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4522 Old York Road
Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear George,

How are you? I know that a long time has elapsed since my last letter to you, but George, Lady Law is such an insatiable 'ab wench'! Truly, she is a jealous mistress. Nevertheless, I left her 'cold' and went to a concert this afternoon with the result that I'm foaming over like a mug of beer.

You spoke to me of organs one afternoon, so I know your knowledge of musical technique far exceeds my empty sack. How often, how often, have I felt limited and ignorant of musical technique; but, gee! that doesn't bother me 'a' bit anymore. Leading a monk's life makes me appreciate a true emotional feeling, and music is my emotional reservoir; as for anything more – who cares? The unrestrained response of the audience, this afternoon, shows me, how hungry we all are for true, deep emotion.

My little world is so orderly and nicely balanced since I've come to Law School, that, now as never before, I enjoy the concerts given every Friday afternoon. In contrast to the order, and iron routine I come these two hours each week-end. The richness and profusion of harmonious (sometimes inharmonious) elements mingled with the

vagueness of romanticism (which we find in those great men) must bring expression. It must show us that pure flame.

If we think to the point where we must define or describe music, we fall short of explanation, because, we then confine our expression. I heard Brahm last week. You can't define him. Now, he is calm, now, he is venerable, for another moment, he becomes full of beauty, perhaps, even loveliness (a word which modern usage has shorn bare of glow) His genius takes you through the whole scale of human emotion. There is no magic in his expression; just o' glow!

If only an ordinary person like myself could learn to do things like these men of genius. That is not a cry of one warped of inferiority complex (or whatever it's called). I don't mean the impossible, that is, to attain the results of genius, but just to use their method, irrespective of the product.

Goethe, expresses what I mean; "Everything that man undertakes to produce, whether by action, word, or in whatsoever manner, ought to spring from the union of all his faculties".

Humorously, I can see you, in your own peculiar way, say, "You've got to have something to unite".

But, truly, these men of genius are the real Pastors of the world. They don't give us a play of fancy, nor do they display cunning or cleverness of mind, but a

4522 Old York Road
Philadelphia, Pa.

tumultuous power in itself. They give us that finality, that inevitableness which only comes from direct contact with the purest thought.

Looking at them like all things to be understood, I wonder, if they are not the real measuring sticks of our own voltage power? –

Ray.

PO Box 31
Brooktondale New York

BROOKTONDALE
JAN
10
1949
N. Y.

Mr. G.B.VanSchaach
Department of Mathematics
Washington University
St. Louis 5 Mo.

NATHAN M. LEVINSON

Post Office Box 31
Brooktondale, New York
January 9, 1949

Dear Van:

First of all, let me thank you very much for your letter of Aug. 14, 1947, your Christmas card of 1947 with its cheery note attached, and your beautiful card of the past season with the note attached also. I am not going to apologize for my extreme tardiness in answering your letter, you undoubtedly have me down in your little black book as an unmitigated louse, a stinker par excellance, a person sans moral compunctions, and an all around boor. The hell of it is, that you are correct in the foregoing conclusions, but I am determined not to lose track of you, as you are on my books as a major compensation for 22 months spent rotting on Attu.

As you can see from the address, I am still doing business at the same old stand, working for the Government in my same job, except that there has been a marked change in my outlook on life in general. Looking back now, I see that I had a very bad time making the transition from military to civilian life, and came very close to being a mental case. Now, I have been readjusted to it, I find that I like my job very much, and would consider very closely before making any change. It is still the same old grind, of being gone from Monday morning to Friday night, but I like it, as I never have had a job that offers the freedom of action, and the oportunity of doing something worthwhile as this job does. It is exactly the same as having the freedom of action of an independent entrepreneur without the worries of that position (my pay check arrives promptly every two weeks).

Looking backward, I marvel at the amount of water that has gone over the dam. I am now a proud poppa of a three months old baby daughter, which has been a delightful, if somewhat novel experience for me. My work has received recognition from the front office of REA and has resulted in a substancial boost in the amount of filthy lucre which you and I (poor mortals that we are) spend our lives grubbing for.

I regret that I have lost track of a great number of the Attu bunch. Nesper is now married (at long long last) and works as a radio time salesman for a small station in Michigan. Bruggink wrote me at Christmas that he was steeling himself to take the matrimonial plunge shortly after the first of the year, upon his graduation from college in January. Beyond that I can furnish you with no information.

I still keep up my Naval Career, spending two weeks per year at the Naval Ordnance Laboratory in Washington D.C. for refresher training. Its very interesting, watching the progress of naval ordnance, and the shift in emphasis from one thing to another as the years progress. Already, the weapons which I worked with at Attu are considered as crude, archaic, and barbaric in comparison to those now on the fire. I still say that it is a hell of a commentary on what we call our civilization to put so many brilliant minds and

money and materials into programs designed for mass murder. However, it cannot be helped, as it is absolutely necessary to protect what we have, It still seems a shame tho, and I guess we havent progressed too far from the days when our antecedants went out with a club to obtain the necessities of life. Now, we do it in a more refined and more deadly manner.

I havent been doing very much in the way of cultural activities. My job requires too much of my time, and when I get home, the mechanics of living take up a large bite of my weekend. Living as I do out here in the bushes, everything must wait until I get home with the car in order to take Bea into Ithaca to do the weeks shopping, laundry, cleaning etc. etc. After that, comes the weeks accumulations of odd jobs that must be done, my reports must be written to Washington, and in general, Monday morning rolls around before you know it. I am planning to move to Elmira, now that the housing shortage has eased somewhat. This move will allow considerable more freedom of action for Bea, as well as affording more opportunities to get home , as Elmira is in the center of my territory.

Please let me know if ever you are around New York State or in Washington D.C. I usually go down there about once every three months, but my schedule is quite flexable, and can be arrainged to suit our convience if ever the opportunity presents itself.

I still have my love for good music, and have built myself the ne plus ultra in audio amplifiers. the project covered about ten months of my weekends, but I really have something I am satisfied with. my collection of records has grown somewhat, and I am now engaged in changing over to play the new Columbia long playing records. How I envy you your opportunities to attend the St. Louis symphony, the summer theater in Forest Park, the plays at the American theater, and those wonderful late spring concerts and operettas . We had a wonderful time when we lived in St. Louis.

This letter has been mostly about me, very longwinded and probably very boring. When you get around to it, write me about you, what you did, what you are doing, and what you plan to do.

I will try to be more prompt in my future correspondence.

As ever,

Lew.

SANFORD S. TEPFER
2011 Elk Drive
Eugene, Oregon 97403

Mr. George Van Schaack
1964 Harris
Eugene 97405

Becky Kate Bert Honorine Esther

Mark David Sandy Fred Gary

2011 Elk Drive
Eugene, Oregon 97403
December 18, 1981

Seasons Greetings:-

As usual, the past year has had its "goods" and its "bads," we'll not mention the "bads." First, the August reunion of our whole family in Eugene. Since Mark and Honorine are moving to Paris this winter, and David and Becky plan to remain there it will be increasingly difficult for all of us to get together.

Bert plans to spend most of January in Paris to give a helping hand to David and Becky who are awaiting the early January birth of their first child. This will be our first baby grandchild, but we have the constant pleasure of having Esther's daughters Anna and Donna, in Eugene.

Sandy and Bert had a BIG trip to New Zealand in October. Sandy headed the Sierra Club delegation to the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (I.U.C.N). It was a second springtime for us, which added to the pleasures of the delightful differences in language, flora, and fauna. We found the people friendly and relaxed, the scenery magnificent. The cover photo is the Waimakariri River on the South Island. On the back is a shot of Broken Top, in the Oregon Cascades.

We are in good health -- still pursuing those things we love to do outdoors: hiking, backpacking, skiing, etc. We wish that the best of all good things come your way in the New Year, and that the nasty ones remain subdued.

Sandy and Bert

Roe
106 Longmeadow Rd.
State College, Pa. 16801

STATE COLLEGE, PA 16801
PM
15 DEC
1975

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
1964 Harris St.
Eugene, Oregon 97405

Dear George,

We hope the rainy season finds you well. It seems only yesterday we were gooming around looking for books. Speaking of which, I finally have located a good store here in central Pa. It is an antique & book dealer who has collected 3½ million volumes over the past 20 years. Now he just sorts through enough at a time to make a living. He sold me a 13th edition of the Britannica, regular size, for his wholesale price of $50. Also got an 1847 Webster's dictionary for $4. Must go back to look some more.

Eunice & the kids are fine. We are planning a vacation in Florida over Christmas to see what's left of nature there.

蔚 Season's Greetings
賀 Meilleurs Voeux
新 Felices Fiestas
禧 С Новым Годом

Love, Eunice, Eric & Susan

Domestic Mail
C
US Postage

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
1964 Harris St.
Eugene, Oregon 97403

Christmas Poinsettia

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son
that whosoever believeth in him should not perish,
but have everlasting life. John 3:16, KJV

May the transforming power of Christ's love
enfold you and uphold you at Christmas
and throughout the coming year.

Willm

AIR MAIL

PM
14 APR
1969

AMERICAN LEGION
50TH ANNIVERSARY
1919 — 1969

Mr George Van Schaack
Morton Arboretum
Lisle,
Ill.

JEFFREY M. SALINGER
4152 Old Redwood Highway
Santa Rosa, Calif. 95401

March 29, 1969

Dear George:

My pavement in hell would cover at least three square blocks, I am sure. I have intended writing ever since we received your nice long letter but it has been just one thing and then another on the place.

We are in Carmel for a short stay so there is nothing to interfere.

We understand from Frank that things are going along nicely with you. Frank told us of your having corraled a rare edition and your exceeding joy because of this accomplishment.

With us, things have gone along nicely, as the seasons roll around and various necessary tasks present themselves- such as renewing the road, putting in new cattle guards, shearing, shipping, small additions to the garden, etc. etc.

This has been a wonderful season, weatherwise. Lots of rain with a consequent replenishing of underground supplies of water and very good stands of grass above ground for the stock. The lambs show it- then are round and bouncy.

We have had perfect weather here- warm, sunny days with a minimum of overcast, and have enjoyed our stay, albeit we have had to spend c

quite a bit of time visiting elderly widows whom we have known for some time. Their husbands have passed from the scene some time since. To compensate we also have a sprinkling of nieces, nephews and grand nieces and nephews of whom we are very fond.

At any rate, it is a relief to get away from TV with its variegated tales of woe for a spell. The world is certainly going to hell in a hanging basket.

We are reading a most fascinating book- The Autobiography of Malcolm X. I do not know whether you ever go as far afield as this but if so, you would find it quite remarkable. It is a paper-back.

The sun just came out so we will be going forth before it goes in again- which can be at any minute.

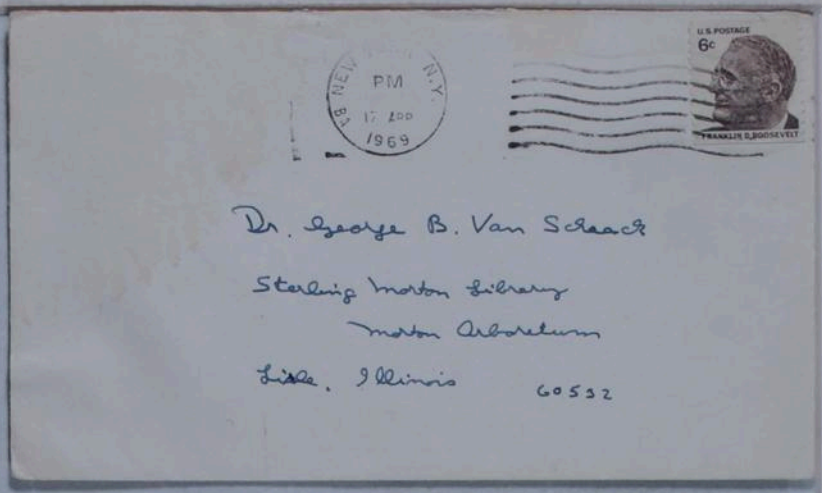
The usual Easter crowd will be arriving-vacation- and as we do not fancy the hordes, especially the hippies, we will fold up our tents and depart in the night.

Mabel joins in sending kindest regards, We enjoyd seeing you when here.

Sincerely,

Love and best wishes,
Nalini.

season's
greetings
and
best
wishes
for
the
coming
year



MISS JEANNETTE E. GRAUSTEIN
404 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10025

April 17, 1969

Dear Dr. Van Schaack,

I was very pleased to hear from you. When you sent me the "permission to quote" I was in so deep and for so long that I have only this spring got ahead of most of my neglected affairs.

Nuttall's Travels in the Old Northwest is out of print. I still have some copies given me by Dr. Vanhorn and I am pleased to send you one.

All that I've seen of Illinois was during a few hours or days in Chicago when the R.R.'s were ascendant. How restful and charming to work in a garden! Even the late very modest Harvard Botanic Garden was a favorite haunt of mine from childhood. The editorial offices of the H.U.P. now occupy the Gray Herbarium; I went there once in 1966 to discuss illustrations with my editor. Cambridge has changed so much that I avoid it.

Our apartment house became a cooperative about two years ago so Fern Gates and I are more or less permanent now. Except for the continual possibility of "mugging" this is a satisfactory base for the writer. The libraries are splendid for me and Fern works at least one day a week at a "Thrift Shop" run for the Barnard College Scholarship Fund and finds it endlessly entertaining.

The five or so months we are in Jackson, New Hampshire furnish the frosting for the cake. John works devotedly for a national bird-nesting report and "birding" for the N.H. Audubon Society records. We both work out-of-doors. I select sections of the woods to clear each summer.

We are both fine and hope you are also. If you come to N.Y.C. call me up (the phone is under F.'s name only) so we can arrange for you to come up for dinner.

With very best wishes from us both,

Sincerely yours,

Jeannette T. Grantham

Jan 4th 1968

Dear George:-

It was indeed a surprise and a great joy to hear from you the other day.

I do not intend to go into many details. this dreadful disease, cancer, took Gilmore with much pain the first of our knowledge in Sept. 1966 - He went back to work after surgery, Jan 1967. This came on again very rapid March 13th more surgery at Knox - away to Memorial Hosp. in N.Y for treatment and surgery the end came on the operating table Mar 30th He was brave and kept fighting but said "I am ready if it is His will." Gil was a grand person, unique and as many have said there will never be anyone like him. his patients miss him so very much. I am finding a great void within and my heart is heavy, but I have a fine profession I am busy with my work and keep in touch with

RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF GILMORE W. SOULE, M.D.

In his death on March 30, 1967, our Community is bereaved of a good physician and our Parish of a devout and Catholic parishioner. His entire professional life was spent in our City and Parish. His sense of vocation to God and the people was as vital as any priest or pastor.

He played his rôle as a devout layman with excellence - Warden, Vestryman, member of the Bishop's Countil, delegate to the General Convention - every part of Parish life was a concern of his.

We really saw his greatness in his last days - greeting his Divine Lord in daily Communion, willing to face the facts of life and death without in any way giving up or in any way losing faith - sometimes afraid but no fear.

Fortified with the Bread of Life and the Sacrament of Holy Unction, he went forth from us a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

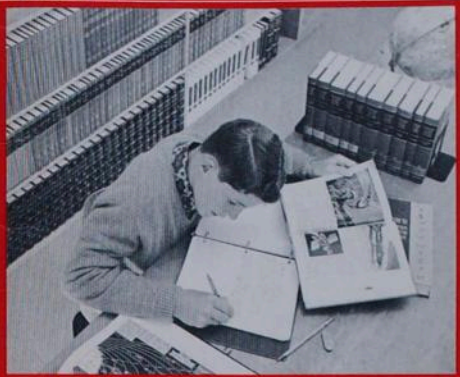
His funeral rites were triumphant. At the Requiem Mass all the Clergy of the City surrounded the Altar. The Church and Parish House were filled with people who loved him.

We saw fulfilled in our day the words of the Lesson for St.Luke's Day, in the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the uses which you may have of him; for the L rd hath created him; for of the most high cometh healing, and he shall receive honor of the King; The skill of the physician shall lift up his head and in the sight of great men he shall be held in admiration."
Ecclesiasticus 38:1-2

We as a Parish are deeply bereaved, but are strengthened with the same faith and the hope we shall all meet again.

I move that this RESOLUTION be spread on our Minutes, and a copy sent to his family.

Words Facts Ideas



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Pres. of Audubon Soc.

Walter Donaghho

Dr Carl Strovem
2240 Cummings Dr.
Santa Rosa

Library - A.C. Smith + wife.

Sartre - Les mots (his childhood) READ

Nrf Gallimard, 1964 about 9 NF.

Grevisse, Maurice. Le bon usage, cours de grammaire française et de langage français. 3d éd. Paris, P. Geuthner, 1946. 600+ p.
Looks very good.

Proust, M. Ou sont les Obscatons 1896-1916 (= Contre Sainte-Beuve) To be read!

Simone de Beauvoir
Mémoires d'une jeune fille rangée
La force de l'âge
La force des choses

READ

Wightman, Wm
The growth of scientific ideas.

Henriques, F. Love in action. Dutton, 1960.
Lewinsohn, A history of sexual customs. Harper, 1958. (Tr.)

Flesch, Rudolph
The art of readable writing.
Harper, 1949

Grammaire Larousse des XXe siècle.

Shaw, The crime of punishment

Sartre, a collection of critical essays. Edited by Edith Kern.
Spectrum Book S-TC-21
$1.95 Prentice Hall, 1962

Sartre. Essays in aesthetics
Citadel Press, 1962 (Paperback $1.75)

Simpson, G. G.
This view of life. H. B. Wood
1964.
? orig in 1947 ?

Barnett, Lincoln
The treasure of our tongue
Knopf 1963

Strunk, W.
The elements of style,
rev. by E. B. White. Macm. 1959

Medawar, P. B. GET ←
The future of man. Basic
Books, 1960 (Very cleanly
also in Britain — and
cheaper)

Medawar, P. B.

The uniqueness of the individual. Dover Books (but also England)

Mr.George B.VanSchaack,
Morton Arboretum,
Lisle,
Illinois.
60532.

★ Rural Holiday . . . design contributed by Andrew Wyeth of the United States of America to benefit UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. ★ Jour de repos à la campagne . . . composition offerte au Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'Enfance par l'artiste américain Andrew Wyeth. ★ Descanso en el campo . . . obra de Andrew Wyeth de los Estados Unidos de América. Contribución al UNICEF, el Fondo de las Naciones Unidas para la Infancia. ★ После завершения работ на селе. Рисунок Андрю Уейт, Соединенные Штаты Америки, преподнесенный в дар Детскому фонду Организации Объединенных Наций (ЮНИСЕФ). ★ 鄉村假日 . . . 美利堅合衆國安得魯威斯製贈聯合國兒童基金會。

PRINTED IN SWITZERLAND

Tryon,N.C. 28782. October 9,1969.

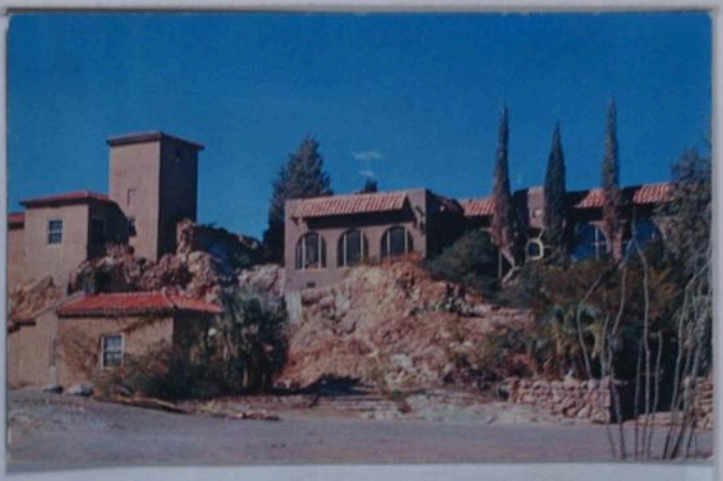
Dear George,- There never was a nicer letter,or more appreciated,than yours to me back in August at the time of my undoing! Moreover it almost hit my birthday in the eye! Your letter gives me such a picture of you and your interests at the same time that you talk so sympathetically of my predicament. It is rapidly now becoming a mere bore slow recuperation. I pulled out of Duluth with my faithful friend and helper as soon as the doctor gave permission,and how glad I am to be here altho now I am no longer the receiver of much attention. In fact very few people know I am here and fewer still know that I've had a dose of a common ailment and am never far from the usual bottle of nytroglycerin pills. Today I feel that I can really do things like putting a stick of wood on the fire or walking to the gate and back,but I'm not going to do anything spectacular for some time. That's enough of me.

When I reached here I found such a pile of printed matter that I haven't read anything else,but found myself completely absorbed by the National Parks magazine and all the Wilderness and Wild life stuff. Lots of it I'd like to talk with you about for you would have made it still more interesting by answering my many questions. (You may have noticed that I have trouble with my typeing of various kinds,spelling and grammar among them and I cant seem to bring myself to do the proper thing with a mistake byberasing it,telling myself that I make a worse mess with the eraser.) These magazines fitted well into my top-priority concerns-Anti-pollution,conservation,preservation, and above all restraint of this run-away technology.I've joined everything that comes my way under any of these headings. Maybe your interest in the Advancement of Science will make my remarks on technology seem impertinent and brash.An article I read somewhere last year entitled "The Danger of Unbridled Technology to Human Values"stuck in my mind and I notice Many other people speaking up on that subject. Your friend Dr.Waldo SChmitt sounds like a fascinating as well as learned person.Thank you for telling me about him. I'll bet he is a scientist who has never lost his humanism.

I am so glad that you are pleased with the job,the climate and general set-up of your new work and that bicycle is going to do you more good than "jogging" would.Maybe that has gone out of style anyway after Judge Douglas's heart attack. Before I started out on this science subject I belatedly think to remember that you are a dedicated scientist too,but your letter proves over and over how much more than a dedicated scientist you are. Your remarks about your Beethoven records and how you listen to them are I hope going to make me do a more concentrated job of listening. How I wish you were near enough to Tryon to drop in for an occasional week-end!

Many thanks for your letter and love from

Genevieve



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State College, Pa. 16801

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
1964 Harris St.
Eugene, Oregon 97405

Dear George,

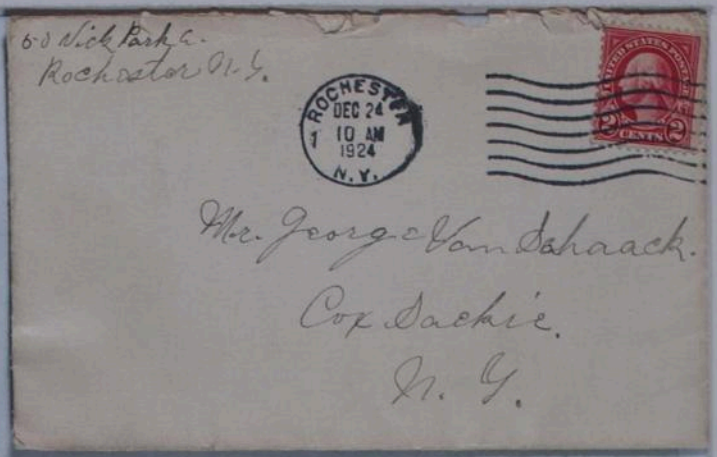
We hope the year's end finds you well and perhaps enjoying somewhat warmer weather than back East. The family and I are fine but looking forward to spring. Last March we got to Florida for an advance on spring, then Eunice + I were in England + Scotland in July. That was great. The London bookstores whetted my appetite and, of course, with the exchange rate now, that is the place to order books. I must get to Indiana State Univ. at Terre Haute to see the Cordell dictionary collection. It must be the best there so far pre-1900 judging from their preliminary catalog.

We would surely like to fly out to Oregon next August for vacation. That would coincide with blackberry season — I've got only one bottle of b. wine left you see. It usually ends up cooling too much, though. But don't be too surprised if we'd call to say hello sometime — and maybe go back skipping again. Best wishes, Tech

...and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was....
MATTHEW 2:9

May every joy of the Christmas season be yours and may the new year bring you happiness.

Tech, Eunice, Eric + Susan



Rochester N.Y.

Dec-22-24

My dear George

I hope you are having a good rest. I am getting ~~my~~ self to gether and for the firs time talked business with the old man this Morning I asked him to tell me just what there was to the trouble and made him go over all I said I had heard about it from peopl who were in

the dining room at the time but said I wanted to hear his story. I told him I would do just the same as you did offer to take his plate for a better helping for which you were not to blame in any way and that it was a mistake on our part that his breakfast went in that way. he did not know just what to say I told him I did not like to see him go. but that I could not see you go either so we had it out and I said so much if I told it all in this letter I would write all night however I told him he could do just as he pleased, that you could come back if you wished to. May went down town and could not believe I said so much. We will have to take an evening off to tell it all. however everything is O.K. and he does not want to go until next June 16th

I am so glad to feel better
hope you will get a good rest
and write to me. hope
your mother is well and all
the rest of your family
and hope you will have
a nice Xmas.

~~Very sincerely yours~~
A. J. H.

(P.S. As soon as you will have
a good rest and that your sister
will be better I and I had some
[illegible] that other something)

Seattle, Nov. 16, 1975

Dear George,

On Oct. 2 I underwent surgery: a transurethal resection of a bladder tumor. Convalescence during my 19 days at the Swedish Hospital was slow and painful. Now Alice is my nurse and since I am still weak and require much care we are not able to accomodate overnight guests in our apartment.

The best procedure for you to follow would be to arrive in Seattle on November 25 and spend the night at a hotel. We like the Vance Hotel reasonable with parking facilities. The next morning at 10:00 AM call at our apartment #202, at 1218 Terry Ave. Alice will then go with you to the Autoclub to transfer the title and to deliver the Toyota, arrange for your insurance coverage at that time. You need a street map of Seattle. We have been unable to obtain a decent one from the Seattle Auto Club. Perhaps a gas station can help.

Please confirm the date of November 26, at 10:00 AM of your arrival at our apartment, when businesses will be open.

See you soon
Affectionally
Fred.

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1959

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PAYROLL

Mr. George B. Van Schaack
2315 Tower Grove

St. Louis, Missouri

FRANK MERRILL
7250 BENNETT VALLEY ROAD
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

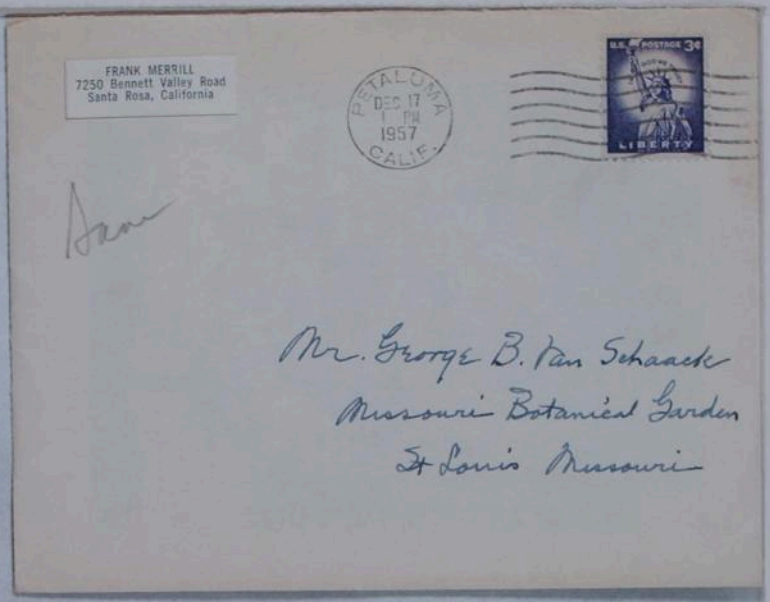
Feb.1,'59

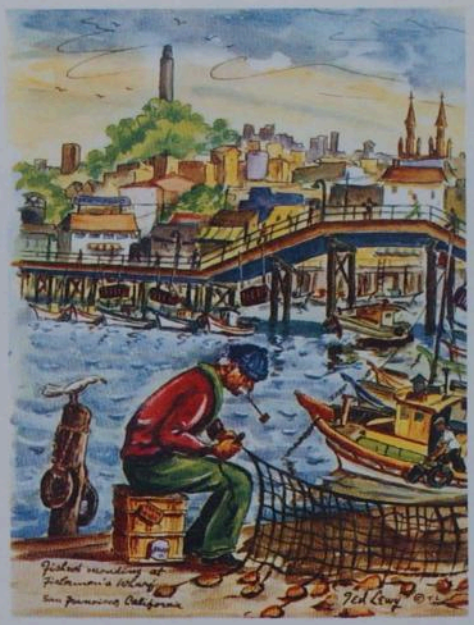
Dear George:

A blue sky day. Breezy. In the low 60's. Hills are green. Narcissus in full bloom. Mud. "Focus" came soon after your letter. I found it mucho bueno. Muchas gracias. Incidentally I'm puzzled about whether you had the chance of saving money, getting your own subscription free while subscribing for four friends for dough. It's a knotty problem. I must consult my abacus. But whatever the result I know, of course, that no shrewd wile prompted the deal. That's not your ilk. ------ Mr. Mannheimer is elated, almost lyrical, in telling of his physical improvement. And not only physical--mental, his power of concentration being much improved. Morally, I wouldn't know--but I suppose he's written to you all about it. He says that he has gained 14 pounds since you left--but please don't think it's because you left. Godsake. Heaven forbid. ------- Phase I of my Work Project in the redwoods is near its end. I'm now sawing up the fence--not the fence that encloses the pale, being mostly wire as it is, but the isolated rotting sections within its boundaries. -------- My health is good--oh, to be sure, I'm tottery, doddery, puttery and all that, but that's my norm. Richard has not yet lost cast. "It's the worst possible way to get plastered," writes a Minneapolis friend. Monty's as usual. Pete goes down with me to the redwoods every day, stopping only here and there at his favored peeing stations, but doesn't stay long, goes back after he's smelt around a bit.

Yours, Frank M.

(For full identification see above)





December 16, 1967

Dear George:

Sorry to report that I haven't yet found your glasses and light meter, in fact haven't searched for them yet, but each time I look at that big laurel I think I will. Did burn raking and moving the slope back of the ranch house (we're still here, expect soon to move) which I'm sure, judging from the rotten underlying mass of weeds, has never been done before. But I am constantly delaying the raking job by stooping to uproot this pestiferous species of mallow, a difficult operation unless one works his fingers beneath the surface knob of its long straight root. The roadside mullein, once gray green, has devolved to patches of reddish brown. The pyracantha and hawthorns are now but bare branches, but a few shrubs (you name them!) have come into flower. Most of the plants are taking their

To wish you a

Happy Holiday

Season

★

rest, though the geraniums are beginning valorously to blossom and the narcissus has come into full bloom, particularly in two long ranks on the easement roadside. I managed yesterday to glean a colorful bouquet of geraniums, crossal colors, and narcissus, a few belated chrysanthemums, some last-gasp calendulas, and a blazing yellow

September 4, 1978

We are gathered here today to mark the passing of Zeev Nehari. At such a time we are wont to ponder on the significance and impact of the life of a human being. In the case of Zeev Nehari, known to us all simply as Nehari, the impact was an exceptional one.

Nehari was endowed with remarkable gifts of personality, of character and of intellect. But he did not flaunt his own gifts and had contempt for those who did. Just a few weeks ago he was visiting at a university in California. There he was shown the office that had belonged to a prominent mathematician. The office had been maintained exactly as the man had left it when he died over a year previously, and the present occupant was surrounded by memorabilia of the deceased. Nehari succinctly revealed his opinion of such foolish vanity by employing the words of Tonio, the clown, "La comedia è finita."

His was a vigorous and forceful intellect with very broad interests and equally broad and strongly held opinions. I remember, in the course of a single evening, hearing him talk with detailed knowledge on Chinese history, on Middle East politics and on the French Revolution. Later that evening he revealed his enjoyment of the Japanese Science Fiction monsters appearing on late night television.

He was a consummate individualist who didn't shape his opinions according to the fashions of the times. He relished the give and take of informal debate and was prepared to afford the same respect to other opinions that he expected for his own.

Whether his opponent was a fledgling student or a senior colleague, Nehari disputed openly, fairly and vigorously. Even when destroying opposing arguments with gusto, he never confused the argument with the arguer. This was one of the traits which engendered the respect and love of all who had dealings with him.

However, he was not only a skilled debater but was an outstanding practitioner of the almost-forgotten art of good conversation. When he conversed with you his full attention was on you. He was a good listener as well as a marvelous speaker.

Nehari was much more than just a world-reknowned mathematician. He was a freedom fighter, an intellectual, an artisan, a raconteur, a superb teacher, a dear friend and a loving and adoring husband. He was an elegant human being, a true Renaissance Man.

His unfailing good taste and classic manners were not an ornament for display, but rather an innate part of his being. He had a profound effect not only on those who knew him well, but even on those who met him only once.

Many students have written their doctoral theses under Nehari's direction. Several of them have made great efforts in order to be here today. Other students have had him for but a single course. They all share a full-fledged respect and love for this teacher whose interest in his students far transcended the limited boundaries of course descriptions and classrooms. Although he had been ill, he was looking forward enthusiastically to teaching a calculus class of 150 students this fall. We who knew him realize what we have lost; those 150 students will never know what they have lost.

As a mathematician, Nehari was a world-reknowned expert in the areas of differential equations, calculus of variations, and function theory. He was the author of two books, one a successful text, the other a classic monograph. He was also an editor of the prestigious publication, Journal d'Analyse. Despite his prominence, he was easy to talk with, and gave freely to his colleagues and students. He was respected by his colleagues for his vast mathematical knowledge and his uncanny instinct for promising lines of research. His sound and balanced judgment in University matters was an invaluable asset to all of us associated with Carnegie-Mellon.

The greatest love of Nehari's life was his devoted wife, Varda. Together they created a beautiful and gracious home where they welcomed guests with warmth and hospitality. The respect and admiration he enjoyed in his professional sphere was augmented by the adoration and loving care that he received at home. For Nehari, his wife was his companion and support in all aspects of his life. He consulted her on everything, even discussing with her the detailed course of his mathematical research. He respected her opinion, treated her lovingly and with thoughtfulness. The relationship that existed between Varda and Nehari was most unusual, and their love for one another was a rare and beautiful thing to observe.

Nehari will live on in the memories of his wife Varda, his brother Zvi and family in Israel and the rest of us who knew and loved him. Certainly his mathematics will ensure his immortality.

Carnegie-Mellon University

College of Fine Arts / Department of Music / Robert Page, Head

CARNEGIE-MELLON UNIVERSITY BAROQUE ENSEMBLE

Robert Page, Conductor

Concerto in A Major for Guitar and String Orchestra . . . . . Handel
trans. Carlos Barbosa-Lima
James Ferla, Guitar

Concerto in B-Flat Major for Trumpet, Violin and String Orchestra . . . . . Vivaldi
Dino Calvarese, Trumpet
Rebecca Kita, Violin
Susan Melnick, Conductor

INTERMISSION

Gloria . . . . . Vivaldi
Gloria in Excelsis (Chorus)
Et in terra pax (Chorus)
Laudamus te (Duet for Two Sopranos)
Gratias agimus tibi (Chorus)
Propter magnam gloriam (Chorus)
Domine Deus (Soprano Solo with Oboe Obligatto)
Domine Fili Unigenite (Chorus)
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei (Contralto Solo with Chorus)
Qui tollis (Chorus)
Qui sedes ad dexteram (Contralto Solo)
Quoniam tu solus sanctus (Chorus)
Cum Sancto Spiritu (Chorus)

Lynne Engstrom, Soprano
Carolyn Valentine, Soprano
Myrna Paris, Mezzo-soprano
Michael Jackson, Oboe

This concert is dedicated to the memory of

Zeev Nehari
(1915-1978)
Eminent Professor of Mathematics at Carnegie-Mellon University
a Friend of the Department of Music
an advocate of the music of Antonio Vivaldi
In recognition of his outstanding human qualities,
scholarship and devotion to learning and teaching.

8:00 P.M.
November 15, 1978

Alumni Concert Hall
College of Fine Arts

Eighteenth concert of the 1978-79 series.

From: 1218 Terry Ave, Apt. 202
Seattle, Wash. 98101

SEATTLE, WA 981
PM
20 JUN
1977

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
1964 Harris
Eugene Ore. 97405

NEWTON, Richard M. 345-3579

1976 ~~Garden~~ Chemistry
~~Eugene~~ To Seattle 8-68

Resident Assistant

Interest Survey, 1966:
1. Clean up campaigns
2. Investigation of resource management practices
3. Photography
4. Displays and Exhibits
5. Telephone chain
6. Letter writing
7. Financial support

To control Scale:

Summer Oil (with care as to temperature)

Sevin - during growing season of plant

Diazinon - "

Malathion - "

Balsam Root & Butterfly

Yellow Balsam Root offers a soft spot to land for a waytaring butterfly.

Our Land

STAMP

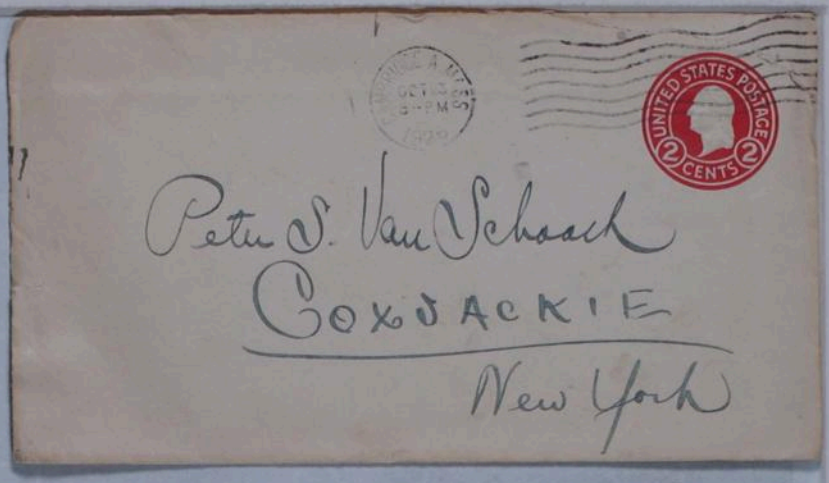
Postcard

Dr. George Ken Schaack:

May this butterfly & blossom be a herald to our Spring Happy Valentine's Day!

Heather Anderson
484-0251

Photography: Russell Kaine
OL-057-25



Friday evening.

Dear Grandpa,

I don't know why I shouldn't address a letter to you once in awhile so here goes. I wonder why I haven't heard from Carsaline in something over a week — probably lots to do will account for it. That's why I haven't written. It is only by a sort of luck that I have time to write tonight I expected to usher at a lecture

tonight, as I did on Wed. and last Friday, but the place has been changed as I am not needed.

I received my ballot the other day and am therefore all set to vote, aside from the fact that I have never heard of nearly everyone whose name appears on it. I hope my vote will go to the right party after all the trouble and especially after being sworn twice.

Last Sunday night three of us went over to Boston to a spiritualist meeting. None of us had ever been to one before and had no idea that we were going to a regular church service. The service opened much the same as in any church except that the scriptures were "according to Kipling," that is they read one of Kipling's poems. But after the offering instead of a sermon the minister held a seance, that is he gave messages from spirits to several of the people. The most noted spirit said to be present was that of the late Charles Eliot. Dr Woo

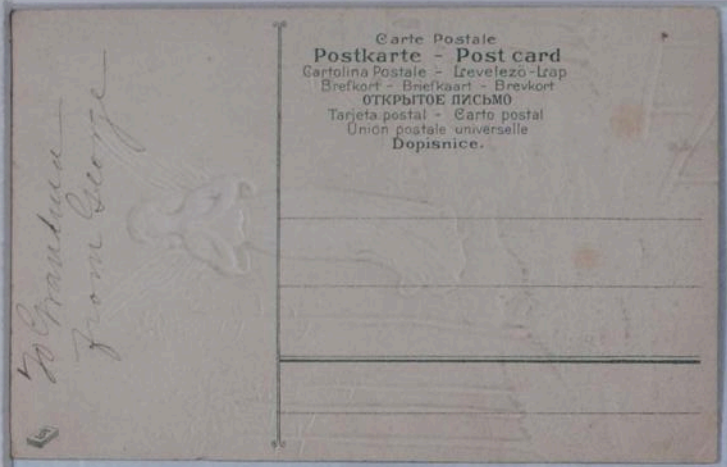
all quite queer and none of us was connected.

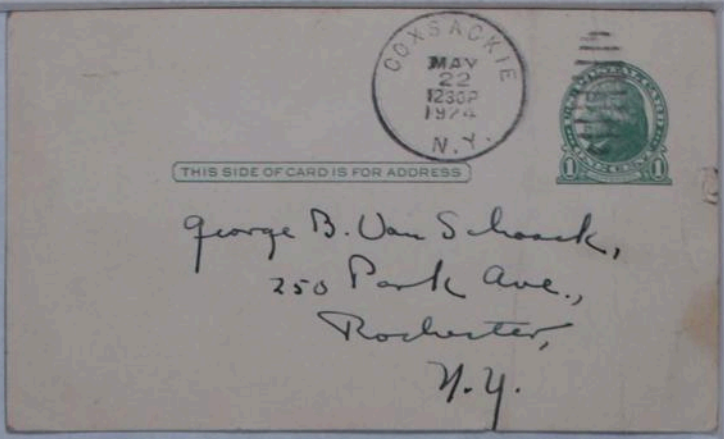
How is Beauty? I suppose I should not know her by now. Give her my best regards.

I hope you are all well.

Love to all

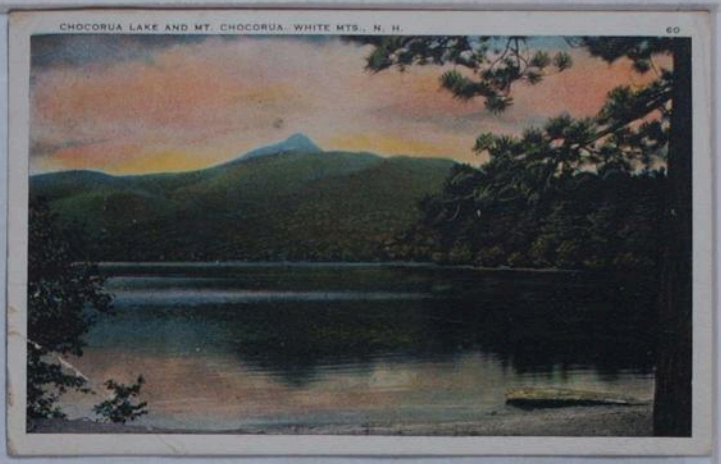
George.





Copenhill N.Y.
5/24/24

Say George —
You'd better come home for commencement and anyway I'll need an accompanist (right in the house) Commencement is the 24th (They dance after)
Hoping you come I am
Ton Irene.
Harold



THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES

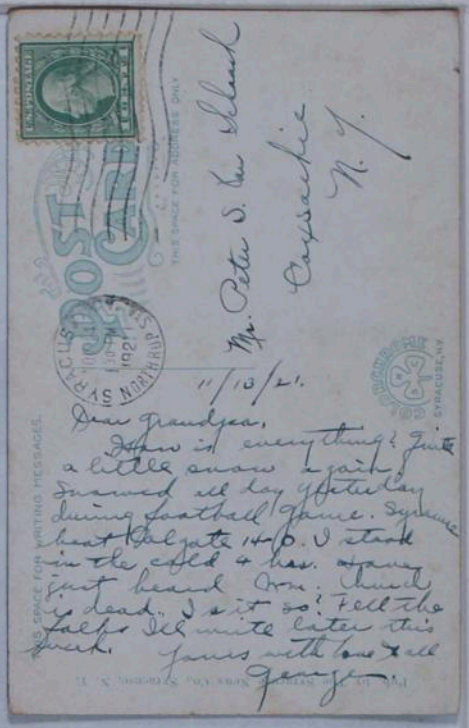
Saturday evening.

Dear Grandpa — Dan
writing this in the
Post Office at Chacorma
Village about five miles
from the high peak (3508')
in the distance he climbed
it this afternoon. Have
a nice room for the night.
We go back tomorrow.

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

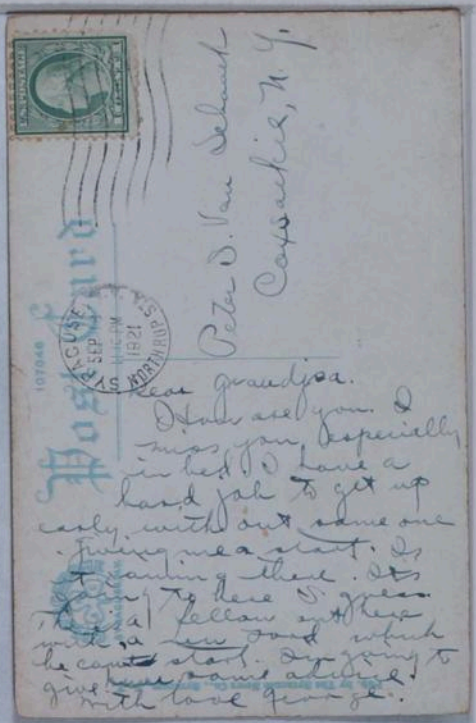
Mr. R. S. Van Velsor
Coxsackie
N.Y.

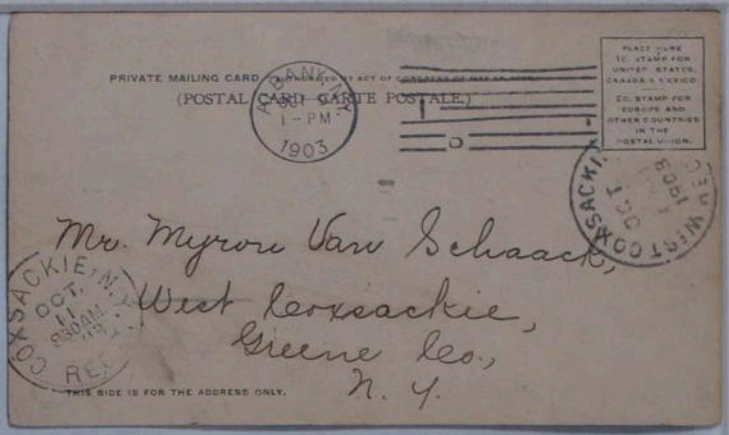


Mr. Peter S. Van Veland
Canajoharie
N. Y.

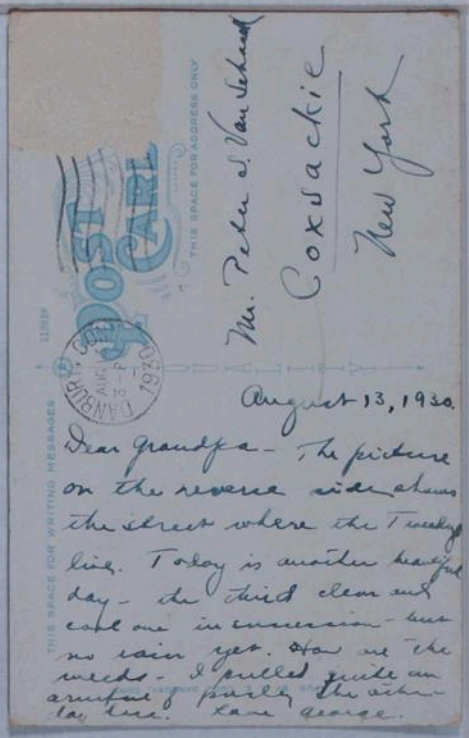
11/13/21.

Dear Grandpa,
How is everything? Quite a little snow again. Snowed all day yesterday during football game. Syracuse beat Colgate 14-0. I stood in the cold & has some just heard Don. Chuck is dead. Isn't it so? Tell the facts I'll write later this week. Yours with love & all
George





Dear Papa and Mama,
Please receive my
heartiest congratulations
and best wishes for
the little one's
happiness in life —
George
Your friend
10-8-03 L. Ray —



Mr. Peter J. Van Siekel
Coxsackie
New York

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

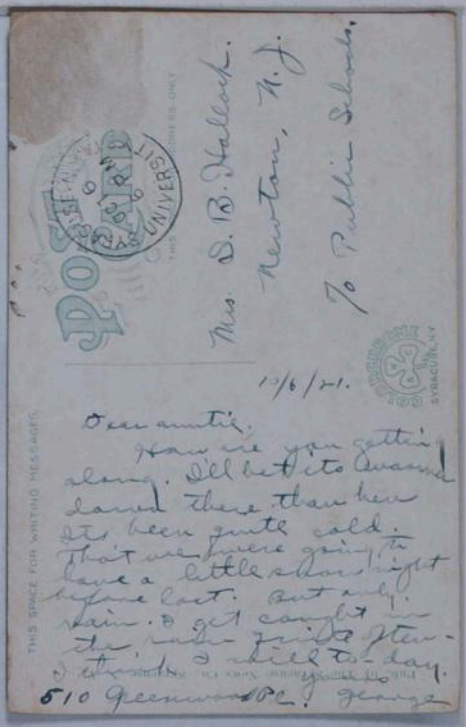
POST CARD

COXSACKIE AUG 13 1930

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES

August 13, 1930.

Dear grandpa - The picture on the reverse side shows the street where the Trolley line. Today is another beautiful day - the third clear and cool one in succession - but no rain yet. How are the weeds - I pulled quite an amount yesterday, the other day, too. Love George.



POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGE

Mrs S. B. Hallock.
Newton, N. J.
To Public Schools.

10/6/21.

Dear auntie.
How are you getting along. I'll bet it's awfully lonely there than here it's been quite cold. That we were going to have a little snow night before last. But only rain. I get caught in the rain twice yesterday. I think I will to-day.
510 Greenwood Pl. George

[28 June 1943]
Sunday afternoon

497 OTIS AVENUE
ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

Dear George:-

This week has been filled with so many extra activities that I felt frustrated in not being able to do the two things which were most important: practice on your fine piano and write to you. There were several exceptional concerts. The Italian Quartet and the Sadlers Wells Ballet were both memorable evenings.

As I wrote on that scrappy card the piano is an unusually fine instrument. I expected a good piano because of what you said, but I had no idea how completely satisfying it would be. The piano tuner took out the action and rounded off the hammers slightly. He

found no traces of moths and said it was much better preserved inside than outside. It is true there are a number of strange marks on the finish as if something had been spilled on it and not dried immediatily. However any blemishes on the finish can easily be made right. Added to the beautiful tone it is very comfortable to play. One evening when I was extremely tired I began to play about nine o'clock and an hour and a half went by with unbelievable speed and needless to say it gave me tremendous musical satisfaction and pleasure.

Hope had an enthusiastic letter from Mr Mannheimer. He sounded full of energy and good health and

497 OTIS AVENUE
ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

said he was enjoying Paris in between long hours of practicing. He will be happy to hear about the piano because he knew how difficult it was to make music on the one I had.

Our plans for the European vacation are beginning to have a clear pattern. We expect to sail February 6th on a Dutch boat landing at Le Havre. We will stay a short time in France before going to Italy. I have never been in Italy so the time will be filled to overflowing. Then back to Paris for the month of May and London for June, and finally other parts of England and Scotland. I can hardly believe it will happen.

The insurance policy came but it was made out in my name so it will be returned and corrected and sent to you. Hope called the Insurance Office and thought she gave explicit directions but it is obvious some one didn't understand.

Today the temperature was 62° which is extraordinary for Nov 15th in Minnesota. I trust you are having as good weather as we are, and that you are able to get out in the country and enjoy it.

I wish I could tell you how blessed I feel to have such an instrument as yours.

Sincerely yours
Frances-