



Laura Jane Musser and
Family Papers.

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Nov. 22, 1938

Dearest mother;

Thank you so much for your letter. I can't tell you how happy your letters make me, and how I do love to get them at the beginning of the week for they help me to start the week right, and daddy dear, your letter was such a blessing, for I did wonder if you ever got my gift or the letter with it. I will try and write you more often sweet-heart but please anyway know that my letters to mother are meant for you too!

Tomorrow I leave for Boston to see Mary S. I can't believe that Thanksgiving is already at hand, and a month from Sunday will be Xmas. I do hate to see the fall fly by so fast for it has been one of the most pleasant

out with him, but it's really none of her business. Also she has tried to dissuade me from going with Ernestine, Hilda, & Adelaide, but I go in my own sweet way for I am confident in my friends, and know they love me, and I ^{even} ~~dearly~~ love them if they are black or brown. We need more people among our race particularly to understand human nature for its own sake, and I have no patience with people who rant about the outrages of Hitler when we have almost that same sort of thing in the U. S. I hope, mother, that when you come on this winter, that you will look upon my friends not as oddities, or tolerate them as fancies of a variegated mind such as I have, but as human beings with the same capacities for feelings as we have.

Friday night, I played pingpong with Mr. Li and a friend of mine, Maxine Mason whom I have recently met. It was great fun, and Mr. Li proved himself much too good for poor, little, me.

I have ever spent. Some of my friends from Ind. won't be back after Xmas for which I am sorry for they have gotten to be some of my very best friends in the short time that I have known them. I hope that we can keep up our friendship thru writing for letters can be such a comfort, don't you think?

Last week has been a rather busy one. Tues. eve. I went to an informal dance. The boy I was with was dreadfully sentimental, so at the end, in order to escape him, I had to go up to one of my friends' rooms, until I was sure he had left. Wed. night, I had a date with a doctor from Penn. He was a Jew and quite interesting - sort of reminded you of The Citadel and The Horse & Buggy Dr. all rolled into one. He does interne work at the post-grad. hospital in N. Y. and is quite brilliant at it. Because he was a Jew, Mrs. Miller didn't like my going

At any rate, we left off playing at 11:30 P.M. - Then
Ernestine wanted me to come up to see her. She intro-
duced me to a friend of hers, Margaret Hartley, poet
indian - a charming person; and I stayed with them
until 2 A.M. Sat. Slept nearly all day, and
Sunday, feeling fresh and bright as a May morn.
I took in two concerts - the philharmonic
symphony which gave a beautiful Wagnerian pro-
gram - with Adelaide, and in the eve. I went
with Miss Coy and another friend to hear Ethel Waters
the Marian Anderson of jazz singing, make her debut at
Carnegie. She sang so beautifully, and her interpretations
were done so nobly that it lost the cheap night club
aspect feared it might have, and assumed a
truly ^{great} concert aspect; nevertheless, she did not re-
ceive a good write-up in the papers next day which
made me mad, for I think jazz if done in the
right way can be fully as beautiful as any classic
idiom, and this so-called false-modesty attitude makes
me tired.

Last night, Miss Coy and I went to hear Ray

Lev in a benefit piano performance at the Washington Irving High School. I thought the concert fine, but felt the pianist gave a little too much force to her playing. The technique was faultless, however.

You asked me what I was studying re piano at Juilliard. I'm taking two Inventions by Bach, No. 14 of Mendelssohn's songs without words, the second movement of Beethoven's Pathétique Sonata, and two Czerny numbers. No I am not studying composition in the way I studied it with Mr. Avery. I'm studying Theory or adv. harmony and counterpoint, but that's all. (I thought I answered that question before)

You know mother, I think the silver a grand idea and all that, but I would like to invest some what in good music or good books, but maybe it is wise to start now with the silver for that will have a lasting value, and probably be more practical in the long run. As a matter of fact though, I wish you and daddy

wouldn't give me anything this year, for you
have already done too much for me. I consider
this opportunity in the light of ~~one~~ of the
most wonderful gifts I have ever received, so
please don't give me anything for this is such
a wonderful present, and nothing could equal it!

Well, darling, write me soon and my
best love to both of you always -

Lotsie -

was being blown to bits. I know how the election
must have pleased you and now Mother has her job
back, doesn't she? The whole public sentiment is changing
for the better! How I wish it would in Europe. In the jobs!
It is terrible the way Hitler acts. He ought to be murdered!
Daddy, dearest; I was almost blown away today on the street.
Floods of love to you, dearest.

You poor, dear, man - not getting
receiving a letter or even a gift from me
on your birthday. It just doesn't seem
right! Well, here's a letter and a gift after
a fashion to tide you over until I can find a
more suitable one. It's so hard to find any
thing new to give a man - I mean - some-
thing he hasn't got already. If only you liked
Compacts and lipstick, daddy, dear, I could
do better. Anyway, a lot of love goes with
this and may you see a million more
happy birthdays. Do write and tell me
what you did on your birthday. Mother

people of all races and nationalities
I suppose you gathered from my letters
to mother who and what some of my
friends are. My closest friend there is a
Burmese girl who is really one of the most
delightful people I have ever known. She
is unique in that she wears her native costume.
When I take her to concerts everyone stares at
us, but she doesn't seem to mind, and I know I
don't. The other day she gave me a dear little
knitting bag which some of the tribes make.
You can't know how happy I was to own some-
thing like that. My other friends number
among the Hawaiians, the Chinese, the Americans,
and the Negroes. Don't let that worry you for
the girls and boys I go with are very fine, and
my strange assortment has not hurt my chances
for being with my own group in the least. In fact,
many of my American friends have liked me the

told me about the wonderful birthday
she had. Save me a piece of your
cake, will you?

I imagine you had a full week-
end with Mary and Roger with you.
How is Mary, and how does she like the
"91." Has she made many friends?
Mother told me that she feared the
epams, and that she sees Buffy quite a
bit, but nothing more.

My life here is one round of busy-
ness from dawn until dark. Even tho'
Guilliard is not so hard, I have to practice
a lot, and then my outside activities are
so numerous and interesting that I'm
never lacking for something to do.
My life at Internatl. certainly puts me
in contact with interesting and lovely

the better for it. Last Sat. I went to a
marionette show and dance. I was tired
enough not to mind whether I didn't dance
much or not, but I didn't have an idle
minute, and the young man who took me
home was very nice, and I have a date with
him Wed. Last Sun. Adelaide (the Burmese girl)
and I heard a child prodigy, Julius Hatchue,
from San Francisco play at Town Hall. He certainly
was a marvel - almost better than Patti Schuejunker.
Indeed I couldn't understand how he could play
so well; you will probably hear him in N.Y.

Are you going to hear Marian Anderson
when she sings in N.Y.? She's singing here Dec. 6.
You don't want to miss her, for now, Critics say
she is the finest living singer in the world today.

Mother told me how scared L. Falls was
when people heard the H. B. Wells broadcast. New
York was in a panic! Read the article in the last
issue of 'Time' about it. I suppose you thought I



Mrs. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota

454 Riverside Dr.

N. Y. city -

N. Y. -



Mr. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota



Mrs. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota

From

454 Riverside Dr. Apt. 8A

New York City

N.Y.

Fri. evening
4/11/38

Dearest mother;

Mrs. Miller said she just wrote you so I thought I'd write you too. Its been some time since I have heard from you and I am anxious to know how things are getting on with you - Did you get my letter with the handkerchief O.K.? And did you have a nice birthday. I missed being with my little woppy wop for I remember the many birthdays we used to celebrate together. Did Helen have a cake for you?

Well, I spose you want to know what's been happening to me! Well,

3 Burmese in the house. Miss Bell has supplied me with just enough Americanism to keep me from being too foreign. My sprained ankle has been bothering me a lot lately, so the other night Miss Bell retaped it for me, and now it feels much better. Lucille is a perfect dear, but very sensitive to others' prejudices. I have been doing my hardest to make her feel that she is no different than any other human being. Hilda is the same way. Being colored, she is not accepted among many of the Americans, and that hurts her very deeply. In some ways it affects me (my relations with other people) but not enough to do any harm, and anyway, Hilda is too lovely a girl to be entirely cast off, and she does enjoy being with me as much as I enjoy being with her.

I have been so busy that the days² slip by, and before I know it, the week is up. I adore Juilliard more and more and never have once regretted my coming here for I feel it is exactly what I want and need. As for International affairs have been running on more or less smoothly, and everyone seems so nice over there. Your girls at the house and I are mostly together when we have the time. The four are Hilda, Miss Bell, Lucille Ing, and Adelaide Martin - Adelaide being the newest addition. She, you know is the girl from Burma, lately, I have been going to concerts with her and visiting. She's such a dear that I almost wish I could bring her home with me for Christmas, but I don't know how you'd feel having a

⁴ Boice and I are still doing some thing together though not as much as formerly as both of us are very busy. Ideas as nice as ever, and last Sunday took me to the show.

For the past two weeks Mrs. Kuller has been having an English girl board with us. She was awfully nice though a bit slow as many of the English folk are. Yesterday I took her around Duxenath. And then over to the Riverside Church where we climbed to the tower and were shown around. Today, she left for Engl.

I called up Miss Coy yesterday whom I hadn't seen for over two weeks. She asked me to take dinner with her to-morrow.

Had dinner with Betty and

Uncle Pliny last eve. They have Mayme⁵ back now, and are very much relieved to have things running along smoothly once more. Uncle Pliny and I went to the concert and heard a very fine violinist, Robert Wironi from Sarovar, Yugoslavia. He is only seventeen yrs. old and bids fair to follow in Menuhin's footsteps.

Last week I heard a very fine piano soloist, Guisomar Novais, from Brazil. She had the clearest technique of anyone I've heard, and is in many respects, a second Myra Hess. Have you found out when Marian Anderson is going to sing in Mpls? I hope she sings while I'm home.

How is Mary getting along at the University? Does she like it better than

6
"She did? Does she still see much of Roger?"

Did you hear the broadcast over the radio last Sunday night. If you didn't, I suppose you read in the newspapers about the hysteria it created in the United States. Everyone thought that New York City and New Jersey were being bombed by the people from Mars. When I read about it, I nearly laughed myself sick and couldn't understand how people could be so childish and stupid to believe a novel of H. G. Wells for the real thing.

I suppose the way this letter is written puzzles you - You see, I, thru a bit of absent-mindedness, started writing on two separate sheets, so I had the bright idea of fixing it so that I would have two extra sheets! smart! what! Well, dear, write soon & you too, dad. Lovingly, Lotie -

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June 25, 1938

Mother dear,

At last I am in New York. We got here last night at 5:45, and it really is a relief not to be looking over escheges. I really am quite keen about Oberlin, and think I may go there. Wells is awfully nice too but I don't know now that I care for a liberal arts education for as the registrar at Oberlin said, ~~a~~ music course will mean more to me if I want to teach music. Eastman school was nice but it was too professional, nevertheless every one was most cordial and did their best to give us all the information we wanted.

Out of Rochester, we ran in to a little difficulty. It seems the conductor on no. 99 got my ticket from Chicago to N. Y. and forgot to return it, so at Syracuse, I had to have my ticket fixed up. They were very nice about it and didn't make me pay for the loss for which I was thankful.

The weather has been ^{it is that} terribly warm and if there's one thing, I don't particularly enjoy N. Y. in hot weather. By the way, I saw Betty B. last night and she looks fine, - going away on her week-end but will be back Monday - Margaret V. called up this morning, and I will probably see her this eve. This noon we have a luncheon engagement with Miss Hartidge with whom I will talk over transferring.

I will have to stop now, and get ready to leave for Plainfield -

Love to all -

Lotie.



Mrs. R. D. Murr
Little Falls
Minnesota

454 Riverside Dr.
apt. 8A
N. Y. City, N. Y.



Nov. 14, 1938

Dearest mother -

Wop - du bist noch und fimmfeig
afahr alt und firsien tazca! (You see I am
still as flopsy as ever -) Thank so much
for your dear letter - I did as a matter of fact
get your letter thanking me for the gifts, and
I did appreciate it so much - I don't know
why I didn't mention it in my other letter -
abent-mindedness I guess -

Every time I write you, dear, I think
of the wonderful thing you and daddy have
done for me in letting me stay in New York
for the winter, and words fail me when I
want to thank you decently, for I realize it
was a big sacrifice on your part what with all

rather than spend it out all at once. It seems to me that this experience came at a time when it could most benefit me, for it is the first time I have ever encountered the world at large, and better to do it young than older. The friends I have made here are sincere - liking me for what I am rather than what I can give them - so for the next two years, I am going to get all I can out of this for I may never have an opportunity to have an experience (or contacts) like this again, and what I learn here will help me all my life - so much for that.

Well, so Starna got in three cheers for him and Minnesota. Some famous Columnist in the N. Y. World Telegram said that the last election (Nov. 8, '38) showed that people are tiring of all this nonsense, and public sentiment is swinging toward constructiveness in government. He also spoke very sarcastically about Roosevelt

the other things you have to think about and attend to. Financially, I can never make it up to you, but maybe spiritually I can. The experience I am having here is doing more for me than anything else I have ever done or encountered for it is giving me more and more insight into human nature as a whole - then developing and making more keen my sensitivity to other people's feelings. Many times a day I run into little incidents that formerly I would not have known how to cope with, but watching other people's reactions to them is teaching me a big lesson and helping me to be more level-headed. Nearly all my friends that I am with to any great extent give me excellent examples of self-control, and optimism at all times. They are also valuable in the sense that they tone me down emotionally when I am with them - making me talk slower and think about what I'm saying

saying that this ought to make him see that people
are tired of having wool pulled over their eyes, and he
had better sit up and take notice. People in N. Y.
haven't said very much about Lehman's success,
but they do say that he won by a ^{slight} margin of 70,000
votes which definitely showed that republicanism
(or the other spirit) was beginning to come to the
fore; in other words even new Yorkers are tiring of this
so-called democracy; so for the U. S. in general
the outlook is very cheerful. Lately, though the
main items in the N. Y. papers are concerned
with Hitler's insane treatment of the Jews. a fact
which is beginning to arouse Germany with
indignation. ^{over the injunctiveness of the prejudice} A German woman, Mrs. Wendt, over
at Internett, says that Germany for the most
part despises Hitler, but as long as he has the
Army in his control, there isn't much people can
do about it. She foresees a revolution in Germany
for it is only the minority in power, and more and
more people are turning against Hitler. She thinks
America is very lucky to get the German Jews for

they are the cream of the crop in science, medicine, music etc. but she also is afraid of a similar anti-semitic revolt coming out of it. I told her that would be impossible for America to have for the people wouldn't stand for it, and I hope I'm right. A lot of editorials in the papers are stressing the terrible consequences of intolerance and prejudice so I hope this propaganda will have its effect!

Election day all of us from Internatl. went up to Van Cortlandt to visit Mr. Dodge and see his mansion. The Dodges have a lovely place & beautiful grounds stretching clear to the river. It happened to be a very rainy day so we couldn't do much outside walking but we saw enough to give us an idea. There was a musical given for us some of the Marxians from Internatl. taking part, and refreshments, after which the guests were sent home with huge bunches of Chrysanthemums from Mr. Dodge's green house. That evening, Adelaide & I went to hear Ernestine (a new friend and colored) and I went to hear Roland Hayes. I think he has a fine voice, but

We have been having remarkably warm weather for November. I have been wearing my thin things. Yesterday, though, it was very windy and cold. I could hardly get to school for the wind almost blew me away!

Guillard is going just fine, and I like it very much. The only thing that's hard for me is piano. I may have to change teachers - for Miss Guinn, the 'nice', is hard to understand for she contradicts herself, and is in a holy funk over the ^(my) coming piano exam. Many times a day she asks me why I ever took piano. Well, I guess little Lottie isn't a musician after all. I haven't done anything about composition.

Well, dear, it is getting late, and I must get dressed, and my breakfast. Tell daddy, I haven't forgotten his birthday and will send him something when I have the time to look around.

Lovingly, my love to the girls -
Lottie.

any thing ^{an} Indian. so I'm ^{wondering} mother
dear, if you couldnt get hold of some for me to give her.
also would you please send me some stamps and
a new check book.

Love, as always - ^{woppy wop!!}
^{(de but mine}
Darling mother; ^{and jimping yeh all}
^{Notice and ems monition)}

Thanks loads for your wonderful letter.
I did love it so as I do all of them - I
really wish you'd write oftener for I can
hardly wait for your letters -

I had one swell time Thanksgiving!
As you know it was the first time I have ever
been in Boston, so it was a thrill. Miss Ory
was going to New Haven so she rode part way
with me. I got to Boston about eight P.M.
and drove to Newton and to Mary's house. It was
such nasty weather that they did not come to
meet me. I didn't expect them to any how.
Some boys were over at the house that eve. and we
fooled around for a while, but did nothing exciting.
Thanksgiving day, Mary showed me around Newton

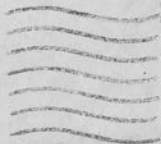
and May Cornman who used to go to Monticello, and
we all had lunch together, and a very nice visit.
That eve. Mary & I drove to Boston to the symphony.
By the way, Mr. Andorson is singing in Boston
Sun. night, and I want to hear her, but after all
she is singing in N. Y. Tues. eve. so I probably
won't miss much. Sun. Mary & I went to Cam-
bridge to have dinner with her friends, the Taylors,
and then I came home to N. Y. Over the
vacation I developed an infection under my
arm and a cold resulting from it. Sat. & Sun. I
had it ^{the infection} lanced and it is much better so don't be
alarmed when you see the Dr. Bill! After the
lancing, I had to go around with my arm in
a sling (made out of my best blue scarf). Every
one was most kind and commiserative. I have to
sit with my left hand, so tonight when I couldn't
quite make it, a friend fed me; did I feel crazy!
Every thing is O. K. at Juilliard and I
love it as much as ever. Miss Quinn is still giving

and then we had a nice family dinner?
And how I did love the home cooking!
Mr. Sargiacetti made the Pies and
roasted the turkey. He certainly can cook!
After dinner Mary had some friends in, and
in the eve. we all went to see the "Citadel". I
was so sleepy, I saw very little of it, but
what I saw I liked. I felt awfully sorry for
my date though, but he tells me, I talked
to him, and gave him a good time. — must have
done it all in my sleep for I have no recollection
of it. Friday after lunch, I left for Wellesley.
I did love Mary's family so much — such homey
folks and so thoughtful! Mary's sisters are
perfect dears and lovely looking — Margaret
joined me at Boston House, and then showed
me around the Campus. By the way, thanksgiving
we had an awful blizzard (both in Boston & N. Y.)
so every thing reminded me of Minnesota.
I was cold too! Sat. I saw Mary Pfeifferberger,

me Back and now Butlovou, and for the first time I really feel that I'm getting some where! We have a sort of Piano club whereby all its members play before groups of students to get used to playing in public.

I had a letter from Aunt Laura saying that you were all going down to Kansas City to see her. Give her my love and ask her if she got the handkerchiefs I sent. I also heard from Marie - all about her new baby. I'm so excited about seeing it, I can hardly wait.

all my friends at Internatl. are as well as ever. The problems are straightening out nicely, and so far my reputation hasn't been jeopardized! The other day, Adelaide, gave me a lovely pillow-slip made in Bonn. She is such a dear! I just hate to have her do so much for me. A Hawaiian friend, Mrs. Pizalei, gave me a number of Hawaiian things, and wonders if I couldn't give her some real Am. Indian things. She dots on those little turquoise pins & rings or



Mrs. R. D. Murrer
Little Falls
Minnesota

454 Riverside Dr. Apt. 8A -
N. Y. City,

Dec. 7, 1938

Mother dearest,

Well, it's all over and now to wait until I get home again. I mean Marian Anderson's concert the event I've been waiting for for so long! But I will tell you all about it. It was last night, and now it all seems like a dream! Yesterday, I went down to see Dr. Krueger, and found I had three new infections which all had to be lanced immediately so I spent a rather bad fifteen minutes while the necessary work was done, after which I toddled over to the hairdressers, and emerged some two hours later to go down to Miss Coy's for dinner. The doctor had given me novocain (?) and the shock or what you

a few weeks ago at Carnegie. The write-up she received in the papers made me mad for it was written very crudely and brutally.

And now the concert! how can I describe it? I only know one minute I was laughing with sheer enjoyment, and the next minute I was crying. Her (M. Anderson) voice was fully if not more so as ever and more than ever made you live the part of whatever song she was singing. She sang an entirely new group of Schubert lieder which I liked very much, but as usual her spirituals were what won her over to the audience. She sang six encores - including the "Cuckoo Song" by Dehnen which gives you a stitch in your side. The audience was most demonstrative in its approbation of her, and wouldn't let her go until the hall was closed. Oh yes! I went back to see her, only I think I was more nervous this time than before - probably my arm had something to do with it. Ernestine and Hilda both accompanied me back. Ernestine didn't have a chance to introduce

all it put me in a very bad mood so that I could have even snapped at Marian Anderson had she been around at that moment. I had brought all my evening things with me, so bathed and dressed at Miss Coy's instead of home. We had a very nice quiet dinner which braced me up considerably, and then ^{we} left for the concert - my friends joining me there sometime later. The audience at that concert was certainly the most varied I have ever seen or hope to see - ranging from the most important celebrities down to the poorest and most insignificant. Luise Rainer (the movie actress) was there (and sometime later I spoke a few words to her); Katharine Cornell (the stage actress) was there looking very homely - both she and Luise had the most dead-pale looking expressions I have ever seen! Ethel Waters was there sitting just two seats from me, and Miss Coy asked her to give me her autograph which was very nice, and for which I thanked Miss Waters for. She is very nice - I heard her

me to her for the mob separated us and
I was rudely hustled up front and almost
into M. Anderson's arms. My arm though took
away any tendency I might have had to be
diplomatic so I pushed back with a right
good will until she was able to speak to me.
She was not signing autographs at all - and
one thing I liked about her was that she didn't
sign any for the celebrities. They asked her many times
but she refused with the same gentleness of spirit
that she showed everyone else - I told her how
much I loved her singing and said that I would
^{have} loved her autograph had it been possible for her to give
it to me. She thanked me generously and told me
if I wrote to her she would comply with my request
and a few things more. I almost fell over backwards
with that. Ernestine and ^{half} Hilda both interceded
in my behalf, and I'm sure she would have given it to
me had there not been so many people around. So
now the point remains - shall I write her? Ernestine
said if I didn't, she would, so maybe I will get
it - who knows? M. Anderson is singing again in

N. Y. on Jan. 6th so Ernestine and Hilda
asked me to go with them and hear her again
and you better believe I will! This time I hope
you will be along with us! dear! after the
concert, Hilda and Ernestine kindly offered to
come along with me and see that I got home
abright. They are such darling girls, mother -
even if they are colored - and are two of my very
best friends here, and I love them dearly -

Now about every day life and such -
I received a note from Internatl. House telling
me that they would be delighted to have me
board at the house and that I had to lay
down a deposit of twenty-five dollars before
December 16. Mrs. Miller has become so impatient
about letting me have my friends up here that I've
given up asking her. Now another thing found out
is that you can have any one you want as guests
in the apartment. It's only strict about boarders,
and no one gives a hang whom you have. Mrs.

you will find it well worth your while, and it is written by some one who expresses in writing exactly the way I feel about people all over the world!

Over at Guilford, my work is still as much a pleasure as ever. Miss Quinn is tickled to death about my work on the piano. Did I tell you, that dog-breeding is a hobby with her. She specializes in Pekes, and has raised inter-mat. champions on her farm. I think Aunt Laura may be interested in hearing about her for you know how much she loves pekes. Anyhow, I will write her about it. Miss Crowther, my ear training and dictation teacher told me I was a star pupil in her class; she is so nice (not because she told me that) but because she has such a wonderful sense of humor! I love her dearly. The students at Guilford are more or less casual friends of mine - awfully nice - but I don't see enough of them to have a firm friendship.

Miller is making a big fuss about nothing? Another thing she is morbidly curious about what boys I go out with. It's none of her business, and as for that motherly attitude she had better get over it right now - if she wants me to go on working here. It is true that over at the house my quarters will be cramped and the difficulty of procuring a piano will be more apparent, but if my happiness is at stake I would suffer the cramped quarters rather than have any bigoted and prejudiced landlady tell me whom I am to go out with and whom my associates are to be. To spare the outbreak, mother, but I do love people so - they are all one to me - that I can't bear to restrict myself just for the silly foibles of a prejudiced society with no thought of human nature but for all the money it makes. Listen, dear, if you can, get a hold of the article on Marina Anderson written by Marcia Davenport in the Dec. 3rd issue of Collier's. So so! I think

Albata, the colored girl at Jilliard, has asked me to join a musicians club with her. There are seven or eight members in the club, and twice a month they feature a program with some famous artist on it. I strongly suspect that the members of the club are colored, but I don't care if the club is worth-while.

By the way, did I tell you that Bea Bennet called me up the day before Thanksgiving and asked me to have dinner with her? Of course, I thanked her most kindly but said that would be impossible. Sometime before Xmas vacation I am going to see her if it is humanly possible.

Mother don't thank loads for the stamps but when oh where is the check book, I said I needed? Will you please send that with your next letter for Oulers, you do, I for me Little Lottie (floppy flop) will become quite destitute!

Thanks for your letter darling, and write me soon - Lovingly as always, your Lottie -



Mrs. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota

454 Riverside Dr.

N. Y. City-

N. Y.-



Mrs R. W. Musser,
Linden Hill
608 Highland Ave.
Little Falls,
Minn. —

Mrs. Wm. W. Miller
454 Riverside Drive,
Apt 8-A
N.Y. City.

Mon. 9.24. Nov. 28.

My dear Mrs. Tucker,

My dear Mrs. Mueser,
I think you must have received my letter this morning just as I received yours! And both of us ^{con-}cerned over the same bewildering problem! It has been a great relief to have your open expression in this letter, as I've been worrying over whether I may have said too much, ^{which} might cause you displeasure with me or else worry about Laura Jane! From K. J. herself it has been difficult to exactly know your attitude - - - and the fact that Miss Coy, a mature woman, and your friend, encourages K. J. in these associations, naturally made me wonder. But knowing you for a few hours, gave me reassurance ^{even} everytime I sat down to write, which

I did several times before
finally speaking about it
frankly. I decided if you
were disappointed with me
it wouldn't matter so much,
but I hated to cause any
worry about L.J. My real
purpose was in hoping ^{that}
in your own mother may
I could be helpful in your
letters, in shaping her atti-
tudes, which are really a bit
hard to persuade. She is
such a precious girl! Person-
ally, I have suffered, think-
ing how many lovely and
enduring friendships she
might be building, which
possibly (and maybe probably)
are being denied her because
of her seeming obsession
about these Indian and
Negro girls. I agree with
her entirely, that they must
be fine, cultured girls (else
she could not be drawn to
them as she is.) She has
repeatedly asked me to re-
ceive them here even telling
me that they have outragedly

requested coming. (In this their
own sensitivity has seemed a
little lacking, it seemed to me).
I have gently put her off,
trying my best to help her,
as I felt you would want
me to do as well as consid-
ering myself, and the apt
house ^{in which} attitude I
am ~~not~~ ^{whose} certain. I've told
L.J. that if I were living in
my own independent home
the matter might seem a little
different, but I wouldn't
want to cause any em-
barrassment to other
tenants or to the manage-
ment. She is so utterly
dear & open & genuine
& big hearted that I
simply can't hurt her
feelings --- but how I do
hate to see her stand in
her own light, in the long
run, if she persists in
these close associations.
But Mrs Musser - is it possible
we are wrong? Financially she
can snap her fingers, which
most girls cannot do! I get
sit and think --- Perhaps

this is a God given gift that she
has, --- to show the rest of
us the way --- the way to live
in a Christ like spirit, in-
stead of lustily singing and
burlesquely speaking about
the universal brotherhood of man.
The universal brotherhood of man
hands?!!! I don't know! The
problem has never before
confronted me --- so --- face to
face! As I explained to her,
for every Wed. evening third
a whole college year, two
negro men students, one
Japanese and one Indian
came to our home in Seattle
with a dozen or more American
students, where the advanced
Economics Seminar was
held in our living room.
But there was a reason
for them to be there, other
than purely social. They
were not discriminated
- against in their college
classes of course. If they
could do the work --- that
was all that was necessary.
Outside their classes, I sup-
posed ^{they liked to be mostly with their own!} --- well --- I don't know

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difficult to exactly know your
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woman, and your friend,
encourages L.J. in these
associations, naturally
made me wonder. But knowing you for ^{even} a
few hours, gave me re-
assurance everytime I
sat down to write, which

2/ perhaps our American students
were cruel to them! I hope not,
for cruelty in any form is ^{most}
revolting! And I've tried to show
her that older people could
probably enjoy such contacts
under similar circumstances,
especially, when a real reason
existed, without criticism,
while young inexperienced girls
might not ~~not~~ fare so well in
others' minds. Also I have
made a real effort to talk
with her about the evolution
of ideas, and explain that
what she wants to do all in
one season, is going to
require hundreds of years,
perhaps one better put in
terms of thousands of years.
My whole heart has longed
to be helpful without hurting,

and, so far, I don't believe she
has taken offense, & so far there
friends haven't visited, ^{but} have ex-
cept a couple of times when
I happened not to be in, so I
haven't met them. I have also
emphasized my feeling that the
whole purpose of the International
House is to meet this social need
and create a home for it, and
that I felt it is the proper place
for inter racial ^{associations} life. Somehow
international life seems a shade
different for some nations' color &
traditions are so different than
others. Once she asked if I would go over to the

Then I have felt perhaps
this is only a passing type of
fascination on her part, and
that one should not take it too
seriously. Her perspective will
surely be changing as she ma-
tures and her temperamental
stability should increase as she
grows older, shouldn't it? I am

Don't think I have been so sure of her, I would, if you, I would find the time

not very familiar with her
type of temperament, so if I blun-
der along in my hope of under-
standing, I hope you will feel
charitably toward my limitations.

Of course I understand that
from Laura Jane's view point
whether I liked Dr. Corp or not
would be of no concern. But
she asked me if I liked him
and I frankly did not, and
said so, and that he seemed no
type to spend her time with.
In the first place he is very
nervous, seeming not to
have had full control of
one of his arms, hesitant in
speech & manner, and, well,
quite inferior, thirty three
mustache — driving a car
— — — and, to be very frank,
I worried. Especially did
I worry when they did not re-
turn until shortly after two.
But everything was all right
and L.J. said he was a perfect

gentleman, altho' she also said she wouldn't care to go out with him again. He phoned while she was in Boston & left the message that he would call again. When I told her she tossed her head in a perfectly disinterested way, & I felt certain you have no further need to think of him. I really didn't feel especially critical because of the fact he was Jewish, because all the other objections (I would have felt had my own daughter been spending an evening with him) so far overshadowed his race.

Perhaps I should explain what I mean by saying Miss Coy encourages L.J. in her "dark-skinned" associations. On several occasions L.J. has taken them to concerts when Miss Coy was also her guest — and she has enthusiastically told me afterwards how Miss Coy approves and "how darling she is about them all". Perhaps Miss Coy has some mental reservations

2/ perhaps on American students more cruel to them! I hope not, for cruelty in any form is most revolting! And I've tried to show her how older people could probably enjoy such contacts under similar circumstances, especially when a real reason existed, without criticism, while young inexperienced girls might not ~~not~~ fare so well in others' minds. Also I have made a real effort to talk with her about the evolution of ideas, and explain that what she wants to do all in one season, is going to require hundreds of years, perhaps one better put it in terms of thousands of years. My whole heart has longed to be helpful without hurting,

3/ which she doesn't express
in her effort not to "cross"
her or get into any argu-
ments about it. I met Miss
Cay for a brief two or
three minutes, and was
much impressed with
her, and so very glad you
knew some one of her type
^{here} for L.J. to visit & enjoy.

Last evening a Dr. Gage
called to look after a slight
infection under her left arm,
caused by a hair follicle,
which has been annoying
her some little time. It
is ~~nothing~~ serious, he
said; only bothersome.
She had her breakfast
in bed this morning, but
now is up & dressed &
gone for her lesson,
looking so well & happy.
It is possible this little
spot will come to a head ^{and dry}
its own accord; or, with his

appreciation, entirely subside.
It will be carefully watched
& you must feel assured
about it. It is because I
so wanted details about my
Charlotte when she was 3000
miles away in Berkeley, that
I speak of it at all. She seemed
millions of miles away from
me when I knew it was ex-
proaching time, when her
dear head ^{and back} might ache,
or if I were afraid she might
have a sore tennis muscle,
or be worrying over some
examination!! We mothers!
We want our darlings to grow
into fine, self-reliant, de-
pendable, sympathetic,
democratic women - yet
we shrink from all life
must teach them, from
the hurts we can no longer
soothe — all of which
will help them grow toward
our highest ideal for them.
It is the inconsistency of
mother love, isn't it?

All this long letter, & I have
not yet thanked you for the
check to December 24th.
Please know that I appreciate
it. I have been very unfor-
tunate not to have rented my
large middle room, but
Miss Nevell did take the little
one for which I am grateful
and she is musical, too,
so I have hoped she might
help some in relation to
friendships. She is a nice
quiet capable girl and has
her violin as a major in-
terest. I haven't yet sensed
her attitude about close
friendships with colored
people. One has to expect
a lot of tolerance at Int.
House. It is only a ques-
tion of how far students
go — in their attitudes —
a question of the "eternal
fitness of things". I am
sure, since this last letter,
that we are in unison
in our deep desire to be

I am saving my stationery is at such odds
and ends.

helpful in every possible
way to this dear unusual
little girl of yours. If I did
not love her and appreciate
her, I'm afraid my
patience, on some occa-
sions, might not have
held out. She would be so
angry if she knew I had
written you the last letter
and this one, -- but my
conscience, as a mother,
now feels free, and I
know you will under-
stand that, and that my
messages to you will be
between us -- as yours
also will be.

With sincerity always
Florence Durbston Miller

454 Riverside Drive
8A N.Y.C.

Tues. Evening Nov 28.

P.S.

With a sewing day at hand
today and for the need of a stamp,
this letter failed to be posted.
And now I must add that
Laura Jane took my breath
away by coming home this
afternoon from the Dr.'s,
saying she had been to the
hospital where he had
removed the lump. She
rested a while, then practiced
with her "other" hand a half
hour. I asked her to let me
prepare her a little supper,
but some one phoned from
Sub. House and she thought
best to go over there. Had I
known she was going to
have anything like that
done I would have tried to
cancel Mrs Broda's coming.
I could have gone with her, or
I am sure Miss Cay would
have gone. I felt quite
surprised about the lump

being "removed" as she called it, after the Dr. Sunday night had said what he did. It seems another Dr. saw it today & did the work — a Dr. Kruger I believe she said. Both were very highly recommended by your niece, Betty B.

Dear Mrs. M., I have written all this letter as hurriedly. Somehow time is the most evasive element I ever have to deal with. Try to read between the lines my earnestness & interest. As I just read over one or two things I said in describing Dr. Carp — they sounded so foolish!

Wonderful men have mustaches & drive cars, don't they?!!! I don't know why I said that, except the whole picture required it. I find it difficult sometimes to know how to answer L.J.'s questions. She took exception to my feeling he wasn't quite the kind she could afford to encourage coming (even tho' she had asked me what I felt) and said I "was never to say anything to prejudice her toward her friends". However, I let that pass unnoticed, & it was enough that she doesn't care to go out with him anymore.

I promise not to write so long a letter again. We can

Understand each other, & that
our deepest desire is to help
her. But if she knew our
letters had passed no one
would be able to make her
believe that. I had long
since felt I understood
a great deal about "her
family who had never
understood her". Dear
child, how little she
grasps all that is in
your hearts for her.

With kindest personal
regards, and praying you
to rest your thoughts of any
anxiety, in so far as I can
help. Very sincerely
Florence Miller.

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Oct. 17, 1938



Dear Flossy - wopsy mother;

Well, I can at least settle down for a minute to write you a line - I am so very busy, I am hardly ever still for a minute. Thank you for your letter which I got today. I love to get letters the first of the week for then I can start the week right. School at Guilford is loads of fun, the classes aren't terribly hard and don't take so very much time to do, but there is so much else to do

that I'm occupied from dawn² -
until dark. You asked me about
my classes at Juilliard. I have theory
(second year) two times a week. The teachers
we have in it are awfully nice and
very humorous. We are taking the lessons
slowly and that is how I like them
done. My board harmony meets once
a week and is so easy I don't even have
to study, for it is all done in class. Ear
tr. meets twice a week, and that, too, is a
cinch. Chorus meets once a week, and
our lecture course once a week. I don't have
to go to these two but I like them very much -
too much to miss them.

³My piano meets once a week. Miss
Quinn is very nice but means business.
I think she seems interested in me for
she has endeavored to contact a few
young people for me. At any rate, I enjoy
working for her. Her method is similar to
Miss Albrecht's but more complicated and
broader. Anyhow, I don't find four hours
a day such a job for I need it - every bit
of it.

In chorus, we just have an
informal time of it. We do not have to
try out for parts, and I sing alto as I always
have.

So much for that.

Every Friday p. m. Juilliard gets on an informal

student recital and dance afterwards for meeting people. I enjoy these little gatherings very much for it makes you truly feel a part of the school.

As for my contacts at Int. they are coming along fast and furiously. I have about five boys that I go out with - An Engl. boy named Jim Todd, a German boy named Walter Meuche, an American boy named Boice Robinson, and two Chinese boys. All of them I met at dances, and they're all very nice. Chiu's (the Chin. boy) father was English teacher for Lin Yutan, the author of The Importance of Living, and Chiu knows the author quite well. I like to talk to him very much for he is very intelligent. Li is very nice too.

As for the girls, I see Miss Newell quite
a bit. The second semester she wants to
room with me in an apt. (not Mrs. M's).
I'm rather thinking about it for Mrs. M.
hasn't much to her, and any way, I enjoy
young people - Hilda + Evelyn, I've hardly
seen at all - Both are rather clannish
and are inclined to shun the white people.
I can't say I blame them judging ^{by} the way
some of the Americans act around them.
Hilda is working for her Master's degree
and is an exceptionally brilliant girl, and very
nice to talk to - but proud as the dickens!

She's a year younger than I. Lucille Ing is another very nice girl. She's from China I guess. Anyhow, she's very friendly and fun to be with.

You asked me about Isabel. I've seen her only twice - once for dinner I wrote you about it, and last night to a show. Otherwise I haven't seen her at all. She seems nice enough but too stuck on herself & work.

As yet I haven't contacted Margaret Taylor or Mary Taylor. There hasn't been time. Miss Coy is out of town and I haven't seen her for sometime. Betty still calls me up every so often and we have dinner sometimes together though I like her.

We have been having regular

summer weather - 70 or 80° in the shade - so I'm out quite a bit. I'm going to take swimming down at the Sheldon - I've already been once, and it doesn't take so long to get down there.

Oh had a grand time you must have had in Muscatine. Do give my love to Aunt Jane and Sally & tell Sally to write when she has the time.

Tomorrow night Lottie Lehman Ring and I am going - I don't know yet with whom. I told you about Martha Graham. She's the foremost modern dancer in the country - (I studied dancing at Monticello - remember)

So you heard Catherine Van Buren. I wish I had been there. What did Little

Gals think of her?

I will have to lie down - I am so
tired - so will stop -

My love to you & daddy -

Lotrie

Oct. 5, 1938



Dearest mother.

Thanks so much for calling me up the other night. It sounds so nice, and I did appreciate your thoughtfulness.

You have been gone two days and I do miss my little 'popsy' but I do love New York so and people have been so kind. I go over to Int. House for my meals, and the atmosphere is perfectly lovely. Tonight I am taking dinner

with Isabel L. and Friday night
with Miss Coy. I haven't been
able as yet to contact Mary Taylor
but will write Margaret and find
out where she is.

Mrs. Miller is a perfect
dear and we get on beautifully.
Her hand is getting along much better.

How did Mary seem?
Was Roger with her? and how was
cousin Bud?

Give my love to the family.
Love —

June 22, 1938



SAGAMORE HOTEL
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Mother dear -

This is the first time I've had to do any writing for both Mary and I have been dashing around like mad trying to get everything done in the space that our limited time permits. So far the trip has been a joy to both Mary and me and so far everything has worked out beautifully - Yes we did see you when you drove down to the tracks, and I know you must have seen us. I guess everyone on the train thought we were nuts the way we were racing through the cars in an effort to get back to the observation car -

We got in to Chicago O. R. and then took the N. Y. C. from the La Salle Str. Station but the conductor on the train was not

notified (or forgot to mention) that they were
stopping the train for us in Ellyria for
he told us to change trains in Toledo which
we did, and we reached Ellyria at 5 P.M.
The station agent at Ellyria told us that the
other train received the wire to stop after
it left Toledo so that we were just out
of luck - (and oh those two dirty, dirty
day-coaches we had to ride on, and the awful
heat, I will never forget it) At the same time
~~the same time~~ the station agent told us that
we could make the change to the Rochester train
in Ellyria instead of Cleveland which made it
much easier, and gave me a chance to have a
nice long nap, so as you see everything
worked out all right, and we arrived in Rochester
on scheduled time.

Now about Oberlin! I am simply
fascinated with the place, and the registrar was
a darling. Although he was busy in the eve.
he did give us a little of his time, and out-
lined my future course so clearly and invitingly



SAGAMORE HOTEL

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

that I'm all in favor of entering next fall. He did mention that he thought a music course would be much more profitable and if at any time I wanted to add on subjects to get a B. A. I could do so though he thought a B. M. - more what I wanted, but I had to get my application in right away for already Oberlin was turning away a great many students, and unless I notified Monti immediately I might not be able to get in. I'm filling out my application now, and I'm wondering if you haven't a picture of me for they need one - Now the less I am going to look over Eastman & Wells to be on the safe side, though I am pretty certain of Oberlin - Mary & I had a nice room at the Oberlin jun., and felt the whole venture very successful -

I have already made an appointment with the Eastman agent for an interview this afternoon and then I'm going to rest - Early

morning rising does not agree with me !

When you write - write to the Barbaryon
Playa and forward any mail I might receive
there please - don't forget the picture - a
snap - shot you know -

Love to you, daddy, Mary, Aunt Morian, & Ben.

Lothe -

W
From Joe & Mary Langmuir
New York letter this m
on M. Y. C. 5:15 P.M. on Saturday
m. from here - they expect to go
to Barbaryon - Play - later for business
but I didn't know the one was - look
from one street there