the time allowed.

Although we have no evening work so far I've not got around to much reading - I always seem to have too many letters to write - and on two evenings we played golf - just for fun & exercise - we can go over to the nine hole course on the Training

Station grounds & he provided with clubs
free of charge - no green fees - the only cost
is getting hold of a couple of balls - which,
against regulations, the attendant did not sell
us. Playing there is something of a riot -
nearly all the fairway are narrow lanes
between trees & shrubbery, so our efforts
must time hunting lost balls. Twice I
have taken the wife across the harbor on
the navy motor boat - once carrying your
glasses and having great fun getting the
details of all kinds of ships we passed. The
glasses will make the days in the harbor
less monotonous - if I can get up the
nerve to take them along - I am a bit
conspicuous with them!

All far now, I must run over to the dis-
pensary and 'be blown' - that catarrhal
condition remained with me & worsened
last week in the bad weather - but it
is clearing up now with their daily
treatments of some sort of spray I get
at the dispensary.

I hope you are both well and that
you are going to be comfortable on Chapel
Place in this summer weather. I wish
I could look forward to being with you
next soon. Lots of love to you both,
and to the family.

George.

November 1, 1943

Dear Doreed,

Just a line as I am clearing out of Post
Townsend - I may be in the States for
weeks yet or perhaps only hours, but my
ultimate destination is Adak - I shall write
you as I can & as much of what I see as I
am relieved.

For the present continue to use my Post
Townsend address, for my forwarding address
will be known here before you know it. I
hope I shall soon have word that Betty is
feeling much better - poor dear, she ought
not to have tried to do so much. I am
glad you have Mrs. Ferguson to take care of
the drudgery - you must be very busy keeping
things going & taking care of Betty - it's a hard
line to be out, with the ample shortage
of help.

I want to tell you that I have made a will
recently, chiefly for the purpose of making
sure someone is appointed to see that things
would be taken care of in case they needed

to be. And I have appointed you my
executor - I trust you don't mind. Later
I shall send you a paper indicating in
more detail what disposition I might wish.
I am sending the will to Mother for deposit
in her deposit box - though I'm not telling
her it's a will!

It would be good to get back & see Betty
& you, but that must now apparently
wait for some little time - they say that
after a year in Alaska one can 'ask' for
a leave - getting it is another matter.

All now - I must dash. Much love to Betty
yourself & the family.

George.

Navy 163, F. P. O.
San Francisco, Calif.
December 16, 1943

Dear Donald, It was good to have word from you today - my first mail in two weeks - and shall ^{have} something from home since November 30th - I guess my address changed too frequently for a while. I am so glad to hear that Betty is proved under the proper conditions, and glad that you have decided to take a holiday away from the apartment. It will be good for both of you. Wish you could make it a long holiday and that even then you wouldn't have to come back to the difficulties of Mr. Ferguson, in afraid this won't reach you in time to make any difference to the holiday - but I have not forgotten that I shall owe you a fair sized sum on what you loaned me so many years ago - I think it's around \$250. And now that I am fairly well out of debt except for this I am intending to repay you. I can't draw any money at the moment, but shall be able to on the 1st of the month, and shall at that time send you a proportion of the amount. I have been a long time in getting around to this, but I suspect you may find the money more useful now than

heard anything of her in so long.

Heard a little music the other night - a fellow I know at Secker is here - he is something of a pianist - and the one time concertmaster of the Los Angeles symphony is here - the two of them played for a couple of hours - concert movements and most of the French sonata - it was good to hear despite the imperfection of instrument and the unusual difficulties experienced the first time two people play together - They say we are going to have some records here - that will improve matters. However, don't grieve that I pine for these things - on the contrary I feel quite content - at the moment I'd far rather be right here than stationed anywhere in the States, or back at E. T. I guess for once I knew what I wanted and got it!

Please write again soon, - I am anxious to know about Betty, and I hope you can send me good news. My love to all your family and to Betty & you, George.

Lt. (jg) F. B. VAN SCHAACK

Navy 163, F. P. O.

San Francisco, Calif.

February 21, 1946

Dear Donald,

It is getting to be rather too long since I have written you - as here goes. - Your most recent letter reached me two days ago preceded ten days by your V-mail of Jan. 26. It seems to make little difference what kind of postage is used - the average for letters is about 15 days, regardless - apparently everything comes by the same route - and you'd guess why if you knew where I am - who'd ~~don't~~ see you so. Anyway you ~~don't~~ don't seem to think I'm having foreign duty - well, so far as I'm concerned such duty had always been foreign to me! - and I do think we take the extra 10% - not that there aren't plenty of others who take more than the extra 10%. As for promotions - the Navy's way is different from the Army's - we go up by so-called ^{what's been} Always (to all the Navy) - everyone, at a certain level for a certain time goes up - until reaching full lieutenant - after that it's a combination process. Nilly-nilly, unless I found the captain's nose, it goes up when the time comes, he -

likely July 1st.

I am very glad to hear that Betty is showing improvement and hope your next letter will tell of accelerated progress. And glad, too, to hear that you found someone to do for you, even if she is a bit thick in the skull. I'd just you handle her as you will see to handle the china & pottery - she's probably even more difficult to replace than they are!

Two packages of books came from your library after I had wrote - and the Pocket Magazine Reader a couple of days ago. Thank you, indeed, for all of them. Only the last mentioned one I need - so you struck five out of six a good average. Thanks for thinking of sending the Lippman which I was just about to ask for - I want to read it - and the short stories & Waverley as well. But I've ^{not} got at them yet - I've been rather busy this month - tutoring two fellows trying for Annapolis and learning some ins & outs for a new so-called collateral assignment, to describe which would be to give away an m.s. One of the fellows has just been sent to the Annapolis prep at Southridge, Maryland. The other is 'my man' - i.e. my one enlisted man - attached to me & my gear - the only one who can set up

the gear - keep it going - and I expect he
may be ordered to Banting any day. I
want him to get out of the net he's in, of
course, but I shall hate to see him go -
he's an extremely nice kid (from Holyoke)
very smart & very capable - I've had him
work ^{we} for over six months and get on
together very well. I shall be lost without
his aid in setting up. Replacement will be
probably be a matter of weeks, 7-8 months -
and then I shall have to learn the new man -
and in the meantime I shall probably not
be in operation. Not that I am now, for
I'm still waiting for a few hopeful signs!

I am wondering what my mother has
done about selling her house. I wrote her
over two weeks ago not to sell it, but just
to move to Mother's apartment & forget it
until I could get home. But I was not
in time to prevent Eva going home - she
is there now and I am hoping Mother de-
cided not to sell so that she & Eva would
have the task of cleaning out.

How the battle in Italy drags on - I am
wondering if it is intentional - I don't
want trying to keep & draw enough Germans
into Italy to make an entrance into Rome
easier. I feel sure we plan to make this
entrance this spring - very soon, perhaps

even before the letter reached you. - The news from the Panzer is daily better & better - we seem to have reached striking power strength and are striking blows ~~not soon~~ we had not even hoped for so soon.

I seem to have solved the 'Mickham' problem fairly well - shortly after I wrote you I got so fed up one night I suddenly made a very curt remark of no particular content - he shut up like a clam and just barely noticed me for forty-eight hours. Since then his remarks have been about or omitted entirely. He is too much of a bully to reason with - age or rank means nothing or little as he can get away with it - and I have no power over him. - Anyhow, his case of a problem just now. - The young fellow who hunts here, Julian Swate, has recently acquired a clarinet - which has caused me some painful moments - he plays rather badly anyhow, and his repertoire is composed chiefly of bits of jazz etc. To my protest, he maintains, apparently with conviction, that I don't appreciate music!

Yes, Raymond & Hilda are keeping busy in Wash DC - too busy I think for Raymond while this margin of health had been very thin this winter. - Again, many thanks for the books, and for your good letters. I hope you and Betty can soon get on an even keel and stay there - ease up. Warmest love to you both, George.

Box 163, F. P. O.
San Francisco, Calif.
March 26, 1944

Dear Donald,

I think my last letter to you was written on three or four V-mail forms - but regular air-mail is still preferred, and since you have need of a magnifying glass to read my ^{on V-mail} snippets, I'll stick to the old form a long as I can - you have enough other difficulties!

Your letter of the 16th about report on Betty, as I take it her condition is the same or unimproved - I trust the latter. And I hope you have been able to replace Miss Carr by someone who can do at least as well work less exasperatingly.

I would like to see the Life issue of early March - perhaps it will turn up here - we get some copies but there are frequent gaps. - Since writing you two books have come from you - the Parrot Campaign, which I confess to having read, but there are things in it I shall enjoy again - and the book of stories from which photos have been made - most of these I have not read. Thanks loads for sending these.

Last week I read the Leppmann 'Foreign Policy'. I feel ashamed at realizing I was as ignorant before reading it. I think it is a remarkable piece of work.

He so successfully delimited his subject - a hard
task in itself - and then wrote so clearly and con-
vincingly about it. One couldn't hope to have everyone
read it - or understand it (though it's clear enough)
- but if we could only hope that those in places of
power & authority would read it and heed it we
might hope for a peaceful future. It outlines
the most reasonable ^{and realistic} plan for peace which I know
anything about. Of course the fly in the ointment
is that the plan involves collaboration with the
few nations most detested among our friends -
England & Russia - and I can't reflect from my
own experience that there is much hope for either
of them among certain men - and even less for
England than for Russia. I'm afraid many still
believe we could win this war alone - though how
they do so with Russia's achievement on the one hand
& our performance at Cassino on the other I don't see.
- I saw the film 'North Star' last night - I'm sure
it is remarkable for restraint - though what is
shown is bad enough - I honestly wonder when
I see these pictures of our own people could take
it - to say they still scarcely know there is
a war. - The picture 'North Star' should help
your Russian Relief Campaign. Much power to

There is nothing new to report from here as my fifth
month out of the States draws to a close. I have
a few duties now & there, which keep me busy part of
the time, but no very regular duties. I often wonder
what would be done about it if it were known to
those who sent me out here.

When this reaches you it will be April and you will
be getting at your garden - as much as you can
find time for. I suspect robins & bluebirds are
already about. I have heard & seen a number
of songsters here, but do not know them - my
knowledge of bird life is meagre. I look forward
to seeing the flames, which are said to be
very abundant and beautiful. If I can find
time to try to send a few back to the States.

Good to hear your Midwintery suite is going to
have so good a performance and hope you
will be able to be on hand to hear it. To think
it is nearly a year since you took the scene
to Fiddler! - By the way, ~~Memphis~~ is to be
here this week - I hope he will have a good
program - though I fear what I would prefer
wouldn't find too much favor. - All now,
- best wishes & my love to you & Betty
George.

Navy 163, F.P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.
April 12, 1944.

Dear Donald,

I am in receipt of a number of things from you since I last wrote - your letter of the 29th - the two sets of dipping (the second came through in six days - an all time record) and the book of accounts. You are treating me lavishly.

First, I am so glad that Betty is definitely better. You have both had a hard winter, but you have struggled through it to the up-grade and that is cause for cheer at this wed. I do hope that from now on things will be easier, with better health and, I trust, better help. - I'm sorry to hear your mother is so much feebler - it makes your visits to her harder for you. I hope you are right that her moments of realization are only fitful.

I had a nice note from Elizabeth both a couple of days ago. Poor dear, she has had a hard winter - alone most of the time. Taking care of the furnace, keeping things going and doing the kitchen as well. Both the Hausholders have died since last

summer - the a few months after here - of a
shock.

I am afraid I was informed you regarding
our supply of news. I should have said that I
had seen only headlines - we have a daily
paper - mimeographed - summarizing the news -
each item about what one gets in headline
and several sub-headings. These are papers from
the States, too, but they are a month or more
late and I had not paid much attention to
them. But lately Landers has been getting the
Sunday Times & has been parsing that. 'Times'
comes, but I find it so somewhat sketchy I
never read it. There's a radio station too,
but no radio in this hut. I could buy one
here, but will not, for then it would be
on too much of the time - about nine-hours
of the program are sheer trash. I am dreading
the day when one of my hut-mates will
bring a radio - or when I'll be moved to another
hut where there is a radio - talk here is
low. In fact, as Landers & I remarked a
few days ago, the level of intelligence &
taste at this particular station is

surprisingly low - very few of the officers have
any resources within themselves - without the
radio, paper & the bar they are lost. This is
a commentary on our colleges - for all of these
men are college men - but big and large they
lamentably failed to receive anything like a
liberal education.

Am sorry this paper is acting up today - so
must like a blotter - guess Am using the wrong
pen. I'll change!

The latest news seems to be that Milkie won't
get a chance to run. Himself of the likely Republicans
so far as I know them would I trust. I passion-
ately dislike Dewey - who may well be the
candidate and may well win the election - I think
he has a small soul. There is of course the
possibility that if he wins with a Republican
congress there'll be less hickering and more good
may be accomplished. But I devoutly believe
that any Republican regime is going to be re-
actionary - and I don't think this is any time
for reaction - they'll surely try to put in the
old order - and that will work even less than
the new order has.

Thanks for the boat of samaras - which came so
recently I've had little time for it. I am perplexed
by the collection - as many names I never heard
before, with *Santaynesia* taking up even one count
- it must be that I'm very uneducated.

News from home is fairly reassuring. Eva was
still there a couple of weeks ago and seems to be
hardening up very well. But indications are that
mother would not have been able to go through
with seeing at this time without breaking down.
Apparently she will have moved within a month.

I am still in the same rut - but it begins
to look as if things may get moving within
less days - I hope so, for while I can take care
of myself this feeling of uselessness is not
very salutary.

Well, I must dash off to chow - I'm afraid
this may not reach you for your birthday - but
I am sending my bestest good wishes for
you on it and during the coming year - may
it be a good year of things accomplished
and of rewards. - With much love to
Betty and yourself,
George.



Aviation Dept, Navy 163
F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.
May 14, 1944

Dear Donald,

Since I last wrote you, a month ago, I have not written letters, which is the simple explanation why neither you nor any one else except Mother has heard from me! No explanation, except that the month has been hectic and only now have I worked out a new routine. Just after I wrote you I was finally assigned a building and have been all day every day there getting it in shape - and there's still a lot to do. And during the same time I have had my quarters moved which

necessitated a lot of extra work, for we were
moved in to bare buildings & left to fix
them up as best we could. I was fortunate
in that some of my hut mates had access
to material & some help so that the
job was made much easier. We still lack
some painting, but we are settled and
very comfortably. Each of us has his own
cubby hole of small room size with a double
locker & bunk. In addition I built myself
a clothes chest, secured a working table
and even have a rug - a nice mulberry
color - so with a bed lamp, and some
reproductions (cut from Life) on the walls,
and the first flowers here in a bottle
I am quartered rather more luxuriously
than one should be at this station.
The chief disadvantage is that these
quarters are rather remote from back



want a hawk, - which is
something of a problem without
transportation. However I
have been fortunate in picking
up one - and I don't really mind the
work - in fact, like it, if it's not vain.

I spoke of the first flowers here - I
found them on May 2nd - they are as
charming as I have ever seen - tiny purplish
red tubular at the ends of stems three
to five inches long - with leaves very like
those of hemlock & similar set on the
stem - know nothing like them back
home.

Your letters of the 4th + 18th of April
have come since I wrote you. I am so
glad to hear that Betty is definitely
better and continues to improve with

The warmer weather. If only now the weather will not get too warm. Am glad too that you again have help. Margie doesn't seem to be exactly your type of 'domestic', but I trust she has not been too trying and that you will be able to keep her, for at present it's 'any cook in a war' - and you must have someone to do for you.

My commendations on the good work you are doing in Russian Relief. Every day I feel more strongly that nothing we can do for the Russians is too much - and the most important thing we could do would be to try to understand them and cooperate with them. What reactions to them are you finding - is it any more favorable than, say, two or three years ago - or at most of the contributions given are



humanitarian basis with
mental reservations?

Thanks very much for sending

the weekly sheet from the Times -

It is good to ^{have} such a fine summary so
soon - Lawrence is no longer hounding
me so I don't see his Times, &
anyhow it's four to six weeks late. And
you were quite right to decide to cut
out the map & save weight. - Also
have arrived the Ogden Hooker the Mangrove
for which thanks - I've read so little
lately I've not had time for them yet.
Have recently been perusing 'I Believe'
- it came out in '39, but somehow I missed
it - you know it's the second set of 'Living
Philosophies' - and I think a most better
set - some of us seem to have claimed

something in the few years following '29.
In the tens of some forty these celebrities
have their say - and the other night I was
going over the list and noting the fields
of endeavor of these people - rather amazed
to find no valid case of artist, musician
or mathematician - both Russell & Einstein
^{are there} but neither as mathematician - and
there's no musician or artist at all. Don't
these people have philosophies or in what
they think of no account? Or is the editor
simply ^{an} ignorant of these fields he doesn't
even think of them? I think it's interesting
at least that these three fields are just
about alone in having any thing in
common - they do not deal in words as
a natural medium - but rather in ^{other} symbols
which are largely of rather material
character - even in painting & sculpture



it is not the obvious symbol
- the object represented - which
is the medium of the artist,
but ~~the~~ the symbol im-
plicit in technique, and these are not
understood without initiation.

Had a nice letter from Mrs. Pray recently.
She has retired from the Cambridge Reading
Room - and as she puts it is now 'more a
body of leisure'. She wrote that Ben
had again taken up his writing - welcome
evidence of increased activity (C.S.
circumlocution!). Apparently he had
been working fairly, for that is what
she has returned to. I enclose the ^{paper} ~~one~~
she sent me. I'm a little baffled by the
use of musical verbiage by one who

is supposed to be a mistake!

I sat down to write four letters, of which this is the first - and because of the hour it must be the last, for in less of the night left than eight hours. I hope you're finding time to get up to the farm and wallow in your garden - how I wish I could go along - but it's a great deal to be able to remember so many good hours - say there.

Tell Helen I'm very sorry she's having trouble with her eyes again - that is genuine affliction. For you & Betty must have and the work I could help in on you soon.

George.
P.S. As I wait this I receive the package of two new Ava Books - many thanks



Advance Dept., Navy 163
T. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.
June 16, 1944.

Dear Donald,

My correspondence is hopelessly out of hand - and if you consider your priority you can realize what I mean! Four unnumbered letters, plus a clipping letter.

Guess I'll try to work backward - as far as I can go before I must turn in. - The flowers are coming along now more rapidly, and I am afraid I shall soon not be able to keep up a record of them as I have tried - namely to write a complete description as I know how - some of them I can guess the family and even genus - others are entirely strange. Oh, for a journal - but there isn't any. This morning on the way to church

I found an orchid - one with multiple blossoms
on a single stem - two varieties of the same
species - one white, and one pinkish. Near them
the first blossoms of a very common plant here,
apparently a genus of some kind - a beautiful
yellow blossom. Also today a violet and a tiny
white flower entirely new. Most in bloom at
the moment is a beautiful white flower suggesting
apple blossoms, but greenish white - not
pinkish - groups of several shooting from
the center of a large circular leaf which is
deeply cut. Soon there will be millions of
blue lupine and then dwarf iris - and there
is also a quantity of small lily already in
bud. And this is only a beginning. I daily
wish I might now have all the free hours I
had last winter, when there was so little
to do or see outside - we do have long evenings
and I have used some of them for walking.
There are birds too, but there you know
soon seem near to have attracted my attention
as have flowers.



Your letter of the 7th came today,
and gave me some pang at your
dreams of the farm & Ball
Pond - and at the thought that
the farm may pass out of your family and that
never again might we spend happy days there.
Surely some of the happiness I have seen and
lived on that hill, in that garden & those
fields. It has been a second home to me
and the people who lived there a second
family. I always that we both knew it (the place)
valued about your father, but in other
ways & quite as strongly about your
mother - and I am sure it would be hard
to go back there, now that she can't be
there. Life consists, I guess, of a succession
of periods which we can never live through
again, and it is partly our lack of continuous
realization of that which causes us to
be less happy than we might be.

I am glad to hear that Landis has
weathered his attack of rheumatism. Had
he died you would have lost one of these
few rare people one is desirous to know.

Your letter about Raymond's visit came
yesterday. I'm glad he could get to see you,
especially for Betty who is so fond of him
and who now gets out of Danbury so little.
I wish you could have reported more of
what he had to say - though I suspect
some of it I know. At least I am sure I
know exactly what the approach was -
I have entertained that several times - and
he does enjoy hockey - in which he is
unskilled - generally & formerly as you say. Per-
haps you want have forgotten the whole
conversation before I get back! You
didn't report on his health - apparently
it was good enough not to cause you
some doubts.



I was a little amazed at your reaction to the idea of reading 'I Believe' - unless it is that whatever you read is for the aesthetic notion of evaluating the success of the author at doing the job he set himself and of enjoying that job when it is well done. For to read what Mann, for example, has to say of what he believes seems to me no less a means of determining his belief (on certain subjects) than to read his novels - and I must confess I get a certain kick out of meeting in these 'confessions' on the part of justly eminent men statements of adherence to some of my own beliefs. This latter perhaps because I feel the need of support - while you may not. And too I get a kick out of feeling disagreement with people who for other reasons have had my support.

Well, my sick-time is past. I am happy
to hear that Betty keeps improving - I
hope she is continuing her nervous energy.
I trust your report of your own state
was greatly exaggerated and that she
attendant is not giving you any more trouble.
I myself keep well, though I do get tired
after a full day - but I have quiet and
a good bed to refresh me at night. Give
my love to your mother when you see her
again, and to the rest of the family -
and my affectionate love to you
& Betty.

George.

Ordinance Dept. Navy 163
F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.
Aug. 1, 1924.

Dear Betty & Edward,

I haven't dare look at my correspondence
recent - I feel too well I have not
written you in a long time. I find this
climate very interesting - much more so
now than in the winter - so much fog,
so little sun and such low barometric
pressure. Although I am far from over-
worked, I throw myself on my bed
after evening chow and often shortly
find myself asleep. But we have had
a few good days - two in particular
with full sun all day and I was able
to be out the whole day such time.
On the first of them I climbed our
nearest high peak, about 2100 feet high,
to get a grand view of this area - three
peaks surrounded by mountains
of the same height, all, at that time,
still with some snow on them. On
the second of those days I hiked
rather than climbed, my partners pre-
ferring that, although my own feet
itched to get higher. Except when the
weather is just too bad I get out

Sunday morning for a hike with Arthur
Lambert & another nice chap from the
east whom I've met here. The latter
is a physiological chemist and something
of a botanist & zoologist - and very
congenial. We have been along the
beaches since and he pointed out
many interesting things - different kinds
of kelp & algae, sea urchins & anemones,
snails, hermit crabs, etc. etc. I have
spent literally days over my flower collection
- to collect is easy, but to write detailed
descriptions & press is a long job -
I don't have the proper pressing material
so am using paper towelling, which is
not so absorbent & consequently must
be changed frequently & dried. I be-
ginning to get quite a collection now,
though far from complete - there is too
much for one person to do. I have
a manuscript of a key sent me by
a man at the Smithsonian - something
he is preparing for the Armed Forces -
looks as if he was a bit late! - but
it is most inadequate - I doubt any
novice could identify more than a
half dozen flowers from it - in
fact I, not exactly a novice - have
done little better than that. He must

have had to work with very limited information. I am thinking of suggesting to him that I send him my collection on loan - and perhaps it may be I am sure he could get enough out of it to make a much more useable key. What irony that Society can't afford an expedition to study the flora & fauna here, but can afford to send armies & navies, which in spare moments may pick up a few new bits of information!

How well the war is going. Just now looking again through the recent NYT pages you've sent I make the week as of July 1 and am amazed - since then the Russians have taken an area fully the size of England if not also of Ireland. And we are keeping along so fast in the Pacific. Another year must see Germany fallen and Japan pressed to her own islands. - Many thanks for sending the weekly page - it is - good summary & comes so promptly. Thanks also for the bundle of slippings recently you sent, in your own handwriting as of June 17th - a long time ago - I trust that means you are finding plenty to do now that summer's work is over - not that you're being forced,

with problems.

Despite the restriction I've read 'Yankee
from Olympus' - Can send it to me.
I can't deny I enjoyed it greatly, though
on the whole I disapprove of that kind
of biography - so full of imaginary
conversations - very few conversations
are recorded and outside) for that I
don't think an author has a right to
use conversation - though I must admit
it makes the book more easily readable
& more interesting! I thought
the earlier part much better than
the latter - so much one wanted to
know was completely left out - in
fact it seems almost to a book
centering around O. W. H. L. - which
is not surprising if his character
were as dominant as the author
portrays it. What an ~~amazing~~ ^{diverting} bore
he must have been! Some day I must
read something more solid on the subject
- I've read the Holmes-Parkes letters
and like a novel.

Well, the candidates have been chosen. I'm
sorry it had to be Dewey. But I agree
with you that Roosevelt plus a Republican
candidate could (perhaps I should say would)
bring as more votes than most any

Reaction Republican plus the same Congress.
It's hard to tell - Dewey seems not a whole
soul, so likely to be petty and forgive the
big things - that's what I'm afraid of.
One can't believe Roosevelt didn't have
a personal desire to be president, but
I feel he also had a passion for ~~correcting~~
correcting some of the evils of the
system he grew up in and for leaving
the presidency with the system changed
enough to make possible a more
abundant (not in the true sense) life
for the people as a whole. I honestly
doubt any Republican who can win
the candid-~~ately~~ could have such a
passion - the Republican party doesn't
want that kind of man in the White
House.

It is nine months tomorrow since I
left Seattle. In wandering I shall
see another winter here - regular duty
is eighteen months, but mine is not
exactly regular, and many of my com-
patriots at Boston have already
been called back there, in particular
one who was in this area. I think another
winter here would be tough, but I'm
not sure it wouldn't be preferable
to many an assignment I might get
- at any rate I'd want to be out

of the States.

In answer to your question regarding
Oxford Sermons Editions - they are
inexpensive paper bound books - not
too bad type - they range over a large
area from old classics (of English) to
the most recent best sellers & not so
best. I have not seen a list of them
but I'm sure you could find such a
list at the U.S. Library. I think they
were a worthwhile venture - so much
in so little space for so little cost.
I think they are mostly found at sea
where space is at a premium - I've
read none myself for ^{now} we have a large
collection of the ordinary type of books.

Many thanks for the Atlantics which
come along manfully - I keep them on
my desk & dip into them as oppor-
tunity presents - they are good reading
at work and often stimulating in a
high degree. - I must turn in now
for it's past bed-time. - Do write
soon & tell me everything is alright
with both of you. With much love,
George.

Admiral Dept, Navy 163
F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.
August 23, 1944.

Dear Doreed,

This morning our early sheet was headed 'Paris falls' - this time in the right direction - a little more than four years & two months ago we were together when we heard that France had fallen - in the wrong direction. How incredible that sounded - and now after all this time the present news seems almost as incredible. And how ironic for the Germans that we are now doing the same to them in France that they so gleefully did to the French & English - we have them so confused they scarcely know where we are. I wonder how much longer they will fight - early not so long as it will take for me to have an answer to this. Japan won't fall so soon, but it does now seem that we can say that in a year from now it will all be over. - I had thought

I might be pulled out of here suddenly for a refresher - but now I am beginning to doubt it - with Germany out of the war my specialty won't be very important and I may well be forgotten & just left here.

Your letter of the 13th came today - I had wondered at your birthday message in the previous one for it was in advance, but I now understand that you have put my birthday a month ahead! But I am as appreciative of your greetings - if you don't mind that I be a month older. Some people here say I've aged ten years since coming - I don't think I have - at least I don't see it myself.

No, I am not the only one in the spot who is watering the flowers - though so far as I know I'm the only one who is making an herbarium collection - which is not surprising, for it is a lot of work & requires facilities in space & time that very few have. I have by now collected about a

hundred species, which is well over 25% of the total number known from the Aleutians - a fairly good record considering my small area of operations. Most cases I have been quite successful in the pressing - others have given me just what all I have for my pains are uniformly known (a black remnant - of the proper size & shape but giving no idea of the colors. I have made a fairly detailed description of all of these and suspect I have for three hundred more detailed information on the lot as a whole than is to be found. I have offered to loan my specimens & notes to the Smithsonian man who wrote the guide I have of the wetlands to borrow it - I think by use of my material he could greatly improve his guide. - The lushness of the vegetation in some spots here is remarkable - on some of the wetter slopes one must make his way through a dense growth five and six feet high of thistles and large members of the carrot family.

At others there is nothing higher than five or six inches and here are finds charming bluebells, forget-me-nots, a beautiful red rhododendron (4-6 inches high!), and many small blue & white flowers I don't know.

Most flowers are blue, yellow or white - only few or three reds and a few pinks.

Some time ago I ran into a young zoologist from Rutgers + Museum - the most congenial chap I've found in the Navy, and with him I had several delightful walks in the hills + on the beach - he showed me many things in the water I would have missed or looked over - several kinds of kelp, algae in great variety, limpets, chitons, snails, crabs, sea urchins, and most brilliant sea anemones - bright red & orange flame-like animals with many petal-like tentacles. And one day we found four different kinds of sponges growing ^(the zoologist!) within a few feet of each other. But he was detached a couple of weeks ago, much to my great regret - that seems to

Lopper is given in this way.

My most recent diversion is piano repairing. Some fellows I know got hold of an old piano about to be discarded & hauled it off to their quarters. I spent two evenings last week taking it all apart, repairing here & there & putting it together again. Now it works fairly well - and it is a good piano - a really fine bass & quite a singing tone. But it needs tuning - and that I am going to try next. I know the theory of tuning, of course, but have never tried it - I am wondering if it suited & how many weeks it will take me!

Your letter was most nostalgic about the old days at Ball's Pond. They were indeed happy ones to spend & to look back on. But I do hope they were no more happy than you will see again. How good it would be to be there in the sun now. Some time ago we did have enough sun a

couple of lines, for me to get a couple
of sun baths - but they are probably all
I shall have this year.

I trust Paddy is not suffering from the
prolonged heat & dryness - it is not
easy to have to be cooped up in an
apartment in Danbury all summer and
I earnestly hope you'll ferret out
something below the Messrs Dixon
line for next winter. The climate would
be better for both of you - and the
change of scene stimulating. As the
best of luck on that score.

All now. I am working at my office
& must now turn to and change the
drying paper on a stack of flowers I
have pressing. Must love to you
both,

George.

P.S. (Dispare, but not important) The Atlantic, the N.Y. Times
page & clippings come streaming along and are very much
appreciated. The Lippmann book hasn't turned up yet,
but I'm looking forward to it.

Sunday - Sept 3.

Well this letter didn't fit around & mailed right off, which accounts for the look of the envelope! So I'll add a few lines.

To begin with grief. I have spent two evenings trying to tune the pieces and am back where I started. The first evening I felt sure I had the fundamental octave properly tuned - starting at A the final jumps from D back to A seemed correct and such trials as were tuned sounded right. But when I returned to tune the octaves the earlier work somehow seemed wrong. Since I'd had so much trouble leaving the beats at high pitch I dropped down an octave and went all through the process at a lower level. But this time the final interval was much too narrow - I had not flattened enough. I am somewhat chagrined and feel a little frustrated!

I have had two good chunks lately - one to a peak of 2000 and another to one of 2200. On the first of these I found many new

small plants - mountain plants I reckon. For nearly all of them I was too late for the flower - but that does not prevent eventual identification. I have a letter from the man in Washington asking me to send my collection. He suggests I may have some new species - and in fact I wouldn't be surprised to among my (now) 110 species. There might not be at least two or three each.

The Lippmann book & the Wrege collection have come but I've not had time to dip into either yet. Am very glad to have the Lippmann and especially as I've read the 'Foreign Policy'.

All for now. I will get this enclosed today & have it sent off.

Grays.

P.S. I found the enclosures in Thomas Wolfe!

Ordinance Department, Navy 163
F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.
October 3, 1914

Dear Donald & Betty

I don't dare look at the record of
when I last wrote you - I wouldn't
want to believe it - though I think
I have heard from you but once since
then - your letter of the 16th September.
I was surprised to hear the hurricane
had struck you so heavily - we had
heard of it, of course, but I don't
remember hearing that it hit New
England with any great severity. Have
not heard how much Cassie got
for Mother is out in Ohio & perhaps
visiting Howard & Eva. She had
just finished clearing out the house
enough so that Mother could take
care of what was left before turning
it over to the purchaser - for the
law said it. Thus in a sense another
tie with the past is broken - but the
real break was when my father died, for
it was much more his place than Mother's
with her was it - so much so that it

seemed far different after his death from
what it had been. Such attachment to it
as I had was largely associated with
him and now that he is gone it seems
quite natural that I should wear them
there. - It has been bought by a fairly
youngest man of an old Canadian family
- a man whom my father knew & respected
- and I think he will keep it up as father
would have wanted it kept up.

Since I wrote, our summer, as well as
yours, has come to an end - yours, I
suppose, ended in brown fumes due
to draught - ours in brown due to
old age - for it is never dry here -
and the brown resulting is much
richer - almost a rust - the mountains
have great patches of this rust brown
streaked areas with still brilliant
spots of green, where the vegetation
grows on flourishing beside the water
courses - these colors and the rich
grey of the rocks make a marvelous
picture in such sunlight as we get.

My collecting came to an end early in
September - although on September 10th
I found an upland valley still full
of flowers - in fact a whole summer full -
for there were examples from June, July

and August all blossoming together.
I seeded the season with something
like 130 species of flowering plants
preserved. I think it not unlikely I
may have found at least two or
three not previously reported from
here and I'm just hoping I may have
found among the lot a totally
new species. Certainly at upper
elevations I found a large number
of small & strange looking arctic
or alpine plants. Studying them
all over again with the aid of the key
I have, I have fairly well identified
about seventy-five of them - though
I am very well be wrong on the exact
species in a number of cases. I am
sending the lot off to this man at
the Smithsonian - I am hoping he will
make as good a job of using them as I
think he could - but in one of his letters
to me he seemed to indicate he didn't
intend to change his key in the description
I suggested - as it stands it is not
of very much use to the uninitiated -
and by & large it is there he is
supposed to be reaching. - Collecting
got me out fairly frequently onto the

hills & mountains - so that I have had
a much more concentrated summer of
hiking & climbing than ever before. Recently
I made a top I've been wanting to make
all summer - starting in at one end
of a range and walking along its top
as far as time would permit. The
skyline is almost knife-edge and rough
for several miles - up & down between
1000 and 1500 ft. With me were one of
the chaplains & a young gunnery officer -
we made about three or four miles of it
in about the same number of hours before
having to return - it was a grand trip.
This chaplain is from upper New York
State - Adirondack somewhere, and although
somewhat older than I is much more
spry on his feet - he goes along like a
mountain goat - he is a skier of fact,
having spent a major portion of many
winters on the Adirondack slopes.

On two occasions within a couple of
months the ship's service store here has
put on sale some 300 volumes of Columbia
records, in each case two-thirds of the lot
being the real thing from my standpoint.
At the low price ^{for which} offered they were a buy
even if one can't get them back to the
States (though I hope to), so I indulged

to the tune of nineteen albums - three or
four each of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven,
Schumann, ~~and~~ a couple of Brahms, a
Chopin & a Straussky - the collection in
Brahms would be large or you can believe
I'd have acquired more! The machine
my but managed to get the use of ~~some~~
something to be desired - but out here
one can't ask for everything. How it
came about I don't know, but among
the lot were three albums of 'Art of the
Fugue' - the Roll grandest recording. I
noticed seeing this but a friend picked
up a copy & phoned asking if I wanted
a copy. At my affirmative he returned
to the counter to find a second copy
already gone. Reaching to the clerk on
the heavy business in back he was
told, 'These men just came in, asked
the prices, and on finding all albums
priced the same said, 'Then give
us the biggest one'!' I'll bet there
were three surprised sailors. - At a
gesture of appreciation for the useful
things you have sent me and, I
hope, in time for your birthday,
Betty, I have sent you two albums
by mail. I trust they will reach you

injection - they were packed in such
a way they could be broken without
a deliberate attempt or a catastrophe -
I would be interested in the date of
arrival and if there is breakage
I insured them & would place a claim.

I have read rather less of Cole - except
for magazines - the like. I started 'N.M.
Pulham Egg' - but gave it up - its
style annoyed me and I thought its
content rather too trivial - and I
had not the slightest sympathy with
any of the characters, except Bill. - I
started Rippmann's 'The Axis' with interest
but got deflected. I shall get back to
it. One of the things that worries me
about war and the peace is the like-
hood of our being over-embarrassed about
certain minorities - I think particularly
of the Poles at the moment - and to a
certain extent of the French (they are a
very important minority, of course, but
still a minority, and a difficult one). The
Polish problem tends to create
trouble between the U.S. & Russia.
As high as one may estimate the Poles
I don't think that absolute justice to

them, whatever that might be, is nearly as important as that the US & Russia should work together amicably. And there are plenty of Americans of influence desirous of an accord with Russia who will play up the Polish problem to bring it about if they can. There, at least partly, was Wilson's difficulty - every minority must have what it wants (or thinks it wants) - carried to a logical conclusion that leads to a quarrel - and that's just about what we had. Minorities need not be appeased, but their many divergent desires must not be allowed to make an overall satisfactory solution impossible. It may well be that if you are a Pole & insist on living in 'Poland' you'll have to be a Russian subject - and the Poles & any others must be made to understand that the world ^{may} consider that a better solution than the solution which ~~is~~ ^{they} propose.

All for now - I must 'hit the sack' as we say. Take care of yourselves & the best of luck with finding a suitable place to spend the winter. My love to you both,
George.

Ordinance Dept. Navy 163
F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.
November 12, 1924.

Dear Donald & Betty,

My record says I have not written to
you for a very long time - in fact, five
weeks - may each succeeding period
of five weeks seem to go equally fast!
There are five such periods left before
my allotted time shall have run out -
but ten days ago saw the end of my year
and now I am on the down grade - here
we count the best one-third rather
than one-half as down grade.

I have just been listening to the
Madras Sastra and the Mozart
Quintette - of which latter I sent you
a copy. The sastra is wonderfully
played by Grieking and even on this
less cut phonograph sounds marvellously.
I never think of him but I wonder how
he came to go Nazi - it seems so in -

congruous that such an artist should
subscribe to Hitler. He must be mad. —
You said nothing of the Mozart, Betty —
I trust it reached you without breakage
— and I hope you like it as much
as I do — I think it is a fine piece of
work — and a good recording as well. —
No, Danell, I am not a month off in
my remembrance of Betty's birth day
— only a day, for I remembered the
14th instead of the 19th. The package
happened to reach you five weeks
earlier than I could have counted
on — six weeks is not unusual for
package transit — but apparently
the 'special handling' stamp really
brought special handling.

I doubt that you are as pleased
over the election results as I am, for
while you were considerably anti-Dewey
you weren't pro-F. D. R. But you
are at least relieved, I'm sure, that
Dewey did not win it. I honestly

Think that November 7, 1948 was a very
fateful day for the whole world. It is
usually to be hoped that Roosevelt's
election will clear after it everything
desirable in the way of a firm basis
for peace, but I do believe that
Dewey's election would really have
brought about a catastrophe - it would
have been a signal for an outbreak of
anti-Russian & anti-British action
which would have increasingly
alienated us from Russia & Britain
and made of the peace conference a
spectacle which would have laid the
finest foundation for another war.
As it is, F.D.R. has now a fairly clear mandate
and I believe he knows how to use
it. I have no fear of his behavior
in the peace negotiations for I feel
he has the right instincts. But I
do fear Churchill - it is quite
possible the United Nations owe
their success to him, that no other
Englishman could have led England

in those darkest hours as he did -
but he is a warrior and has a
warrior's instincts - and I think
there will be serious consequences if
he has any thing to do with the peace.
- Further, as regards the election, F.D.
will be greatly helped by his increased
majority in Congress - it may be big
enough to save us from a repetition
of the disastrous performance ~~of~~^{after}
the recent negotiations.

I am wondering, Donald, what
success you had in Rochester. It
has been so long in these days of
over-crowding in such cities as Rochester
that you should be able to sell your
harem and get a lot more for it
than you were willing to take several
years ago. I hope you will soon have
it off your hands satisfactorily. I
am wondering if you saw or heard
anything of Theodore the Octopoth,
as you call her. It is at least two
and I think three years since I have

had news of her - a letter two years
ago this coming Christmas was un-
acknowledged and the same for
a letter last year.

But, well that you, I would
think, seeing Mr. Das's outlook - I
hope he proved to be more sympathetic
than Dr. Berlin to whom I sent you.
It is so hard to find just the man
who understands both one's tempera-
ment & one's ill - and I trust this
one clicked for you & has given
you real help.

As usual there is nothing of news to
write from here. Winter keeps
coming later, but still it has
not been very unpleasant. However
for some time now the winds have
been blowing again and that I
find trying - one has to work like
an old step & one oil chases whirr
& roar. Still it always sounds
worse than it actually is.

You had us come to worry Betty,
that you had cut the N. Y. Times
page incorrectly - I couldn't see
but that you had done perfectly.
I am very grateful to get this
welly page - it is a fine summary,
especially of the war.

I have just started Sinclair's 'Press
Central Agent' and am fascinated by
it - ashamed to say I didn't even
know he was a writer! I am
amazed at some of the blunt state-
ments he makes about American
companies & their international
dealing - what he says must be so
or he wouldn't have said it - and
being so it's disgraceful. It will
take much care & pains fighting on
the home front in all countries
to keep these same people from
fomenting more wars to come.

I am glad indeed to hear you are
feeling pretty good Betty - and glad
to hear that Helen is so well again.
Give her my love, & lots of love to
both of you. George.

P.S. The Brumfield & Thompson arrived - many thanks

Ordinance Dept., Navy 163
P. O., San Francisco, Calif.
January 5, 1925

Dear Donald,

I really doubt that the Aleuts write
my many letters - and I am afraid
that I have now been here long enough
to justify as an Aleut in that respect!
A lot of water has passed over the
dam since I last wrote and very
little through the mill race. But in
particular, two long & good letters have
come from you - and since they were
both written at just the time your
Evelyn was either ^{sick} or injured I must
fight temptation not to wish her
more ill! I am glad you are able
to have her help even though it
may be interrupted now & then and
may not always be adequate. In a
country more fatal to you

might not have been that much
help.

I am glad you had that good trip
to Rochester, though it's too bad
you had to crowd so much into a
short a time. I'm sorry the Parkers
don't want your house - it would
be such a simple way out. But I
hope that somebody will soon
so that you can forget that
headache. — I don't think you
had told me that Mr. Os had
been ill. It is too bad he could
not have gotten in '23 a post in
a more sympathetic place - now
he can never move and so large a
part of his life will have been
so bare of the human contacts he
enjoys. I have thought of the
Osces (and some Hungarian friends
I visited) quite often lately as the
news of Budapest has been coming
in - they must be suffering to

think of their dear & beautiful
city being blasted to bits.

I am grateful for your long
account of my family - it brings
me up to date - I am glad to
hear of them but sorry that
not all the news is good. What
will your father do if he loses
the use of his eyes - that will be a
problem. - you didn't report on
Helen! - will she still in Danbury
- of course if she is I suppose
the tale of her days would sound
the same as it has for a long time!

Your Christmas card reached me
a few days before the holiday - it
is beautiful. It is a little amusing
that a relief society for communist
Russia should help fund itself
on a matter of Russian orthodoxy -
but only a little. - By the
way I'm a bit surprised that you
waded through 'The Soviet Power'

I tried it but thought it lay far
too sugar coated to trust - in fact
I put Johnson for being cracked
on the subject. I don't believe for
a minute that Russia is or was
anywhere near so marvelous a
place for anyone - but I do be-
lieve the Russians have by their
performance in this war demon-
strated that they have found
a system which work well enough
for them to be wholeheartedly
devoted to it. And that can't be
said for any other system anywhere.
An officer from here, recently re-
turned to the States, writes that
he doubts some people there even
knew there's a war (with fighting
in it) - of course there are war-
time prices & more important
wartime wages. I often feel
I would prefer not to see the

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States again before the fighting's
over - I don't want to have
to face the disgust I would have.

I hope your Christmas music came
out to your satisfaction. I am
sure you worked hard over it, though
I bet you had a good time doing
it. I would like to have heard it -
or better to have tried to carry
double bass(!) in it. No, I don't
think we ever did #63 - I don't
recognize the title - but it's
so many years now I'm not sure
I'd recognize the titles of those
we did do. They are fun to do -
big enough for a challenge and
yet short enough to feel one
can make an accomplishment.

I finally heard from my flower
collection - about a month ago.
Dr. Walker was rather more pleased
with it than I had expected. He
sent me a complete set of *Druck. & Wain*

- after descending double & triple
distilleries on my part I had
about 115 different species. I
did not find anything wholly
new, though I did find a genus
not previously reported from the
Aleutians though it had been
found on the Commander Islands.
Of the list he wanted some dozen
which he wants to add to the
National Herbarium. His appreciation
was sufficiently warm that I
am fixed with the desire to spend
a second summer here & complete
the collection - there were many
things I wanted and a number I
would like to re-collect. So now
instead of hoping for orders I
am awaiting their arrival. It
would be ironic to stay the
winter here & then be pulled out
just as things began blossoming
again.

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Winter is here, as you can imagine,
but it has not been very bad yet.
In fact it has been good enough
to give quite an impetus to the
sport of skiing - and a week ago
I went out myself and saw some
Coke again. Those long skirts
seemed seven yards instead of
seven feet long at first, but
after the second day they had
considerably shortened. To look
for still learning to become one
not very steep straightaways - but
I had a lot of fun - the first
time in many years I've been so
intimate with snow!

I don't believe I have written
you that Mr. Marmbrin is living
in New York this winter. He has
a ^{apartment} at 112 East 65th St. I
think you would enjoy looking him
up when you are in New York again.
I think he is just about 40 or so on a

sure that ought to be back late
this month. For some identification
I remind that his first name is
Frank. I know he'd be glad to
meet you - and I don't think you
should hesitate for a moment on
the score that he didn't choose
to play your suite. He might
yet choose if you played it
for him.

Well, with five pages to Betty
last night and even so you thought
I guess she about covered the
ground! Except to say I hope
you will heed take care during
these coming cold months and not
get yourselves down with any
kind of illness. I think if you
open and of low food it would
be to drop in for an evening for
some music, some talk & some
wine. Much love to you both
George