



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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St Gallen 27. Jan 28  
Völkherstr 12

Meine liebe, liebe Mand

Ich habe ein sehr schlechtes Ge-  
wissen, dass ich so lange nicht schrieb u.  
heute Nacht hab ich von Dir geträumt,  
und nun will ich, schnell, schnell  
Schreiben - Du glaubst nicht wie schwer  
es mir wurde nach meiner guten  
Mutter Tod Briefe zu schreiben. Ab-  
u. zu glaubte ich Dir bald Englisch  
Schreiben zu können, aber ich glaube  
kaum, dass Du dann den Brief lesen  
könntest. Dein Brief hat mich froh  
gemacht - Glückliche bist Du - Wie  
wohl tut das von Freunden zu hören  
u. Dir liebe, liebe Mand hab ich von  
ganzem Herzen stets alles Glück der  
Welt gewünscht -

Wie es mir in der Zeit erging?  
Im März sind es 14 Jahre, dass wir  
von einander Abschied nahmen zu  
Oberammern. 14 years. ?!!

1916 I was engaged - 1917 all was  
so end and that is very to good for me.

The marriage is nothing for me, or I not  
for it. Once I tried it again - after five  
years engagement I was happy to become  
free again. Now I am lucky, and if  
my dearest mother would live with us  
I would be the happiest girl in the world.

Mein Leben war nicht so ereignisreich  
wie das Deine. Wir leben hier still für  
uns. Wir drei, Mutter, Vater (he is my  
step father, but the kindest father ~~in the world~~)  
und ich lieben uns für uns. O jezt erst  
wie ich erzählen soll, was ich alles  
erlebt habe, jezt merke ich was für ein  
Stilles Leben ich lebe u. noch lebe.

Trotzdem ist es reich an viel Schönerem  
und seit ich mich entschlossen habe  
nicht zu heiraten bin ich doch u  
zufrieden. Ich habe kein Glück  
mit dem Mann. Bis jezt hat immer  
nur der Wohlstand der Geldern  
den Ausschlag gegeben. Und ich möchte  
nun meines willen geheiratet wer-  
den - das begreifst Du doch - Also  
lass ich das sein. u freue mich  
so meines Leben. Und Gott hat  
mir die Gabe verliehen u ich über

alles zu freuen u glücklich zu sein.

Ich treibe viel Musik - Singe, aber noch nie  
magte ich es öffentlich aufzutreten. Deine  
Schwester Kathleen hat Schweres durchgemacht,  
aber ihre Kunst hat ihr sicherlich viel ge-  
folgt. Spielt deine jüngste Schwester nicht  
Geige? Mand, liebe, liebe Mand wie  
herzlich würde ich mich über einen Besuch  
von dir u deinem Gatten freuen. - Liebe,  
willkommene Gäste werdet Ihr uns sein.  
Wie schade, dass deine Eltern nicht nach  
N.Y. gekommen sind! Hier hätte Ihnen  
jedes Kind sagen können wo wir wohnen.

Dearest - I gave up my writing. The  
first time, so it is always with me, was  
good - Two little things they returned  
me and now I lost the joy for writ-  
ting. Since the death of my mother I  
am like a well which is dried up. But it  
makes me very glad to hear that you make  
career. And I wish you luck, so much  
as you can carry, you and your husband.  
How lovely must be your home at the  
river of the lake, how nice the house.

You like books so I do also it is the only  
passion I possess. I love <sup>them</sup> ~~it~~, I am so zealous  
of them like an old man of his young wife.

I never hear of people of Oberammergau  
and no more I went there. We <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ travelling  
in Switzerland and often I was in Munich.

In April we <sup>would</sup> part for Kapo Keapel and Bapri

Kannst Du mein Englisch verstehen?

Seit einigen Monaten nehme ich wieder  
Stunden - Doch fällt mir diese Sprache  
schwerer als Italienisch, das mir bei unsern  
Italien reisen sehr zu Statten kommt. Deinen  
Brief konnte ich gut verstehen, aber selbst  
zu schreiben, dazu brauche ich bei jedem  
dritten Wort den Dictionair. Sprichst Du  
gar nicht mehr deutsch? u Dein Gatte?

Wäre Amerika mir nicht so weit! - Aber  
I am afraid of that country. I don't  
know why - I may go to India or  
Australia - but Amerika seems so long  
and fare away. Lots of people has lived  
there but she tell such strain things.  
Ich glaube es wird über kein Land so  
gelogen wie über Amerika.

Ist Dein neues Buch schon heraus.  
Ich schrieb an deinen publisher nach  
New-York for "Black Angel" but received

now answer. Ich Schmidt aus München  
 kenne ich nicht, but you told me of her  
 So Cammi is married who nice is it of  
 you so write her - My friends in Munich  
~~who~~ were all married but not one is  
 happy - O my dear, the world has ~~turned~~  
 since the war. you can confide in nobody.  
 But you know I was always a pessimist.  
 So you ~~remember~~ remember the afternoon  
 spent at Nymphenburg - the gayly glancing  
 day in early spring?

Dearest Wand, I will be ~~more~~  
 glad to hear of you again. I told  
 my father, and for all my mother so  
 often of you, that they know you like  
 personally - And the day which brings  
 me your visit will be one of my  
 happiest. With a great joy I will  
 visit Munich with you.

h Viele herzliche, liebe Grusse  
 an dich und deine Lieben auch von  
 meinem Vater.

In herzlicher freundschaftlicher  
 Liebe  
 Gretl Vinn  
 Elsa

herzlichst danke ich für die  
 Bilder, die mich sehr erfreuten.  
 Sie stehen auf meinem Schreib-  
 Tisch n. oft am Tage nicke ich  
 ihnen zu und denke deiner Du  
 liebe - Verändert hast du dich  
 eigentlich nicht es ist das gleiche  
 liebe Gesicht -

Mein Bild ist vor zwei Jahren  
 aufgenommen.

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Ella T. Morse  
#502 Leamington Hotel  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.



Mrs. Delos W. Lovelace  
905 West 25th Street  
Minneapolis.

502 Leamington Hotel,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.  
Monday morning, Oct. 11, 1933

Maud dear:

This is just to tell you that Hick and I read your book practically all day yesterday, in short until we finished it, and wish to go upon record as pronouncing it corking. Just to show you how much absorbed we were in it, I'll tell you in detail the circumstances under which we read it.

Mary Cutler was down to stay all night with us Saturday night and yesterday morning she invited us to ride out to Ferndale with her, as she had to see Mrs. Heffelfinger on business. So we had her drop us in a perfectly delightful clump of woods nearby while she transacted her business, and we got well along in The Black Angels, well into the second part, that is, before she picked us up and brought us back to town. We came back to a perfectly terrible looking apartment (dishes in the sink, beds unmade, etc. etc.) but we said in the light hearted way of your own Angels, "What care we? We'll eat a snack, jump into bed and read until we get sleepy (for we felt sleepy after our ride). Did we get sleepy? Did we stop reading? We did not! We read on from 2:30 till 5, when Hick had to get up and take her bath preparatory to going out (for we were asked out for a seven o'clock dinner and you know how leisurely her actions are). Could we leave Angel expecting a visitor and that visitor probably Virginia while Alex was still there? We could not! So I followed Hick into the bath room, raised my voice to make it carry over the water of her shower, and continued until we reached the very delightful ending. And this morning Hick never murmured when she had to roll out at 5:30 and do a lot of the neglected household tasks of yesterday! Greater lover hath no man! and I hope you see from that how much we liked your book.

It's so much better than either of us thought it was going to be (and we had heard, too, from the Wakefields how good they thought the first part of it) that I just can't tell you how pleased we are. Maud, it has some perfectly stunning situations in it, it's a rattling good story, and it has heaps of atmosphere. I can see you in so much of it----the Angels' love of the vagabond life and of music, the mingling of humor and pathos (really I got all choked up more than once while reading it and over tiny but stirring things, just as I always do over things in Little Women) and your really splendid descriptions of people and country. On the other hand we often forgot as we read who had written it and were just completely carried away by the story.

I couldn't help feeling all along what fun you must have had doing it, even though of course it was a lot of work, too---please don't think that I don't realize that\*---but to get together all that old Minnesota history, to look up those songs and have them running all through (I particularly like the idea of

each part's being headed by a line of the song that rather determines that part), to work out your different characters and the different generations (and oh, that love of music that runs through all the Angels save Joseph! and he is one of your best characters and the chapter where he gets the letter and is forced to give up his own ambition is, to Hick and me, the most poignant in the book) oh, it must all have been fun, Maud dear, wasn't it really? I envy you enormously and, speaking of envy, the sentence that tickles me most of all in the book is "Timmie swallowed envy like a dose of castor oil." That is delicious!

Well, ducky, this is far from a scholarly criticism of The Black Angels, but I want you to know how it impresses me right after reading it (and Hick feels very much as I do, incidentally). I haven't as yet read Delos's review of it in yesterday's Journal, but I'm sure that even he can be little more enthusiastic than Hick and I are. May you keep on writing novels, and may each one be better than the last! I feel sure that this is the kind of thing you should do. Why, it beats everything else I've ever seen of yours all hollow---there's just no comparison, that's all. Blessings on you and all possible good luck from

E. T. M.

P.S. I find upon looking back that Fanny is the one of all of them to whom my heart most warms. Fanny with her "tiny black moles which were as attractive in her small dark face as markings in a pansy!" (What a peach of a description!) and with her love of music that was so tremendous that she had to leave even her husband and her baby to join the troupe! Jinks, what a stunningly romantic figure!

E. T. M.

P. S. Come and see us soon again and often this fall, for it's only seven weeks from today when we shall be leaving these parts, and no telling when we'll return.

E. T. M.

Amen!

Hick