



Laura Jane Musser and
family papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

 KNA
 No. 3 -
 Hotellet

PARKVEIEN 68 · OSLO · TELEFON 56 26 90 · TELEGRAMADRESSE: KNAHOTELLET

Sept. 17, 1952

Dearest family;

How I wish you could all be with me enjoying this wonderful, wonderful trip, and beautiful scenery. I awakened this morning to some glorious sunshine, and later, when I went out, it was so mild, I wore only my light jacket in place of the winter things I had been wearing in Tromsø. Fall is well advanced here, and the glorious autumn shades remind me of Minnesota. My last letter to you was from Bergen, and I told you about meeting Mrs. Solemdal, whom I met in 1950. The next day she took me up the funicular to the top of one of the mountains back of Bergen. There is a little wood there, and a sort of terrace outside which commands a beautiful view of Bergen. There is a sort of iron grill work fence around it in the shape of a musical staff on which appear the opening bars of one of the popular folk songs of Bergen. The effect is quite attractive and unusual. There are beautiful Pine forests all about this place, and the air is heavenly with

their fragrance. Mrs. Solomdel asked me over to her home later on for tea. She has a small four room apartment where she lives with her husband and one of her daughters. Her husband has Parkinson's Disease like Bert Tanager used to have. It was caused by the effect they were put on his nerves. I noticed when I conversed with him, that if the subject under discussion held his interest he hardly shook at all and could manage himself quite well, but otherwise he shook quite badly, especially, when some very low flying army planes zoomed loudly by. Mrs. Solomdel told me that these planes were part of the army maneuvers, but they made me terribly nervous flying so low. After tea, they asked me to play their piano, so I obliged with a few Grieg numbers that they enjoyed hugely. I don't believe I told you about the night-seeing trip I took through Bergen the day before. On the main it was a repetition of the one I had taken in 1950, with one exception - that was a trip to the Fantoft Stave Church, one of the oldest churches in Norway, and dates back to 900 AD. Certain architectural changes were made in 1200, and the result was a delicately carved pagoda like edifice, with dragon heads around the steeple. Even tho' the Norwegians had been Christianized, enough of them were still loyal to their Pagan ideas, and this shown out in the dragon head carvings. I tried to get some pictures of it, but it was so late in the afternoon that I don't know how good they'll be -



Hotellet

PARKVEIEN 68 · OSLO · TELEFON 56 26 90 · TELEGRAMADRESSE: KNAHOTELLET

The trip to Trondheim by boat along the Norwegian coast was a disappointment. The weather was so damp, cold & rainy that hardly any view could be had of the mountain scenery that has been said to be the loveliest in all Norway. Occasionally through the fog one could get glimpses of towering stern rugged cliffs, and an occasional snow cap in the distance, but the fog would close in again. The fog did not affect the speed of the trip, and we reached Trondheim two hours early. I got up at 5:30 AM and left the boat at 7. There was no agent to meet me so had to manage things myself. Trondheim is the third largest city in Norway, and this surprised me for I thought it would be only a fjord resort. I found a room engaged for me at the Hotel Astoria, and it was a nice comfortable place with bath, thank goodness. Although it was misty, I decided to do some sight-seeing on my own, and found it was not difficult to get about. I followed the estuary the city is located on, a little way then found myself on King's Gate Road facing the Cathedral of Nidaros. This is one of the oldest & most important Cathedrals in Norway, for here

Olav Trygvasson (The Norwegian Evangelist known⁴ as St. Olaf) Christianized Norway. To help bring Christ home to the hearts of these Pagans, he performed miracles in healing by using a little spring whose waters had curative powers. The present structure of the Cathedral dates back to the middle 19th century, and shows influence of Italian, French, Spanish, & Russian art. However, there is enough of the ancient Cathedral left to give one an idea of what it must have looked like. I also saw the museum which is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is part natural history (showing all sorts of species of animals, birds & fish & also different samples of minerals) and historical (showing religious relics from churches there that are no more and ships, from the early Viking models to the clipper ships. I was surprised to hear that in 1893 a ship sailed from Oslo to Chicago U.S.A. There were any number of quaint figure heads whose grotesque appearances made one wonder about what had inspired its creation, and some old almanacs, also some beautifully kept ship's logs dating back to the 17th century.

Left Tuesday for Oslo - yesterday to be exact. It was a long train ride - 8 hours through mountains gorgeous in their fall coloring. Today, I went sight-seeing - nearly missing the bus, for I worked hard this morning cleaning up things. We saw the Viking Ship, and a wooden ship museum, also the genuine Kon-Tiki Raft, and its equipment. I had read the book and seen the film so I was much interested. We also visited the open air



Hotellet

PARKVEIEN 68 · OSLO · TELEFON 56 26 90 · TELEGRAMADRESSE: KNAHOTELLET

Museum at Bygdøy - where there have been great Norwegian homes dating back to mediaeval times. There have been assembled from all over Norway. These old farm homes had turf rooves, assembled over birch ~~logs~~ ^{logs} shavings. They served the purpose of insulation, and kept the houses warm in winter and cool in summer. One turf roof had a small tree growing on it. During the winter the grass made fine fodder for the goats who were some times pastured on the roof tops for that reason. There was also a "stave" church but it was not so old or as interesting as the Fantoft Stave.

Anne Brown lives here so called her after dinner. I shall probably see her Friday. She knew I was in Oslo because she had seen Meran Anderson in Stockholm, and she ^{met} told me I'd be there at this time. So far I've had lots of friends on this trip. I forgot to tell you that on the cruise to Trondheim, I met two ladies, one a Mrs. Hochs from St. Paul. Her niece, Peggy Payne married Wend Willis, brother of Betty Willis, John Musser's wife. She was much surprised to learn I was related to him. We had many nice visits together.

Well, darling, I miss you so very much, &

hope I love my 4 daddys & mommies! Love you so, it
hurts.

This trip has been a wonderful experience, so I
am making the most of it in every way -

You loving and devoted, Lisa Jane - 00000!!!!
xxxxx!!!!

Air Mail letter
No. 2

1-



HOTEL NORGE
TELEGR. ADR.: "NORGE"
POSTBOKS 230
TELEFON 15085

Hotel Norge

DE FORENEDE HOTELLER
THE UNITED HOTELS
J. WALTER JR. - ADM. DIREKTØR
BERGEN, NORWAY



GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS
TELEGR. ADR.: "TERMINUS"
POSTBOKS 527
TELEFON 16655

Sept. 11, 1952
" 12, 1952

Dearest family;

What a wonderful treat that was, my darling
dearest mother, to get your fine letter & that of the
Crown which reached me as I arrived in Bergen
today. It was so newsy & loving that it felt as if
you were right in the room with me. By now
you should be receiving a letter and some postcards
from me, for I sent them the day I left London, &
then again from Dublin. On Dublin, I wrote my first
air mail to you, bringing you up to date thus far -
(Sept. 7th). Sept. 8th I left Dublin for Edinburgh with
a cold caused by unheated hotels, and drafty trains.
It was very cold in Ireland during my stay, with
two unseasonal frosts. Quite a change from the 80° I left
in New York city. So far the American Express agents & I
have not missed connections, and the accommodations for
the most part have been satisfactory with once or twice
a room without bath such as in Dublin, Edinburgh, &

on the S. S. Venus to Norway - Tonslet in Bergen I²-
have a nice single room with bath, but again no heat,
and you'd better believe the nights are cold as soon as the
sun goes down - Getting back to my departure from
Dublin, I left very early Monday morning - 7:45 AM -
Took the boat train to Dun Laoghaire, and then the
steamer to Holyhead. Because of my cold, I didn't feel too
well, and a little boy being sea sick in the dining room
before my eyes, didn't help, so I was glad when the boat
landed at Holyhead - I lived off of tea that day for my
Appetite was gone. At Holyhead, I took the train to Crewe
where I had to change to one going to Edinburgh. The Conductor
and porters were very, very nice to me on the Irish Mail as
that train was called, and took me out of my cramped
quarters in a third class compartment, and put me in the
dining car. my luggage safely stowed in the Vestibule.
At Crewe, a nice young porter took charge of me (he had
just been discharged from the army) and put me on the
train telling me that I had one more change to make at
Carlisle in Scotland before I could reach Edinburgh -
This I did, and I reached Edinburgh about 10 PM -
Most of the train ride scenically was wonderful, and,
oh, how I wish you could have seen it. We rode a con-
siderable distance through Wales - passing at one point
Conwy castle - the remains of an old Roman fortification
from the time of Julius Caesar. I was also intrigued



HOTEL NORGE
TELEGR. ADR.: "NORGE"
POSTBOKS 230
TELEFON 15085

Hotel Norge

DE FORENEDE HOTELLER

THE UNITED HOTELS
J. WALTER JR. - ADM. DIREKTØR

BERGEN, NORWAY



GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS
TELEGR. ADR.: "TERMINUS"
POSTBOKS 527
TELEFON 16655

With the little Welsh cottages scattered here & there,
and the numbers of sheep grazing in the fields -
each paddock enclosed by a stone wall of grey cobble-
masonry the homes were made of the same grey stone,
and looked very strong and enduring. I found Crewe,
England to be a bustling industrial city of 75,000. My
spying-glass told me that it used to be exclusively a
Railroad center, but that since the war, several American-
branch industries have mushroomed there, and Crewe has
grown to be one of England's most important industrial
centers. On the train to Carnarvon, two most obliging Scotsmen,
one a Mr. Richard Shepherd from Carlisle, attached themselves
to me, and we had a most enjoyable visit until the train
reached Carlisle. I was also impressed in riding through
Northern England's Cumberland moors with the wildness and
blue haze of that country side. I looked lonely & neglected
in the gray light of a rainy afternoon. I was met at
Edinburgh by the Express agent, and taken to the Hotel George
Bythen, my cold was troublesome, so I went to bed early, doctoring
myself in the usual way, and had a good sleep! The
American Express agent was a very kind & considerate person.

and had every thing in Readiness for me, so I didn't⁴⁻
have to go to the office as I did in London. The next morning
my cold was some what better, so was ready for the sight-
seeing, tour around Edinburgh. We visited Edinburgh Castle
on a hill overlooking the city, and dating back to James VII of
Scotland (The old pretender he was sometimes called) and the father
of "Bonnie Prince Charlie". There has been built on a part of
the Castle grounds facing the old castle - a beautiful war
memorial for the Scotch who gave their lives in the First
World War. We saw the "Dog" Cemetery where the most
distinguished dogs are buried. We also saw where the
Edinburgh Festival had been for the benches were being
dismantled as we walked by. We saw the royal
Crown Jewels of Scotland also. The Scotland is a part of
the British Empire, the Scots still fervently cherish their
own independent history, and are not too warm in their
attitude towards England. We then visited Holyrood
Castle, the home of Mary, Queen of Scots, and it brought
the details of her tragic life, and passionate love affairs into
sharp focus as one travelled from room to room. The name
"Holyrood" came from the name of an old Cumberling Abbey
upon which site the castle was built. Part of the Abbey had
been destroyed by an explosion, whether the explosion
occurred at the time Darnley was murdered, or before, no one
knows. We saw the State apartments in another part
of the castle where the present Queen & family stay when
they visit Edinburgh, also the little Chapel. After this
we saw the Cathedral of St. Giles, the official Presby-



HOTEL NORGE
TELEGR. ADR.: "NORGE"
POSTBOKS 230
TELEFON 15085

Hotel Norge

DE FORENEDE HOTELLER
THE UNITED HOTELS
J. WALTER JR. - ADM. DIREKTØR
BERGEN, NORWAY



GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS
TELEGR. ADR.: "TERMINUS"
POSTBOKS 527
TELEFON 16655

Terian Church in Edinburgh, the Royal pew, and the place where John Knox preached his "business" - we were told his speeches brought about the war of the covenants. We also saw John Knox's house, and lastly the magnificent statue of Sir Walter Scott in the center of Princes Street. This statue also contains around it the sculptured forms of leading characters of his novels. Our tour ended at noon, and I ate lunch at Princes Dept. store. It was very good. ^{Sept. 12} My luncheon companion was a woman named Dr. Hunter, and she was most interesting to talk to. We discussed the Royal family, and the coronation at great length, and she told me about Scottish history, the Edinburgh festival etc. Just as I was leaving, I asked a woman if she knew where I could get a plaid skirt for winter, also some antiques, and she not only suggested places, but devoted her whole afternoon to taking me around Edinburgh, and showing me the shops to go to. Her name is Miss Ferndale, & she is from Carlisle. She is quite a well-known accompanist, and has played for several singers - mostly from the British Isles. In return for her kindness, I took her to tea, and we talked about music. She told me many interesting

6-
facts about Scotch folk songs. She asked me if I knew the Scotch ballad, "Turn Ye to me". I said it was my favorite song, for to me it has much beauty & poignancy in its make-up. She told me the legend of it. It concerns a young Scottish maiden who was brought up by the sea - Her mother, when the maiden was a baby, used to take her in a basket down to the sea each day while the good woman helped her husband, for he was a fisherman. As the child grew older, she became entranced by the mystery of the sea, and her eyes, as they glanced over the wide expanse of tumbling waters, grew ^{very} dark greenish blue, like the sea, and she was never happier than when she was alone by the sea. One day, a young man chanced to meet her, and fell madly in love with her. He had the soul of a poet for he was a minstrel, but the maiden would have none of him, for the sea was her first and only love. The lover did his best to woo her away from this mysterious tyrant, pleading, "Oh Dark Blue-eyed Mary, Turn ye to me," but Mary heeded him not, and when he became too importunate, she ran to the high cliff overlooking the sea, & leaped into the waves to be lost to him forever. No wonder the song has such plaintiveness. I went to bed early that evening for I had to leave the next morning for New Castle to catch the boat for Bergen - Promptly at 9:40 AM, the Express agent showed up, and took me to the station.



HOTEL NORGE
TELEGR. ADL.: "NORGE"
POSTBOKS 230
TELEFON 15085

Hotel Norge

DE FORENEDE HOTELLER
THE UNITED HOTELS
J. WALTER JR. · ADM. DIREKTØR
BERGEN, NORWAY



GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS
TELEGR. ADL.: "TERMINUS"
POSTBOKS 527
TELEFON 16655

It was a three hour ride to New castle, so had lunch on the train. In New castle, I had to wait an hour to catch the boat train which took me to the Tyne Quay Station. The S. S. Venus is a small but fast steamer, and I had a nice cabin - first class. The voyage was a rough one though not particularly unpleasant, and I more than once was reminded of the Roller Coaster at Erektion Park. Next morning we stopped at a Norwegian seaport at the Southern tip of Norway, and journeyed up the Fjords to Bergen which we reached around 6:30 PM. yesterday. It was magnificent scenery all the way, and the day couldn't have been more perfect for viewing it. The Express Agent met me at Bergen, and transferred me and another woman also travelling American Express, a Miss Lagerus, probably Jewish but didn't look so, to the Hotel Norge, where I have a nice room and bath. Miss Lagerus invited me to take dinner with her & some friends whom she had met on the boat. I, of course, accepted. Her friends, a Mrs. Ludlow, & a Mrs. Holding - the latter from Austin, Minnesota, are very agreeable.

Miss Lynam proved to be a most interesting person. 8-
During the war, she worked for the Red Cross in Europe,
and had many interesting things to tell about it, and how
the various service branches of the Red Cross function.
Miss Lynam looks so much like Alice Barton Malheur
that she could be her twin sister. This afternoon, I
take a three hour sight-seeing tour of Bergen, & to-
morrow leave by steamer for Trondheim, and should
be in Oslo by the 15th. It is cold here, but not as cold
as it was in the British Isles. Incidentally, I'm all over
my cold, thank goodness!

Both your letters, mother & daddy (I got his
this morning) were so interesting. So you sold the cows -
well, I don't blame you, if feed is so expensive, but it
will cut down on our milk & butter, won't it? Was also
interested to hear about Bud Tenny's marriage. I hope he
is stable enough mentally, to have success with it! So
Alice finally went to Pittsburgh and is going to fly home!
Good for Alice! I am so glad you are seeing so much of
Aunt Laura! She is such a wonderful person, and
love her so dearly! Am glad you got the tinernery.

Please do write again for I love your letters
so and miss you so very much. Was sorry not to
be home to see Mrs. Bolander! She is such fun! I didn't
realize she lived in Austin, Texas.

With much love to you all, & greetings to the
girls & my friends -
- Laura Jane -

Copenhagen, Denmark
Sept. 30, 1952

Dear Family;

How good it was to have your two letters - mother and daddy. You don't know how happy they make me, or how eagerly I look forward to getting them. This is a beautiful city. I have been here since Saturday. I am staying a day longer than is mentioned on my schedule, for Maria is giving a concert on Thursday, and I have a friend here who is very anxious to hear her, so I bought two tickets for it. My itinerary, as a result, will be changed a little. I go to Aarhus, but then I go directly from Aarhus on Oct. 4 to Amsterdam - skipping Fredericia. This last is the least important place, and to make this new arrangement was not too complicated an adjustment to make. The American Express agents here were very nice about it, and so everything has been arranged! I shall feel regretful about leaving Scandinavia for I have been most happy here. I found Norway and Denmark to be the friendliest & most hospitable of the countries. In the last two years Sweden has gotten very socialistic, and her peoples are cold & suspicious - this attitude at least as far as the cities are concerned, but the Swedes in the country (in Visby for example) are still warm, friendly and unsophisticated. I was surprised to find in Denmark

that there exists such a close tie between her and²-
England! As you no doubt know, there are strong
blood ties between the two royal families - Princess
Alexandra, daughter of Queen Louise of Hesse and her hus-
band, Christian IX of Denmark in 1867, married
Edward VII of England - This Danish Princess was
noted for her beauty and goodness. Elizabeth II of
England is named after her (Elizabeth Alexandra Mary) and
is her great granddaughter. I've often thought Elizabeth II
looked as if she had Scandinavian blood in her, & of
course Prince Philip - is very Danish looking. The blood
lines of royalty are very interesting to trace, don't you
think?

I did the usual spate of sight-seeing - around
Copenhagen where many of the places were repetitions of
what Ruth and I saw in 1950 - The National Museum
featuring Danish culture since 1500 B.C. This Pre-viking
culture was interesting in many respects - First because
the hollowed out logs which served as coffins had preserved
the remains so well, and second, because these early people
were such fine craftsmen; also, that there was such
an abundance of gold in Denmark at that time. It was
so common a metal then, that all ornaments, dishes, utensils,
instruments were fashioned from it. These early people
were sun worshippers, also showed signs of worshipping
animals or totems, the guide said these animals were
considered sacred to the sun, and used for sacrifices.

There is evidence that human sacrifice was practiced³⁻ too! All clothing was woven, and seemed to be a very fine wool - almost like cashmere - In statue these people appeared quite tall - where as in the pre-middle ages period, all the Scandinavian peoples seemed very small. There must have been a deficiency of some dietary factor. In weapons, the pre-Christian peoples used spears whose heads were intricately carved pieces of flint or quartz or agate. These early peoples belonged to a late paleolithic group, and were probably the furthest advanced culturally of all European peoples at that time. These people possessed some knowledge of writing and there are in one of the rooms of the museum, several slabs of rock with runes inscribed on them with a sort of chisel. This art or runic symbols persisted well into the Viking period!

From this museum, we went to the Thorvaldsen museum of statuary. Thorvaldsen is considered the greatest Scandinavian sculptor of all time. A neo-classicist, he is sometimes referred to as The Danish Michael Angelo. He had studied in Greece and Rome for a number of years, and incorporated much of this classic style into his works. To me, however, he possessed more poetry of Nature and spirit than did Michael Angelo. If you observe the statues of Michael Angelo closely, you will see that their faces

4-
showed no individuality or personality whatever -
Michael Angelo was more concerned with the physical
structure of the body - the strength shown in the
muscle formations of arms and chest, and the
adaptation of the physical mechanism when the
body is in motion, or performing a feat of some kind.
Thorwaldsen's statues perhaps do not reflect Angelo's
terrific pre-occupation with the body, but his faces
show great personality and physical vitality that is
more felt than seen. For this reason I claim
Thorwaldsen had the greater genius of the two. Though
critics won't admit this. However, I dare to be different
in my views, and like what pleases me artistically rather
than what pleases others - for obviously, I look for
different things. I find too many art critics think along
lines - something like this. Greece & Rome are considered
to be the ~~center~~ ^{Citadel} of Philosophy at its height, for historians
& philosophers claim that though their culture was borrowed
from the best of Egyptian, Persian, & Oriental cultures, they
(Greece & Rome) brought these ideas to a refinement that far
surpassed (so claim these historians) the original. Thus
popular opinion through the ^{was} ~~was~~ influenced by these
historians - and we must remember that writers & recorders
of such facts on early culture were very few and concentrated
in one area, also they were much biased by a politically
nationalistic & imperialistic fervor and thus felt they had

to influence posterity to accept their ideas as final⁵⁻
and irrefutable, simply because they felt themselves
to be the most learned & cultur-
ally advanced that was possible for
humanity to achieve. Such conceit, arrogance,
and ignorance has been most detrimental to later
human thought, and has produced untold falsehoods
in recorded history, as well as prejudiced later scholars
in their appraisals of what constitutes great art, philosophy,
music, literature etc. You can see what I am driving at -
it is entirely too easy for ordinary art & music critics to
say a thing is great because a certain school, culture, or
civilization produced it, and called it great because THEY
did it. therefore you had to like it regardless of whether
you felt differently or found fault with it etc. and were
called ignorant and unlearned if you didn't care for it.
I judge things on an individual basis, and if I don't like
a thing - regardless of whether I am condemned for not agreeing
with the school of thought - I don't like it, and am not
afraid to say so! On these sight-seeing tours, I have
several times criticized the various museums etc.,
and the guides all say they find me most stimulating.
This one guide that took us through these museums -
his name is Mr. Arne V. Schlerch was so interested, he
invited me to lunch with him, and later to his home for
tea. He is a great music lover, and had several excellent
recordings which were a delight to listen to! He is

6-

the one I am taking to hear Maier, & this afternoon is calling for me and will take me around Copenhagen. Later, next month, he is coming to Boston to give talks on Denmark, and will appear at other places as well. He is very refined, educated, and a delight to converse with. I forgot to mention that we also saw the Rosenborg Palace with its collection of Royal art treasures, and the Danish Crown regalia. Several excellent oil paintings are to be found there, as well as all manner of inlaid tables, beautifully carved desks - clocks of various designs and workmanship, etc. all exquisitely done. Such a load of art treasures in one small place rather dulls the perceptive powers, and one is inclined to say, "So what!" Of these European countries would do away with such lavish display of wealth, keeping only those things that best speak of culture, art, etc., more wealth would be given to the people as a whole so that their standards of living would improve, and there would be no need for wars to acquire new possessions & more lands. The economy of these various countries would then be stabilized!

The next day, I took the North Zealand train again, and revisited Elsinore, Fredriksburg Castle, & Hvidensborg, the summer residence of the Royal families of Denmark. The present king & his wife Queen Ingrid are there now so we couldn't see much of it. It is a small, unpretentious looking ~~estate~~ country home but the grounds around it are beautiful - lots of trees & lovely gardens.

It is a home where you & I could have a grand time.
Fredriksburg castle is the best example of 17th Century
Architecture in Denmark. It is used only
as a museum, and again there were the
usual collections of desks & tables etc -
The Chapel was beautiful, with the side walls
decorated with the coat of arms. The stained glass
windows were beautiful examples of Danish Religious art.
And the organ which has been there since the latter part of
the 13th Century is played every Christmas eve. There
is a lovely paneled little room whose doors open on to a
side balcony of the chapel. All the walls of this room
have portraits of various events in Christ's life - particularly
the passion. The paintings were made on metal sheets,
and these were placed over the panels. The ceiling of this
little room was inlaid with stars of ivory. Visiting
these Chapels and cathedrals as many times as I have results
in the same impression - that the guides and caretakers of
the cathedrals are not so concerned with the reason for their
being, or their possible spiritual influence (which certainly
seems to be lacking) as they are with the display of wealth and
material magnificence that is seen in them, and they (the guides
and caretakers) delight in telling of the way these ^{holy} places were
made possible - namely through the Conquests & Cruelties of wars,
and the terrifically exorbitant taxes imposed by the so called Holy
sees. I am disgusted and sickened at the sight of such
hypocrisy sin & vice that went into the building of these places.

In Elsinore, we revisited Kronborg Castle, built by⁸
Fredrick II, to satisfy his whim of extracting wealth from the
people. On the courtyard is given every summer, the
"Hamlet" play. This custom was started by Laurence Olivier &
Vivien Leigh. In one of the ^{cellar} walls is a plaque inscribed to
the memory of William Shakespeare. The grounds of the
Castle have the military training quarters of Denmark -
The castle over looks the Baltic straits, and a view of
the Swedish Coast is possible. The legend of "Hamlet" or
"Amled" was the invention of an 11th century monk
named Saxo. On our tour was an English professor of
literature, and he said that at the Research Departments of
the Universities of Oxford & Cambridge - historical researchers
are finding the play "Hamlet" to strikingly resemble the
works of Lord Bacon who was the greatest philosopher at
the Elizabethan Court. Shakespeare, it is turning out, was
not a philosopher, but a great dramatist, ~~and~~ producer
who was so busy at Burbage's theatre, producing all these
plays, that he had very little time for writing - particularly
writing of great depth of thought & philosophy such as is
evidenced in Hamlet, Caesar, Richard III, Lear, Othello, Romeo
& Juliette (a conflict between Christianity & Judaism) etc. The
lighter plays "As You Like It", "The Taming of the Shrew" etc. were
more ~~than~~ he could do - Christopher Marlowe & Lord Bacon
were the ones who wrote the great dramas, but because Shakespeare
produced them, history has falsely ascribed them to him!

History in those times any way was very inaccurate, and did not hesitate to take liberties or misrepresent, or carefully set down details that never really happened. The drive back to Copenhagen was along the coast, and it was one of the most beautiful drives I have ever taken! The Danish Country side we passed through is beautiful, and I loved the quaint thatched roofed houses, & neat white farms we passed.

Well darlings - so much about me - I really feel ashamed! I think it's so nice that you and Aunt Laura are seeing so much of each other, for your company must mean a great deal to her at this time. I think Cousin Ed's death hurt her more deeply than anything that has happened, & she feels lost & alone - She is so dear, it's a shame she's suffering in this way - My heart aches for her -

When do you go to Battle Creek, mother? I think it's a fine idea, and I feel they can do more to help you there than all those other cures you've tried - Is Alice going to take treatments too?

I am so happy you are driving on to meet me. You spoke of arriving there in N. Y. a week before I land, and would like to see the apartment. I'd love to have you use it honey, but I don't think you'd be very comfortable - For one thing, there is no refrigerator, so you'd be unable to have your meals. Also the Buckingham Hotel has no dining room.

This means you would have to use either the drug store or ¹⁰⁻
a restaurant next door - The Hotel has changed hands, &
the management is extremely bad - Your best bet would
be to take a room at the Dorset Hotel - I know Mr. Fred
Holsten very well, and he'd do all in his power to see
that you were well taken care of - If you like, I can write
him as soon as I know when you expect to come, & will
order a fine room with twin beds for you - Let me know
what you think of this idea! You don't know how I miss
you, or how happy I'll be to see my darling again -
With much love - to my precious family -
- Love Jane -

Yesterday, I went to the Exhibition of Danish Arts & Crafts
at "Deu Permanente", and bought some things for Xmas -
Today, I want to visit the China shop - Esther Yoon is
very anxious to have some Demitasse cups & saucers!

VIA AIR



MRS. R. D. MUSSER & FAMILY
LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS
MINNESOTA

FROM 303 WEST 59TH PL.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
GEO. E. B. YOON

4. pick up Mary, as we were to drive out
to Colorado Springs to see Mary's College,
Colorado College - Jan had a date so didn't
accompany us. I remembered Colorado Springs
from our visit there in 1929 on our way to
Alaska -, and recognized the Antlers Hotel
where we had stayed. The big hotel there, now,
is the Broadmoor, some distance out of the
city, at the foot of the mountains. It's a
gorgeous, rather exclusive hotel, built of pink
stucco with red tiled roofs - very Spanish.
There is a beautiful swimming pool & patio.
An artificial lake also provides for boating
as well as scenery. As we were to have
dinner there, Rector made reservations, and
then took us on a drive up some of the
mountains. We saw the Cave of the Winds
located at the top of a beautiful little
canyon of ^{the} red stratified rock from which Colorado

1-

Aug. 9, 1952

Dear mother, daddy, & Alice.

I am sorry I took this long
to answer your request to "write
as soon as I could," but there is
so much doing that it was im-
possible.

So far, the trip has been a
wonderful experience - both as to
scenery and reunions with old
friends to say nothing of new
acquaintances, and each day brings
new adventures, and before one
knows it, they give way to other
events - such is objective living -
the kind that only travel can

bring. In Denver, the attendants did all in their power to make my visit there an unforgettable experience. To begin with, the mountain scenery around Denver is truly breath-taking in its beauty, ruggedness, and austerity. I had never realized before that the City of Denver lies on a plain at the foot of the mountains instead of in the mountains - the transition from plain to mountains being very abrupt. I reached Denver in the early morning. Frances was at the station to meet me. She looked fine, but her eyes showed the worry that she had experienced over her father's illness. The drive to her home took us through a large portion of Denver's beautiful residential section, and many new homes were in the

process of being built. The climate for this part of the summer (the 'hot' season) and although devoid of mosquitoes, the nights were so hot as to deprive a heavy blanket. The altitude was 5,160 ft. I met a girl a mile above our hotel - in other words, an ideal spot. Frances, as soon as we arrived, fixed a nice breakfast, and here the doctor found us. Mary had already left for work - the 'model' College. Although in one of the big down town stores - North Atlantic Street - I changed a bit - you know Frances. Dear old sister, as the eldest of the family - 5'7 1/2", and is a lovely, long, girl. She helps her father, as assistant in his office. The doctor is also head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Colorado. There too you keep him very busy, and doing well. At noon, the doctor drove thru & me down town to

8. some snap shots of the place which pleased Frank as he had forgotten his camera. In our visit, they asked particularly after you, Daddy, & Alice, & as did the Altendorks, and gave them a good report. The Rupps return to N. Y. City in August as they leave for Europe about the time I do. At three, the Altendorks showed up, and seemed much interested in meeting the Rupps. The drive to Centu City was a most unusual one. To begin with, we had three bad hailstorms to drive through. I thought the doctor would be taking a great risk to drive under such conditions on these narrow curving mountain roads, but he proved most adept at handling the car, & altho on our way we noticed several cars & three big trucks in the ditch. The road went through six long tunnels, and it was at these times that I



gets its name; also another ^{5.} short but beautiful mountain drive took us to the Will Rogers Memorial - a Carrillon tower surrounded by lovely rock gardens. The scenery is unforgettable from this vantage point. Favored by an extremely beautiful sunset of reds & golds, the mountains took on unspeakably beautiful colors, and through a wide gap we could view the plains gleaming gold which slowly changed to rose, then purple as twilight and the looming shadows of mountains descended. A friend of Mary's joined us at dinner - her roommate. It seemed hard for me at first, to see Mary as

6-
a grown up young lady - extremely
well poised and sure of herself - she
will be a senior next year, and
will also be President of her Sorority -
Alpha Gamma Theta I believe.

The next day, I had an invitation
from the Franz Dapps to visit them at
Lawson, a mountain resort 40 miles out
of Denver. I decided to go by bus for I
did not want the good doctor to wear himself
out. I don't think Fran was especially pleased
with my going, but on talking it over, they
decided to come for me soon after lunch,
and then we would return to Denver
via Center City, the summer home of Music
Masters & The Dance in Colorado. Half way to
Lawson, the bus broke down owing to the brakes
not functioning, and we were forced to wait

half an hour in the mountain for another bus to
pick us up. Thus, we were a while hours late into
Lawson. Friday was at the station to meet me, so was
stuffed. Both looked well and very happy in their little
cottage. They are jammed in by mosquitoes on all
sides - almost like being in a can. The scenery
is wild & uncultivated, and they told me that for
a mountain lion or two would be visitors at the camp.
Their little cottage is an exact replica of the sort to
be found at Mackinac Island, and they have his own
piano, and up from Denver, on which he can practice
to his heart's content. He shared me with several relations
from a program he is preparing for this fall - which
had filled an excellent dinner even tho' he apologized
for not having the food or facilities for cooking
such as he had in N. Y. After dinner I told

"more of in the future."

The train trip through the mountains on the California Zephyr was again another adventure in awe inspiring mountain scenery. This time the warm red clay of the Colorado hills featured other equally colorful rock stratae of many formations & types; the pine forests gave way to vast stretches of sage brush which again gave way to pine forests the further west we travelled, and an occasional view of snow-caps further enhanced the scenery. As we approached Utah, the mountains suddenly disappeared, as the vast salt plains came into view. We passed through Salt Lake City at night to my sorrow, and morning found us entering the Sierras, the beautiful 118 mile stretch of the Feather River Cañon being the most important bit of scenery. The California Zephyr had a vista dome, so one could really fancy himself a part of this mountain scenery. At 5 PM - we reached Fresno, and a ferry ride across the

feared the car would shid.

9-

Just as the sun came out after a particularly hard deluge of hail whose stones were so large that Jean & Mary tried to catch some, we reached Centu City. As a vital part & heritage of American history, this is a "must" on any tourist's agenda. Bosh in 1870, this town was the result of a gold mining boom, and represented the fabulous wealth of those times. About 1910, this town was suddenly abandoned in one mass exodus, all the buildings left intact, and deserted & forgotten for over twenty-five years. Then about 1939, the Citizens of Colorado decided to resurrect this "ghost town" as a historical landmark, paying for its upkeep, by making it a Summer Cultural Center.

10-
and so music, theater, & the arts, hold full
sway from May to October in one of the
strangest settings in the world. Once more
the saloons resound with the swish of glasses,
frothing beer, & the cacophony of player pianos.
Once more, the floor shows feature the "Can Can",
and other spots reflect the life of their traders,
but in the "Opory House" the soap operas of the
past have given way to the theater & opera of
the future. All this we took in, as we went
from place to place down the funny marrow-bending
streets ~~lined~~ by wooden side walks. As we left
Center City, we were full of the past, and the
ghosts of those who founded & built Center City
were very much with us. When we returned to
Denver, the Doctor fixed a steak fry in the
Cal. B. & he had built in the back yard. The
next morning Jan drove me to the station
so that I could catch the 8:40 AM Train to Durco.
Denver & Colorado are spots that I must see

Bay Bridge to the city itself. The view of the bay
and the Smile Bay bridge silhouetted against a gray
misty background was a picture of enchantment. The
City Hotel is located in the heart of the down town section
and every place. My room was comfortable, and the
service excellent. The evening took a surprising turn of the
night life of the city with an agreeable turning party. But
the entertainment, the usual night life, comes to all these
places, was varied & interesting. The next afternoon, I took a
delightful trip across the Golden Gate Bridge to Marin County,
The great Redwood forest of California. Such are the heights
and grandeur of those trees, that the stands in awe of the
majesty & grandeur of creation. At the foot of these
giant, the tallest trees stand 365 feet high - men peer himself
in his true place in the creature plan - and his humble position,
system, creature, & pattern make of him a truly pathetic figure

¹⁶⁻ Curry pies. They have a meat by Concession
that sells souvenirs, Jems, & Jewelry and
features a "Ghost Town" Hollywood style where
huge remnants of Corral Wagons can be seen -

Today we are going to visit the library
where Sam is trying to track down a first Edition
of the "Vineyard of Oy" for my collection -
and tonight Sam taking dinner with
the Allen Richters (Madame Giannini & her
husband) who are staying at the Hotel Drexler
in the Westwood section of L.A. Tomorrow Esther
is arranging an all day trip to Long Beach -
Dolores & her husband and baby joining us, and
tomorrow & Monday nights I will be with
Dolores. Tuesday, I leave for San Antonio, &
Saturday or Sunday, I should be home - Will
write the date of my arrival.

With much love to all,

Esther joins in love & good wishes -
^{Laura Jane}



¹³⁻ While the life which he is endowed
alone unites him to the spiritual
& physical greatness of Creation -
A beautiful Poem. by the engineer &
builder, Strauss, who built the
George Washington & Golden Gate
Bridges, immortalizes this "Concept"
in his tribute to these redwoods -
In the evening, Dick Walker & I had
dinner and a fine visit together.
Never have I seen him so happy or
so serene. May his marriage be
as wonderful as he dreams it to be.

The next morning, I again made
an early start - this time at 5:30 AM -
The Daylight left at 7 for Los Angeles -
The beauty of this trip was partly marred
by fog, and only just before we reached
Los Angeles were we able to catch a
glimpse of the blue Pacific and the

mountains surrounding it. Esther met me at the train, and took me to a Chinese Restaurant for dinner after which we went to the Hollywood Bowl to see a Dance Performance of the Ballet Theater. As usual, I fell asleep a couple of times, but on the whole followed pretty well! "Dance of the sylphs" to the music of Chopin was by far the most beautifully executed. "Fanny Tree" a modern ballet was lively & witty, but the music wasn't particularly impressive. The location & setting of the "Bowl" itself was in the mountains, and the grandeur of the outdoors - the star lit sky, and the mountains, serene & noble in their majesty was unique. I don't wonder that the mountains inspired the ancients to worship them as Gods.

The next day, we went to the Farmer's Market for lunch. This is one of the largest

outdoor market in the state of California. The booths & stalls exhibit all types of merchandise and food stuffs and there are places where lunch can be ordered & eaten in a rustic style. While there, I had a most pleasant surprise. The MacEntires - one time residents of Little Rock - came to see the old and asked us to join them. Chicago is quite grown up & twinned with Chicago & Mr. MacEntire is happy with his new teaching job. The California woman has given him a most becoming tan. Mrs. MacEntire is still her large good natured self, and her still humming voice reminds me of the ringing she did with the Congregational Church Choir. After lunch, Esther & I strolled around and then we left for the apartment to pick up it is very hot and humid here - when in, a friend of Esther's came to give us out to dinner at the Rusty Bony form which makes a specialty of chicken dinners &

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
S W E D E N

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR. CASTLE

Sept. 22, 1952

Dearest family;

Your letters, darling mother and daddy, make me so happy. When I get them, it is a red letter day, and you don't seem so far off. My last letter was, I believe, from Oslo, dated Sept. 18th. After I finished writing it, I decided to do a little sight seeing on my own account, so I decided to visit "Frognesteren", the restaurant at the top of the mountain back of Oslo. I remembered when Ruth and I were there in 1950 and what nice food it served, to say nothing of the beautiful view one could have from there. In order to get there, a subway ride had to be taken. Now the subways in Oslo are different from those of N. Y. for you ride only a short distance under ground. Most of it is on the surface, so you can enjoy the mountain scenery. It is about a twenty minute ride to the top. I took my camera to snap some views. The daylight was none too good, so had to extend the "time" to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second, so hope it will be O. K. I ate a delicious fried chicken dinner topped off with some of the best chocolate ice cream I have ever eaten. Then I returned to the hotel. The next day, I again did some sight

seeing on my own - This time^{II} - I visited the Town Hall which the Norwegians call the Rådhus because it is built of Red Brick. This is a beautiful building, but a little too modern & severe to be what you call "gracious." The interior is done in grey, black, & white marble. That is the floor & walls - On the walls are murals in rather too gaudy colors depicting scenes from Norwegian History. I got into conversation with a gentleman from Canada - and we exchanged opinions on this building and its art. He agreed with me about the style. From the town hall, I took a street car to the Vigeland gardens to see the Statuary, fountains & Rose Gardens. I had also seen this in 1950. I got some beautiful views. Vigeland, the sculptor, designed figures out of Orange marble, and basalt, to depict man in his various emotions from the cradle to the grave. His statues of children are exquisite, and I think his best work. I returned to the hotel by 6 PM, for I thought Anne Brown might drop by - when she didn't show up, I finally phoned her, and found her busy making preparations for a concert tour to, of all places, Indonesia and Siam. She had spent the entire day getting inoculations and her itinerary worked out, and she was exhausted. Then she talked about how wonderful her past publicity had been. She certainly has a good opinion of herself. She said she had seen & heard Marian Anderson in Stockholm, and that she didn't think she'd be there when I'd get there. Also that she, Anne, was sorry not to have seen me this time. The next morning at 9 AM. I left for Stockholm by rail. It was an all day ride, and we didn't get there until

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9

TELEFON 67 09 90

TELEGRAMADR. CASTLE

6:30 PM. The American Express Agent met me at the train. I was tired & hungry for I had forgotten to change my Norwegian money to Swedish currency so couldn't buy any thing to eat. The Hotel Castle is a small, quiet, but very clean little place, and my room is as cute and cozy as a bird's nest. The Express man took me to the Café Rich & left me. I had another delicious fried chicken dinner, then I returned to the Castle Hotel. It was 9 PM., and I asked for a paper to see if there were any good movies, and to my surprise it showed Marian Anderson in her last Stockholm Concert. It was too late to get a seat for it (Coughorn, it was sold out) but nothing daunted, I had the Desk Clerk order me a cab, and drove to the "Kongressen" to see if I could get back step to see her. When I explained in pantomime & American Indian speculations of "ugh, my friend etc." the attendants let me upstairs to the artist's room, and there I sat composedly studying a program until she came out followed by Frey. I kept on reading until Frey ejaculated loudly, "My God, Lina Jane! Well, you never saw two such surprised people in all your life! Meanwhile, outside the audience was stamping, clapping, cheering & whistling for her, so she couldn't talk to me then. After several curtain calls, & one last group of

songs, back they came, & we ^{IV} three rushed into each other's arms, and then made plans for today - Mr. Helmer Enwall is her European manager, & by far a more intelligent and cultured man than Mr. Kurok. They introduced me to him, and he ordered me a taxi. When I got down, there was only one taxi there, and I thought it might possibly be for them, and that mine hadn't come yet. Only when one of the attendants came out with her flowers, a perfectly gorgeous bunch of yellow & brown Chrysanthemums, & crossed the street to another car parked inconspicuously down the block, that I realized the taxi was mine. There was a mob of people standing around it under the impression that it was for Miss Anderson. Presently, a man touched my arm, I recognized Mr. Enwall - "That taxi is for you," he hissed & hurried off. So I got in it much to the disgust of the crowd who felt themselves deceived, and drove back to the Hotel Castle. Missu had asked me to phone her, so I did this morning around 11. She asked me what I was doing in the afternoon around 4:30 PM. I told her "getting back from a tour to Drottningholm, the summer palace of the King of Sweden". She said, "Come to the Hotel Grand as soon as you get back". I enjoyed the tour very much. We had a young girl for a guide who spoke English & French equally well besides her native Swedish. There is an interesting theater in connection with Drottningholm - goes back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was used by the King and his court for their own amusement. Quite a bit of criticism.

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9

TELEFON 67 09 90

TELEGRAMADR. CASTLE

Went on - our guide informed us, and the King usually selected the female artists himself so they could serve as his mistresses later on! Our guide showed us the cunningly devised sets, and really were quite modern looking - probably because they had been "touched up" or replaced so often - They ran on slides. So the changes could be made very quickly - The back drop at the moment was "At Sea", and the "waves" were formed by twisted lengths of wood & plaster Colored grey & white - A rotating device made them roll about in a really life-like manner. Then some ten paus fastened on & chains - raised & lowered - gave convincing sounds of a storm - & a huge iron ball rolled over a hollow floor gave a noise like thunder - There were other clever sound devices - quite modern for that time. The adjoining palace had beautifully decorated rooms in blue brocade & some in Chateaux brocade. Some of the walls had beautiful oil masterpieces & gorgeous tapestries - one piece, 300 years old, being especially remarkable because of the still vivid & fresh colors of the yarns used. Another huge piece which covered one entire wall had been executed in twenty years by several people working together on it. Such art always

amazes me - the devotion ^{VI} to it, & the fine incredible result -
we got back in time for me to keep my engagement
with Marian. She came out into the hall to meet me so
as to be certain I wouldn't miss her room. She then
ordered the tea. We talked about her concert the night before.
Occidentally she wore a most beautiful wine colored taffeta
& velvet strapless gown - and looked divine! I said I
had never heard such enthusiasm as that crowd displayed,
and I was so sorry to have missed hearing, but darling she
replied, "it's still the same old singing and songs you have
heard so many times before". "I know," I said, "but I still love
them" which pleased her greatly. We talked about Ann Brown
& Paula. I think it's a pity Paula doesn't have her mother more.
Marian said, "yes, but Paula is learning young how to depend
on herself, and that will save her headaches later on." "That may be
right," I retorted, "but I still think mother love is most important to
a growing & developing child". I do think it's a shame that
professionals have children to whom they don't have time to give of their
love. Such children are the result of a "sex instruction" not of
love, and is not good for the child! I also told her how much
you had appreciated your note from her, & she was tickled pink!
Tea arrived, & I had sandwiches with it. Marian just had the tea.
It tasted good for I hadn't had any lunch. Then Frank & the
wife of the Swedish Ambassador joined us. & Frank & I laughed
& teased each other. ~~Frank~~ He was so tickled to see me!
Then they left, and I said "good-bye" and was thanking her
for the tea when suddenly she put her arms around me

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

And hugged me close. There were tears in her eyes, & for some reason, I felt like weeping too! I told her how much we all love her, and what good friends she has in us all, and how when I come to Copenhagen where they will be until Oct 3rd, I'd call her, and also send her cards - she told me how much she loved getting them. By the way, she was decorated by the Swedish Royalty in one of her concerts here. They love her over here, and are not so critical of her as they are in America -

well, darling, I love you all so very much, and miss you so. I try not to get lonesome, but some times I can't help it! I wish I could have you all in my pocket, but it would have to be a big pocket, wouldn't it? So please write as often as you can -

With so much love to you -
Laura Jane -



AIR MAIL

PARIS... EN FLANANT

116 Basilique du Sacre-Cœur

et l'escalier monumental

WISH I HAD MORE TIME HERE. LOVE
PARIS YESTERDAY, AND LEAVE TO-
MORROW FOR TOURS AND LOUDES -
DADDY RIGHT ALONG - REACHED
IF I DIDN'T HEAR FROM YOU AND
LETTER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO
THE PINK OF COUDITION. THANK
YOU SO MUCH DEAR, FOR YOUR
OPERATION SO WELL, AND HOPE
THAT FROM NOW ON, YOU WILL BE IN
DADDY RIGHT ALONG - REACHED
PARIS YESTERDAY, AND LEAVE TO-
MORROW FOR TOURS AND LOUDES -
WISH I HAD MORE TIME HERE. LOVE



DARLING MOTHER,

10/8/52

Les Editions d'Art

Reproduction interdite

10/8/52

MRS. R. D. MUSSER

TO THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM
608 Highland
BATTLE CREEK

Little Falls

MICHIGAN

U.S.A.



THE FRONT SQUARE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

CÁRTA

"REAL-COLOR"



puist



CAN YOU REMEMBER VISITING THIS
SPOT ON YOUR HONEYMOON? THIS COLLEGE
HAS ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING
LIBRARIES IN THE WORLD. HERE IS
DISPLAYED THE BOOK OF KELLS. ALSO
THE ORIGINAL HISTORIC HARP. PLEASE
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE.

WITH MUCH LOVE,
LAURA JANE.

Printed in Ireland by Cahill & Co., Ltd.

MR. & MRS. R. D. MUSSEY
LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS
MINNESOTA
U. S. A.



AMSTERDAM - INDISCH INSTITUUT



Mrs. R. D. Musser

608 Highland Ave

GOATLE CREEK SANITARY

Little Falls

Battle Creek, Minn.

MICHIGAN

U.S.A.

10/5/52

HELLO DARLING -
HOPE ~~HE~~ FINDS YOU IN BEST OF HEALTH AND SPIRITS, AND
THAT YOU ARE MUCH IMPROVED WITH THE SCHEDULE THEY HAVE
PUT YOU ON. HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL LETTER FROM DADDY
WHEN I ARRIVED IN AMSTERDAM - ALSO A LOVELY ONE FROM
AUNT LAURA - YOUR LETTERS MAKE ME FEEL AS IF YOU WERE
RIGHT HERE WITH ME. I HAVE HAD SUCH GOOD TIMES ON THIS
TRIP. IT'S A SHAME WE ALL CAN'T BE TOGETHER - SO FAR I
ENJOYED MY STAY IN COPENHAGEN THE MOST - ALSO LOVED MY
ONE DAY STOP IN AARHUS - LOVELY LITTLE DANISH CITY - HAS
THE MOST MODERN UNIVERSITY IN ALL EUROPE. IT IS ALSO THE
SUMMER HOME OF THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF DENMARK. IT IS
ALSO A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL PARKS, AND A LOVELY PROMENADE
BY THE SEA. THE CROSSING BY BOAT BETWEEN COPENHAGEN AND
AARHUS - VERY ROUGH! DIDN'T ENJOY IT! WILL BE IN PARIS OCT. 8 -
MUCH LOVE, LAURA CANE.



Château de CHENONCEAUX (l.-et-L.)

Le Salon

Portrait de Mme Dufin par Nattier

000

Cliché Halgrin à Tours

Mrs. R. D. Musser -

Go BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

BATTLE CREEK

MICHIGAN

U.S.A.

Photographie
Reproduction
Visitable
Interdite

10/11/52

HAVE BEEN IN TOURS THESE PAST TWO
DAYS - IN THE HEART OF THE CHATEAUX
COUNTRY - STILL COLD! HOTELS NOT HEATED.
LEAVE FOR LOURDES THIS AFTERNOON -
SAW SOME OF THESE CHATEAUX ON DRIVES
I TOOK AROUND COUNTRY - BEAUTIFUL!
AM BEGINNING TO LONG TO GET HOME -
HOPE YOU ARE FINE, AND MUCH BENE-
FITTED BY YOUR STAY AT B.C.

MUCH LOVE TO YOU AND ALICE.
LAURA JANE -

Sept. 26, 1952

Castle
HotelSTOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

Dearest family;

Thank you both so much, dearest mother, & dearest
(4) daddies, for your wonderful letters. You don't know how
much they mean to me, for it is hard to be so far away,
and not be able to telephone home like I could in New York.
I am so glad you are getting my letters right along. I
notice that of all the post cards I mailed, you've only ~~received~~
received two, so it must take from ten days to two weeks
for them to get through. From your letters, I can tell that
several changes at home have occurred since I left. I imagine
the sale of the cows was a big relief to you, daddy. Does
that mean you will sell the pasture too? I imagine Oscar
is greatly relieved. What's strange that the Gillespies are
not keen on staying with you, after all the years
of close association - well, people are unpredictable,
and one never knows in the final analysis what's what
with people we think are our friends. I am glad the
McNairs are going to be with you - I have a special place
in my heart for them because of little Anne. How I
loved that child, and what darling letters she used
to write - bless her heart! They brought a lot of happiness
into my life. I am so glad you are seeing so much

of Aunt Laura, and that she feels so close to us as a ²⁻family. There was a time when I thought she much preferred her Kansas City associates to being with us. I wonder if she would appreciate a visit from me after I return home? She is my favorite relative, and I feel more close to her than to any of the others, and she makes me feel as if she really and truly enjoyed my company.

My last letter to you was written Sept. 21 in which I wrote of my visits with Marian Anderson and Tracy Rupp. They left for Copenhagen the next day, and will be there for ten days - Marian giving three concerts there. The 22nd was a dark, dismal day. A sight-seeing tour was scheduled for that morning at 9:30, so I dressed warmly for it, and wore my rain coat & storm shoes. We had the same guide we had for the trip to Drottningholm. Our first stop was the Royal Palace, but it was too early to be taken through, so we continued to the Riddarholm Cathedral in which, like in Westminster Abbey, all the Nobles & Royal families have been buried since the 13th Century. This building is a Cathedral in name only, for the past two-hundred years, it has served as a sort of Royal family vault, and only the funeral services are conducted there. It was originally a monastery, and its foundations were hewed out of the solid rock upon which it stands. Occasionally, in the flooring pieces of the naked rock show through. We then continued on through the old section of Stockholm - a not very clean place - but full of atmosphere in its rather mediaeval architectural style, and little narrow cobbled streets. We passed over several canals, and finally over the West Bridge - the largest and most modern looking structure of its kind in Stockholm.

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

Stockholm, as you know, was built, like Venice, on a series of islands. The main canal is an estuary of the Baltic, and flows through the heart of the city. We stopped at the Town Hall which is the most famous building on this estuary. I had seen it before in 1950, and remembered quite a bit of it. Still it was interesting to review those places. The architect who designed it, had the good sense to use a conservative classic approach, so that the hall blends in beautifully with the "tone" of the city. Though modern in its outlook, Stockholm still reverences the best of the past, and for this reason, is perhaps the only city in Europe that evidences a happy blend of the old and the new. The interior of the Town Hall is luxurious to a degree - One of its rooms - the meeting place of the City Council - has one of the most beautifully designed ceilings I've ever seen - It is "Viking stylism", - being shaped like an inverted V or $\wedge$, and then beamed across like this  There is great "detail" in the fret-work of gilt & painted designs & carvings, so the result is an almost unbelievable "laciness," which gives grace to an otherwise severe room. Then is the Tapestry room, where some of the most famous tapestries from France are to be found! There is also a Conference room with Oriental designs through out. Then a room of white or silver brocade paneling from whose ceiling hang some of the most beautiful chandeliers I've ever seen - This is the room

where the Nobel Prizes in Literature, Science, & the arts ^{are} awarded - The Nobel Peace Prize being given in Oslo, because Nobel was a Norwegian - From this room we were taken to the mosaic banquet room fashioned from gold leaf, and interspersed with designs of human figures symbolic of Sweden's history in Egyptian style - Sweden is personified by a beautiful woman rising from the sea with Stockholm in her arms. This design dominates one entire end wall space of this gold banquet room - The room itself seats from 6 to 800 people, and is the most magnificent room I have ever seen. There is a sort of pagan or barbaric splendor to it, and it is the only room whose art is utterly lacking in those tame and insipid Christian symbols which are so prevalent in European palaces and museums as to be mawkish - Sweden may be Protestant and Lutheran in state attitude, but our guide told us that today, in Sweden alone, there is less Roman or dogmatic regard for Organized Orthodox Christianity, and more tolerance for individual freedom of thought than any where else in the Christian world! Strong political religions like Catholicism are frowned upon here, and the Catholics are allowed to have only three churches - but can have no diocese, nor can the Church own property except that upon which the Church stands. Recently England, Scotland, & Norway have been following in Sweden's footsteps in her treatment of strong Political Christianity - Understand now why Monique Sheen made such an impressioned appeal in the fall of 1950 at the Convocation of the Sacred Heart N. Y. - for more consolidated Catholic support for European Catholics. Europe has only two main Catholic strongholds: Spain & France, & neither is only lukewarm - That explains why there is so much Catholic propaganda in the U. S. now for if the U. S. fails - Catholicism will be dead as a political faith!

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

Leaving The Town Hall, we returned to the Royal Palace, and were taken through some of its rooms. In many ways, I think the Royal Palace in Stockholm is more beautiful than the ones I've seen in England and Scotland! The Swedes favor blue a lot, and many of the rooms were done in broad paneling of the most beautiful blue spruce ever seen. The chandeliers were of flaming crystal, and everything spotlessly clean - nothing looked moldy. There were some lovely oil paintings, tapestries, and rare pieces of china - The wood carvings in the Scandinavian Palaces are not to Italian wood carving the most beautiful I've ever seen! We then returned to the square, and after lunch, I went shopping, and then called Merian to say "good-bye". She was flightfully rushed as she said her plane was leaving in a half hour. She told me to be sure and call her in Copenhagen!

The 23rd, I spent most of the afternoon at Nordiska Kompaniet shopping for Xmas presents. After I finished, I went to Skansen - Stockholm's open air Museum. It is high on a bluff overlooking the city, and one has an excellent view. Most of the museum was closed as it was late, so I went to the restaurant for a bite to eat. I met a very nice man, a Swede, Mr. Wolff from Pittsburgh. We had an interesting conversation, and he told me what to look for when I reached Nisby. He said he would look up Mary & Roger when he returned to Pittsburgh, and tell them he saw me. Skansen is something like Bygdøy in Oslo. A part of it has all the early examples

If Swedish homes assembled from all parts of Sweden from the 6-way point type of hut to the memorial buildings - There is an outdoor zoo where animals are kept that can breed in captivity. There is a big stadium there for symphony concerts - also several smaller pavilions for band concerts. There is a big wooden platform for dancing, particularly Swedish folk dancing, and any number of little shops where you can find all kinds of interesting souvenirs. In addition there are many deer and small animals that have the run of the place, and are so tame, that they will allow you to touch them - As Mr. Wulff & I were eating in the Restaurant, several little sparrows flew about, lighting on the tables to eat the crumbs - They would even eat out of your hand!

That evening at 9:30, I left for Umeå. I left my two large pieces of luggage behind, and travelled with my overnight bag - It was a good thing I did, too, for I found out later, there were no porters. I slept all the way in a comfortable compartment to Nynäshamn - I was so sleepy when I stepped off the train for the boat, that I turned my ankle, and fell at full length on the gravel. Luckily, there were people to help me up, but in falling, I sprained the third finger of my right hand, so was barely able to carry my bag - Once on board the boat, I lost no time in getting to bed, I slept soundly, until the steward's knock awakened me at 6 AM - It was a cold bleak day out, and the quaint little buildings, I could glimpse through the mist, made me feel as if I were miles away from everything - Luckily, there was a porter from the Stads Hotellet to meet me, and I was glad, for my finger was so swollen by this time that I couldn't lift my bag. We walked the distance to the hotel as it wasn't far - a short up - hill climb - and there we were - The Stads Hotellet is composed of two separate buildings - one the dining room & offices, and the second being a little court - the bedrooms - I had a comfortable twin bed room on the second floor - with a couch - I was so tired that I lay down on the couch and slept until 10 AM when I

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 · TELEFON 67 09 90 · TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

Got up - feeling more rested - and went next door for breakfast which was most delicious - It had started to rain, so returned to my room for another nap - when I awoke, the sun was out, so I went for a walk. I passed the tourist bureau and asked if there was anything particular to see. They told me, that since the tourist season was over, everything was closed, but if I wanted postcards or information about the place, my best bet was to try the book store which I did - I also found some interesting wood carvings, & a lovely picture which I bought. I found, however, that the book store did not mail packages to America, so, after they were wrapped carefully, I took the packages to the post office, but before I could mail them, I had to have them approved by the Customs inspector. This walk took me to the warehouse where the offices were located - After twenty minutes, I was back again at the Post office with the required Customs' stamp. They, then, were mailed. As you can imagine, I was rather tired, so went back to the Hotel - where, after an early dinner, I went to bed to read for a while - The book was "Witchcraft" - by an English Historian. It was a most interesting descriptive essay of its origin, practice, & persecution by the Church - It was interesting to note, that, far from being faintly in character or even Christian, Joan of Arc - was a true worshipper of the Cult of Diana, The Moon Goddess, & goddess of Fertility, and practiced Transvestism (dressing up like a man, & assuming masculine qualities). She was leader of the Peasant Revolt for a Nationalist cause, and because she influenced one of the Dauphin's fiercest supporters, Gilles de Maunais, in her cause, which oddly enough was not at all for the support of the Dauphin who

Castle Hotel

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

NYBROGATAN 9 • TELEFON 67 09 90 • TELEGRAMADR.: CASTLE

my walk took me to the beginning of the Ruined wall - which I followed for some distance. The construction of this Gray stone wall had many towers, gates & buttresses, even remains of old decayed draw bridges. It was extremely picturesque and haunting as viewed through the cold, grey, mists of a late Sept. afternoon, and a rather pathetic reminder of past glories and strength which crumble & decay against advancing & ruthless "Time". Beneath one of its frowning battlements some little children were playing unmindful of its stern forbidding look - Such was yesterday - such is today. Occasionally at one of the many gates I would peer in, and see quaint medieval looking houses fronting cobbled streets along ^{which} ~~with~~ autos, trucks, & motorcycles roared incongruously. I returned late to the hotel for a warm supper - at 8:30 the hotel porter put me on the boat, and I went immediately to bed. About two hours later, I awakened abruptly, to find the boat pitching & tossing at a great rate. There must have been a windstorm for I never have been on such a rough sea - I was too sleepy to mind it much, & soon went back to sleep, to awaken at four AM. It was time to get up, and just as I finished dressing, we docked at Nydshamn, and I got on the boat train to Stockholm. It was a cold ride, but I slept part of the time. The train had arrived an hour early than was expected so there was no express man to meet me - I found a taxi & porter, however, & arrived at the Castle Hotel where I will be for tonight - then move on to Copenhagen. You are right, Daddy, when you speak of the

10 -

inconveniences of European travelling compared to American travelling, and a lot depends on native good wit and ingenuity, but it makes one appreciate America that much more - In Europe it is good discipline for the mind - In America, we become indulgent & thoughtless - Still, my philosophy is, to have a little of both.

Well, darlings, please, please write soon -
Your letters do me so much good, & how I love them -
With so much love to all -

- Laura Jane -

I am glad you share these letters with our friends - I should love to write to them, too, but it is difficult, you know - so tell them, I send my love to them & warmest greetings! Also I should love to hear from them. If they can write, the best way is by air mail - then I'm sure to receive the letters.

This is the fifth air mail letter. Hope you will keep all my letters for I may need them later for reference!



FIRENZE - GIARDINO DI BOBOLI - FONTANA DEL GANIMEDE

VIA AIR MAIL

FIRENZE

The Boboli garden - Fountain of Gany-
mede

Le jardin de Boboli - Fontaine de Gany-
mède

Der Boboli Garten - Ganymede Springbrunnen

DARLING;

I THOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WHILE
I WAS IN VENICE. HOW I WISH I COULD HAVE
BEEN WITH YOU ON YOUR BIRTHDAY. DID YOU
GET MY CARD WISHING YOU HAPPY BIRTHDAY?
I ENJOYED MY STAY IN VENICE VERY MUCH -
INTERESTING SIGHTSEEING! STAYED AT THE
DANIELI. REMEMBER WHEN WE STAYED THERE
I STAYED IN THE NEW SECTION ADDED AFTER
THE WAR - ITALY COLDER THAN I THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE. HOTELS STILL CHILLY! WILL BE
GLAD TO RETURN TO AMERICA.

LOVE, LAURA JANE.

Mrs. R. D. MUSSER

LINDEN HILL

LITTLE FALLS

MINNESOTA

U.S.A.

11/1/52

35

Ediz. Protest - Firenze

PAR AVI
AIR MAIL



193

Mr. AND Mrs. R. D. MUSSEY
LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS
- MINNESOTA -
U. S. A.

FROM L.J. MUSSEY -

LINDEN HILL

LITTLE FALLS

MINNESOTA

U.S.A.

Marian Anderson left for the U.S. Oct. 19th -

#9

October 22, 1952



Dearest Darling Family;

As I was so slow with the other letter, I will write this as a follow up, so you won't think I am enjoying myself too much to think of you. I reached Lucerne this noon after a two hour ride in which I nearly disarmed myself by becoming a little tipsy from a glass of wine I took to quench my thirst on the way - The water is unfit to drink on the trains even in Switzerland, so hence the wine - My companions were three Swiss Travelling American Express and really very nice and interesting - altho one tactfully remarked, as she pulled open the window for my benefit that she thought the wine may have gone to my head a little - I said, "Oh No!" but I'm having difficulty breathing because the gentleman across the way is smoking a perfectly atrocious cigar." which indeed he was, but I think they saw through my little deceit and nothing more was said on the subject! I was so happy and thrilled to get your letter when I arrived at the Aulon-Fivoli. I am so glad, mother, that you are feeling better after your stay at Battle Creek, but you spoke of feeling nauseated after you got home - Please don't get sick, for I can't bear the

thought of you, Daddy, Alice, or Aunt Laura²⁻ being ill when I am so far away and unable to get to you. Love you all so much, and look forward so to so very many happy years with you, for I never want to be so far away from home for so long a time when I have such a wonderful family to be with. I'm not sorry to have taken this trip for I think it has been the most marvellous experience I've had in my whole life. The Europeans have been everywhere so kind and thoughtful to me that I really find it impossible to thank them enough for all they've done for me, but there's "No place like home" as Dorothy put it in "The Wizard of Oz". I am so glad the people at home have enjoyed my cards, and have had letters from young Majorie Stewart, Mrs. Fanny Lawson, Marie Berg & her family, and some friends in New York. These letters help keep up my spirits for otherwise I am afraid I would get very homesick. There are many wonderful countries in Europe, and some forms of government are superior to ours, but as one European put it, "Europe, having lived her life, is spiritually dead. America is the only Country in the world with vitality & flexibility enough for a promising future - provided America could clean up the Hollywood film propaganda, and take its sensational comic & sexy magazines off the newsstands.

My last letter took you on my journey as far as Tours in France. Tours is in the heart of the Chateau.

Country. The weather as usual was³ rainy and raw, but
I didn't let that stand in the way of my sight-seeing. The
afternoon of the day I arrived in Tours,
I joined  a touring group to visit the Chateau
at Villandry, Azay-le-Rideau, and Chenonceau. With the
exception of an English couple everyone was French. At
Villandry, I got out to purchase some post cards, but not to
see the Chateau, as my bladder was bothering me at the mo-
ment, and I had to go to the ladies Room. The proprietor directed
me to a dirty, disreputable looking shed, whose sole accomodation
was the open end of a sewer pipe in one corner - highly obnoxious
and unworthy. Now people can live under such conditions I'll
never know, but when one is in distress, one makes the best of a
situation, and does not ask questions. I then returned to the
bus, and dozed until the rest of the party returned. I did
notice, however, that Villandry possessed some beautiful land-
scaped gardens, and there was a delightful moat upon whose
greenish waters, three white swans were swimming. At the
next Chateau, I got out and went through it with the others.
This time we approached it through a sort of park whose linden
trees were adorned with yellow leaves, dipping drunkenly in the
misty rain. A part of this Chateau dated back to the middle
ages, and evidently served as a fort at one time or another -
Its rooms were wood paneled, ^{and the floors were of} ~~with~~ tile or inlaid wood mosaic.
There were several lovely tapestries of pre-Nobelin period, some of
them five or six hundred years old - apparently done not by the
French but by Flemings of the Renaissance period. Several paintings

and Byzantine gilded prints lying on the walls beside cruci-
fixed beds, and were mostly of religious scenes - At the
foot of one bed was a little cradle that could be rocked
by means of a cord while the mother was in bed.
Our last stop was the Castle of Sullyaise, and to
me this was the most beautiful and interesting of
the three Chateaux. Most of the floors were of tile of
different designs - very beautiful. We then climbed up
circular stairs to the tower. The stairs were so worn in
places, it was difficult to keep one's balance - Opening
out from the tower was a sort of open corridor that went all
around the outside of the chateau. Different sections of the
outer wall had slits in the side so one could view the
surrounding country from all sides. These Chateaux are
made of white stone and have grey turreted roofs.
Many of them are built on hills or near hills, & their location
is often quite beautiful and charming as to setting. There are
many Chateaux which are converted into homes & estates by
wealthy people from other countries. It is one of the high
spots of my trip to see the country for there is much that
is scenically more worthwhile than the sights in the cities.
Our way back to Tours took us through lovely rolling hills
with a farm or chateau nestled amongst them. The autumn
season always brings much rain to France, so the ground
stays green a long time even tho' the trees are in fall colors -
Back at the hotel, I went to bed early for I had another

sore throat. The next day my throat isn't much better, but I did so want to see the Chateau of Chenonceaux & Amboise that I hired a private motor car & guide, and went on this expedition by myself - The guide was a kindly old soul who could speak only French - yet we got along beautifully. We covered me up well with the lap robe, and we set out. The Loire is the principal river in this part of France, and there are many beautiful spots that we crossed over quaint stone bridges. Again we got among the lovely hills covered with birch, Oak, & Elm, and even some lindens, the sight of which made me a little homesick. The sky was alternately hazy & clear with sudden showers here & there. The roads are pretty well kept up - Most of them have tar or gravel surfaces. This part of France does not evidence as much peasant life as I thought it would! The guide explained that many of these farming peoples are breaking away from the Catholic Church, and thus get better standards of living. President Auried has been partly responsible for this emancipative spirit. Our first stop was Chenonceaux, the most beautiful and famous chateau in France. This Chateau is approached by a long or avenue with tall beeches on both sides whose arms or boughs stretch across the road like the architecture of some beautiful cathedral. It was such an inspiration to walk up this tree lined avenue that I was almost sorry when the walk ended at an open gate. Inside were beautiful gardens - still in bloom. The

most predominant flowers being roses of all colors and sizes. The gravel walk led up a rise to the draw bridge over the first moat. Then another draw bridge led to the Chateau entrance. This crossed a larger moat - and the Chateau looked as if it were built in the middle of a little lake for water surrounded it on all sides and even flowed under a section of it. It looked something like this:



There was a guide to show me around - but he could only show me the down stairs rooms and these had the usual paintings and tapestries & some old chests - not much else. This Chateau was built by Jean de Dinteville around the 13th or 14th centuries. The next Chateau I saw was Amboise - Its interior was being renovated and repaired - for during the last war a bomb had demolished a part of it. What was an interesting improvement was a sort of buckwheat ramp that wound up to the rooms above - in place of the hazardous spiral stairs. This Chateau was perched high on top of a cliff. It was quite a climb to get to it, but it was well worth the effort for one could get a wonderful view from the top, and on clear days you could see for a distance of 25 miles, almost to Tours. Near the Chateau was a gem of a little Chapel, and I was much interested to discover on the South East wall, an engraved plate whose legend announced: "Here lie the Remains of Leonardo Da Vinci," and the date of his birth and death. I couldn't find out why he was buried here instead of in Italy.

We then returned to Tours, and did a bit of sight seeing
around the city. Outside of one cathedral, parts of which dated
back to  the time of Charlemagne, there wasn't
much that was interesting. The next day I left
for Lourdes, arriving there at 11 PM ^{last train} with a very bad throat.
It was raining there, too. Towards morning I had such a
congestion in my throat, I found it difficult to breathe, and it
seemed almost as if I had had an attack of asthma. After
a few minutes' struggle for breath, I began to breathe more
easily, & finally got to sleep - Sunday was such a miserable
damp day that I stayed in bed, and broke the cold to a great
extent. Another unpleasant feature I had to endure, were
several big fly bites on my legs & ankles which have itched
and bothered me no end. I still am bothered with them to some
extent, and my legs are full of scabs. The next day, I was
much better, so paid a visit to the grotto, and got some
rosaries bottles of water for my Catholic friends. It's too bad
the Catholic Church had to Commercialize it so, for Berna-
dette's inspiration had nothing to do with the Church - but trust
the Pope to make it a money making concern! There is
something so quaint and picturesque about Lourdes located
as it is among the Pyrenees' foot hills - with the noisy Gave
rushing through it. This really a beauty spot! During my
stay in bed on Sunday, I read "Moulin Rouge", the life story of
one of France's most outstanding painters, Henri Toulouse-Lautrec,
and found it so absorbing I could hardly put it down! On

Tuesday Left for Nice, and how I dreaded the ride by train for we had to change trains twice - once at Toulouse, and once at Marseilles - On the Toulouse-Marseilles train, I made friends with a charming French woman, Madame Gay who couldn't speak a word of English - Madame Gay was so kind and thoughtful - especially when we got to Marseilles. She told me about a later train - one that the American Express, for some reason, hadn't recommended - that was an Express (Rapido) directly to Nice - (The one the American Express had mentioned had one more change at Toulouse). I was so tired, I was only too happy to let her take charge. On this train we shared the 2nd class compartment with a gentleman who was amazed at my travelling alone. He said however that I looked as if I possessed great force of character! I finished reading "Moulin Rouge", and then dozed until we reached Nice. I was surprised to find the American Express Representative there, for I thought I'd miss connections, but he said he was expecting me to take that train. I offered to take Madame Gay to her hotel, but she had arrived a day early, and said she'd register at the Hotel Napoleon over night. I was very glad you may be sure to get into bed for a good night's sleep -

Worship, I shall have to stop, for haven't had dinner yet, and it is nearly 8 PM - I will write very soon again, and tell you what I did in Nice, Geneva, Montreux, & Lugern! With so much love, darlings, and a big hug & kiss to each of you - Your ever so devoted Laura Jane - I had a letter from Mr. Lianini today - I was glad to get it.

PAR AVION
AIR MAIL

MR. & MRS. R. D.

LINDEN HILL

LITTLE FALLS

MINNESOTA -

U.S.A.



FROM L.J. MUSSER —

LINDEN HILL

LITTLE FALLS

MINNESOTA

Oct. 8, 1952

Paris France

Dearest family;

How good it was to receive all your wonderful letters at Amsterdam and Paris. You surely have been more than generous with them, and, oh, how much they mean to me! My last letter was from Copenhagen, and in it I told you what a fine time I was having there, and about Aine Schlech who was being so nice to me - taking me around, and giving me such good times! I also spoke about staying over an extra day to hear Merian sing, for I wanted to do something nice for Aine, so bought him a seat for the concert! Merian's concert was at the Odd Fellows' Hall (sort of a funny name for a concert hall, don't you think? But it's like the Shrine's Temple you know). Aine had taken me to lunch that day at Le Cop D'or where I ate one of the best pieces of Roast Beef I ever put in my mouth. Afterwards, we got the last detail of my extra day in Copenhagen straightened out with the American Express Co. and by then, it was time to go to the concert. We had excellent seats right in the front row, and Merian gave one of the best concerts I've ever heard her give. I have found that the more the audience is receptive

to good music and the artist, the more the artist does his
best. The people in Europe are crazy about Marian, and her
work as an artist is better known and appreciated here than in
America, believe it or not! Aune & I made a mad scramble
back stage to see her for a minute before the crowd arrived,
and I introduced Aune to her. Then we bade each other an
affectionate farewell, for on the next day she was leaving
for London, and I was leaving that night for Aarhus.
Back at Aune's apartment, he had asked me to take
tea with him before I left, we had another enjoyable
visit in which we discussed Marian's concert, and Aune
played some more of those fascinating Danish folk tunes,
I wrote about in my last letter. I asked him where I could
obtain copies of them, and he said no music or book
store carried them. They are so beautiful and so moving
as all great folk music is for it speaks the yearnings
of the heart. I wish you could have seen Aune's place -
He lives on the fourth floor of an old Danish home, and
has three main rooms - a library, sitting room, & bed room -
On the sitting room is a huge porcelain stove in which
coal or wood can be burned. He used coal. Altho' he has
electricity, it is rather expensive, so he uses candle light -
He owns the apartment house where he boards, and three
others, so he has a nice income. The windows of his sitting
room look out on a lake, and one gets a fascinating view
of Copenhagen - particularly by night when there is a

misty moon shining making a ³fixed pathway on the lake.
At 10:30 Anne took me back to the hotel, where I had checked
my bags in the office, and fifteen
minutes later the Amuseur Express man
showed up to take me to the boat. Anne
dove down with me, and we said a
heartfelt "good-bye" to each other. So ended my stay in Copenhagen,
and was a perfect finale to my Scandinavian tour.
If I had known what type of voyage was in prospect for
me en route to Aarhus, I would most definitely have made the
journey by plane, for never have I traveled on such a rough
or noisy stretch of water in my life. To begin with I shared
the cabin with two other girls, and there was no ventilation.
In the middle of the night, I was literally bounced awake. For
a minute I thought I was falling from some great height - then
thud! I hit the bed, but it wasn't long before I was tossed
aloft again. When I hit bed again, I grabbed hold of the mattress,
and held on for dear life. The ship was pitching most
dreadfully, and bags & articles were rolling over the floor.
Outside doors were slamming, and the splash & hiss of waves
added to the clamor. All this tossing must have stunned
me for when I became conscious again, the room was filled
with a dreadful stench. One of the girls, feeling cold, had turned
on the heat, and the odor from the pipes was indescribably
nauseous. By this time it was 6 AM, so I decided to endure
no more of these cramped ill ventilated quarters, and as
the waves had quieted down, I separated my things from

the mess on the floor, and got dressed & ⁴outside before the others were awake. For a long time I stood on deck gulping down great lungfuls of the fresh, sweet air, and watching us pull in to Aarhus. At seven, we had docked, and a kind gentleman saw to it that I had a porter, so very soon I was transferred by car and baggage to the Hotel Royal, where they told me I wouldn't get my room until 9 AM. I didn't feel very good, and it was fortunate for me that I had had that tea at Arnis for a bigger meal would have made me ill indeed after the night's experience. Still I felt I should eat something so had fruit & tea which took me a long time to eat. By the time I finished, I went to my room which was ready by then, and slept until noon. It was a nice twin bed room, but with only a lavatory. When I woke, I still felt woozy, but as a sight seeing tour had been scheduled for 1:30 PM, I decided that it would be good for me to get outdoors. I walked over to the Tourists' Bureau where I was to take the bus, and found that the tour had been discontinued. The lady at the desk told me however that I could hire a car & guide for a most reasonable amount, and that they would call at my hotel by 2:30 PM. Aarhus is the second largest city in Denmark, and one of the most interesting blends of the old and the new that seem so much a feature of Scandinavian cities. The Town Hall and University buildings are so modern as to be almost futuristic. Functionalism plays a large part in modern Scandinavian architecture, and that means that all waste space is eliminated - a lesson that American builders could well learn and profit by.

My guide was a university student named, Mr. Christensen, and he proved most interesting and informative. He was majoring in Economics, and was able to give me a much more intensive tour of the university than I would have had on a regular tour. There are many improvements as to lighting and seating made that far surpass anything I've seen in America. Everything is done for the student's comfort, and encourages study & research under the best possible conditions. There are several fine dormitories besides the class buildings, and an excellent medical department which supports a fine maternity hospital among other things. In Denmark, as in Sweden, the health and sanitation standards are the highest in the world. The living standards, too, are the highest & most modern in the world. Large families are encouraged, because the manpower in Scandinavia is not great, and if a family lacks sufficient income, the state takes care of it, until it becomes self-supporting. This, to my way of thinking, is socialism at its best. Of course, the great danger in a system of this kind is that it is the easiest thing in the world for the state to become all-powerful. When I mentioned this to Mr. Christensen, he said that that was the one thing that gave the Scandinavians a bit of uneasiness. The Auditorium, which serves as chapel & assembly room, is the most interesting building on the campus. It has the finest acoustics in the world. The floor is sound-proof - and the lighting is indirect. The style is neo-Gothic. The seating

Capacity can be adjusted to 20,000 without crowding -
Marian Anderson sang there two nights before to a sold-
out house. The University was completed in 1946, and
during the war, the auditorium was used as Gortals head
quarters. The promenade (indoor) that leads to the Auditorium can
be used as a solarium or study hall - All the windows - four on
each side, are picture windows, and the pillars that ~~stand~~ ^{go off}
walks on each side, are entwined with ivy growing from
spots at their base. This is one of the most attractive halls I've
ever seen. From the University, ^{Mr. Christensen} ~~then~~ took me to "Den Gamle
By", a group of half timbered restored Georgian homes. Inside
we found wonderful period furniture from the 16th Century on -
and a superb collection of Danish china and pewter. These
houses were arranged to form a court, in the center of
which was the public Dinking fountain where people would
gather for the news, and pass the time of day. Back of these
homes flowed a lovely little stream controlled by an old water
wheel. lovely graceful groups of weeping willows stretched
their lacy arms over the still water. A setting sun tinted this
little stream, and silhouetted the trees & little houses in the
back ground, making a picture that would have sent painters
into ecstasies. On our way back to the hotel, we drove along
the beautiful bay promenade, and I marvelled how these still,
grey waters, could have caused me such discomfort the night
before. We also stopped at the war memorial to the Danes
who had lost their lives in the first world war. This memorial

was set in the center of a beautiful park, and was
built in the shape of a semi circle of grey stone walks
with relief figures on the upper
bricks.  you remember that Denmark lost her
lower strips of territory to Germany, so that
many of the Danes living there were forced to become
German citizens. In world war I, Dane had to fight
against Dane - brother against brother - so the figures on
the bricks show Denmark portrayed as a weeping mother
praying good-bye to both her Danish & German sons, who
because of their dissenting governments had to kill each other.
On the lower bricks are the names of the Danes on both
sides who lost their lives. Back at the hotel, I invited Mr.
Christensen to tea, and he gladly accepted. Then had to leave
for the university.

The next morning early, I left for Amsterdam,
changing trains at Fredericia. I had thought it would be smart
to have my two large bags go in the van, but I reckoned without
Customs. When we reached Amsterdam, the express man had
to clear them through, by getting a customs officer to come down
at midnight, for the next day was Sunday, and all places were
closed. The Customs man was very obliging. I found your letter,
addy. at Amsterdam, also Aunt Lucia's and I was so very
happy to have them - Incidentally en route, we passed over the
Kiel Canal bridge, a most interesting feat of engineering, almost
as remarkable as the Pulaski bridge in New Jersey. This canal

severs the land from the North to the Baltic Seas, and allows ocean going vessels to pass through on their way to German ports - The approach and bridge is like a huge "E" in script for the track passes over itself in crossing the bridge - Also on the train was a most interesting Englishman - He was very frank, and his criticisms and comments on America & England were so interesting, I wrote them up in my Journal - I was only one night in Amsterdam, and next day arrived at The Hague at noon for a two day stay - My next letter will tell you what I did there, and at Paris - Time is running short & I shall have to be on my way -

I am so relieved that mother's bladder was fixed, and that she is receiving such good treatment at Battle Creek - I am so glad she at last decided to go there - Now you and Aunt Laura are having a marvelous time - Be sure and tell her how much I loved her letter - Will try to write her again if I get the time - My tour is rushing me a bit - I don't like these one night stops, but there's nothing I can do about it -

With so much love, my precious darlings -
Laura Jane -

Rome, Italy
November 13, 1952



Dearest family;

I humbly and contritely apologize
for taking so long with these last two letters -
the reason being that I have been travelling
rather intensively, and then, too, I was a little
run down. Your letters have been so wonderful,
and it doesn't seem as though you were so far
away -

Wasn't it wonderful that Eisenhower got
the election? It was in all the European papers,
and everyone of us over here were so thrilled about
it. I am sure my vote arrived in time for I received
the ballots in Lugano October 28th just before I left for
Venice, and I mailed them the same day, air mail,
so they ought to have arrived November 3rd or 4th in
time to be counted in. I had such a nice express
man in Lugano to help me out, so everything
in that connection went smoothly. I bet you all

hugged each other, and danced around the living room² for joy! I know, I would have, had I been home! This trip has surely been memorable in many ways - Being of the same sort as Marion Anderson, and voting against the ballot to help put an end to Democratic party rule. Did anyone ever have so much happen to her in her life time?

Eisenhower's election has inspired the ardent hope for Clean Government over here as nothing else has. Italy was a little concerned that the Marshall plan would be altered to its disadvantage. Italy's poverty is appalling, but only when the people arise sufficiently to take some of the power away from the Catholic Church will they be able in some measure to achieve economic stability. France has achieved better economy by moderating Catholic power! That was what one of the U. N. Delegates said to me. He further added, "Don't ever let the Catholic Church take over in America!" Actually in Europe there is more anti Catholicism than anti Communism!

My last letter to you brought you as far as Geneva. I reached Montreux on Oct. 19th, and stayed three days at the Hotel National. There weren't many people there, so I was given a nice large twin bed-room, and private bath. There was a balcony off my room with a beautiful view of Lake Lemman but, it rained all the time I was there. On the 21st, when



the weather had cleared off a little I hired³⁻
an English speaking guide and car, and took
a day's trip to Chamonix at the foot of Mount Blanc.
I never knew before that Mount Blanc was in France.
The guide told me to be sure and bring my pass-
port, otherwise we couldn't cross the French-Swiss
Boundary. After leaving Martigny, a charming little
French Swiss town that had a most picturesque
covered bridge, our road took us through the moun-
tains, in dangerous spirals and curves. Some of the
time the road which was a gravel one was so narrow
that one false move on the driving part would have
sent us over a precipice. I asked if there had
been many accidents on this road, and he said not
a one, for the drivers were too scared to take any
chances. When we once more were out of the mountains
we crossed into France. Chamonix is about 12 miles
from the boundary. We had a nice lunch there, and
then proceeded to the foot of Mt. Blanc, and asked
about going up the funicular. To our great disappointment
it was closed, so there was nothing to do but to go
back the way we had come. Part of this drive reminded
me of the Feather River Cañon in California.

Back at Montigny, we stopped at a little restaurant for coffee and cakes, and then continued back to Montreux.

The weather hadn't been too bad, & really the fogginess helped create some spectacular mountain scenery. Part of the time the mountains looked as if their bases were on air, for near the ground the fog & mist were so dense. The autumn foliage was magnificent. Never before have I seen such glorious coloring. I took some color films with me, & hope I got some good prints. As we neared Montreux, the setting sun appearing red under a layer of purple clouds, the Castle of Chillon stood out like a black grim, silent sentinels. As a sort of monument to the harm men has done in an otherwise beautiful world!

On the 22nd, I left for Lucern. I love that place. There were more people there than at Montreux, so I found things a little more lively. At the Hotel Carlton-Tivoli I was given a nice large twin bed room with private bath. This room also had a balcony over looking Lake Lucerne. Again, it rained nearly all the time I was there. The next day, I hired an English speaking guide and auto to take me to the historic William Tell's country. On our way out we passed the monument to Queen Astrid, King Leopold's first wife (she was Swedish, and Leopold was Belgian) who had been killed in an

tain. The scenery was unspeakably beautiful, ⁵ as
peak after peak of mountain came into view -
at one place as we dipped down a bit - passing through
a tunnel, we came upon a water fall of such spectacular
beauty, that the driver stopped the bus so that we all could
get out and look at it. High over our heads, was a huge
shelf of rock over which poured in a misty veil a
rival of water - About one hundred feet below, the water
hit another putting ledge and divided itself into three parts
which cascaded downward over rocks and crags, and reunited
into one stream in the bottom of the gorge. This fall
was named "Le Saute du Loup" (The leap of the wolf), for
the three parts did resemble a huge claw of some monstrous
wolf, and gave the fall and the gorge its name - I
bought some souvenir cards there, and then we drove
on to Basse, where we stopped at a big French Perfume
factory which manufactured perfume for the House of
Molins in Paris - It was interesting to note, that soap &
cold cream was manufactured here, also face powder
and lipstick. The cold cream is manufactured from kerosene-
impregnated vegetable fat whipped into a creamy lather and scented
with talcum powder, or a small bit of flower essence. ^{scented}
The powder itself is composed of groundorris root - a very hard

not belonging to the lily family. In the front room⁶ - they sold perfume. It was interesting to see how they processed the oil or essence from the dried flower petals. The scent was held by the use of alcohol. A bushel basket of violet or rose petals produces only a drop of oil. That is why perfume is so expensive. Cheap perfumes are made from chemicals called "Esters" or other compounds which give off flower-like scents. We made some of this perfume in Chemistry class.

The next day I went to the American Consulate to send off my ballot application. This was done very quickly with no difficulty. Had lunch with Madame Gay at the Café Ruhl, and had my picture taken while eating. Café Ruhl is one of the most exclusive places I have ever been to. It is situated on the Promenade des Anglais where one can view the beautiful Mediterranean. That evening, I saw Monte Carlo by night. We drove over the mountains to Monaco whose capital is Monte Carlo. By bus - such a beautiful drive! Far below us were the lights of Nice and then it seemed as if we were dropping down into a sea of light as we reached Monte Carlo. The big Casino was all lit up - It is most palatial looking inside, but I felt all those decorations were wasted on the people whose only concern was

the gambling table. Some of the faces looked desperate,
And people must be neurotic or maledadjusted to let gambling
take hold of them in such a fashion. I was very tired when I
got back to the hotel. My legs have been badly bitten - I fear by
chiggers. They itch terribly!

Before I left for Switzerland, I arranged to have
two of my bags shipped to my Linden Hill address, so hope
they will be there by the time I return. Leaving for Geneva,
I took a night train - buying a single first class compartment.
The day train ride gave me a stop over at Lyons, and I am so
sick of these stop overs. It was the most comfortable way I
could have gone though it made me a day late in Geneva -
Now I look at Geneva, and how nice it was to be in Switzerland
again, where everything is so clean & beautiful. At the
Hotel d'Angleterre, I was not given the room originally intended
for me, for being late. Anyhow the staff was not notified
in time, so my room was on the first floor back of the
Hotel Offices. It had evidently been used as a recreation room
for the staff for there were several book cases all around the
room. Some of them contained copies of The New Yorker which
in my leisure time, kept me amused. There was a nice
big bathroom off this room, and as hardly anyone came

back my way, I really was quite comfortable. After I was settled
at the hotel, the express officer, Mr. Schoeder, took me to a
luggage shop to buy another piece of baggage, for I had
some things to send to the boat. He also helped me get
insurance for my hand bag & luggage, and then directed me
to one of the best restaurants I have ever eaten at, called
Le Mayot. We left me there, and I enjoyed a wonderful filet
Mignon - After lunch, I took a sight seeing tour of Geneva
by bus. Such a beautiful city! It's a shame I don't have
more time here. On the bus, I met to a charming
Norwegian girl, & we became friends right away. Her name
is Miss Thonseth. This afternoon we saw the International
Headquarters of the Red Cross. The Original League of Nations
Building with a bronze memorial statue of Wilson in the
front, and the original Headquarters for the United Nations.
We drove through a beautiful park where they had a
monument dedicated to the four men responsible for the
Reformation - Luther being the most important. However,
instead of ushering in some thinking, the leaders under Calvin
& Knox became more violent in their persecution of minorities
than the Catholics. We have yet to experience another Religious
Reformation that will usher in an era of Peace & Good Will!

Well, darlings, I must stop -

Love later - How I love you all. Laura Jane



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

L.P. 407/1.

POSTCARD



Communication 1952

CARD SUPP
"SHILL
Address
QUARTER

With sincere greetings

HI THERE!

JUST TO LET YOU KNOW I'M
THINKING ABOUT YOU AND
LOVE YOU SO VERY MUCH -
LAURA JANE -

MR. + MRS. R. D. MUSSER
LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS
MINNESOTA -
U.S.A.



HOTEL DE LA PAIX
GENÈVE

AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



MR. & MRS. R. D. MUSSER
LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS
MINNESOTA.
U.S.A.



RETURN TO LINDEN HILL
LITTLE FALLS, MINNESOTA
U.S.A.

8 1-



HOTEL DE LA PAIX

S. A.

QUAI DU MONT-BLANC

GENÈVE

10/18/52

Dearest darlings;

I started a letter to you some time ago, but have been so much on the go, it was impossible to finish it, so will begin again.

First of all, thank you so much, all of you dears, for the splendid letters I have received from you during this interval. You have no idea what they mean to me, for to be so far away - unable to contact you by phone - or to get to you quickly, should you need me, is a hard thing to accept, and harder to endure - This has been such a wonderful trip in every way, every body has been so kind, and I have made friends with so many lovely people that I have not been the least bored or wished I hadn't come - There are times when I get lonely for the warmth of home life, and the comforting feeling of belonging - especially when I get over tired or ill - but it passes, and I am once more my happy and tranquil self -

I am so² glad, Daddy, that you had such a satisfying visit with Aunt Louisa, and I hope and pray for yours & her sake that there will be many more such opportunities. I myself, would like nothing better, than a few visits of this kind with her, for we do have such fun together.

Then, mother, I am so happy and thankful that you derived such benefit from the Sanitorium, and know life will be a more happy and thrilling experience for you than it has in a long time -

And, Alice, how I loved your letters. You have a real knack for writing, dear sister, for you tell things in such an amusing and interesting way. I chuckled more than once at your sneaking off for some tasty food. I never will understand why it is that hospitals serve such unsavory meals.

Daddy, by the way, I went to the American Consulate in Nice, and had the ballot application taken care of, and sent Special Delivery Air Mail. Mr. Billstein should mail the ballot to the Hotel Eden in Lugano - Special Delivery Air Mail - immediately



HOTEL DE LA PAIX

S. A.

QUAI DU MONT-BLANC

GENÈVE

upon the receipt of the application. Otherwise it will be too late! Will you see to it that he does this? Thank you! Also will tend to the Customs in St. Paul, as soon as I can! There will be several things coming in - namely from London, Edinburgh, Bergen, Stockholm, Wisby, Trondheim, Copenhagen, ~~at~~ The Hague, ~~at~~ Nice, Lucerne, Venice, Florence, and Rome - I am not sure about these last two - will you please notify the St. Paul Customs to be on the watch for these?

My last letter was from Paris. In it, I believe I told you about reaching Amsterdam. Only spent one night in Amsterdam much to my sorrow as it is a beautiful city. Being the Capital, it is the official residence of Queen Juliana. Sunday noon, October 5th I arrived at The Hague. - The Hague is one of my favorite European cities - but alas, the weather was terrible! I spent Sunday writing post cards and playing solitaire as it was too nasty to go out. Monday wasn't much better, but it cleared up a little in the afternoon, so I went out to do some shopping, and take a sight-seeing tour on my own as there was none scheduled on the

Itinerary. The English speaking guide proved to be a
fatherly Dutchman - genuinely anxious to please - we
took a general tour of the City - We saw the
palace (mausoleum) where the Queen mother lives, the
House of Parliament - which is opened the first Tuesday
in September by Queen Juliana, the statue of William
the Silent, the first person to bring the reformation to
Holland, the statue of William III, Grandfather of Juliana,
the Church named for Juliana, as she gave money to
have it built (It is Dutch Lutheran I think), and the
Peace Palace. I had seen the Peace Palace on a
conducted tour - once before in 1950, but I love it, for to
me as a museum, it represents man at his best,
and its contents are not those "objets d'art" acquired by
theft, extortion, & heavy taxes to satisfy the craving
demands of Royalty for the extravagant & costly as symbols
of their wealth & power - These fine priceless treasures
in the Peace Palace are voluntary contributions - many of
them created for the sheer pleasure of artistic aestheticism.
The Japanese room, there, has the most gorgeous tapestries
you ever saw - made of silk - woven by 1200 Japanese
girls - It took them three years. The American room's
walls & ceiling were paneled in the finest Oak obtainable
in the U. S., and the Conference room where the Hague
Peace Pact was signed had gorgeous oil paintings of
Religious scenes done by a Dutch pupil of Rembrandt.



HOTEL DE LA PAIX

S. A.

QUAI DU MONT-BLANC

GENÈVE

This room also was paneled in American Oak, & the stained glass windows were donated by Great Britain. I forgot to mention that one of the religious paintings, Moses in the Bull rushes is three dimensional, and the eyes of the Infant Moses follow you wherever you go in the room. The marble & stone work is Dutch - You knew, didn't you, that the Peace Palace was born from an idea of Andrew Carnegie who gave three million dollars towards its construction. The guide said, "But you may think it an anachronism as regards its purpose." "Yes," I said, "But it's well to have a symbol forever to remind man what he can hope to achieve when Peace comes to the world, and people forget their smallness & pettiness". After we left the palace, my guide took me to the Dutch Riviera - a stretch of beach along the North Sea - Here are lovely hotels, & palatial resorts, amusement centers, & cabanes, but closed now as the tourist season was over. The sea was a cold grey, and looked like a painting by Tannu, in the yellowish grey light of the setting sun - A strong wind was blowing, and waves, white capped and tumbling, were roaring into shore at a great rate, throwing clouds of silvery spray

into the air. Nearby was a sort of Jetty, and I simply had to get out, and walk along it for a distance. The wind tearing at my skirts, & blowing the spray into my face. It was exhilarating. On our way back, my guide took me past several rows of modern, clean looking apartment houses which had all been built with the Marshall plan aid, and ~~my~~ ^{my} guide said that Holland would never be done expressing her appreciation for our generosity. There is still much work to be done, but Holland was over the worst of it. There are many lovely parks in the Hague, and many fine recreation places for children. In one park was a miniature zoo for children with tame peacocks, swans, ducks, geese, deer etc. The peacocks seemed the terror, and one blue & green fellow followed me all over, because I had fed him some crumbs, and he would push any bird away who dared to encroach on his territory. Thus ended our ride, & I felt quite sorry to have to leave the next day, for I had really felt quite at home there.

The ride to Paris was long, but I had a comfortable time, for I was by myself a good deal in a first class compartment. At one station, an elderly Belgian American shared the compartment. He was from Michigan, and had been visiting his relatives who lived near Brussels. We had a nice visit, and the time passed quickly. We arrived in Paris by 6 PM, and I



HOTEL DE LA PAIX

S. A.

QUAI DU MONT-BLANC

GENÈVE

was met by an American Express Representative who drove me to the Hotel California - I was quite tired, so after dinner, I went right to bed - I had stayed here before in 1950, and the place seemed replete with memories - The next day, I went to the Express office to get my Itinerary arranged, and found that the three day auto tour through the Chateau country was out! The tourist season being over - I was a little sorry because I would miss the trip to Orleans, but they told me I wouldn't be missing much - Quen was the place to see - not Orleans - They gave me a rail road ticket direct to Tours, Lourdes, Nice, & Geneva - The rest of the day, I shopped, and in the evening, attended a performance of the Ballet at the Paris Opera House - I think this opera house is the most beautiful I've ever seen. Makes our own Metropolitan look junky! I didn't stay for the whole performance for I had to be up at six the next morning - the train for Tours left at 7:20 AM from the Austerlitz station. The next morning the Express man showed up at 6:45 AM and as the Austerlitz station was six miles away, we had a long drive through the mists -

Changing from grey to Rose⁸ as the sun came up, a fiery golden ball - causing the buildings and trees to look like grey silhouettes through the mists. Notre Dame loomed large & lacy - unreal as an impressionistic painting by Monet. Australity is on the left bank, and a sort of outpost of Paris. We got a porter at once, and I left for Tours in a 2nd class Compartment with a mother, her young son, and a gentleman who proved most interesting. Even tho' his comments were in French, I could understand him perfectly. He pointed out many places of interest, and then as we reached Tours, helped me get a porter. I was taken to The Hotel Univers Tours, where I was given a fine big room and bath, comfortable in that respect - but cold as ice!

Well, dears, I shall have to stop now, as my arm is getting tired! I will write again in a day or two, and try to bring you up to the present time! Please keep writing, darling; I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for your letters -

With so much love to you all -
- Laura Jane -

Mother, you have the letter in which I mentioned The Dorset as a place to stay - owing to the lack of a refrigerator in my apartment & a dining room in the Hotel!

friend, for the first time in
some years the paperboys and
me, and for the time being
I think it's just for him not to be
"confined", and to have as many
outdoor subjects as possible.
Have seen Phineas a few
times - doing very and happy - under
the eye. I wish that was the hope that
they may soon be coming into the world,
the most because the doctors in Texas
to "cutting" and "distill" you life, so
I'm happy to be more important with
him. After all, I've done more for him
financially and otherwise than
he could do for me in a million
years, and than any one else has

June 14, 1952



Daddy Darling; (the two daddies especially)

How I miss you, and the
wonderful visits we have had to-
gether. Never has your wonderful
Companionship, and understanding
meant more to me than it did
this time! Bless you a million!

I am so glad you persuaded me to
stay for my Birthday, and as a
result, that those wonderful

extra day with you! I know
you understand so well those
instances of mother's unconscious
fault finding. You're right, I don't
think she realizes that her words
and attitude can have a detrimental
and demoralizing effect. I know she's
nervous, and isn't herself at all,
so I hope that she can be helped
at either Rochester or Battle Creek.
She ought to go as soon as possible.

That was so dear of you
to take care of my bag the way
you did, and I am so sorry I
caused you all that trouble.
I've never done such a thing

before, and I know it won't happen again.
I've had been so good on this trip, and
I only seem to be enjoying myself very
much. Yesterday we took the cable
ride (a boat trip around Manhattan) and
altho' we enjoyed the sight seeing, we
both of us got rather bored. I've had a
hard ride, so I put it in to bed early. I
met a most interesting gentleman on the
trip and we had a late talk in the evening.
He's a lawyer from Canada, for a long time
concern in Toronto, so for my own particular

I am glad Alice is going to Florida with you. However, when are you and daddy going to have a real nice vacation by yourselves? It would be fine if you two could be together alone some where -

I had such a wonderful time at home, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you did for me.

With much love always,
- Laura Jane -

Feb. 2, 1952



Mother dear;
It was so nice to talk to you on Sunday. Those phone calls of yours always mean so much to me. I was just recovering from a rather severe attack of laryngitis - with fever and considerable congestion. Staying in bed and eating lightly

seemed to be about the only thing that helped. Several people in the hotel were quite ill with it, and one woman had a temperature of 105°, and had penicillin injections. I had no doctor, and got over it without much trouble. Sometimes I think a doctor does one more harm than good with those drugs. How is Frank Weitzmann?

Yesterday afternoon, I went to hear Philippa Flay at the Church of the Master. She has improved in technique, but is very immature in her interpretation. She should be taken out of the Public Eye, given a good teacher well versed in the fundamentals of technique and interpretation tho' who to get is a problem. It would be nice if she could get a scholarship to study abroad. In the evening, I saw "Come of Age" starring Judith Anderson who is one of my favorite actresses.

Today, I went to Packard's to work out a program for the spring term.

By the way, honey, I have your gloves!! If you need them, I shall be happy to send them to you.

Venice, Italy
October 28, 1952

Dear family;



I am writing this en route to Venice in company with a charming and most handsome young Italian couple. - The gentleman and I have been trying to make ourselves understood in a mixture of French & Italian, and have gotten along quite well. - He resembles the movie star, Robert Taylor, and she looks something like Madame Guimard, for she has dark brown eyes and dark eyebrows, but lovely reddish gold hair. I've never seen a more beautiful young girl, and she dresses in smart taste.

I drove over to Milan yesterday for the day, and picked up your letter at the Express Office, mother. There has been a change made in my itinerary, and I am traveling direct from Venice

to Florence which I reach Nov. 1st. Milan² was only a
two day stop anyhow, and what sight-seeing one could
do there could be done in one day. I received your
letter at the Express office today, daddy, with the two
enclosures. The declaration is a little hard to answer
~~for~~ I am not certain if I have answered it correctly or
not. You see, we don't get a formal declaration slip until
we get on the boat. The Norwegian parcel is valued at \$190-
as I stated before, and the Scotland parcel comes to around \$50,
also the Svenskt Glas Co. & Selphidgen have notified me
about having shipped the parcels ordered at those respective
places. Anyhow, I will keep in touch with Mr. Carlson -
I am so glad, mother, that you and Alice got home
safely from Battle Creek, and that you were so greatly
benefitted there. Honey, I quite understand the reason for
not coming to New York, and in a way I think you're
very wise to stay home. It would have been so wonderful to
have some of my family there to welcome me back to my
native land, but as we grow older, we realize that the
things we want most, we some times can't have. I don't
think I will be able to make it for Thanksgiving. You

see, I really would like a few days in New York³ to
get rested & cleaned up, and see that all is well with the
apartment. Also I want to take in a few operas & concerts,
order some Christmas cards, and see some of my friends; so
will probably get home around Dec. 13th. When I get to
New York, I will phone you long distance. You'll have
a grand family reunion with Mary being there. I imagine
you will have the Kings too - so that ought to make it a
nice party. By the way, daddy, I received the ballot in
Suzanne, and took care of it at once. It ought to reach
Little Falls by October 31 or Nov. 2nd. Maybe, my
note will save the day, eh?

My last letter to you, I believe brought
you as far as Nice. I reached Nice as I said, the night
of October 14th after a hectic day of travel, which would
have been much more fatiguing if it hadn't been for
the charming French woman, Madame Gay, who helped
me in Marseilles. We reached Nice about 11 PM, and
you may be sure I was exhausted, and glad to get in
to bed. The Hotel Napoleon was a nice, but small &
quiet hotel, and centrally located, so it wasn't difficult
to get about. The next morning, I went over to the

4-
American Express office to see about a sight-seeing
tour through the Gorge du Loup, and asked Madame Gay
to accompany me - Nice is one of the most beautiful
cities I have ever seen - It is on the Mediterranean,
and its climate is like Sausalito. Palm trees grow here,
and there are beautiful shady avenues of lindens or
elms, and parks having little outdoor restaurants -
tables under big umbrellas. The Promenade des Anglais
is the main thoroughfare of Nice, and runs along the
shore of the Mediterranean whose blue waters and
purple mountain background make the French Riviera
the most beautiful resort in the world. The sun was
out for a wonder - in fact we had sunny days all the
time I was there, and had it not been for the remains
of the cold I had caught in Tours, I would have done some
ocean bathing - Madame Gay joined me at the Express office
at two PM - There we were supposed to take the bus,
Our guide spoke mostly French, but nevertheless, I could
understand her fairly well! The drive to the Gorge du Loup
reminded me a little of the drive to the Red Wood forests
out of San Francisco. ^{The bus} climbed to a height of 3,000 feet
as the road serpented its way around the side of the moun-

5-
Automobile Accident. Our first stop was the town of
Küssnacht where I visited the Town Hall, a charming
14th Century Swiss house - The Colors & Decorations -
especially around the eaves were so clear & fresh -
Inside on the wood work were beautiful carvings
and there was a stained glass window in the front
door featuring the various Coats of Arms of this
particular Canton - A big New-England dog was
guarding the door. It was near Küssnacht where
the three Swiss Canton leaders - among them William
Tell opposed Gessler. As you know there are 26
Cantons in Switzerland, and the capital of all the
Cantons is Bern, also the seat of the Canton of
Bern - We passed the island where Rossini com-
posed the music to William Tell - which was written
by Schiller - Altdorf, the birthplace of William
Tell is the Canton seat of the Canton Uri. The
sign of the Canton Uri is the head of an enor-
mous steer - On our way there, the road wound
along the side of the mountains giving breath
taking scenic pictures - even tho' it was such a
dimmy day. There were several tunnels we
passed through, and ^{as we neared Altdorf} one tunnel for pedestrians lay



right⁶ beside the tunnel for the cars - I got out to walk through
it, and take some pictures. There was a huge steer head
sketched on the rocks right outside the tunnel entrance.
In Altdorf there is a memorial statue of William Tell
directly in the middle of the public square. He is
posing with his head on his little son's shoulder - We
also visited the City hall - another 14th century building like
the one in Rissnacht - and saw a display of all the
flags of the Canton of Uri with the steer's head embroidered
or painted on them - After this we took tea, and then
drove back to Lucerne. The next day, I did a walking
sight-seeing tour of the city. Visited the old covered bridge
and water tower - The next day I left for Lugano in a
dingy. If it hadn't been for the horrible weather, I would
have enjoyed Switzerland. It really wasn't cold, and the
fall colors here are lovely.

Well, honey, in a few minutes I have
to leave for Naples - My next letter will tell you about
Lugano and part of Italy -

And dearest darling, a very, very happy
Birthday to you - How I wish I could be home to help
celebrate -

With so much love always, my darlings,
Anna Jane -

GRESHAM HOTEL

DUBLIN September 7, 1952

Dearest family;

I have thought about you so often and so longingly ever since I left home, but have been kept so busy running from place to place that it has been difficult to write. Where people ever find the time to write while travelling, I'll never know. This is really quite an experience seeing Europe by myself, but it really has been quite simple so far, and I wonder I didn't do it long ago. Get any good touring agent to make the necessary arrangements, and the world is yours. It makes me feel very self-reliant, and gives me the stimulus to make the most out of every single little incident. Daddy, I've never forgotten your remark: "The present moment is most worth while."

The boat trip was wonderful fun. Maxine Anderson and I had many a pleasant visit. She's quite a philosopher in her way, and meets life calmly for the most part. I also met several nice people. My dining table companions were

most agreeable ² - Mr. & Mrs. Calverly, and Mrs. Breen-
thal were with me quite a good deal. Then Mr. Dietus,
Dr. & Mrs. Sharp, Mr. Estes, & Mr. & Mrs. Fetto were
others whom I met, but I was mostly with Merian -
a young man, Mr. Spears & I had a wonderful game
of Ping Pong, and another one, Mr. Stevens went
swimming with me, & Mr. Dietus was my dancing
partner, so I really was around so to speak! You
really would have enjoyed the Dining Steward who
waited on us. He was very "toothy" looking, but had
a wonderful sense of humor - He did many
nice things for me. Also visited with some of the
Cock hands - some who remembered me from 1950.
Oscar Hammerstein II was also on board, but I
didn't see him. Merian did, at an exclusive Cocktail
party given by the Captain. He's the Composer you know
of "Oklahoma," "South Pacific," "The King and I" etc.
During the last two days, the Ocean became quite
rough, and the weather very cold. We reached
Southampton at 9:30 PM Monday night - 5 1/2 days
after we left New York - Merian was met by
Mr. Harok - she was leaving early in the morning
by air for Sweden - and I was met by the American
Express Representative. My hotel in London was The
Hyde Park - my room was 814 - a twin bed room with
bath & very nice. The hotel wasn't far from Bucking-
ham Palace which at present isn't occupied for the
Royal family as in Balmoral, Scotland!

GRESHAM HOTEL

DUBLIN

Spent the next two days in sight-seeing -
 revisiting old places in London, & exploring new
 ones on my own account. One of the tours which
 lasted all day and planned by the American Express
 began with a subway ride to the suburbs, where
 we passed Jane Austen's home en route to the bus.
 By bus we drove out to Stoke Poges, the church &
 village that Thomas Gray made immortal in his
 "Elegy in a Country Churchyard". From there we
 stopped at Eton on the Thames to see the college
 and chapel and lower school where many of
 England's prime ministers got their start. The
 guide told us that Eton lost 11,000 boys in the
 last two great wars - more than any where else.
 In the lower school, there is one room dating back
 to sixteen hundred & something that is preserved as a
 kind of museum. We saw the whipping bench
 where the boy kneels - his hands behind him & is lashed
 with a thin cane or strap. Then we saw the Chapel
 where Mendel's Messiah was performed for the first
 time. Their organ dates back to 1827 and has 3,000 stops.
 The stained glass windows were beautiful - one was
 put in in 1947 when an old one had been shattered

by a bomb. Eton had suffered some damage to its buildings from the war, but it has all been rebuilt. From Eton we drove to Windsor for lunch, and after lunch we were taken through the Castle - Remember when we saw it and the Queen's Doll House in 1937? I met a very interesting couple on this tour - a grandmother and her grand daughter - Mrs. Dickey & Betty - aged 11 yrs. from Casper Wyoming - She knew Aunt Marian & Uncle Otis & the boys very well indeed, and spoke very highly of Uncle Otis and his developing the O.G. Walker Pumber Co. She didn't think much of Aunt Marian who, she said, let it be known around Casper that she had married a millionaire, and thought herself too good for anyone else except the Sullivans and others who were the cream of Casper society. But Mrs. Dickey continued, none of the women's clubs wanted her because she was so snobbish. Mrs. Dickey wondered if it was true that Aunt Marian was related to the Pillsburys in Minneapolis, for Aunt Marian always bragged about that relationship. From Windsor we drove to Hampton Court, and as I had seen it before, and the guide didn't think much of it - our view was a cursory one. I forgot to mention that at Windsor castle we saw the chapel where King George VI was buried. Also the tomb of ~~William~~^{George} IV and his wife who died in childbirth - his child was born dead. ^{the guide} mentioned this because if she & her child had lived, Queen Victoria would have never been Queen. Speaking of

GRESHAM HOTEL

DUBLIN

Queen Victoria, I have a Bun penny - or Victoria penny which is quite rare, so I am hanging on to it. It was called a Bun penny, because it was minted in the days when women's hair was worn in big buns. There is a great deal of talk about, & preparations being made for the Coronation next June. At Westminster Abbey we saw the Coronation Chair & stone, and at The Tower, the oil vessel from which the new Rulers are anointed with the Consecrated Oil. The Coronation will take place next year on Queen Elizabeth II's official Birthday June 5th. That evening took the Dileys to the Theatre. We saw "Dial M" for Murder - an excellent drama at the Westminster Theatre. Afterwards, they took me to a late dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel where they were staying.

I had one free day in London. I had lunch at the Cheese Cheese which incidentally was built on the ruins of an ancient monastery. The lunch was the best food I had eaten in England. Then I went shopping at Selfridges, and had dinner at Leonie's "Quo Vadis" in So Ho - Then home to pack for the next day. I was to leave at 7:45 AM for Dublin. The next day, I had lunch at Simpson's but not until

around 4 PM, for I had to get checks cashed & have information about forwarding my maid at the American Express office. The rest of the afternoon I wrote Post cards, and at 7:45 The American Express agent picked me up with my baggage, and took me to Euston station where I took a second class Compartment on the boat train for Holy Head. The train left at 8:45, and it was very cold. Berths had been fixed but no sheets, only one blanket & a pillow. ^{and it was cold} There were three other women with me - all Irish & devout Catholics. I did get some sleep, and woke when the train pulled into Holy Head - a very obliging porter helped me with my bags, & got me on the steamer where I spent the rest of the night in a tiny little first class cabin. Thank goodness I had my own private bath! I went almost at once to sleep, and three hours later, a knock on my door awakened me. It was the steward. I had slept in my clothes so there wasn't much to get ready - at the station at Dun Laoghaire, I was met by the American Express Representative who put me on the boat train to Dublin which we reached twenty minutes later. I was taken to The Royal Hibernian Hotel where I have a nice twin bed room - no toilet - but my own bath, & no heat, so I have been wearing my winter things. I had to be ready to go on a flight - seeing I am leaving Ashton Quay at 10 AM. We saw many places of interest in Dublin. O'Connell Street & bridge over the Liffey - that is wider than it is long, the statue

GRESHAM HOTEL DUBLIN

of O'Connell who emancipated the Catholics & created the Irish Republic. Mr. John Kelly is its President. We saw the Glasnevin Catholic Cemetery where Lord Palmerston is buried - the only non-Catholic in all Ireland to be buried in a Catholic Cemetery. We saw the Guinness Brewery, the President's official home which is modeled after the White House in Washington, D.C. The Botanical Gardens, Trinity College - that has one of the largest most complete reference libraries in the British Isles, and in which is kept the Ancient Harp, and the Book of Kells, one of the oldest New Testaments in the world. It is not complete for a section of the Johann Gospel is missing. The Illuminated Manuscripts contain the finest art of that time. We saw Christ Church where in one of the organ pipes was found the bodies of a cat & mouse in a state of perfect preservation; St. Patrick's Cathedral, that has been of the Church of England since the time of the reformation and where Jonathan Swift was Dean in the early eighteenth century. He wrote, "Gulliver's Travels." Then St. Michaels, the so-called Church of the Crusades - also Protestant where in the crypt lie two human bodies in the state of perfect preservation.

8-
The reason for these phenomena is due to emanations
from the Peat bogs - Did you know that the word
Dublin (Dubh-Elin) means "Black Pool" because of
the Peat bogs? After we got back, I had lunch at
the Metropole one of the famous eating places in
Dublin, & then returned to the hotel to rest & write
in my Journal. Today, I took pictures of famous
buildings, and my driver took me to The Hotel Gresham
where I had tea, and after, took this time to write to
you - I leave tomorrow for Edinburgh - Please
write to me to The American Express, Stockholm
Sweden, for I am so anxious to hear from you -
With much love to all, and to my
Laura Jane -