Laura Jane Musser and Family Papers.

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Version 3
August 20, 2018

WHOSE COUNTRY IS
THIS — SHARPE -

NATIONAL CONFERENCE
OF CHRISTIANS & JEWS —
WHAT IS IT?

Hymns -

Hymns: 353 -
361
368
47

ORDER OF WORSHIP —

353 —
361 —
SABBATH WELCOME —
PRAYER —
ANNOUNCEMENTS
(2 SONGS) MISS LILLIAN SEELY —
NOLA STUDIOS RECITAL
APRIL 1ST - MME POLIA -
TALK - ONE GOD —

2 SONGS -

HYMN 47 —

CLASS PROGRAM

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

SCHOOL _____ CLASS _____

		PERIOD 1	PERIOD 2	PERIOD 3	PERIOD 4	PERIOD 5	PERIOD 6	PERIOD 7	PERIOD 8
TIME	FROM								
	TO...								
MONDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
TUESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
WEDNESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
THURSDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
FRIDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
SATURDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								

MANUFACTURED BY S. E. & M. VERNON, INC.

IT HAPPENED TO ME!

Part I

Notes on interesting people
I have met in my life time -

Part II

Notes on interesting places
I have been in my life time -

14,999

Part I

My first trip to Florida —

Mrs. Mary Bethune and the Ethiopian Princess —

The winter of the year When I was three years old, I was taken on my first long trip to Florida - Daytona Beach being the locality where we were ~~stopping~~ planning a six week's stay - Being such a little girl I cannot recall accurately my feelings about going on my first train ride. All I can remember is a tremendously huge black smoky engine having into view its whistle bellowing forth ~~defiance~~ resentment at being stopped at such a small station as little Mullen, Minnesota - my hometown - I clung fast to my nurse's hand as we boarded the train, and were shown to our drawing room in company with my ~~older~~ pony gen'dd sister, Mary, mother, father and grandmother - affectionately called "Gaga" by us children - Of course, everything on the train - our drawing room, sections etc. must have provided a great deal of entertainment to Mary & me - I can particularly remember how fascinated I was watching the porter "make up" our berths that first evening, and then again in the morning - making them disappear as

if by magic into nothing, and our regular seats take their place. Thus we spent three days & three nights in motion - the winter landscape giving way to green rolling hills & leafy trees - the scenery appearing more tropical as we journeyed southward - At noon on the fourth day we arrived in Jacksonville, changing to a little "inter-urban" that took us to Daytona and my first glimpse of an ocean - Our Hotel, The Clarendon, was built right on the edge of the beach of gleaming white sands, and a stones' throw away was the turbulent ocean - with the dashing waves looking like huge moving mountains of iridescent crystal - as they roared toward the beach to dissolve into little pools of water at one's feet -

Since our stay was a long one, we made many friends among the tourists at the hotel, and frequently attended the "social teas" for that purpose - at least the older people did - My sister & I were out on the beach most of the time without nurse building sand castles, and enjoying moments of brief popularity when we were fascinated by two small children ~~enjoying~~ playing happily together themselves as we were, would stop to play a moment with us -

One afternoon, as we were playing in this fashion, mother came to tell us that a very nice lady whom she had met at the "social tea" wanted to see us. Naturally, we were a little shy, ~~for~~ grown-ups always awed us a bit - for it usually meant a change into our best dresses, and assuming our best company manners - and so it was a few minutes later that our nurse brought us in - dressed in our best - to meet a tall, rather plump dark skinned woman. Standing next to her, holding her hand, was a tiny girl - dark-skinned like her companion - with shining black eyes, and a smile showing pearly white teeth - The lady also smiled, and we lost our shyness and smiled back. She then asked us if we would play with the little girl, and of course we said "Oh yes" - and had a very good time indeed playing dolls and the like - Much later, when we were able to understand, mother told us that the lady was Mrs. Mary Bethune, founder & head of the Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona; that the tea that afternoon was

held in her honor, and that the little girl with whom we were asked to play was an Ethiopian Princess attending the school. One of the ladies at the tea had suggested us as possible playmates for the little Princess - possibly because she had seen us having such a good time on the beach -

II

- My first trip to California -

~~Helen Keller and~~ Schumann Heinck -

& Helen Keller

As the winters in Minnesota were extremely cold, ~~Papa's~~ mentally ~~could~~ health was so poor, that a change of climate was usually recommended by our family doctor, so from the time I was three until I was ten or eleven, we usually went to California or Florida during the most severe of the cold months. The winter of the year I was six was the first time we went to California. By this time - being my fourth long train trip - I had gotten quite used to train riding - It was still something of a thrill, however, to see that big puffing engine looking for all the world like a dragon belching forth clouds of steam & sparks, and whistling defiantly at "small town" stations. The changing scenery flashing past the train windows made me feel as if I were riding a magic carpet, and when we reached the mountainous country, ~~as~~ a procedure like "crossing the continental divide" was enough to cause me a moment of sober reflection, altho I didn't know what it meant at the time; but the mountain scenery - snow capped peaks showing above the timber line - and smaller dun-colored rocky points with great fissures scarring their surfaces like so many wrinkles on an old maid's face - seemed to ~~come from~~ be fairyland itself - As the sun sank in the west the snowy peaks would reflect gold, crimson & rose with such abandon that the ecstacy of such a color view would hurt - then suddenly in the brilliance of day all would be black for a moment - and this meant a tunnel - something that filled my soul with a nameless dread - how these black holes could so suddenly blot out all that was good & beautiful & fine, was to me a mystery - yet, the sun & scenery would again appear just as suddenly - showing that behind darkness there is light. ~~even tho' we can't always see it.~~ ~~and~~ On the fourth morning, we reached California, and by

soon arrived in Pasadena. The Hotel Maryland was to be our home for the six weeks' period, and what was even more delightful, we were to have a bungalow on the hotel grounds all to ourselves - taking our meals in the hotel dining room -

There were a great many social activities at the hotel, and many times, excellent lectures and concerts would be given for the benefit of its guests. Of course, Mary and I still not go to the evening ones, but sometimes we were allowed to go to the Children's opera in the afternoons, as well as have an afternoon concert.

One day, it was announced that Schumann Heink would sing at the hotel, and when the afternoon of the concert arrived - the hotel ballroom was filled to overflowing - Two little girls, dressed alike in pink, were sitting in the front row - their hearts beating excitedly - As the time for the concert arrived, a hush fell on the audience - The stage lights went on, and presently, a charming grey haired, rather plump woman dressed in a black lace gown and carrying a black lace and spangled fan walked across the stage & take her place in the curve of the grand piano -

The accompanist began the air of a well known German cradle song - and I thrilled right to the tips of my blue garter leather shoes - Dimly, as if in a far off dream, I heard again the humming that melody - oh so long ago. I thought in the sophistry of my 6 years - There were many other beautiful songs - but no mother called them - during that afternoon but that cradle song stole my heart. Through it all, they marvelled little lady was her audience as have sure no one do since, and long after the conclusion of her program graciously gave several encores to satisfy the terrific clamor of applause. Once or twice, as she bowed, I thought she saw my sister & me, as she seemed to gaze directly at us, and this fancied attention thrilled us beyond words - As she was taking her last bow, however, her fingers lost their grip on her handkerchief, and it fluttered to the floor almost at our feet. With a ~~startled~~ gasp, I

jumped down from my seat
and picked it up, without stopping
to think, I darted through the door at the left
of the stage through which I had seen Madame
Nikisch go. I could hear one of the ushers crying
out to another "to stop that kid" - but I was on
my only thought being to return Madame Nikisch
handkerchief to her - ahead I saw Madame
just entering her dressing room, and
panting, ~~my face very flushed~~, I reached
her just as the ushers came up to grab me -
"Please", I gasped, "here is your handkerchief" - then
overcome with embarrassment I began to cry -
Madame bend over, putting her arm around
my shoulders and drawing me gently to her,
thanked me for bringing her handkerchief.
"You are scared this baby", she said to the ushers in
her ~~German~~ German-accented ~~velvety~~ voice, "Now, please go &
find the child's parents" - Sorrowfully, but they
left, when my mother, nurse & sister made
their appearance accompanied by the hotel &
concert managers - I was so glad & relieved to see
them that I have no clear recollection of what
happened after that, save what the reviews
assembled thought of my escapade.

A few days later, Mary & I were
taken to the hotel to hear Helen Keller
talk. I do not remember much about the
talk, for half the time I could not understand
what was being said. The deaf speak in a
peculiar monotone, the sound of their words
often slurred, making them indistinguishable.
There was a reception & tea given for Miss
Keller afterwards, to which mother took us
on the promise of good behavior. However,
we felt quite shy when our turn came to
meet Miss Keller - even more so as
her slender graceful fingers, touched our
hair & faces gently as she made our
acquaintance - I have since read the
"Story of My Life" by Helen Keller several times,
and marvelled at the courage & tremendous will
power she ~~exerted~~ exercise - I have tried to imagine what
it must be like to be both blind & deaf -
and shudder uncontrollably, as I try to lift out
sight & sound - How often we take for granted
and abuse those splendid privileges God

gave us, and how ~~much~~ sickly those of us who have ~~health~~ perfect health are blessed.

To this day I can remember the tall, slender, brown haired lady I saw so long ago. Her gaciousness and charm of manner, put many of us more fortunate ones to shame.

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III

The Day I met Santa Claus

"Chicken pox" the Doctor told mother, with an ominous shake of his head that boded no good to my ~~nine year~~ old ears, as I lay in bed with an achy throat and flushed face. The ~~thought~~ worst of it was that it was a month before Christmas, and my head was bursting with Xmas secrets that only a nine year old can think up; and now, here I was unable to carry them out the way I wanted to. "It's all Mary's fault", I sobbed, with my head on mother's shoulder. "But Darling", mother said with forced cheerfulness, "Mary couldn't help getting sick, any more than you could, and you'll be up by Christmas Week, if you'll be a good girl, and not cry." My answer was to lie back on my pillow with a watery smile for mother's benefit for I knew, by the state she, must be under with two of us to look after, sister Mary was almost over her quarantine period. Moreover, as the first week of my illness left me extremely itchy and fretful and in constant need of attention as to nothing lotions on my rash, and diversion for my mind, mother's

fortunate was sorely tried for in addition, my grandmother had taken a bad cold. There was nothing ~~for~~ it but to get a nurse, and so accordingly one was found. The day she came mother explained to her that in addition to looking after grandmother, it would be a tremendous help if she could look after one some of the time. Though mother knew I disliked ~~strangers~~ fortune hunters, for they bored me quite crazily ~~but upon this~~, ~~and in past years~~ had been friends with children when one had taken care - Miss Erb, though, was equal to the task, and really proved to be more of a companion than a nurse for she knew how to keep me entertained. ~~Gradually~~ As grandmother got better, Miss Erb took more care of me, and no one not even mother, could read as delightfully as she. Even the medicine became enjoyable, mixed as it was with stories. The days ~~was~~ flew and the time Miss Erb stayed with us passed very agreeably. Miss Erb arrived, in short, that made the ~~remaining~~ remaining weeks of my illness some of the most happy I have ever experienced. My gray bed friend had also been infected with chicken pox, and as her mother, a dear friend of my mother's, was

unable to have her home quarantined for the full period, my mother very graciously offered to take Helen into our home for the last half of the quarantine period. As Helen had been taken ill the same time as I, there was little or no danger in the transfer. We both had the disease lightly, so Helen was moved into the bed I previously occupied by sister Mary who was now up and about. Did two little girls ever have as much fun as we did? I doubt it. The days never seemed long enough for us to do all the things we wanted to, and as Christmas was fast approaching, we made any number of ornaments for our Xmas tree, and whispered, with many giggles, the delightful surprises we were planning for the others. Of course Miss Erb figured in our secrets to a great extent for it was she who had to buy the little odds & ends to make our plans complete. Helen was to go home two days before Xmas, and as we were up and about by Xmas week, mother decided

to give a Xmas party for her comrades, since we were yet unable to participate in any of the neighborhood activities. The party was given the last night of Helen's stay, and the house looked like fairyland. Jack Frost had done his best to paint the windows with his finest & most intricate designs. Inside, there was a roaring fire in the livingroom fireplace, and the mantlepiece had a real little sleigh with a toy sign of St. Nick driving a team of tiny reindeer, their great drifts of cotton snow, sparkling with tinsel. At the windows hung holly wreaths with little candles in their centers arranged round the room were my dolls dressed in their best. Even Rag, old Raggedy Ann, by now sadly dilapidated looked as if she too had absorbed the spirit of Christmas for her shoe button eyes fairly gleamed in the firelight. The dining room table & lights had been decorated with Helen's & my home made ornaments, and the sight of the little candy basket, popcorn chains, lamp covers, and little paper dolls, over which we had worked so hard made us glow with pride. After dinner, Mother sat down at the piano, and Mary, grandmother, Helen, Miss Erb, Daddy & I sang Xmas carols. At their conclusion, games were played, but Helen and I felt that through it all something was about to happen, for twice mother would leave us to go to the window & look out. When we asked her about it she replied mysteriously that she had heard that Santa Claus was going to visit us in person that evening. This made Helen, Mary & me laugh for we had ceased to believe in a personal Santa Claus, but still we felt a little pointed about guessing who would be playing the part. All at once, at the height of our fun the doorbell rang — the sound coming as it did startled us out of our wits, and in my confusion I hid under the piano. Helen & Mary were too surprised to move, and stood by the door with their mouths open as a strange, cotton-robed gentleman, dressed in red buckskin with white cotton, with a great sack on his back, made his way into the hall. At the sight of him, Mary suddenly began to giggle. "I know who you are," she cried, "You're our dentist, Dr. Fawley."

much to the little Santa's discomfiture — Then Helen, too, began laughing so heartily and making such a spectacle of herself that everyone asked her what was so funny. "It's you," she gasped, "the silliest Santa I had herself under the piano." Mother & Miss Erb presently brought me into view, — tousled & very ashamed. — "You don't have to laugh," I said vitriolically, "you were just as scared as I." "Never mind Helen," Mother smoothed my hair & straightened my sash. "Well it's true," I retorted, and then I began to giggle as the humor of the situation dawned on me. Despite the unmerciful teasing was as jolly as a Santa could possibly be, and left us each with a box of Kings candy & "Merry Xmas" singing in our ears — as we stole out giggling into the night. Later when mother tucked me into bed that night, I whispered to her my arms around her neck — "I guess Santa Claus really came into my life the day God gave me you & daddy."

IV

Little Falls gets Placed on the Map —

The summer of 1927 brought two notable happenings into my already eventful life — One was my first outing at a girls camp — that, much to the first separation from my family, the other was the first solo "night flight made in the Spirit of St. Louis" by Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh. That night he swept over and early turns in Little Falls. The only child of Senator & Mrs. Lindbergh he had been brought to their small country home when he was a few months old. Their lovely country home — a white Colonial 19th century affair was two or three miles out of town on the west bank of the Mississippi. The Lindbergh's were not what one would call "money minded" — the Senator was usually away, and Mrs. Lindbergh, a most beautiful woman, so shy and reserved and so individualistic in her behavior that she was labeled a "character" by those with whom she would come in contact. Two of the troughs who knew her were forever the victims of her biting humor — as it was

usually at their expense — Mrs. Lindbergh
was a born actress and nothing delighted
her more than to take off her unwitting
neighbors. There was the Congregational
minister for instance — Rev. Dodge, a
most dramatic speaker who caught on
to the cadence of sermons over the words of the
Bible — and there was Mrs. W.
the town's second lady — Mrs. W.
a devoted patron of the arts, had done much
to raise the cultural standards of Little Falls,
by promoting concerts, lectures etc. and building
the town's first concert hall. But like most
small towns, Little Falls had been slow to
respond to this cultural stimulus, even at times
resisting it — if it meant the spending of too
much money. Women, Mrs. W.
had one staunch supporter. There was inevitably but
with the service club, would stimulate in her
desire to take part in it herself, and thus she
took up voice — studying Italy at home and
abroad. It cannot be said that her efforts without
time were successful, the result might have
been a good choir voice had she chosen
to use it in that way, but her desire to
be heard as soloist overcame her sense
of discretion, and the little Falls people
unfortunately had to be the recipient of some
rather strong doses of her kind of music, in
payment for their civic good she had done
for the town in helping it attract summer
Music "concerts" of hers would figure two or
three times a year. At one of these concerts
she had worn a new Paris suit — much too
showy for good taste. My mother, in telling me
the story described it for me in light and shade with
a gift of drawing. Around the neck was a long long
chain of cross-eyes of fancy made. Having already
offended her audience with this gaudy apparel,
she proceeded to offend it still more by being in
flagrant disregard for time — so much so that she
had to stop her accompanist three times in succession
to begin her number. Mother of Mrs. Lindbergh
had been there, and never had mother
felt so embarrassed for a performer —
What Mrs. Lindberg thought of the matter

her mind been very seen to wander, for a week or so later, she gave one of her infrequent receptions. Among her guests were mother & Mrs. W. After refreshments, the guests repaired to the living room to find it adorned in the manner of an auditorium, with chairs facing the closed folding doors into the reception hall. On tiptoe they had not long to wait until the folding doors parted. Before them stood Mrs. Findlay dressed in the garb of a mendicant. The pathetic, despairing look into her heart-rending, revealed the poor invalid Mrs. W. and as she was still present the guests received the circumstance very much. Mrs. Find. then went attired through school age of Bruce — about as much as 20 years for the a short entire morning, she appeared dressed in a red flannel petticoat, bright pink silk shirtwaist. Around her neck was an iron cross — with a cord to go over her arrangement, she left forth a hymn of school, followed by an ecstatic "aide" to the accompaniment to begin again." One could have heard a pin drop — the room was

as still, but Mrs. W. rose, magnificently to the occasion by chiming vociferously — There were many at the back "shuts" on the part of Mrs. Findlay, so it was no wonder that everyone felt a little afraid of her — Her son, Charles, as a boy was moody, quiet, & extremely diffident. On school he always sorts out his recitations with three recite, and did not make friends easily. Consequently, no one knew how well it all played a family named Engstrom who kept a grocery store. Charles Findlay spent most of his free time in the store, but no one knew much about the Engstroms, nor had any interest in them. It came with something of a shock to read some vague letters in the papers that Charles Findlay, who had long since left Little Falls, had accepted the challenge to fly non-stop from New York to Paris — The years between his departure and the news in the papers had seen the making of an accomplished flying aviator — Little Falls was all agog. "Would he?" or "Won't he" was on everyone's lips — The day he accomplished this daring flight

Little Dells, with a volleys of fire whistles, horns & what not, he hardly go with an abrupt that was only matched later by Lindbergh's return to the town of his youth. Such was the glamour of fame that everyone claimed to be a bosom friend of his. His teacher who still taught at the high school recited anecdotes of prowess & his wonderful intelligence, popularity etc. - As the more he returned the town became, the more fantastic grew the stories. After all, this was Little Dells one & only claim to notoriety. I never shall forget the day he returned. Mother was on the women's reception committee, and from 10 AM on, until midafternoon we were all at the fair-grounds — which embraced a large enclosed infield. We had saw the speck of a Ford — a gleaming silver bird in the blue sky, circled around, and few of us were unmoved by tears as we saw our hero, by now a tall clean cut brown haired man get out of his cockpit & walk to the ground to be met by a well nigh of an entire town gone mad. Such parade, and general confusion followed, as he was driven off in the Mayor's car, as has not been seen since.

In the evening there was a grand banquet, my first for an important celebrity - at our leading hotel, and loaded with speeches & toasts in fruit punch (this was during Prohibition) the hour of its breaking up was late indeed. My mother being the Pres. had been entertaining out of town guests, and they were of course invited to the banquet. Wild Bran Hewitt of the event, we were taken in our best best. We had enjoyed dinner with Lindy.

Some ten years later Col. Lindbergh visited Little Dells with his wife, Ann Morrow Lindbergh. He telephoned mother to ask if he might bring his wife to meet her. As it was near lunch time she asked them to stay for the meal. But when he & his wife arrived they were not alone for the Engstrom, the first people they had called on, came with them. Anne Lindbergh was, without doubt, one of the loveliest & most interesting women I had ever met. She was tiny - scarcely 5 ft. tall. She had brown hair drawn softly back into a bun and her large smiling warm brown eyes had a

hint of sadness in their depths - Eight years ago, she had lost her first born, a son, in a tragedy that aroused the world - and subsequently placed kidnapping with the most [illegible] the most despicable of crimes punishable by death. Everyone in America knows this story - the agony of the parents, the unpaid for kotowness of the press, and the hunting morbidity of sensationalists. Sorrow too, had visited Col. Lindberg in the youthfulness - we gazing his hair and we thought more reserved and withdrawn than before - Still a real joy lit up his face as he greeted mother affectionately. As for Anne Lindberg, her eyes took in our home, and something in them gleamed, as she softly said, "This is a beautiful home, Mrs. Musser. One could never feel a stranger here for love is reflected everywhere." This visit lasted well into the afternoon and throughout this stay I felt that Anne Lindberg that day had found something in this visit - perhaps in mother's beautiful serenity of spirit, and her genuine kindly interest in people - or in the deep seated sincerely rich love of both my parents that went into the making of our home - that must have restored his faith in human nature - for he left us in a much lighter frame of mind -

A few minutes after their departure, we heard the throbbing drone of an airplane overhead - Looking up, we saw the plane make three circles around our home - then vanished into the gathering dusk -

V

The Crown Prince & Princess of Sweden

One day in the summer of 1925 it was announced that the train of the Crown Prince & Princess of Sweden, who were then touring America, would make a short stop in Little Falls en route. Minnesota is predominantly populated by Swedish & Norwegian Americans, and the Swedish American were of course highly elated by the good will tour. Everywhere in the state some kind of celebration was planned, and Little Falls was no exception. It is very seldom that a small town is favored in this way, and the thrill that was in every inhabitant's soul was reflected in their faces as they planned how best to welcome visiting royalty. Of course we children wanted to take part too, and several of us tried to buy Swedish flags from our Swedish American friends with which to greet their majesties. One little girl, June Holm, daughter of a Swedish American family, was to hand over a gift by presenting their Majesties with a huge bouquet of flowers from us all. "She," the next of us children reflected rebellionsly, "would be the only child to have personal contact with the Royal couple while we had to stand on the side lines. Still, we would be seeing them even if we couldn't shake hands."

Finally, the eventful day arrived and all us children had been up since dawn. At noon we were all assembled at the station, dressed in our best. The mayor was there, and he looked very, very important in his dress suit & high silk hat. It wasn't long before we heard the engine whistle, and the train, presently rounding a curve, pulled into the station in such a way that the observation platform faced us. On it stood their royal highness, smiling graciously at the assembled throng. We children thought the young Crown Princess & her royal consort the most handsome couple we had ever seen. To us they seemed like the kings in our fairy tale books, and we looked at them adoringly. Then the mayor made a speech of welcome, and little June was brought forward with her huge bouquet of flowers, and lifted up high enough

to put the bouquet into the Princess's outstretched hands with an appropriate greeting in Swedish. However, the sight of all our childish faces eagerly upturned, and reflecting our disappointment in not also being allowed to greet his Majesty, was too much for the Princess to resist, for with a word to her body guard, we were asked to please come forward, and be lifted up to shake hands. It must have been something to see some fifty youngsters being lifted up to have our little hands tightly held by this charming lady. I can see the loving picture on her part, and a deep impression on all of us, and make a memory long to be retained by those of us fortunate to be present.

Further Memories of Cal.

VI

I Visit the Home of the Royal Historian of Oz.

California, and New York City are the links between reality & fantasy. At least they are to me. As a child who loved fairy tales and romance of the imaginative kind, these two places seemed to me to be the ones where everything is possible. Since we spent so many winters in California, we naturally saw a good many interesting places. I always felt that the people who planned California must have loved children, for their way any number of amusements to keep children happy. Their zoo entrance, Bush garden not far from Pasadena that was prettily laid out with scenes from fairy tales. Statues of Goldilocks, Red Riding Hood, Alice in Wonderland, Snow White, and Dorothy of Oz were scattered about in such a natural way that they seemed to have come there of themselves. Only remaining as statues until dark when in the absence of people, they would come

everything in Oz happen

to life to hide until dawn - there was Brookside Park commercial Redondo like New York's Central Park - with lakes, zoos, & outdoor gymnasiums for children - there were the regular amusement parks, with their scenic rides, & manifactured magic carpets, there were the Children's Theatre & zoo, & then the wonderful beauty of California itself - with the ocean, mountains, orange groves, flowers, forests, lakes, and general landscape - inviting to the explorer & outdoor sportsman - In California Nature seems to have lavished as far as climate & such natural beauties displayed - It was naturally a fairyland come true to my sister & me. Now we had the bird trips to Catalina Island - and the glass bottomed boat rides where one could glimpse through the crystal clear of the ocean into the endless life - who knew but what a mermaid might be hiding behind some sea shrub - waiting to give us with her most captivating smile, tour around life under the sea - Sometimes a sea diver would plumb the ocean depths for an abalone shell before our delighted eyes - There were too, horseback rides on mountainside, where the horse would pick its way precariously down hill, & the rider had to hang on to the saddle for dear life to keep from sliding off - sometimes a sudden mountain storm would so obliterate the trail in a muddy sea, that we would have to wait for hours until the trail was dry enough to be considered safe. There were the auto trips to points of interest - Eagle rock, nature's own interpretation of an eagle in flight on the side of a huge bare stone. The Spanish Missions at Mt. Rubidoux & Santa Barbara with their catacombs - The ostrich farms, where the birds were so tame one could ride them, lie back & hitch them to a wagon, and laid their huge light brown ish speckled eggs in the sand. Yet were the biggest things I have seen. There were the alligator farms & fox farms. There were the frequent trips to Long Beach & Santa Monica for ocean bathing, and the memorable ride we took, which we shared with the Chief of Police of Los Angeles in his car, all because he took pity on our distress at missing the boat to Catalina. Is it any wonder we children

considered California fairy land? Even Dorothy Gale's Adventures in our favorite book, "The Wizard of Oz", didn't surpass the wonderful things that we experienced, so it was with no great surprise to us that mother announced one morning that she learned that Mr. L. Frank Baum, author of the Oz Stories lived in the suburbs of Hollywood and that it might be fun to call on him. Mr. Baum had been an intimate friend of my grandfather, Mr. Peter Mauro, who had assumed the financial responsibility for the publication of the books. On arriving at his home in a fine part of the residential district we were met by his housekeeper, Mrs. Juin - a name that made my sister and me giggle. Mrs. Juin, a semi-faced, acid looking lady, stiffly said, told us that Mr. Baum had died six years before, and in manner implied that we were far from welcome - specially we children. Mother gently told her that my sister & I were far from curious, and would not touch anything we were not supposed to. She took her down on ground - father's connection with Mr. Baum, and how we adored the Oz stories so much so that if we were permitted to just look at a "first edition" we would be the happiest & most grateful children alive. Mother's beauty, culture, and gentleness of manner produced a remarkable change in Mrs. Juin, for with a muttered apology, she let us in, further informing us that Mr. Baum was out, and would be sorry to miss our call, but we would be welcome to look around, and so it was that on that day the "Oz books came alive to us", as we reverently handled the beautiful first edition of The Wizard of Oz, and admired its now old fashioned pictures embossed with gold & bronze ink. Even the chapter headings were "illuminated". On the wall above Mr. Baum's desk were on either side framed pictures of two lovely little girls - one a little older than the other - they looked to be about Mary's & my ages, and when we asked Mrs. Juin Who they were, she told us they were his nieces, who had inspired the characters of Dorothy & Ozma.

Later, back at the Hotel, when we were about to sit down for dinner, the

had written brought to our table two small white boxes which had Mrs's own name on them. We believe they had been brought to the hotel by messenger. Of course we were pretty excited, and eagerly raised the lids. What we saw inside caused us to exclaim in delight - for carefully done up in tissue paper to keep them fresh were two of the loveliest corsages of orchids, some small cattleyas, and heliotrope, we had ever seen - and on the enclosed cards had been written "to my dear little visitors - a bit of my garden - with sincerest wishes - Mrs. L. Frank Baum."

"The Candy Man" -

Mr. Huff was head-gardener at the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena, California, ~~where we spent so many of our winters during my childhood~~. A tall, thin, white haired man with a beard, he presented a most fascinating appearance to my childish eyes. He also, more wonderfully still, claimed a second-cousin relationship with Santa Claus - and was on excellent terms with the old gentleman - so he said - There was something awe-inspiring about Mr. Huff - for in addition to his age which he states was 95, he wore black when we saw him - This made him look a bit austerous, and made us children a little afraid of him. He must have sensed this, for every evening - just at dusk - he could be heard singing this little gem - his voice growing louder as he came up the walk -

'Candy, sweet candy -
If I had candy,
What a happy little child I would be -

This was all the inducement we needed, for

from the bungalows, we children would come running to meet him, and receive a lolly pop or a little sack of gum drops with the injunction "to eat them after supper - not before". If there were a few minutes to spare before meal time, he would teach us simple riddles and games, or tell us stories about Santa Claus - adding that one day soon he hoped to pay a visit to this jolly cousin of his, and help him make gifts for the children he so dearly loved. Is it any wonder that Mr. Huff became the most popular ~~and most beloved~~ person of the Hotel during the tourist season? The grown ups liked him because he kept their children so happily entertained, and of course we children adored him to the point of overcoming our fear of his "Karloffian" appearance - If a child were ill, Mr. Huff would find out about it, and a book or little basket of fruit, or nosegay of flowers would be found on the doorstep of the invalid - In three or four years, after this kindly old gentleman would be at the Hotel, eager to greet those of us who returned, and then one season, we missed him -

but we knew why we would never see him afraid or hear his voice. The explanation was simple - He had gone to the North Pole to pay Santa the visit he was always talking about making, and no doubt to this day, he and his jolly cousin are hard at work planning ways to make the appearance of Childhood the happiest a person can know - Even now ~~their memory of him is still revived - I can~~ ~~see him coming to me - a tall stalwart figure with white hair & beard.~~ Then once more a child - dusk is just falling, and faintly, on the evening breeze - I hear "Candy, Sweet candy" - getting louder, as the "candy-man" comes up the walk - a tall white haired bearded man dressed in black -

"Musical Memories -

"Hodie"

Music has always played an important part in my life - so much so that it seems as if nine tenths of my activities are in one way or another guided by its influence. As a baby, I was always sung to sleep, so mother tells me, and while still an infant I could "carry a tune" correctly. My mother, herself a musician, played the piano remarkably well, and long before most children begin music lessons, I had already learned the rudiments of piano, and had acquired a knowledge of the music of various composers such as Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and Grieg - as my mother had a fine music library. There was also a victrola; and records of operatic arias sung by outstanding opera stars of the so-called Golden Age; instrumental works etc. provided me with many happy hours of enjoyment - In addition, we used to ~~like~~ have a small concert series in Little Falls, and frequently, my mother was asked to entertain the artists at our home - Nothing gave me more pleasure than to meet these ~~wonderful~~ people. Any one who could perform music well in public was idolized by me - even though now, as I look back upon those concerts, I realize some of them were pretty poor - judged by our present standards -

But at that time, I had not reached the age of discrimination, so my hero worship was strong for all who could make music. My earliest remembered ambition was to be a singer like my aunt, my father's sister - who had distinguished herself by becoming a protegé of the late Claudio Muzio of the Chicago Opera co - Aunt S. possessed a fine mezzo - soprano, and how I loved to hear her sing. I soon found out, however, that, despite the fact that I could carry a tune, I had no voice - even tho' mother insisted that I had a sweet childish soprano ~~voice~~, and once had me take voice lessons from a pupil of Laurence Tibbett - It was, therefore, no surprise to me, when, after three or

four lessons the teacher didn't come back. I didn't care - because I had now centered all my energies into piano study. If I couldn't be a singer, I could be a pianist - I reflected. But here, too, I reached a snag - I had had so many different piano teachers while I was growing up, and no two taught alike, or wanted to have me retain what I had learned from the previous instructor, that I was extremely confused, and so retarded in finger development, that each time a new teacher took over, I had to begin at the beginning. This irritated me beyond words, and I implored mother to let me stop for a while - however, about this time, mother had found another teacher, Miss Johnson, who promised that if she could do nothing for me, she would be frank, and not force me to go on. With that assurance I began working with her, and found after a few weeks of lessons, that I had progressed more during this short time than I had with all the other teachers combined, because along with the technique she was teaching me appreciation of the composers I was studying - infusing the proper expression I learned with a meaning that stimulated my interest. She also advised mother to have me attend as many outstanding concerts in Minneapolis as possible - and so I began attending symphonies, instrumental & vocal concerts - As Minneapolis was a two hour drive, it was not possible to attend many of these performances, but the ones I did manage to hear, gave me new energy for my work, and satisfied my ever increasing hunger for good music. One day, my teacher announced that a young Russian Jewish girl pianist, Golda Rosoff, was given a recital in St. Cloud - a town, of 30,000 inhabitants. St. Cloud was a much better center for music societies than Little Falls and in recent years has enjoyed the patronage of the Civic Concert association - The Recital was to be held at the St. Cloud Teachers College auditorium, and it was decided to have as many Little Falls students of Miss Johnson's as possible attend the concert - Miss Johnson knew Golda well as Golda was a pupil of her teacher, Mr. Kuyper, of Minneapolis Mc Phail School of Music. When we reached the

auditorium we found it almost filled, but there were some good seats left fortunately. That concert turned out to be one of the most important I had ever heard, and was later to have a profound influence on my life.
Gelda was just thirteen, and [illegible] the most beautiful young girls [illegible] - On the stage she looked tall and carried herself like a queen. She had black hair worn in a shoulder length bob - clear creamy skin, and her hands had long shapely slender fingers - She wore a pale green taffeta floor length gown - with a square neck and puffed sleeves - around her wrist was a sash of pale pink velvet - with long streamers down the back. Her poise, for one so young, was the most perfect I had ever beheld, and her gracious charm of manner put many older artists to shame - and the music - how can one describe such artistic perfection as she enthralled throughout her program? All I knew was that there were moments of such poignant beauty that I wept. To this day I have never heard a piano recital that moved me so deeply - Under the witchery of her flying fingers the piano came alive, and almost intimate insets relationship with the audience. If ever the soul of Music for me breathed forth this was the time - I might add, at this point that years later when I first heard Marian Anderson, the great Negro contralto sing, I again experienced that same unusual thrill. When Gelda's concert was all an end, the awakening of my soul to reality, was painful to the extreme. I could hardly rise from my seat to follow the others. If I had had my way, I would have gone for a walk by my self - but as it was, I had to become one of the crowd. As Miss Johnson knew Gelda, we were all taken back stage - the first time I ever went back stage to meet a performer. I was nervous and ill at ease - What on earth could I say except "thank you" to someone like that? but I had not have worried. Off stage Gelda was as much like one of us, and as charming and easy to get on with as an old friend. She was much smaller than she appeared on the stage. Her eyes were the most

unusual shade of green, and lent her face an almost unearthly beauty, fringed as they were with long black lashes - She looked not unlike ~~nearly like~~ Sir Walter Scott's description of Rebecca in Ivanhoe. A friend of mine, Isabel Lewis, niece of Sinclair Lewis, the author, had attended the concert and she & her family were entertaining Golda & her parents at their home for a few days - Isabel was giving a reception for Golda and invited all her friends who had come from Little Falls for the concert - At the reception we had further opportunity to become better acquainted with Golda, and were more & more enchanted by her personality. Far from being stuffy or aloof, she welcomed the chance to make friends, and not so much as hinted about her work. Like all high school girls we discussed our dresses, our teachers, & our "faves"; and we found much to our delight that she had the same Trial you Satin Reader that we had had the previous year. There were many other such incidents that drew us closer together, and when it came time to say "good-bye", it was with real regret that we left - begging her as we did so to please write, - and not forget us - Yet, there were those of us - on the drive home - who primly stated that "nothing good would come of mixing with a Jewess".

More reminiscences about Golda –
The meeting with Golda at the Fawn's Reception marked the beginning of a beautiful friendship that lasted until her death five years later –

~~Golda's concert, and the reception at the home of Mr. Fawn, where I had the opportunity of meeting Golda~~

no one least of all myself could have guessed that a lasting friendship would develop, or that it would be of a profound influence upon my life. For some time after that eventful concert I did not hear from her, and had already given up hope when her letter arrived one day about a month later inviting me to attend a recital she was giving at the Mac Phail School of Music. One of the numbers – the first movement of the Tschaikowsky B♭ minor concerto was to be performed with orchestra, and she felt I would enjoy the music – also she wanted me to take dinner ~~with them~~ at her home. Naturally I was thrilled, and showed the letter to mother begging her to please let me go. Mother's face wore a sunder expression – she had heard about Golda from Miss Johnson who had also mentioned that the Roeffs were Russian Jews. "You've never been in an Orthodox Jewish household, dear," mother began a little uncertainly, "and it might be a little embarrassing for you for you might not like the food." I pleaded so hard – assuring mother that I could take it – " that with further comforting words from Miss Johnson that the Roeffs were a respectable, God-fearing family – Jews tho they were – she finally gave in – all the way to Minneapolis where they lived in the North end of the city, I pumped over mother's hesitancy in letting me go. ~~Was there something about the Jews that was harmful to non-Jews? And what were Jews any way? From the Bible I learned that the Jews were the Chosen ones of God, and that Jesus himself was a Jew. Also I knew that the Jews did not believe in Jesus as the Son of God or as the Divine Saviour of the world, but what difference did that make? America was a country where people could worship as they pleased, so why should mother care so?~~

(altho I had never before seen any Jews. I knew their religion was different in manner from the Christianity even tho Christianity had its roots in the Jewish religion)

The mystery of her concern, worried me, and made me less sure of myself - Indeed, by the time I reached Minneapolis, I was so nervous, that I made up my mind not to eat - Suppose the food should be — ? mother had said I might not like it - I was nearly in tears by the time I reached their home in a quiet part of the suburb - It looked just like any other city home - perched between two apartment houses - and it faced a beautiful little park the park had a small lake with a fountain in its center, and some children were sailing their toy boats upon its surface - and altogether, the scene looked so calm & serene, that I began to get back my poise & courage - I climbed out of the car, and watched it disappear around a curve of the road - (Our driver had taken me down and would later take me home that evening) I then climbed the cement steps up a little hill to the vestibule. Golda had been watching my arrival from the window, and had the door open as I mounted the porch steps - with a welcoming smile and friendly manner, she ushered me in. It was almost dinner time, so she took me by the hand to her room where I freshened up. As I returned to the living room, her parents came forward to greet me, and then we all sat down at the table. After grace had been said, we began to eat. Whatever compunction I had in the beginning about eating the food was forgotten, in the warm friendly atmosphere. Only its kindly influence my appetite returned, and I ate heartily of the various excellently prepared dishes. Some where I had heard that they never had salt & pepper set on the table, left by my plate there were salt & pepper shakers - Indeed, all was just like it was at home, and again I began to wonder what it was about the Jews that made such a difference to some people - The meal was scarcely over before we had to get ready for the concert, as it was a rather long ride from the Rosoff home to the school, we had to leave fairly early - The concert was fully as wonderful as the first, especially Golda's playing of the violin concerto - Oh, how I wished mother could have heard her ~~the could see what a fine person Golda was~~ -

the concert was well-attended, and Golde was obliged to give many encores before the audience would let her go—

My visits to the Rosoffs became eagerly looked forward to events, and mother made no further objection to my going — Sometimes a concert would be included in the invitation, but more often it would be for a visit & meal. There was one Good Friday for instance — On this occasion Golde was again to give a recital at Mac Phail. But this one was to be rather special, as no less an important personage than Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony was to be an honored guest! Good Friday was somewhat solemn, ritual in our household, and I was much surprised that mother let me go, for I had thought she would have rebelled against her Christian daughter observing Good Friday in the house of a Jew — and as we always fast on that day, I felt wonderfully relieved that I would not have to eat fish which I detested, but oh dear, I was in for a disappointment, for it was a holiday for the Rosoffs too — being the feast of the Passover — and so I ate the unleavened bread, fish, and drank the Passover

wine with as good grace as possible — It wasn't such an ordeal either for the food, fish, tho' it was, was delicious — At the table they told me the story of the feast of the Passover, and it assumed new meaning to me — We discussed other Jewish customs, and the back ground of the Christian Religion became real & vital. ~~No longer was there that mystery that had made the Jews seem strange to me at first.~~

After the concert the Rosoffs introduced me to Mr. Ormandy, and I found out later that Golde became a protegé of his — In the summer while Mr. Ormandy was on vacation, she studied with Mrs. Ormandy's sister, Madame Elbogen, who as a token of her affection for Golde, gave Golde her rosewood piano —

Meanwhile, I had been wanting to have Golde come to Little Falls to give a concert, and finally, it was arranged for her to do so. Her first concert met with such success, that she came back to give a second. We of course entertained Golde & her parent both times, and I was

happy to see that my family liked her, and thought she was an outstanding musician. Her music warmed their souls even as it did mine, and by simply unaffected ways upon their hearts. It was such a joy to have ~~the Belle~~ a wonderful visitor, following Golda ~~first~~ at my home and I made the most of the few days visit. Strange she has been ill with Bronchial Pneumonia, and died the day I arrived home from my first year at College - The shock & grief over her death affected me like a great suffocating wave blotting out all my joy & happiness, for the closest friend I have ever known to this day was taken away from me, and I was left with a sense of loneliness I have never quite overcome - No one knew or understood my inmost thoughts & aspirations as well as she did - My progress in music these few years was so stimulated by her interest & sympathy that everyone noticed it - Since her death I have never had as great enthusiasm for Piano Studying but still my love for her was such that I dedicated my life to music in remembrance of her loving interest & help -

At home in a cabinet where I keep a collection of various interesting & unusual articles, there are on one of the shelves two tattered volumes of Piano Compositions of Brahms & Bach - On their covers written in a childish scrawl is the name Golda L. Roroff - age ten. These were sent me by her mother shortly after the funeral - as Golda had wished me to have them - The performance of these works was the most outstanding of anything she ever played - and when I attempt in reading this music, to bring back to my Piano those well loved tones, however, haltingly, her spirit seems to come alive, and in my imagination, I again experience that soul stirring intimacy that the music she played evoked in my heart -

Memories of
~~Trip to~~ Washington

I have visited Washington D. C. many times. As a child I was greatly impressed with such historic places as the Capitol building where I attended the sessions of Congress, and was taken to a circular room constructed of white colored marble where the acoustics were such that if I stood on the white dot in the centre of the floor, I could hear very clearly what was said in the adjoining rooms, the library of Congress. The Washington monument which I climbed the thousand steps from the ground up - and in front, the reflecting pool at the other end of which stood the Lincoln memorial looking like a Grecian temple with its graceful marble columns supporting the roof, the Jefferson memorial, the Smithsonian Institute containing among its interesting scientific curiosities, the Spirit of St. Louis, the gowns of the wives of the Presidents of the U.S. I was particularly interested in the ones worn by the wives of John Adams and John Quincy Adams - as I am a direct descendent of theirs through my father's paternal grandmother

My White House, Mount Vernon, was during this home, and within recent years, the Dept. of Justice, home of the F.B.I. where Secret Service Men are trained to hunt down crime, and the Pentagon Bldg - home of the World War II Machine - where a visit to my commissioner had an office job there in connection with my detecting work spent in trying not to get lost within this huge mass of concrete which looked like a huge nest of boxes - one within the other - there were five of them - corridors with office rooms on either side, and connected to each other by ramps or passages. Between these passages - spaced like in their arrangement were open air courts in which grew flowering shrubs where office workers could get a breath of air. There were five stories to each section - including an underground garage for employees & everybody else - the architecture and decor of this building was functional to the last degree. One had a sense of efficiency, comfortness of it all - every thing had a reason for being there. No doubt such perfection is essential to war machines, but I found it to be most oppressive - My escort had provided the necessary credentials to admit me - since no casual visitors were allowed - and I was ticketed like just another piece of merchandise in the production line - In addition to the office rooms, there were lunch rooms, drug stores, etc. It was almost like living in a fortification where everything was provided against siege by the enemy - I almost expected to see a moat around the outer wall - The Pentagon is built in such a way that if an enemy were to enter unannounced, he would become hopelessly lost, for every section, corridor etc, looks like every other section & corridor. At any rate, such consideration was extended, save that I had no difficulty in getting about, but to my queries about the work carried on there in the various Departments I could get no satisfactory response, and this was not surprising as we were at war. To me the Pentagon was as bewildering in its architecture, and the absolute secrecy of

the work carried on northwest walls, as a chinese puzzle.

Washington from the standpoint of architecture is a truly happy combination of the beauty of the old and the "functionalism" of the new. There are, for example the lovely Ionic lines in the colonnades supporting the roofs of such buildings as the Lincoln Memorial, and the capitol, the Georgian built library, post office, & Smithsonian Institute, and the square stolidity found in the Dept. of Justice and U.S. Mint Bldg. Its parks are well placed & beautifully kept up, especially the bit of park along the Potomac with its exquisite cherry trees that never cease to enthrall the tourist in the spring with their multitudes of fairy-like white blossoms - leaning over so that they can be reflected in the water. It's worth a trip to Washington to witness a spring sunset reflecting its colors on the cherry blossoms - I was so glad that when we were at war with Japan, no effort was made to destroy these beautiful trees because they had been sent from Japan.

One Easter we decided on a trip to Washington. This was in 1939, and my second year at Juilliard. My folks & sister Mary were driving East, and I was to meet them in Philadelphia. To brighten my wardrobe for spring, I had bought a navy blue coat, dress, shoes & hat. This last, I thought really was the latest in hats - a poke-bonnet effect with lavender veiling that tied under my chin. I had anticipated a somewhat warmer reception of my stylish new clothes than was accorded me for on first beholding me in the confines of the station meeting cubicle in the Phila. Broad Street Station which had gone when on my arrival I had failed find my folks my mother's expression underwent rapid changes of emotion - surprise, incredulity, amusement, and finally contempt. "Where did you get that horrible hat?" was her first greeting. "It's the latest thing," I replied as calmly as I could - while inwardly I was by now feeling quite upset. Having experienced nearly lifelong connections with my folks was no joke, and

I wanted nothing more at the moment than to cry on somebody's shoulder. "You look just like a quaker", my mother said, and then after we reached the hotel, "You certainly aren't going to wear that thing as long as you're with us." But I have no other hat with me", I said, nearly in tears, Mother groaned, but said no more. For my part, I felt as dejected, I wanted to bite. Nothing increasing how down-hearted I was, tried to cheer me up by saying it didn't look half bad, and really was rather becoming in a quaint way, but I had lost all my morale, and refused to be comforted, however, no one can feel sad too long in Washington in the spring, and the sight of the cherry blossoms, budding plants, and the feel of spring being in many days soon restored me to a happier frame of mind.

Easter Sunday, we attended the Presidents' church, but our seats were so located that we couldn't see whether he was there or not. On returning to our hotel for dinner, we noticed that there were large numbers of cars parked near the Lincoln Memorial, and we wondered if there was to be a parade or some other Easter Celebration. On making inquiry at the desk, we were told that Marian Anderson, the famous Negro contralto was to sing free of charge from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial to anyone who would care to listen to her - then I remembered the newspapers being full of details about the Washington D. A. R. refusing to permit Miss Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall because of her race. I thought it all very tragic and alarming that our vaunted American Culture could stoop to anything so trifling and idiotic. The occasion of her unusual concert appearance, was the result of this act, so all of us felt it was something we should all attend if not for musical reasons, at least to show that we had "true" American hearts. Immediately after dinner we drove to the Lincoln Memorial, and altho' the concert was scheduled for 4 PM there was already a huge gathering. The

day had been cold & cloudy with sharp little puffs of wind insinuating themselves under our clothes. We managed to maneuver ourselves to positions at the bottom of the first flight of steps. About half way up to the memorial was a platform, on which were chairs, band stands, and one lone piano. As the afternoon advanced the crowds by 4 PM reached the immense total of 75,000, and a motley assemblage it was - Every nation of the world was represented in this mass of humanity, and with our country not yet at war, she had the feeling that this concert was the Nation's diplomatic answer to those who questioned our sincerity. As one of us could help being deeply moved, and I have never witnessed in any gathering, religious or otherwise, such profound spiritual feeling as I did there. Such, I am sure, must have been the experience of those centuries ago who gathered around our "Master" to hear those truths that are our divine inheritance, and now, at this gathering what medium could be more fitting to convert these same truths than the medium of music? When at 4 PM, the concert began, to see Miss Anderson emerge from the memorial entrance, a tall dignified figure garbed simply in black velvet topped with a fur cape and take her place in the curve of the grand piano, was to experience such a change of admiration, wonder and something akin to sorrow, that no one applauded. As she ended her program with the beloved Schubert "Ave Maria" the sun broke forth from the mass of clouds and its rays fell like a gentle benediction on all our souls, giving us hope for a world of Peace & brotherhood. All the Police had been stationed about the grounds, yet one could not detect disorderly conduct, for the crowds dispersed quietly. On one of the walls of the library of Congress is a medal of the "Lincoln Memorial Concert" - a reminder of the divine spark that stirs in our souls

and if enkindled, by love, tolerance, wisdom, and understanding can make us Kings.

On My Becoming acquainted with a Great Singer.

From the time I was a small child, I have frequently heard my mother express the wish that our family had a singer to boast of. Of course there was my father's sister, my Aunt Laura for whom I was named. In her early life she had developed a fine Mezzo-soprano of operatic proportions, and in her student days had gone to Chicago to continue voice study, becoming a protoje of Claudia Muzio, but illness had prevented her from furthering her career as a concert or opera singer. Her voice though continued, and she delighted us more than once with intimate song recitals for us & her friends. She had all of us somewhat dazzled by her ability and voice quality, and I can still remember mother looking at me, and sighing, "How I wish the child would grow to be a singer". For some reason or other this wish antagonized me. One reason was because at the age of three I was much affected by people's appearances, and my Aunt, for all that she possessed such a beautiful voice, was very fat and I did not like to be hugged by fat people. I can remember at one of her song recitals at our home, at that time mother thought it would be "too sweet for words" to have me "take" her a basket of flowers at the end of the recital - but as I walked up to where Auntie stood beaming lovingly at her tiny niece, her proportions affected me so strongly that I "planked" the basket down on the floor before her, and as she made to kiss me, I stuck out my little chin and said "Auntie, I don't like you" - "Why not?" My Aunt asked astonished at such a frank novel greeting. "You're too fat,"

I unabashedly replied, and at that my mother grabbed me by my skirt and pulled me away before I could say more. From then on my attitude toward singing was most hostile, for I had no wish to sing if I had to be fat! To be sure I dutifully attended the opera when I was older, but I never really enjoyed it - usually falling to sound asleep in my seat during the performance that it took many prodding & poking from mother to wake me up in time to leave. At such times, mother would groan and say, "I pay $3 for a good seat only to have you fall asleep - you might just as well be in bed". Instrumental music tho' was definitely my dish, my interest in it being stimulated by my friendship with the Russian Jewish girl Rosa Goldie Rozoff. Her death in 1936 made me feel more acutely the need for good music. One day in early Feb 1938,

I received a long distance call from a Minneapolis friend asking me to attend a song recital with him at the Northrup Auditorium, the town's biggest recital hall - the performer was to be Marian Anderson, Negro contralto. Ever since 1935 her name had become a sensation, and Europe had given her all superlatives possible to describe her phenomenal 3 octave range voice. Still I wasn't keen on going - "some fat darky", I thought "singing spirituals and nothing else, and I don't like singers". Still I was curious. I had never heard a Negro sing in concert before, or known much about them. To be sure, I remembered the time I had met Mrs. Mary Bethune in Florida and played dolls with a little Ethiopian Princess, but since that long ago time I had heard stories that had described the Negro most unfavorably, and made me very shy of them - Nevertheless, the following afternoon I found me at the Northrup Auditorium

sitting next to a group of people whose tint caused me to leave as far away from them as I could. I was scared, if the truth need be known. I had never sat with a mixed group before. Suddenly the curtains were drawn back, and the stage lights turned up — "Now for it," I thought, but next moment gasped — a lovely slender tall gracious dark lady had taken her place in the curve of the grand piano, at which sat the white accompanist waiting for her nod. She did not begin immediately but stood quietly looking at the audience with a serious intent look. The hum of voices became still — Never had I seen such a commanding force of personality. It was as if she were casting a trance like spell over us, and we completely forgot where we were and our eyes, ears, and whole conscious attention were her. Then, she closed her eyes, and began her program which consisted of German lieder, French & English songs, and a group of four spirituals sung so reverently and humbly in a low velvety and deeply moving voice that many of us wept. At the program's conclusion, we were unable to leave right away, it took time to accustom ourselves to reality. The negro lady, sitting on one side of me, being how deeply I had been touched asked me if we wanted to go back stage to meet Miss Anderson — I looked at my friend and he nodded, as for me I was overwhelmed at the idea of meeting such a great person — What, oh what could I say to her except "Thank you!" I was suddenly reminded of another time, six years before, at a piano recital given by a 13 yr. old girl whose writhing moved me to tears — and whom I met after the concert with much the same feeling as I had now. Did girl become my friend; dared I hope that such would occur at my meeting with Miss Anderson? Forgotten was my dislike of singers, song recitals, and my fear of Negroes. Without a word, we followed the lady to the artists' room, in which at a table, sat Miss Anderson, signing

autographs. When it came my turn, I did not ask for one, but put my hand in her outstretched one, and received a strong warm clasp. I couldn't utter the "thank you" words, but I hope she read what I meant to say in my eyes.

From then on, every concert that Miss Anderson gave in the next ten years that was possible for me to attend found me sitting in the front row-center in rapt attention. At their conclusion, I would try to get backstage, and nearly always succeeded! I had long since overcome my awe of her, and would have a pleasant little chat with her. When the issue occurred that brought about her appearance at the Lincoln Memorial, I was so disgusted at the unreasonable prejudice that I wrote her a letter telling her how much I appreciated her art - To this I received a most gracious written response. Several novel things happened at the various concerts I attended. At one concert I heard her sing in Newark, I suddenly felt hot & itchy, and the next morning found I had German Measles - I had as usual gone back stage despite my condition and I'm wondering to this day if I infected Miss Anderson! There was another time I heard her in Minneapolis, and the flowers I bought her were the only bouquet she received that time. This was any number of times, too, that she sang a few encores song I told her I particularly liked; and nothing thrilled me more than to have her recognize me sitting in the front row. This usually brought forth a smile from her. Four concerts stand out particularly in my mind; the first one I heard; the Lincoln Memorial one; a concert in St. Cloud, Minn., and a concert in Philadelphia. St. Cloud joined the Civic Music Ass. which was a godsend for the smaller towns people in the vicinity. Many of them were unable to go to Minneapolis, and hearing great music at reasonable at more convenient locations expense meant a lot. When Miss Anderson

came to St. Cloud, every man by to-con was represented in large numbers - Mother & I took several of our friends to hear her, and what was a memorable treat for us was to be invited to a reception for her at the St. Cloud hotel afterwards - It was something to sit at the long V shaped table with the leading citizens, Miss Anderson in their midst, making us all feel her friends - After the party she gave me a lovely embroidered handkerchief - The Philadelphia Concert was another occasion, for I had been invited to a reception at her home afterwards. Now it happened that another aunt of mine, Aunt Marian, had been visiting me in New York that spring - Aunt Marian was what you would call - a bit eccentric. A complete individualist, she believed in her own way at all times - Consequently, we conflicted on many occasions. At the time of the concert, she asked me if she could come with me to Philadelphia; as she had friends living there, I said "yes", and asked her if she wanted to attend the concert with me? She said "No" very flatly, because she detested Negroes - "Well," I said "I go directly to the reception afterwards, and won't be home until late". "That's all right" she said, "you won't disturb me". That evening at dinner, she suddenly asked me, if she could go to the concert? I stared at her, then said "Surely but you'll have to buy your own ticket". This she did. At the end of the concert, I was to meet the Anderson's to drive out with them. As we were waiting for the car, auntie suddenly appeared, and breathlessly asked me if she could come too! One of Miss Anderson's sisters heard her, and graciously asked her to come, but they could not take us both as the car was full, so Auntie & I went in a taxi. I was inwardly provoked with Auntie, and wondered at her wanting to

come since she detested Negroes.
We finally reached the Anderson home, a great little red brick duplex in South Philadelphia. Auntie & I got out to find quite a crowd had already arrived. We were taken upstairs by one of the two sisters to leave our wraps, and then came down to meet as motley a throng as I've ever seen - It was a thoroughly mixed group - and the "Arts" were well represented by outstanding names. Also many of Philadelphia's leading citizens were there - the mayor, social & Religious leaders, etc both white & colored! Eugene O'Neill was there - a fiery man - nervous & quick in his movements - but did not want to meet so many people so I sat on the couch next to Mrs. Anderson, a lovely quiet lady with unusual graciousness & charm. There was less pride in her demeanor as compared to her famous daughter - The Anderson home I noticed was not pretentious or gaudy - but well appointed in a dignified way. There was first a hall that led back to the kitchen, and in the front past a stairway to the rooms above. Off the hall were the living & dining rooms - Both were done in White with gold paneling - While Mrs. Anderson and I were visiting a very attractive woman joined us. She was dressed in black, and had lustrous black hair - her skin was a lovely creamy color - and her manner was most gracious - She was introduced as Emily Kimbrough, co-author with Cornelia O. Skinner of "Our Hearts Were Young & Gay" - She was a great friend of the Andersons, and lived in Bryn Mawr - next door to a cousin of mine. We had a good visit indeed as we sat sipping hot-buttered rum. Meanwhile, I had not seen anything of Auntie, but Ethel, one of the sisters, assured me she was enjoying herself immensely. Finally when the party broke up, I rattled

saw Auntie in the center of a mixed group of men & women having the time of her life - "I met everyone," she gasped happily - as we were saying good-bye to Miss Anderson - Mrs. Spaulding a prominent Philadelphian, asked us to go in her car - and so we rode in state, in a limousine - its interior in gray plush & silver fittings, to the Jefferson Hotel. Weeks after Auntie left, I received a letter from Mother (Auntie herself never wrote me) that Auntie had described her experience most enthusiastically - ending with, "Those were the swellest bunch of niggers I have ever met."

My association with Miss Anderson was a self-willed one - Her personality, status as a singer, and difference of race fascinated me. She, too, took some what of a friendly interest in me. No doubt, my coming back stage so often amused her. It was stimulating to visit with her; though she wasn't so far one would call intellectually brilliant, her common sense and philosophy gained from a wide observation of human nature were worth listening to. She was never an affectionate chummy sort. Extremely dignified, she seemed almost cold or indifferent to friendships - I always thought the attitude was, more or less self protective, but it may have been "temperamental" as well - and then again, it may have been that members of dissimilar racial groups do not care too much for outside associations in general. Miss Anderson was always pleasant & gracious to me, and always made time for me backstage, as she grew to know me better, she invited me, three or four times to visit her at her beautiful country home outside of Danbury Conn. This place had been bought with great difficulty, as people there weren't too enthused to have a Negro in their midst - even tho' she was America's greatest woman singer. It wasn't so much that they minded Miss Anderson but that there might be Negroes less desirable who

would use her inclination as an excuse to build homes there. Unfortunately this has been too true elsewhere. The grounds are magnificent and slope toward the river that runs thru Danbury. The house - a four story white clapboard structure is built up on the slope. At one side of it - a little removed are the guest homes and garage. Back of it are the gardens, and a beautiful rose arbor. Also there is a court just outside the dining-room - where one can get outdoors. The front part of the house has a wide veranda. The little front lawn ends abruptly at a stone wall - outside of which runs the public highway. Across the highway is more of the estate - pasture lands for the live stock of "Marianna". (This name is a combine of her own & her mother's names). Going right along the highway, a short distance from the house - one finds a little cart path branching off. This path goes by the farm buildings, where pigs, cows, horses

sheep, ducks, & chickens are kept. Further on down a little slope is the path to the studio where she practices. In front of the studio is a terrace overlooking the swimming pool. Still, for all the detail that went into planning this retreat in Connecticut, there is no undue lavish display. An over-all simplicity is evident. It is decidedly a homey home - yet it is a "show place" without too much obviousness. It definitely reflects the gracious ness and quiet charm of its mistress.

The summer I made my first visit there was, 43. Mr. Fenny Rupp, her accompanist drove me up. The road wound thru the hills of New York & Connecticut - and was one of the most beautiful drives I have ever taken. When we reached her home, I began to feel a little nervous coming all by myself, but Miss Anderson put me right at my ease. She met me at the door with two large dogs at her side,

and first took me up to a tiny little room on the 4th floor - Deciding, tho' that I was too far away, she moved me down to a beautiful guest room on the first floor - done in blue & white - It had an Eastern & southern exposure, and commanded a view of the King gardens - There was a dressing room off of it in whose wardrobe were some of her concert gowns - As soon as I was unpacked
Mr. Rupp they took me on a tour of the grounds which was interrupted by a rain storm - We were near the studio at that point, so we went in to wait until the rain stopped. The studio had one large room - with a store room for the music & bathroom off of it - There was one large studio window - near which was the grand piano, & recording machine. There was also a fine place of black marble, and on the mantle piece was a bronze sculptured bust of herself. The color scheme was a soft buff color - Mats were on the floor - & several rain

room chairs were scattered about - As she was singing on the Bob Taylor Tour, the following Monday, she (& Mr. Rupp) ran through some of the numbers which I was taking my ease in a chair before the fire place in which she had lit a fire - The warmth from the fire, the rain falling on the roof, and her matchless beautified voice lulled me into a dream-like trance - Was I really there? Was I really the guest of Marian Anderson, the incomparable singer, and how did such a state come to be? It all seemed so like a chapter from a fairy tale, that I had to pinch myself several times. By the time she finished, the rain was over, the fire had died down, and the long shadows outside reminded us that it was nearly time for dinner - It seemed we had dinner in the cheerful dining room, and immediately afterwards,

Miss Anderson went to the studio for some more practicing - Mrs Anderson who was there at the time, visited with me until bed time - Miss Anderson, after seeing me to my room, to make sure I had all I needed to be comfortable, bade me "good night" - telling me not to be alarmed if one of the dogs should park himself outside my door - I was too excited to sleep much that night. The next morning being warm & sunny, we had flasted out doors in the court - and then I went in to pack my suitcase as Mr. Rupp was leaving that afternoon, and would drive me back. As we had several hours yet before we left, Mr. Rupp suggested a swim in the pool to which I enthusiastically agreed! The pool was a natural one formed by a little rivulet that ran down the hill in back of the studio; a basin had been hollowed out, and stone cemented in to form the pool! The water was clear, cold, and invigorating. The depth was 14 ft which made diving possible. At one end was a little dock with a spring board. Some chairs and a table with umbrella

grouped
were on the platform for those who wished to watch the swimming - Mrs Anderson and her mother who had come down to watch us, now they were occupied by support ourselves. After a late dinner, we left - I casting many a backward glance, and mentally sworn that I had really been a guest there -

The second time I visited "Marcenna" farm was two years later. This time another was with me. Miss Anderson meanwhile had married an architect named Mr. Fisher who incidentally had done much of the landscaping & remodeling of the estate & house. Mr. Fisher was a florid jovial little skinned Negro who loved to tell a joke in a rather booming manner. Mollie & I did not care for him - This time I left more at home. In the evening we attended a local dance recital at the Danbury High School because a daughter of one of Miss Anderson's friends had a prominent part in the program - Her name was Dolores Owen and she later became a friend of mine. She and her mother lived in a lovely

home facing Lake ~~Candlewick~~ Memphis. Of course, Miss Anderson was recognized at once by members of the audience, and several people came over to talk to her & us. I'm sure mother & I were in a fair way to have our heads turned by so much attention.

The next morning, mother & I breakfasted alone as Miss Anderson had to leave for her home back riding legion. She joined us for lunch tho; and then we had to leave directly afterward for Lennox, Mass. Mother was quite impressed by it all, and I might add, that if some one had told us five years before that we would be entertained by a world famous singer, and a Miss at that, we would have thought them crazy.

[In 1926 an unfortunate happening occurred that [illegible] attend our relations. A brother of Mr. Fisher had come to N.Y. on business, and Mr. F. had asked me to help him find places he wanted to see. I was glad to help out, and Dr. Fisher was most appreciative for what I did! I found him to be a most intelligent man, and interesting conversationalist. He was a graduate of Lincoln U. Easton, Penn. A few weeks after his visit to New York, he wrote to say that there was to be an important event at Lincoln U. at which Miss Anderson and Secretary Hughes were to be guests of honor and recipients of Honorary Doctorate degrees, and that he thought I would like to attend the ceremony. There was also to be a reception for Miss Anderson at the home of a sister-in-law in Wilmington, Delaware. Dr. Fisher came to New York to escort me to the affair. His sister & her husband had a lovely French colonial home, and they greeted me warmly and were most hospitable. As Miss Anderson was busy with the guests I did not speak to her, but Mrs Anderson took me in charge, and her quiet charm and kindness put me at my ease. While we were visiting, however, Mr. Fisher came over, and his flushed face and loud voice told me

he had been drinking, and his first words to me shocked me a little. "Why aren't you with my brother?" he demanded! "Why don't you go over where you belong?" He finished. Mrs. Anderson managed to quiet him, and he left with a sulky backward glance at me. } to be Revised

After the tea, I was taken up thus to a lovely guest room to get ready for the University, and then drove over to Easton in company with the Melbourne's hosts, and Dr. Fisher. Dr. Fisher knew the country well, and when we crossed the state border into the beautiful rolling hillside country of Pennsylvania with lush green grass tinged by a golden-red setting sun, he told me this was the "Mushroom" country where huge mushroom farms cultivate mushrooms commercially. Easton was a charming little village and Lincoln University its big future. The services were held in the Chapel. Miss Anderson did not sing, but sat on the platform with Secretary Dokes who gave a most interesting address. Then the U. choir rendered the C# Minor Prelude of Rachmaninoff in a superb anthem. I have never seen enjoyed this very-hackneyed composition as much as did then. This was followed by the awarding of the degrees. I was decided because the hour was late that I would spend the night at the Melbournes, but while I was waiting for them, I felt I should at least say "Good bye" to Miss Anderson who was going with her family to Philadelphia that evening. So I went over to their car, and was just reaching forth to shake hands with Miss Anderson when I was grabbed roughly from behind by the shoulders and hurled against a tree. It was Mr. Dixon who had seized me in this fashion, and his face was a mask of insensate fury. "Get away from my wife" he shouted, "and get back to my brother you —". Before I could do any thing, Mrs. Melbourne was beside me. "Come this way, dear," she said quietly. And I walked away slowly from top to toe, my back throbbing where the tree had hit me. Back at the Melbournes, she & Dr. Fisher

tried to comfort me, but I was so shocked I couldn't stop trembling, nor open my mouth. All night I tossed & turned, and in the morning was so ill, I could barely get up. Once back in New York I collapsed with a bad cold that turned into pneumonia - I found out afterwards that the incident had had a very bad effect on Mr. Fisher, who had a "bad heart" to begin with, and he died a month later. When I recovered, I lost all interest in continuing the friendship with the Fishers. About two months later, Miss Anderson came to the city, and invited me to have lunch with her at the Grand Central - I did not care to go, but went, rather an idea that she might have an explanation for the unparalleled insult that was done me, and altho' the conversation was limited and restrained, she did manage to convey that there "were things beyond her control". I felt somewhat better, but from that time on, my enthusiasm for Anderson waned, has waned, and she is just another "friend" and acquaintance.

Gone are the visits to Danbury - Gone is the complete love I had for her & her art - To me she has become just another singer. You who read this, may wonder why I feel this way, since she had no part in the "affair". But she had been a witness to her husband's misconduct, and even tho' in the interim she visited our home in Little Falls while on tour, we never had a word of comment or greeting from her in all this time - Last summer she phoned me long distance after her operation to ask how we were, but that is all! Once too when I visited the Owens at Lake ~~Candlewood~~ Memoria - Miss Anderson came to call on me, and begged me to let her drive me over to "Marianna" to see her new guest house. She drove me over in the station wagon, and after a little visit put me on the bus for N. Y. - and another time last winter took me to dinner while we were enroute to N. Y. from Boston, but it is as if a wall were between us. Maybe in time I can feel differently, and treat this whole episode as just another experience

in this Queer & Confused world of ours,
& until then, these past 10 yrs. of
friendship is like a book that is finished.
Many of the Chapters are pleasant & some
hold a valuable moral on the necessity for
brotherhood. I shall no doubt hear Miss Anderson
in concert in the future. No doubt meet her.
I still have the lovely silver pin she gave
me, the book on Haydn, a scrapbook containing
clippings, programs, a few autographed cards
& some pictures, and a lovely unusual autographed
photo of her which as yet I have no wish to
put away, so perhaps there will be
a new book of friendship chapters to look
forward to and an even greater bond of understanding
to develop between us which will last our lifetimes.]

to be revised

I become acquainted with an unusual
Child Prodigy —

Philippa Schuyler first appeared
on my horizon as a picture in a 1935
issue of Time Magazine. The caption
underneath stated that she was the four year
old daughter & only child of a Negro father &
white mother, who at the age of one month
crawled, at one year had a vocabulary of 500
words, at two, could write & spell simple words
and her name, and at three, could read & compose
music in addition to spelling words of several
syllables, the most famous one being "PNEUMONOUL-
TRAMICROSCOPICSILICOVOLCANONIOSIS" meaning a
disease of the lungs as result of inhaling silicon
dust." This extraordinary child lived in Harlem
with her parents, and occasionally appeared on
the radio. The child's genius was attributed
to a diet of raw foods - liver, fish, vegetables, fruit,
and milk which had been given her since
infancy — Mr. Schuyler was editorial writer
for the Pittsburgh Courier, a weekly Negro
newspaper, and Mr. Schuyler, before her

marriage, was successively a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty, a skilled dancer - student of Pavlova, and a writer on dietetics - She also did portrait painting. I remember I was much interested in this "write up" and wondered if the child would amount to anything later on. One thing tho, I had no desire to ever want to meet the child, and certainly anticipated no such happening; however, fate can perform strange things. The scene shifts four years later to New York where I became a student at the Juilliard School of Music. Directly across from the school on Riverside Drive is the International House where I spent much time socializing with the interesting young men & women I found there. I remember how surprised I was in the fact that Negroes were admitted there on a par with the rest - I had never had any opportunities to know Negro men & women in ordinary walks of life - indeed I had heard all about the "possible evils" resulting from "meeting on equal ground," and shied off (in my thinking) from hoping for such an occurrence, but at the International House, I found such thinking definitely unamerican - In fact the first day I entered the House, I met two Negro girls at lunch from one, Hilda McCoy, became a good friend of mine. Through Hilda, I met other members of her race and also a young Burmese girl, and a Korean girl. Both these orientals became two of the most wonderful friends I ever had. Hilda's best friend was a young girl named Ernestine Anthony, a dreamy-eyed lil graceful brownskin who was employed in library work, and later got a job as librarian in Harlem 137th St. library - Ernestine was interested in music, too, and knowing I studied at Juilliard, asked me one afternoon, if I would like to hear a piano recital with her - given at a Harlem Public School by a seven-year old child wonder named Philippa Duke Schuyler - Remembering my interest in the Time Magazine article, I attended. It was the first time I had ever been in Harlem, and the glimpses of shabby, filthy tenement houses,

dirty streets, and unclean people appalled me - I had been told and read about the lack of discipline, rude behavior, and criminal intent of these people, and I was terrified and clung fast to Executive's hand - even tho' I could not help a feeling of pity & wonder at man's inhumanity to man from entering my mind - "It's just an accident of birth," I reflected, "that makes them what they are & me what I am - Surely I too, would be as they are, if I had to live under such conditions." I found the school to be a neat clean haven after the sights of the streets. The auditorium was fairly full, and Executive & I found seats toward the front - we were just in time for the lights were dimmed, and a spot light turned on full, as a little black curly haired mite of a girl in a long white dress, and wearing red slippers walked across the stage in its glow to the grand piano where with great composure she hoisted herself on top of the stool, and began to play - her tiny feet barely reaching the pedals. I noted that the printed

program showed two groups of compositions - the first - compositions by well known composers - the second - a half dozen compositions by Philippa Duke Schuyler from the age of three through her seventh year - His Op. 1 - the Arabian Knights' Suite - was by far the best and most original - from a pianistic standpoint, the child showed an excellent grasp of technique fundamentals but there was little or no artistic spiritual feeling in her playing - Her interpretive ability was still noticeably undeveloped - There was none of the "show-off" about her either - She was to me very much of a little girl who had been exceptionally well-trained both in the performance of her music and her stage deportment. At the conclusion of the concert, an usher was selling what music copies of Philippa's compositions. I bought three or four copies because I wanted to use them in my piano teaching in little Bells which I did during the summer months - My pupils, children whose ages ranged from nine to fifteen, were very enthusiastic about these compositions for it made

them proud that a child could do work worthy of notice. I soon found that their demand for copies of Philippa's music, exceeded my supply, so I [illegible] relinquished by writing direct to Mrs. Schuyler whose address was printed on the bottom of the sheet music. In answer to my request, I received not only additional copies - all duly autographed by Philippa, but a most precious note from Mrs. Schuyler asking me to visit at their home when I returned to N.Y. in the fall. At the first opportunity on my return I gladly accepted the invitation for my mother I was curious to meet and talk to Philippa. The Schuylers were living at 320 Manhattan Ave. in Spanish Harlem at that time, and the neighborhood there was more of the best. Only a block away was notorious Morningside Park the scene of nearly a "mugging" a type - I shuddered over ever I entered the apartment house. The Schuyler apartment found to be simply furnished with modern furniture - more of it too comfortable looking. Their best piece of furniture was the grand piano. There were also two curiously carved stools of heavy oak or mahogany which I learned later came from Africa. The book case tops were covered with strange, carved assorted wooden figures of elephants - two men carrying a sedan, and a female fetish - this last was a homely looking object with prominent carved breasts whose nipples were reminiscent of faucets. There were also some beautiful inlaid trays and some tiny exquisitely carved ivory figures. These last I understood, belonged to Philippa who was not present at my arrival, being in her room through at her composing. Mr. & Mrs. Schuyler made a most interesting appearing couple - he, tall, dark, and rugged looking with keen intelligent eyes, and grizzled grayish hair - she - a short, rather plump blue-eyed blonde fair-skin - with an air almost commanding manner - yet withal gracious and friendly - after a short visit, she went to Philippa's room, and soon came back with the child who at once came over to greet me most affably. The result of my first meeting with New York's outstanding child genius left me with the feeling that it wasn't so much the "genius" element that impressed me as Philippa's superabundant vitality and enthusiasm. Here, she had an amazing vocabulary and

[illegible] to the other furniture

knew how to use it, and she was advanced in her scholastic studies, and had a good second group of elementary essentials far beyond her age group. She had inventive and creative ability to a marked degree, and a highly developed comprehensive grasp of what she read & learned - plus an excellent retentive mind, but she was completely a child with a child's enjoyment of its surroundings - She had a good imagination, and delighted in the fanciful - Although she read advanced books, and had a good idea of their subject matter outwardly, she lacked inner perception, and spiritual interpretation - There was a certain poetic quality in her makeup - in that Nature and environment had a definite meaning to her, and she spoke of this meaning in musical terms but only as far as "surfaces" characteristics were concerned - Her fairy had much social poise & charm - She seemed sure of herself, and her naturalness was most appealing - Soon after our meeting Philippa took me to her room where we talked about books, my piano students, and her life - until her mother called her in to the living room to play for me.

After a short concert, we had refreshments - some home made ice cream, and home made fruit cake. The ice cream was really frozen fresh peaches & cream sweetened with honey - The fruit cake was made of ground nuts, raw fruits, honey - Mrs. Schuyler told me that she had fed Philippa on whole milk, raw fruits, fresh nuts (nuts stored) honey, raw beef, liver, fish, fresh raw vegetables and cod-liver oil ever since her infancy - no sugar, salt, spices, or much cooked foods used at any time. Sometimes, the beef liver would be broiled lightly and eggs would be hard-boiled, but that was all. If Philippa was unusually gifted it was because of her excellent health from the diet. Her dentist had had her very few & very mild, and her teeth were unblemished by any cavity. "Any child," concluded Mrs. Schuyler, "brought up in this fashion could be as healthy & gifted as Philippa. Both I & my husband have known Philippa would be an example of a perfect human being - Intermarriage between different racial strains biologically improves the human stock, and if a prospective mother would

regulate her diet in accordance with
one's theory, the child is sure to have an
excellent start in life. Also nursing a
child for the first 10-12 mos. of its life
is most important. Philippa is a "planned
child".

For the next eight years I had many an
opportunity for bettering my acquaintance with
the remarkable Schuyler family. Philippa, in
every way, bore out her mother's theory, and
continued to flourish mentally & scholastically.
Although the classes she attended at the Sacred Heart
Convent were afternoon classes, she graduated
from high school at the age of 14. Somehow
this made me feel a little sorry for her.