



Laura Jane Musser and
Family Papers.

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2/25/41

LAURA JANE MUSSEY

Papa dearest;

It's been a long time since I've heard from you but then I guess you must be busy. Now very much I do miss you, mother, and Nelu - my "little old darlings" - when I got back, I found there was so much work to make up so I have been taking it easy, and for once enjoying New York. I have been to my first opera, a couple of movies, and a Carnegie Hall concert within the few days I've been back. Perhaps this week-end I may even squeeze in a play - you never can tell.

There is absolutely no snow-

here, and it is fairly pleasant
most of the time; at times it
feels almost spring like.

You'd better practice up on
your "double dummy" so when
you come East in the spring
we can have a rousing good game.

Don't write me soon, papa
dear -

With much love always,
Fannie.

Do you suppose you could
send me some stamps (3¢)?



Mr. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota

5/9/41

Mother dearest;

This is a little note for
Mother's Day, and to let you
know I am thinking about you.
Your letter came yesterday, and
I was so glad to get it & always.
You must feel very lonely
without papa, but from the
work you've been doing, he is
going to be tickled pink when

he get back and find everything
all fixed up. Isn't it nice that
another year has gone by, and
even though this year had
many thorns and rough stones,
I feel as if I had accomplished
a great deal in experience and
what have you! I have made
so many lovely friends, and
found happiness in so many
ways that I have no better ones
for any confinements for the

compensation in other things has been
more than enough. What, when I
think of the many kindnesses (kind
thoughts, loving words, little thoughtful
ways, and true friendly attentions)
^{shown toward me} may mean so much, and I thank God
for giving me so many wonderful
things. I do thank you for the two
lovely new pieces in many ways, and
I pray God it may continue so for

us all. As one grows older,
family and friends become
two priceless treasures.

What do you hear from
Mary and Roger, and how is
dear Baby Sarah?

When did Aunt Marian
say she wanted to see me?
Told Nilda I would like her
to come around the first part
of July because I thought Aunt
Marian wanted me in June.
Again with so much love
& a big Blop! Wop! Mop! Love.

I am very glad Aunt F. is coming. I will be fun
having her with us. I give my love to Daddy & the
girls. Regs send me an amazing card of the largest
jerk rabbit I have ever seen - claiming he shot it on the
Mother Darling; Kansas prairies! ^{and a big Bloomy flop}
3/23/41

Today is a glorious Sunday, ^{to you,} I
and a true tang of spring in the (xoxo)
air. We have been having some
mighty windy weather lately and
this change is certainly a relief -

It was good to have your
letter and to speak with you the
other night on the 'phone. Daddy
wrote me such a sad letter say-
ing he felt so mean and out of it
all that I was quite worried.
You mustn't let him overdo. I have
him be out doors a great deal par-
ticularly in the sunshine for other-
wise his resistance will be lowered.

my favorite, Zinka Milanov, did not have the lead. I think she's the only one that really can interpret Aida's part without overdoing it. However, the rest of the cast was superb, and Brunapatient, but oh me! the amount of technique difficulties I have to overcome positively appeals me! I have been thinking that perhaps it would be better were I to take a lesson every two weeks. It might give me more time to adjust myself.

The other day I was over to see the Schuylers. Mrs. Schuyler was in the act of painting Anne W. Brown's portrait, and Philippa was watching Anne's baby, so there wasn't much chance for a visit.

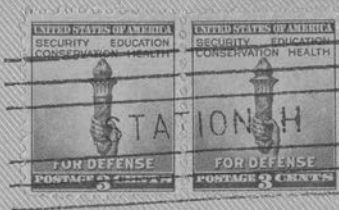
I have been busy as usual. The added piano is no easy matter, and a little trying to my eyes which haven't been so very well lately. Mr. Newstead is very patient, but oh me! the amount of technique difficulties I have to overcome positively appeals me! I have been thinking that perhaps it would be better were I to take a lesson every two weeks. It might give me more time to adjust myself.

Last night the opera season closed. I saw the last matinee performance, "Aida." Much as I love the music I was a little disappointed that

Just for the fun of it, I played
one or two of my own compositions
and produced some "admirable" com-
ments on the part of Philippa and her
mother. Indeed, Philippa went so far
as to request me to write one of mine
down for her in exchange for one of hers.
Friday night Mrs. S. took me to an
anti war forum at which Senator Nye
gave an outstanding & revealing talk. By
any chance did you hear the broadcast of
it? It makes one realize how much
British propaganda is pushing us into
this war.

I had a sweet note from M. G.
Secretary saying that her sister was fond
of roses, so roses it will be! and that she
(M) would be very happy to see us back
stage (as was mentioned in the other note).

Air Mail



Mr. & Mrs. R. D. Musser
Linden Hill
Little Falls
Minnesota

Room 605 West 115th Street

New York City, N. Y.

deplines! I'm in. 4/24/41
Closing the check with the endorsement
papa - "a bridge is ³1.60" eh what!
With so much love, Love

My precious mother & father;

How very much I
miss you both, and how very
much I enjoyed your lovely
letters. I love you both so much,
and you'll never know how
much I hated to have you leave
me. My heart "blumped" all day
and is still "blumping" now.

you could have all heard Lu. I can hardly wait to get home
Luson. Her voice was in wonderful to see you. Your little wrapper
condition that night, and what fun knows we will have a grand
we did have! Why do good times time this summer.
have to end?

Now I wish the measles
The war news is certainly could have waited until after
depression, but I feel that if we recreation! What fun we would
hope had enough things will compare had! I could have gone to
but all right in the end no matter the plays with you and every
what! God hasn't forsaken the thing, but that can take place
just and innocent.

Again, can't it?

I play for the club. always

Now glad I was that

from this Sunday, and
have composed three new pieces
for the occasion. I played them
for Mr. Newstead today and he
seemed to like them.

Last night Lindbergh gave
a talk at Manhattan Center, and
Mrs. Schuyler asked me to go to hear
him, but when we got down there,
there was a terrific mob - shouting
and yelling - I was hellum let loose!
We couldn't have gotten a seat if
we tried so we came home.
Do write to me soon.

2/21/41

LARA JANE MUSSEY

Mother dearest;

Now I had to leave my little wizzer that eve. Bless his little young head. I just longed to take my little "bloozy" with me but it just couldn't be. Love you and papa so! The first day I got back, I went straight over to Gilliard, interviewed Mr. Wedge, and fixed up a conjugal program with private lessons in violin. Had my Psychology test and term papers returned with "A" marked on both of them. I will enclose my marks. I'm very satisfied with them. Today I had my first classes,

I'm so glad you're coming on.
Darling, I can hardly wait.

With loads of love to all -
Lotsu

Many "kisses" to you and papa.

And everyone seemed glad to see
me again. There is hardly any
work to make up, so getting
readjusted will not present any
difficulties. My violin instructor
suggested setting up a series for
coordination. He seems a very nice
person - far more patient than Mr. B.
who by the way was most cordial when
he saw me in the hall. Had a card
from Edna - the day I arrived - bless
her heart. She is so thoughtful and
dear! Haven't heard a word from the
Schuylers as yet. Philippa appeared
in the "Coronet" magazine for Feb. -
a charming article - she truly is
amazing.

3/14/41

LAURA JANE MUSSEY

Dearest mother;

Your days have elapsed since you were here, and how very much I have missed my little wapper! Bless her dear heart! For a time I couldn't get used to not having you sleep next to me. Didn't we have cosy times though? Every one here speaks of how much they enjoyed meeting you at extra, and those that didn't said they wished they had! Two letters came for you after you left, and one (from Mary) I thought was mine so I opened it. No! I didn't read it! Mr. Wedge hasn't

Yesterday, M. Audemont's sister
(secretary) wrote and said that M.A.
wished to thank me for a note I had
written her asking about the spring
concert etc. and that she hoped I'd
make it - very nice of her I'm
sure! - Any how I wrote the secretary
and said I'd like to send M. some
flowers and asked what kind I'd
prefer - (sort of an answer in a sense)
I hope it won't be anything extravagant.
Do you think I should have bothered?

Did I tell you when you
were here that Margaret V. wrote
and wanted me to spend a week-
end with her! Much I'd better do it
after spring vacation. What do you
think?

Well, darling, write to me

soon me once since you
spoke to him. He saw me
once in the hall but just said "Hello"
and passed on!

Yesterday I had my piano
lesson, and Mr. N. thinks there's
hope! Any how! I don't want to
spend \$10 a lesson for nothing, and
I hope I'll be honorable enough to
tell me if there's no hope.

Last night I went to the
opera - Don Giovanni, and it was
very well done. Giulia Milanov, my
favorite opera singer had one of the
leads but I didn't like her nearly
as well in that part as I did Aida.
There's only one more week of opera
and then the season closes! Boo
hoo!

room, and give my love to every
one and you, dear -

L. J. M

Heard from Roger - a most
amusing letter per usual.

3/27/41

Mother Darling;

How sweet your letter was
and how I did enjoy it. I am
sorry if I had you worried about
my eye. It really wasn't anything
at all. I guess I just caught cold in
it, and had it laid up for a little
while. You were so dear to call
me up. Love to hear your voice
over the wire, because I do miss
you so, and when I can talk to you,
you somehow don't seem so far
away. It was good hearing you, too,
my little old father, and how I wish
my arms were long enough to squeeze
you both. But daddy, dear, I'm so
sorry you won't be coming on
Easter. It will be nice having Aunt

brighter now than formerly.

Edna has been corresponding a lot with me lately. She sends me along with the notes clippings for my scrap book. Did you know that Miriam Anderson received the \$10,000 award for doing the most outstanding work as a native of Philadelphia for the year '40-41? You know a proposal to the concert, do you think a mixed bouquet of roses would be nice? The sister said she liked "roses" - not mentioning any kind or color. What do you think?

I wrote Mrs. Griffith, the concert manager about a special permit to go back stage. but I haven't heard from her at all as yet. It will be awkward if she forgets the permit.

Now I wish I could see Baby Sarah. She must be quite a big girl by now. Well, summer isn't a

Laura, but oh darling, why can't you come? Just this once, please! I just miss my little old man so much!

Nancy finally moved over here, and we are having such a grand time together. She's feeling fine, and has just gone to have a posture lesson, after having very kindly washed my hair for me! Her teachers are very much pleased with her voice, and think she will be in the opera next year.

I had my lesson with Mr. Newstead today, and he was greatly pleased with the progress I had made. I know I was. I think things look far more hopeful than they did at first. Mr. Stanini said my orchestration was coming along nicely - a subject that had me quite worried for a while; but in short things are looking much

long way off, and there will be
plenty of time then.

I think of you and daddy so
often, my precious little woppers
Thank Grandma so much for me
for the brownies, and tell her I shall
write as soon as I get the time -

With much love to all -

Lotsie

Air Mail



Mrs. R. D. Musser
Linden Hill
Little Falls
Minnesota

From Rust College
Holly Springs
Mississippi

Aug. 12, 13, 14

Dear Mother;

I had the funniest feeling in my stomach when I had to say "good-bye" to you - I felt so lonesome, and longed to have you to talk to on the train, but then I was by myself. I was rather tired so I slept all the way practically to St. Paul. I had little difficulty in locating my train and was soon tucked in bed and off to dream land. The porter awoke me the next morning and found I had only a half hour to get dressed and packed. There wasn't time to get breakfast even at

the station so I waited 'til I had transferred, and once I had been relieved of the cares of the very slow red caps and my bags which I thought would never come, I settled down, had a fine meal, and then went promptly to sleep only to be aroused by the conductor asking for my tickets. I reached Memphis at 11:15 PM daylight saving, and saw Wilda with a friend of hers on the station platform. I was rather amused at the fact that we had to walk out the entrance marked "For Colored Only." (As Wilda later put it, I had to pretend I was colored, and since my skin was rather tanned any way, it wasn't difficult.) We reached Holly Springs at a little after midnight, and

went right to bed - ² all the family being
asleep except Harriette, Wilda's sister,
who helped me get settled. The next
morning we got up rather late (a fact
not unusual down here since on account of
the heat, everyone sleeps until about noon)
and took a walk around the campus.

Rust College is an interesting institution -
It is one of the smaller Negro colleges
but has a very high standing. The ^{boarders,}
^{and students} number around 350 during the winter season
but about 150 during summer school session.
The College buildings are very old and rather
shabby in appearance, but are clean and well
taken care of. The house where Wilda and
her family live is over one hundred years old.
There has been no money advanced for

the improvement of the building so
every one is obliged to make the most of
what he has which is precious little. The
conditions are pitiful compared with our
modern colleges with all their modern
comforts, and one wonders at times how
people can be as cheerful and hopeful
as these Southern Negroes are. Wilda
and her sister took me out to the college
farm about ten or fifteen miles from
here, and on the way we passed many
moral churches and schools for Negroes,
as well as many homes. Really, mother,
I was made ill at the sight - these
pitiable, dilapidated, unsanitary "ten-toos"
that Southern people call schools and
homes and churches. Yet one of these tumbled

down structures are considered elegant
if they have glass in the windows. For
privilege to live in these homes the
money is so ridiculously high to cover
the cost of one of these hovels that there
is very little left over to keep body and
soul together. (This is also true of the
"poor white trash.") When we reached the
farm, I got my first sight of the cotton
field. Most of the field was in bloom
with myriad bluish-purple blossoms that
reminded me a little of the morning
glory. There was also a huge cucumber patch,
a bean patch, corn, and sorghum (Sorghum
looks much like sugar cane, only it's coarser,
and more easily cultivated than sugar cane)
There was a huge watermelon patch

with watermelons (the striped variety) in all stages of development. The livestock consisted of pigs, cows, and four horses. Such a farm is considered excellent under the circumstances. The labor is all done by hand for a few cents an hour. There were about a dozen men working when we were there.

The heat has been terrific. I have begun to feel the effects of it a little and am keeping quiet as possible. Today is nice and breezy which makes life more bearable. The college has been a scene of busy activity in preparation for commencement which is tonight. I have met several of the college faculty and some of the students. I have seen Dr. McCoy only once or twice for he has been very busy attending

conferences. Mrs. Mc⁴Coy is charming - so
very gracious and hospitable. She looks
as if she might be Indian for her
features are finer and more regular - the
complexion is almost white. We have
been invited out two or three times - once
to a bridge party. One day we drove into
Memphis to lunch and a show. I met
Hilde's aunt who was one of the
purest souls I have ever met. She
has been an invalid most of her life
yet to look at her - cheerful and jolly as
she is - you would never know it. She
continually gives of herself to others - never
complaining - but always trying to help some
one else. She was most urgent that Hilde
and I pass the night there, but as we
hadn't come prepared, and being afraid that

We might overwork her, we came home.
Memphis is on the borderline between
Tennessee and Arkansas - the boundary
line being the Mississippi River - A
tremendous bridge crossed the river into
Arkansas - which we crossed for Iilda
wished to give me an impression of the
state. We were going to drive down to Gulf
Port, Mississippi, where we could go swim-
ming, but the weather has been too disa-
greeable for long drives. They have a
pool for "whites" not far from here but it
would be impossible for me to go swimming
there, at least now! Iilda has been such
a lovely hostess, and now I'm so glad
I came. She really is one of the dearest
friends I've ever had, and has done so much

5.

for my comfort and happiness. I only
wish you could have known her better.
I imagine that I will leave here Saturday
or Sunday for Atlanta for over night,
then to New York for two days - to
Washington for three days and then
home for a couple of months. I should
like to wait before I go to New York
in the fall. Anyhow, we can talk
about that when we come home.

How are Daddy, Mary, and
Baby Sarah? Can Baby Sarah walk
yet? I shall be anxious to have my
students with me again. I hope they
have been religious in their practicing -
Do give my love to everyone
and much to you - Lettie -

1/10/41

Dearest little Woppy;

How I miss you - and how
I look forward to your dear letters!
The one received from you today
made my eyes briny and my nose
sniffly - It means so much to
me to have you and daddy love
me - Oh you don't know -
All the friends in the world wouldn't
compensate me over the loss of my
father and mother - Please take
the bestest care of yourself for
remember the 52,000 years!

Life goes on and so do I.

Right now, Sam in the midst of
14/01/41 (see how I began this)

Writing a term paper for Psychology
to be handed in at the end of the
month - plus studying for exams.
I am so glad you are coping on.
I don't know what to do. Do tell papa
"my little girl" that he'll just have to
come.

So Roger has one more month
yet before he goes to N.E. Does Mary
stay with you most of the time - and
dear little Sarah! Such a little darling
as she is - bless her little heart. How
I wish I had a little baby and a loving
husband. I have yet to find THE person,
however -

The other night I went to hear
Dorothy Maynor, and because the house

was sold out, I had to have a stop-off. I
was a fairly good one, but the piano was a
little too close so it frequently drowned out
Miss Maynor's voice. I came early, and had
just gotten seated when someone typed me on the
adjacent asking if I knew Miss Maynor, and when
I turned around I found it was the wings of my
& Geo. from Anne Virginia Brown, whom we had
met at the debauches - remember? We had a
pleasant little chat together about the debauches
etc. She's quite a good friend of Anderson too - and
said she didn't think the number I told you about
was true - that she, ^{Anderson} was just going to have a special

vacation in Connecticut on her estate,
returning to the stage in the middle
of next season. By the way Anderson
said she might come to Minnesota,
so if she does will you let me know?
(August with Mrs. Johnson to the symphony concert)
After the concert the both went back to
speak to Miss Maynor who was most
delighted. She greeted me very cordially
saying she was glad to see me again.
I brought out my little book - told her that
I would love to have her signature, and got
it plus "Best wishes" etc. in a much
more gracious manner than Anderson gave
me. Maynor truly has a lovely soprano -
especially evident in some Strauss Lieder and
some French songs - Opus in Aida being
my favorite of that composer. But like
Anderson her voice also shows strain,
and I fear for both their futures if they

Keep their terrific pace.

You should hear the acclamation
Mitropoulos is getting here. Every time
I mention the Mps. symphony
people look at me with envy. I'm
very much afraid we will lose him.
For New York is going to triple his bonus.
They say he beats Toscanini and all
the other great conductors, and his
memory of scores is amazing - far
surpasses Ormendi in this respect.
Already the men of the N.Y. Philharmonic
adore the very ground he walks on saying
that his attitude towards them is almost
Christlike in its patience and under-
standing. Should you like me to send
you clippings of him?

Like you I still have "thank-

upon notes to write!

Last night Angella Threeworth came over to say "good-bye." She is leaving for South Carolina to do concert work. She said a good many of her appearances were at small schools, churches, and many Negro colleges - but small beginnings are very important. After Angella left, I wanted to go to see Judy Garland in "Little Nellie Kelly" but it had already left the theater, so went to see "Kitty Foyle" instead. It was a fine movie though a trifle sad, but I enjoyed it.

Have you heard anything of Miss Smalley - I mean, if she went back to the ranch? What a peculiar personality she has. But

I guess it takes all kinds to make a world.
Love my sincere greetings to Mrs.

Robert, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Robert etc.

I trust what loneliness we meet, and how come to the conclusion that a great deal of our happiness comes from the security of knowing that someone cares for you.

And of course my deepest love
to you and papa -

Love -

My best love to Aunt Marian!
5/9/41
Tell her I will see her next month.
Dearest father; in care.

Your lovely letter reached
me last week! Bless your
little old heart! How I love my
papa, and how I miss him so.
You and Aunt Marian must
be having a fine time together
but a busy one too! I hope things
are working out very well, and
that you won't have to be gone
very long. Mother writes

and say how busy she is with the gardens and her club house activities. She certainly is "on the go".

You mustn't worry any more about me, papa, in connection with the measles, for as you know, I really wasn't ill - just a rash! However, in a way it did spoil our good times, and I couldn't see you to say "good-bye". But this summer will have loads

of fun, won't it? That is, if you and Mr. Standish don't get too

preoccupied with double dummy.

Shut up you two and be together

and it'll become so much to him,

and please give me a little time,

won't you dearest. I'm not such a

good double dummy player, but I

love you so!

Love so glad you and
Daddy have got to have fun.

Anderson's concert in March!
We did have fun didn't we?
It's too bad you didn't get to
meet her, but maybe you
will some other time!

I am so busy getting
my Psychology term paper
written and studying for exams
that I hardly know where I am.
We've been having such gorgeous
weather that I hate to be in-
doors a single minute.

In three weeks I'll be seeing
my little "wozzie"! Your loving, Lottie



STATION H



Mrs. R. L. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota

6024

115th St.

7. 0.

5/22/41

Mother Darling;

How wonderful it was
to speak to you over the phone
last Sunday.. I almost cried
I was so happy. I have been
thinking about you so, and
wonder how you are and what
you are doing. I had a lovely
letter from Daddy. My, the
way he's been getting around

lately; I'd have a fit if I
had to go that fast. I also
had the dearest letter from
Mrs. Cochran. Blesser dear
heart! It's wonderful to know
one has friends when one has
a sorrow; and one is trying to
forget. I also had a letter from
Margaret Taylor whom I expect
to see this week-end. I really
shouldn't be going, but I feel it
will do me good.

last Sunday Marian Anderson sang
over the radio on the "Sam Am I
American" Day Programme. The "Our
Main" sounded like a message from
heaven; (Sweet and told her what the
song meant to me at the time) And she
sang just after she. She made a
speech on inviting that we get into this
war. I made me so mad that
I felt that that the whole program

was a cheap political rally,
and not even Miss Anderson's
glorious singing, ^{after that} made me feel
better about it. It hurt me
to think that she would appear
on such a cheap, sensational
political set up, but perhaps
that's what this after-
cheap sensationalism. At any rate
it changed my whole feeling
about her and music.

I just finished my term
paper which is a bit relief.

5/3/41

Dearest little Bloopie;

How very much I enjoyed your letter. I'm afraid I'm not being very prompt in my answers, but that's because work is piling up like nobody's business. At the club here I'm appointed to do some sort of work on a bazaar idea, and they want to know something of the hobbies that the girls have. They called on me because they know that I collect odd and interesting things. Adelaide tells me that she is sending me a big box of stuff from India. When it comes will you send it

Mrs. Moyer. Will you please thank them both very much for me.

A letter from Hilda says she may get up to see me this summer. I'm so delighted, and I just hope she can do it. I know you and daddy won't regret in the least having her as a guest.

You may even be proud of it, and come to love her as much as I do.

Of course this isn't really definite as yet, so I'm not counting on it too much.

You certainly must have told everybody that I had the measles. They have all been writing me letters of condolence and making me feel as if I really had been ill!

Please do not deceive them in this fashion for as you know I was

directly here - that is, if it should come before May 16th. If not, don't bother, because I hate to have the stuff I already have to be sent on for I'm so afraid something may happen to it. You see as the war continues it becomes more and more difficult to ship foreign goods, or for that matter obtain duplicates. I'd be heart broken if anything happened to my stuff. One of these days, you and daddy can give me a phone case or something like that to keep my things in. The chest Ted gave me is too small to hold every thing.

I had two very sweet letters - one from Mrs. Cochrane - the other from

ill at all. I'm still wondering if
Mr. Anderson caught the measles from
me. Remember how I looked the
night we met her. ???

And now I must get dressed.
There are a million and one things
to be done, and I haven't even started
With much love to all—

Lotsie

I wonder if daddy would be willing
to send on one of his pieces of lava
he got at Mt. Vesuvius!



VIA AIR MAIL

air mail

Mrs. R. D. Musser
Little Falls
Minnesota.

From 605 West 115th St.
N. Y. City, N. Y.

Jan. 17, 1941

Dearest mother - my little wopper;

Thank you so much for your sweet letter. I was so interested in all you had to tell me, but am so sad to hear about Mrs. Alma Ryan. She is such a lovely soul, and to think that her varied activities in doing for others brought this on herself, but I know, she'll come out of it, and will live for many years more. Perhaps, if I sent you a check for \$5. - you could buy her some lovely flowers or something like that. Anyway, I will enclose it with this letter.

You know, mother, how
very much I want you and daddy

to come on. but I was thinking
maybe instead you would like to spend
the Easter vacation with me ~~instead~~ as
I find we have only a week, and I
won't be able to come home. Also if
Mary E. wants to come on then you
could bring her. that is if you think
she should come. I should love to have
her for the remaining month, and
think it would do her good to get
away from home for a change. Anyhow,
it's whatever you decide. So Maude
& Malley did break silence. I thought
she would for she has very few friends
in this world, and depends on them too
much to be an isolationist in any sense
of the word. Of course she had to cry on

her shoulder, and do spend would have it
thinks her aspirations. What be a wonderful
study for any student. **Psychologist for sale**
so aptly fits his definition of a depressed and
inhibited person, but I am sure that from
now on he conduct of the pencil will be more
normal for two extremes can't live together.
for this is also an interesting Freudian subject,
I'm interested in what you told me
about Reg. I'm glad she is happier. perhaps
it is because she is less selfish and egotistical
more inclined to see the other person's point of
view. Won't you please send me a copy
what of *Handy*? I imagine when I get home

this summer she will be walking.
And think how cute she'll look in the
pink net dress I bought her.

I had two dear letters -
one from papa darling and one
from Mary. Papa's letter was so
beautiful it made me cry and
realize that he truly is one of the
greatest human persons that have ever
lived. Bless his dear heart! I love
him, & you so much! Tell them
both I will earnestly try to squeeze in
time to write them.

Speaking of grey weather -
these last two days have been the
limit! Sleet, rain wind & drizzle -
no wonder people get so many colds
at this time. Today is a little brighter
and I hope we will have sunshine.

tomorrow!

Last Sunday, I went to hear
Mitropoulos' last concert which
consisted of two symphonies - one by
Roussel and one by Mahler. - Both
of them extremely interesting beautifully
melodic, and rich with feeling
that only Mitropoulos knows how
to get from the orchestra. As he stood
on the podium conducting he reminded
me of some mythological figure
who has but to raise his arms and ^{the}
music swells or dies down accordingly.
At the end of the concert people rose
from their seats and stood until he
left. Then such a burst of applause
came forth from every part of the house
that critics said that not even Toscanini
got such a terrific an ovation. It

lasted half an hour and there
were at least ten curtain calls.
In the last call, Mitropoulos, kissed
the concert maestro, and walked off
with tears in his eyes - completely
overwhelmed. I decided I'd go
back to see him, and did for 2
was anxious to know if he was really
going to replace Perbuddi - so I said
"Mr. Mitropoulos, being a native of
Minnesota, I hope, the Mpls. symphony
won't lose you" - to which he replied, "It
will not" - so I guess we're safe at
least for the time being. You would
have smiled at the talk I had with
Mr. Dukachoff - my choral conductor about
Mitropoulos. He agrees with me that he
is the greatest living conductor, and

thinks Mr. M. will have him next year. I
told him "stuff and nonsense", and said that
it wasn't fair for the N. Y. Philharmonic to
have the best of everything - that the Mpls.
symphony was among the 5 top not symphonies
and would no longer be a "second-rate-down-as-
far-as-conductors-were-concerned" - that if really
made Mitropoulos what he is today & vice versa,
and that the Mpls. symphony stood in a
fair way to be the greatest symphony in the
country so far as pure talent was concerned.
I went on to say that the only reason why the
Fiction symphonies were in the lead was because
of their starry practice and their strong patronage.

ation and local publicity - that
if it weren't for the wealthy patrons
supporting them, they would all collapse
like a pack of cards - to which he - to
my surprise - agreed with me emphasizing
that why, he said, the Philharmonic
should get rid of Berlioz for instance,
and get a comic actor like Metropolitan.

Read the last issue of the N. Yorker
for a comprehensive account of Metropolitan
and his talents. I will send you the bunch
of clippings as soon as I get them organized.

I have an invitation from the
Meynbroughs to see the immigration, Monday.
but I don't think with all my work I
can make it.

Do write me soon my little
wupper and so much love to your
papa, Mary, Rosa & Sarah & your Aunt
Fannie.

5/16/41

Mother darling;

You don't know how
very much your lovely letter
meant to me in the acute
grief that I felt at the news
of aunt Bobbie's death. She was
a second mother to me, and was
responsible for my being here at
all. As you say she was forever
giving of herself, and I learned
to depend on her deep love and under.

ascribed the best possible
motives to my behavior, never
blaming it as willing or intentional.
I have never meant to hurt anyone,
but sometimes they don't always
understand or want to understand,
therefore, my suffering, and feeling
of uselessness, when they blame
me, is often more than I can stand,
and many have been the times that
I've wished to end it all. That doesn't
always happen, however, but all of us
should have someone who under-
stands, and with whom you can

standing to a considerable extent.
She had something very few
people have today - patience and
a wealth of human understanding.
I can never remember her being
angry or cross at me when I was
a little girl, and that meant a
lot, for even though I have
been at fault a good deal of
the time, and my peculiar
individuality upset those whom
I love deeply, and am fearful
of hurting ~~them~~, she always

rationalize a situation. I
have felt that she was such a
person, and many have been the
times that she gave me valuable
and comfortable advice without
appearing to moralize. I've needed
this so, and have profited so much
by it, and now she's gone, and I
have no one left who understands
me or has the patience with me the
way she did. She always bolstered
me up, never found fault with me,
and loved me with a love that very
few people have to-day. Why couldn't

I have gone with her? I suppose I am a coward when it comes to taking my own life, but there really isn't much for me to live for. I am a mess in so many ways to other people. My family complains about my hair, my clothes, etc.. I can't get along with Helen and she in turn tells stories about me. I don't blame her at all. I probably would do the same thing if I were in her shoes, and yet,

could love me and yet I
love you so, and am so anxious
to please. Really, this summer,
if you could see me a lot, you
might learn to love and forgive
me for any tantrums I might have,
I don't mean to have them at all,
but sometimes life becomes
such a night-mare that I
want to scream! I'm truly
sorry though, and want your
love so - for you see there's no
one left! We can have so much

I try so hard, and want to
do the right thing, but I guess
I am a Mrs. Malaprops.

Betty and Mary have said
so many cruel and cutting things
to me about appearance, back-
wardness etc. and you and
daddy have told me to never
annoy you with my troubles.
This all goes to show, mother,
how really sorry I am that I've
caused you so much trouble.
I really don't see how you

fun together, and such cozy
talks, - free from fiction of any
kind. You might find me the
kind of companion you've
always wanted. I'd be glad to
play bridge with you or anything
you say, and may we enjoy
a 52,000 years of blops! flops!
mops! and wops! together - daddy
of course, included, bless his heart,
Any how, let's hope that God will give
us many long years together -
Your loving Laura Jane.

As I told you over the
phone, ~~Mr. &~~ Mrs. Schuyler
may come up to S. F. the last
of this month. Philippa
is scheduled to appear in a
piano program the last of June.
Mr. Schuyler won't be coming.
It would be nice if she could
also give a programme in S. F.

Mother I will be so
glad to leave N. Y. I won't know
what to do. This year has been

a little too much for me, but
I'm going to see Jill laid through
if I die in the attempt. My
friends here in N. Y. are lovely,
but I hope next year I can
find a place where I can entertain
my friends of all races. It's
maddening and slightly em-
barrassing when I feel that the
Club doesn't wish it. It
will be nice having Wills
this summer. I think

it will do me a world of good and
help me to forget a lot.

Do give my very best love
to daddy, and a lot to yourself -
Yours -

I think I'll leave N. Y. June 2nd.
Getting home June 4th.