



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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MISS LIBBY DEMP
29 SOUTH REDFIELD STREET
PHILADELPHIA 39, PENNA.



Mrs. M.H. Lovelace
63 Wyatt Road,
Garden City,
N.Y.

January 11, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

I received the list of books to read and the wonderful pictures and write-up. I've always wanted to see photographs of Betsy, Tacy, Tib and the crowd and I was more than well rewarded. Minnesota certainly loves you and I can't say I blame them.

I brought tickets to see the "Shrike" with José Ferrer. My sister went along and although our opinions vary on the play, we both were thrilled by it. I think the play won't be a hit, although it was interesting and the acting was marvellous. The plot is good, but the script is weak. Mr. Ferrer, was of course, excellent. We were seated way up on the balcony (fourth row from the last) but we heard and saw everything well. After the show we decided to get autographs and meet the star. We went backstage and they threw us out. I was all set to write a topic on segregation or something of the sort. We stood around and saw the actors and cast come out. We got some autographs and saw Mrs. Ferrer (Phyllis Hill, also in the play.) It was getting very late. There was only another couple left and us. After a long, long time Mr. Ferrer's secretary came out, she went back in again to tell him we were waiting and then she left. So we kept waiting. It was icy and we were all set to collapse or get frost-bitten when a tall man in a navy blue topcoat came out. I didn't think he was anyone important. Then we came over and said "Hi" to us in a voice that was strangely familiar. It was José. He signed his autograph and spoke briefly to us and thanked us for waiting. He touched my arm (I think I'll cut it off and put it in a showcase for all to see.) He is a truly great man with a charming manner, and a magnificent personality. To think I stood next to one of the world's greatest actors!! If any-

one was every somebody, he is that someone!

I especially enjoyed one part in the play. The story is about a patient in a mental institution and one of the orderlys was calling Roll Call and asked "Are you all here?" One of the patients answered, "We're all here, but the question is, are we all there?" Perhaps, you can get to see the play in New York.

We went out to Penn Valley to see the doll collection. The place is most interesting. There are things from all over the world and the dolls take up three rooms and an attic! Doll, dolls, and more dolls. Some of them are priceless. Some are novel, others are part of someone else's (long past) collection and a great part of them are very, very old. In fact, everything there was antique (or looked it.) The furniture, china, bric-a-brac, books, and atmosphere, ^{reflect this} I saw an original letter written by Charles Dickens and a teaspoon he used. Later, after we had seen enough dolls to last several lifetimes, we had tea and dainties by candlelight. I met the woman's daughter who is a school teacher and the woman's husband. They are very well versed people having traveled all over the world and met many people. It was delightful seeing the collection (we were told we had not even seen half of it!!!!!!) I wouldn't like to be in surroundings of antiques all the time however. It's too depressing and stuffy.

I wrote and asked the editor of Seventeen (the All Yours Editor, by the way a brand new one has been installed) how one gets to contribute to the All Yours Issue in May when the readers write the entire issue. She wrote me to send in samples of my work and then if things work out, I'll be given an assignment. I hope things do work out. I'll be seventeen in May and remember Betsy got published at that age. I'll try to generalize my samples to show how versatile my writing can be.

In English we are studying the essay and I like it. It's so flexible. I started one essay on the disappearance of the simple person on the American scene, but it is uncompleted. We will have to write an essay soon, but I'll start another one rather than the one mentioned as I feel it would be abused if read to the class.

This term is almost over!! I think I'm going to be an aid to the freshman if everything goes smoothly as I have to go through a little more than the others since I do not belong to the sororities. It is quite difficult to go all out for school activities if you don't belong. It is unbelievable how they hold you back. Now I think I know why I didn't make Journalism English and didn't get parts in the plays. The teachers work right along with the "better" student and it is certainly disheartening. I hope the outside world will not be ^{so}cruel as this. I think it is who the person is, not what he belongs to, that matters. Some days I get the blues, from having to strive along with such unfair competition. There is nothing I can do about it except keep going ahead and forget these things.

My family thinks I am working too hard. I am going to look around for a new job, preferably on Wednesdays and Saturdays and in my local vicinity. My boss is getting worst everyday. He is beginning to find fault with everything and it is getting on my nerves. I'd like to get a job writing, but I doubt if there is openings for persons of highschool age. I wouldn't even mind working evenings. Then I could take on more after school activities such as Yearbook, more dramatics, and I'd be able to attend group aid meetings. I know now, my writing will not be recognized in high school, but I'd love to help out.

Ann Linn is getting married at the end of March and is moving to St. Louis in April. I think it's mean for her to go so far, but her father has

been offered a wonderful job there and her husband-to-be is working for the same company. It will be hard to see her go this time because she is going so far and to visit her would cost a fortune, but if she going to be happy I wish her well. She is not a frequent writer and perhaps with this new life she will forget me. I can only think of the good times we'd had in the past and look forward to good futures.

My mother has been called back to Wanamaker's for part time work and I don't like ~~it~~^{it}. The pain from her injury last year has come back and it is painful for her to stand all day selling. I've got to sell my stuff soon and help out more than I have been doing.

I went to the library last Sunday and took out 3 modern novels (for pleasure only) and Miss Emily (story of Emily Dickinson,) Betsy in Spite of Herself, Betsy Was a Junior (by You-Know-Who,) Selected Verse of Lewis Carroll, Poems of Wm. Morris, Joyce Kilmer and a collection^{of poetry} titled "The Unutterable Beauty by G.A. Studdert Kennedy.

I enjoyed "Charming Sally" and have taken a decided interest in Old Philly. There are still a number of hitching posts in the neighborhood where I work. I have seen homes of the Quaker style with walls and gardens, although they were common in their day, I mean to say not only for Quakers, but for most people. It is just there are not too many still standing. There is a lot to see here. I want to make some trips to see more of the same. I want to go to the stage plays more and concerts (especially Debussy). I have not been keeping up with the classical music on the radio. Well, perhaps this week-end.....

I'd better close, it's past 2:00 A.M. Thank you again for the help enclosed in your last letter and in the past.

I hope all is well with Betsy in the Great World. *As ever,*

*Your affectionate reader,
Libby Kemp*

MISS LIBBY DEMP
29 SOUTH REDFIELD STREET
PHILADELPHIA 39, PENNA.



*Miss M. H. Lovelace
63 Wyatt Road
Garden City,
N. Y.*

February 1, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

Here it is, the first day of February and it's a lovely day in Old Philly!

I hope you are fine and your family too. I know you are kept busy with "Betsy In the Great World." Everytime I think of it I can't wait to read it. I know it's the best Betsy-Tacy book ever. I don't think I ever told you I like Betsy and Joe best. I was so glad to have Betsy and Joe get together after all the mishaps!

I am on a short vacation between terms, and I haven't done a thing. I was kept quite busy with tests and school. We got our reports last Tuesday. I received the following:- English B, Hygiene A, Gym C, Bookkeeping A, Typing C, Sales A, American History B, and Cooperation C. I was terribly disappointed in my English mark. I greatly wanted an A. I'm afraid they'll keep me out of writing this term because of the mark. Not that a B is flunking (it's considered commendable,) but I know it's my own fault. I did the best work I could, but I slipped up on my essay. It was called "Women At the Bargain Table" and it was pretty comical, but I began to sink on my vocabulary and with too many commas, etc. It was graded a C, although the teacher called it "very entertaining."

The rest of the school returns next Tuesday, but I come on Monday to be a class aid to the freshmen. That should be fun!

It seems like yesterday that I was a freshman and yet it seems like a million years ago too! And now I'm a senior. This is going to be our big year with the class trip, pictures for the yearbook, prom and January '53 we'll graduate. Highschool was disappointing, invigorating and as you wrote me a long time ago it would be "exasperating."

I sent in the work to Seventeen in hope of an assignment. The editor sent it all back saying "..... I found much of it promising, but none of it suggested to me an assignment for the "It's All Yours" issue which I might make to you. Don't be over-anxious to publish professionally. When you develop sufficiently as a writer, publication will come naturally." ~~On the returned~~ "Winter Sculpture" the words "We will welcome anything else you send us and give it serious attention" were underlined and the old editor added, "Has good poetic quality. Why don't you try straight poetry or a story?" The more I consider their suggestions I more I agree with them and yet here's something I've never told before. I have no patience for stories anymore. Poetry and creative writing seem to be growing on me. I read the most fascinating book on the life of Emily Dickinson and I love poetry more and more. By the way, the book on E. D. has had me thinking for weeks. I can see why she went into recluse. I was absolutely breathless at the end and I couldn't sleep that night for a while. When she visited Charles Wadsworth she discovered the secret of life and death and the eloquence of nature. No one, of course, knows exactly what he said to her, but I, for one, would have peeked in the

keyhole! I must read her poetry and also the books you mentioned in your letter. I hope to go to the library tomorrow if it's nice out.

Ann Linn isn't moving to St. Louis now although she is moving to the outskirts of town, but she is getting married. Since he is a nice guy, I'm not worried now.

I haven't been able to find a new job as of yet. Oh yes, and my sister and brother-in-law told me when editors start making comments it's a good sign.

I read the "Shrike" was a success and I'm so glad although I doubted it. I'm quite sure Jose Ferrer could charm even a snake as he did the New York critics.

Enclosed find a poem written after reading of E. D.

My mother has been working in Wanamaker's in Audits full time. Yesterday, she dropped a file drawer on her toe and it swelled some. However, this morning she was feeling fine again, Thank Heaven!

Give my very best to Delos and Miriam. Please thank Dorothy Bomberger for her letter. I'd tell her so myself if I had her address, but she forgot to include it.

Regards, as ever

Your affectionate reader,

Libby Kemp

Libby Demp,
29 S. Redfield Street,
Philadelphia 39, Penna.

Spare me a flower
And in return
I shall dress it
With leafy fern.

Extend one withered
Lonely rose,
Of it's wrath
I shall dispose.

Bring forth a
Weary tired shred,
Replace it in a
Grassy bed.

Befriend Nature's obsolete
Along your daily trek,
You shall win
A friend's respect!

*You needn't return
this, I have
copies of it!*

February 11, 1952

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

Just a few lines to keep you posted.
And hoping they find you and yours in
the very best of health.

School has started again. After all
my happiness, I lost out for a class aid.
Everything seemed to be going fine, but
when I arrived on that bleak, dismal
morning I was given the "once over"
by the directors (all students). I had
a feeling something had gone wrong.
The only reason I lost out was because
I'm not a sorority girl. I took it
pretty hard, but I didn't crumble
before the wall. I kept my dignity.
I thought I'd wait to get home to
cry, but when I reached home the
leader from the March of Dimes
asked me to collect money at a
movie in town (I had been out on
the "Mother's night" to collect.)
So I went along and collected while
seeing Fantasia. Then she asked
me to collect some more during
the week so I saw all of the
latest movies (the best "Detective
Story") I met a lot of people

I like doing charity work and meeting people. I think the leader suspects because she has asked me to do work on other drives coming up. And I certainly will. That theory that went along with Betsy about helping others is certainly holding true.

We have some stiff classes this year. Our English teacher is hard (I drew an "A" on my first oral talk.) I have my same selling teacher (she's okay.) History will be so-so. Bookkeeping will be tough. For typing I have that miserable, unbearable teacher that flunked me last summer and does he have it in for me! He watches me like a hawk and finds fault with every little thing I do (he already lowered my cooperation ^{mark} because I accidentally put my last term's number on my card.)

Latest works from library are:-
Tommy + Grizel, Emma (J. Auster.)
Sense + Sensibility (J. Auster.) Bryant's
Poems and Carney's H. P. By the way, when will "Betsy and the G. W." be out?

So there, is the start of my Senior Year. Disappointing, yes, but it has somehow strengthened my character and it does need muscles! From now on, I have decided, no one or nothing is going to stand in my way and disillusion me so intensely. Is it cruel to say this? I don't know myself.

My love and best wishes.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Demp.



while) doing so ⁽²⁾ and I didn't have time to cry. I haven't gotten to it yet and I don't think I ever will again. I feel so pure and clean collecting for the drive and I see so many real people that those snobs seem inferior and unimportant. It seems so odd to say, yet I think I have grown up more in this last week than of any other short period in my life.

February 28, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

Just a few lines to "keep in touch" before I begin my homework. I certainly hope you are well and that "Betsey" is about ready.

School is beginning to get me in clutch. Being seniors, so much more of us is expected. We have just about finished Macbeth in English and will have a test on it next week. In History, we're studying the Capitalistic system, Big Business, etc. and I don't particularly enjoy it. I like selling, though. I'm terrified of Bookkeeping (we have a test tomorrow) and typing is most times exasperating!

My little book collection is growing. I managed to buy recently:—
Letters of Emily Dickinson, Complete
Poems of Emily Dickinson, Little

(3)

I
 Love me, love my, Love
 From my own shy self
 Forget I am not pretty
 Nor of excellence in health.

II

Think me as a flower
 That comes blossomed by the sun
 So I put away my ugly self
 To become "your lovely one."

L. D.

(2)

Women and a pocketbook of Shakespeares -
 there's 4 best tragedies (Hamlet,
 Macbeth (for research purposes)
 Romeo + Juliet, and Julius Caesar.
 I added an old-fashioned, miniature
 crackleware pitcher and basin to
 my shelf.

Spring is in the air and it
 is lovely!

I've written a lot of poetry
 lately, much more than ever before.
 On the left see the one I consider
 the best of the crop. I didn't
 get to read the classics except
 for a wee part of Emma. I'm
 too busy.

Ann Linn is coming up
 Friday night for the weekend
 and we'll make up for the
 fun we've missed with each
 other.

(over)

(4)

My sister Bella and her husband have bought a house a block away from us. I'm going to help them paint and fix up. It's a duplex ("sandwich") Ann and I are going up to my sister's apartment for dinner tomorrow night. She'll be moving in May.

I wish this could be longer, but as you know homework is awaiting.

All my love.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Demp

MISS LIBBY DEMP
29 SOUTH REDFIELD STREET
PHILADELPHIA 39, PENNA.



Mrs. M. W. Lovelace
63 Wyster Road
Garden City,
N.Y.

March 16, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I was so very glad to receive your lovely card. I am so glad you enjoy my letters, I try to make them as interesting as I can, but sometimes I'm afraid I bore you terribly. But I am so glad to know someone like you who is so understanding and interested in me and because you are the type of person you are. I can't express my thanks ^{enough} to you for taking me in and guiding and listening to me. I doubt if I ever would have begun to write properly or do things correctly. I know my writing is tremendously far from perfect, but it is ME speaking.

The following poem was written some time ago (around December, I think), yet I like it very much and it's with my pile of works to be sent in to "Seventeen." I have a batch of stuff that needs to be corrected and retyped. Here it is:-

MY FLIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN

I am young,
I am free,
I can fly with the breeze,
I can dance with the stars in the night,
I can sing with the birds,
I can laugh with the trees,
I am Youth
Ascending to Flight.

I cannot think of a second verse for it, but I like what I have. It expresses my soul and my feelings.

Oh I am busy, with school work and being a Senior. I had to give up a lot of things, but I'm taking on others. I quit the Dramatic Club as I wasn't getting any "crust" from it. I never drew a part and I disliked the teacher. Aside from that, I had to dash to work and couldn't find the time. I am an apprentice for the Yearbook which commands me to give up one lunch period a week and work in the Yearbook office. I certainly don't do much, just copy papers, but it's necessary before I'll be considered at all for a position for the Staff next term. I'd like to be Editor, but I doubt if I'll be given the opportunity. In English class we had Macbeth and I found a greater interest there than in former plays we've read by W. S. Then we went on to Emperor Jones. I couldn't find the greatness in it that is there (so they say.) To me, it was just a man, delirious, running around in the jungle. Now, we're on that boring grammar. I wish we'd return to Literature. In History, we had to make book reports so I made a trip to The Library on the Parkway. I took out three books for the work (The Economics of Instalment Buying, Theory and Practice of Public Utility Valuation and Chain Store Tells Its Story.) I reported on the latter. I took out In Bed We Cry for my sister, but she dislikes Ilka Chase's works so it looks like I'll lug it back unread. I didn't know which book I wanted to read for a book report for English so I gathered a pile and decided at home. They were:- Centennial Summer (I don't like it though), Beyond Sing the Woods, Vein of Iron and Main Street. The librarian convinced me take out the sequel to B. S. T. W's. So out came Wind From The Mountains. Then, Poetical Works Of Aldrich. Also, Personal Problems of the High School Girl and Broadway Scrapbook. It was a bundle! I finally decided on Main Street and have spent the weekend reading the 451 pages. I finished it just a

few minutes ago and I liked it very much, it had so much more than the average book and also much less. I found a striking similiarity between the girl Carol and myself. She was of a somewhat restless nature and so am I. She thought much the same as I and did things as I might do them. I couldn't help thinking, though, the entire book was very like King's Row. They both concerned towns, and gossip, people, search for soul and love. Some of the characters seemed to be transplanted from one story to the other. I loved the descriptions of the Northwest, the sunsets, and lakes. It gave me a great desire to travel. And when I found the word "Mankato" I was so excited. So it appears Mankato isn't as small as I pictured it and only good comes from there! Main Street gave me something to think about. I realize how everything is changing and growing. The kids I've known since freshman days and before then are all changing. They're more serious and ambitious. A great many of them are planning for college. Yet when I think how much more I've learned than some of them and how much more I'm going to learn I feel so lucky. No, I can't go to college, but I'll take courses in poetry writing and selling, literature, oil painting, art and music appreciation and in the course of their college years I'll have learned perhaps more than they. Naturally, I can't expect all of what they'll learn, but I might be more rounded and creative. Most of them haven't found beauty yet except for the dashing color of their new dress or Easter suit, but I've found it, exploring life and nature.

We'll be going on our class trip May 23rd along the Hudson to West Point.

This summer I have to go to Summer School if I want to or not! I have to take an advance course in Sales in order to graduate with a Commercial Diploma. So my Summer will be busy. I'll probably still work at the Paper Company. I want to read (I hardly have the time now). I doubt if we'll go away this summer although my Mother has mentioned Atlantic City. I like the ocean and the sand, but I'd just as rather stay at home. My sister would like to visit Florida with her friends. I hope she can go because she has traveled even less than me! If they do go they'll go by car.

My sister and brother-in-law celebrated their First Anniversary here. I baked them a lop-sided orange iced cake. They bought a house ~~two~~ blocks from here and then my sister celebrated her ___th birthday. They'll move during May or June. I'm buying them a tile with "God Bless Our Mortgaged Home" on it! It will be fun helping them to paint and decorate.

One of my friends got engaged and stuck-up. She wasn't a real close friend, but one of my pals. Now I have trouble speaking to her. Another of my pals became engaged. She is a big, awkward girl and has been shuned by people. I'm so glad for her. Ann Linn broke up with her boyfriend. She dosen't know her own mind, but she's the best and closest friend I've ever had and we have the greatest time with each other.

Spring is in the air. Everyone is taking an interest in summer clothes and flowery hats. Today, however, it's been 34 with snow flurries off and on. Our next door neighbor died and it makes today seem even more gloomy than ever.

Main Street has made awakened me literally. I'd like to read Sappho and Christina Rossetti. I'd also like to get a copy of E. Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?"

I hope you can write soon, I look forward to your letters.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Pemb

Libby Demp

April 6, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Before I become too infatuated with my Easter vacation, I want to write and keep you posted.

I hope you are well and also your family. I suppose "Betsy" is almost wrapped up.

I haven't written for days. Now, I'm completely out of the mood. That happens several times a year to me and when I return to my work, I am re-fueled of new ideas. I sent 30 poems into seventeen. I went to the library today. Latest are: - a big, thick book "Outline of Literature," "A Little Treasury of American Poetry," "The Little Minister," "The Immortal Lovers" (Browning's) and "Betsy and Joe."

Our Passover holiday arrives this week and we'll be busy getting ready.

(2)

There is little else to tell except I wish
you a Happy Easter.

Affectionately,
Libby Demp

298 Rockfield Street
Philadelphia 39, Penna.
Tilly Domb



Mrs. M. H. Lovelace
63 Wyatt Road
Garden City,
N. Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. M. H. Lovelace

63 Wyatt Road,

Garden City,

N. Y.

June 26, 1952.

Miss Libby Demp

29 South Redfield Street, Philadelphia 39, Pennsylvania

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

I've been wanting to write you for weeks, but I just couldn't get around to it until now, and with a fan going, iced tea at hand, the radio playing, and a pair of pajamas that is nothing more than a few straps going different directions, I hope I can finish this one.

I guess you can gather from my authentic description that it's pretty hot right now. The Weather Man expects this to be the hottest 6/26 on record. No relief in sight either, so I guess the best thing to do is to think it's snowing!

I have a lot to write. I wanted to say so much, but a heap of it slipped my mind, but maybe it will come to me as I go along.

First, I hope "Betsy I. T. G. W." is almost finished. I'm dying to read it and I imagine you want a rest yourself. How does Merian feel now that she is out of college? What is she going to do?

My writing mood was gone for approximately three months. What I did write was very poor indeed and I lost all interest. During that period I had a great deal of self-confidence and was quite uninhibited. Now that the mood is returning, I've begun to see things as I once did, more picturesque and more poetic. Luckily, the self-

confidence has remained plus the carefreeness. I've learned a lot too. I can't exactly explain it, patience perhaps, or understanding. Or even love. I know I am growing and learning. I am achieving little or much, I don't know for sure, but I am happy. I am very independent, I always was. I hate feeling cluttered in mind or body, for instance, I don't like long sleeved dresses. I hate being rushed or nagged. I think I have a very simple mind. I can't picture large numbers, a million or such. I want very little, I like to buy clothes, etc., but it scares me and I usually drag my sister with me when I buy something important and when I buy something on my own I'm very discontented with it. Sometimes, I save and save to buy something, and other times I run right out and blow it. There is little I want out of life for the future, just my writing and like any girl, marriage.

Ann Linn is moving again, she just moved from Germantown to Oxford Circle (parts of Philly). This time she is moving to Flushing, Long Island and how I'm going to miss her. She is the most wonderful friend I ever had and since she has been so close by for the last two years, I'll feel terrible. She may marry, I don't know, but things will never be the same again. We have been so close. Of course, she and I will visit each other, but it will never be like picking up the telephone and dialing her number. We have been friends for six years now through Philly, Long Branch, Bayonne, Sparta, East Orange, Germantown, O. Circle, and soon, Flushing. Her family has been superb to me, they've really shown me the world, and Ann has helped me gain poise and per-

I expected. It was a beautiful day though and it was fun.

I am so glad I passed everything. School ended on 6/24, and yesterday and today are my vacation days. Tomorrow I start summer school for advance Sales work. I thought I was going to fail bookkeeping and typing, but I came through fine. My marks were English C, Health B, Gym C, Bkkg. D, Sales A, Typing C, History A, Cooperation A+. I'll be working after Summer School and I'll be kept busy, but it will be fun too. I want to read quite a bit, but not too much because my eyes have started to go bad a bit, and I had to get glasses. Yesterday, I started to take oil-painting lessons at Gimbels. The lessons are free and the only requirement is that you buy your supplies there. I went with a friend, but she grew disgusted and walked out. I stayed and loved it. I started a cool scene of a little house in the country in the Springtime. I've always wanted to paint and I'm so glad I'll have something "extra" to putter with this summer. I convinced my friend to come back next Wednesday. The classe consisted of older women mostly, and everyone was very nice and friendly which pleased me immensely.

I don't know whether I told you or not that we got a 3-speed portable Webster phonograph and it's so relaxing to listen to uninterrupted music when I come home. I occasionally buy some records when I splurge. I got the American in Paris, LP record and Auf Wiederseh'n Sweetheart. I want to get some classics, but of course, everything in it's time (financially, that is!)

Miss Libby Demp

29 South Redfield Street, Philadelphia 39, Pennsylvania

sonality. Ann has a way about her that draws her to everyone. People love her so much. She is fun, and serious too. She makes friends easily and she has always been popular. She understands me and we've had such wonderful memories. Everything we do is fun. We think the same things, we laugh at the same things, we know what to do with what. We've not the same religion or the same age, but together we have found so very much that we will never forget each other.

I spent last weekend at Ann's. We took flash pictures to bring back the wonderful time we had. When I get the pictures, I'd like to send you some. I don't believe I've ever sent pictures of Ann and I know you understand our friendship having had such a similar one with Tacy and Tib. And I feel you are also my friend, and a very close one indeed. Although I've never met you, I know what you are like. I keep your picture on my desk and the book you sent, but you are always near me whenever I write. I have all your letters, the book-covers from your books, the articles written about you, and all the advice you have given.

Soon, I will have to get dressed to go to work, but I'll keep writing when I come home, tonight, tomorrow, etc. I want to write to you.

Our class trip was nice, but I hated to see the sorority and non-sorority students so separated and cold to one another. But it was exactly as

Miss Libby Demp

29 South Redfield Street, Philadelphia 39, Pennsylvania

I'm going upstairs to dress now because I have to go into work. Yesterday and today I'm taking it easy. Tomorrow summer school starts. So if you'll excuse me for now.....

Back again. After work.

I have not been doing any serious reading. First, because I didn't have the time and secondly, I wasn't interested. I read books like Knock on Any Door (very good, I thought) and the Well of Loneliness (disheartening, but something we should all know about.) I read Cyrano de Bergerac for a book report and although some of it was a bit beyond me, I enjoyed much of it and I greatly appreciated the humor. I want to get in more serious reading this summer. I'll read a lot on subways, and at work. But in respect of my eyes, everything will have to be in moderation. Again, I am reading Lost Horizon. Last summer I was so enchanted by it that I am repeating the experience.

I don't think I'll enter the Seventeen contest. Personally, I don't think I'm up to it as a writer. I have little ambition at the present time to do anything but poetry. In fact, I have little ambition to do very much at all. Seventeen returned all 30 poems, rejected, but I guess it's little more than I expected.

Recently, the Philadelphia Inquirer held the Music Festival at Municipal Stadium. There were many stars there.....Eddie Fisher, Johnny

Ray, Billy Williams Quartet, Jane Froman, Mar-
querette Piazzette, Sammy Kaye, Ed Sullivan, City
Service Band of America, Victor Borge, and many
others. We were sitting up on the 70th row and
I thought it was like sitting on top of the world.
I watch the sun set beautifully, first vivid, then
in a sort of haze, and finally sailing away into
night. All around I could see the city about and
below was the entertainment. I felt like ¹King, ~~4~~
almost, watching over my possessions.

I wrote a poem for Ann Linn which I enclosed
with her belated birthday gift. I didn't show
it to anyone except Ann, but I'd like to show
it to you.

I couldn't find a card for you
No matter how I hunted
So I wrote this one for you
To say just what I wanted.

The years are many,
The years are true,
It's been fine to have a friend
Like you!

Birthdays are golden doorways
That lead to better days
To better thoughts, to better deeds
And to better ways!

Who can say for the future?
In the days that are to be?
Who can tell the tidings
Of the years that come, then flee?

Miss Libby Demp

29 South Redfield Street, Philadelphia 39, Pennsylvania

Friends through thick and thin
Friends through mud and tears
Friends, forever,
Friends, throughout the years.

Let me belately, wish you
All the best to be
All that's right and good and true,
It's not enough for a friend like you!

Forget this rhythm,
Forget this rhyme,
Just lets be friends
To the end of time.

My art class friend did a sketch of me thinking the other night and I was really surprised because she showed considerable talent. I think everyone has a hidden talent and moreover, I'm beginning to understand people from two main instances. First, from Dale Carnegie's book "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and from a boy I met in May. I saw him once, but he had so much self-confidence and understanding of people that he left his mark on me. I know growing is an accumulation of many things, not of one thing alone. Everyday, I am learning and gaining much. Still, however, I am much more at ease with adults.

I came across a picture of a scene (it looks like Italy to me). I think I'd like to have a studio there. Since I couldn't accurately

describe it, I'm enclosing it for you to see also. I think it's beautiful and I think to write in the room above the stairs would be lovely and to look out and see the exquisite hills and water, flowers, and villiage! If I lived there I'd call it the Pastel Paradise.

I hope you have a pleasant summer and when Fall rolls around I shall look forward to seeing Betsy I. G. W. on the bōōk-selves.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your affectionate reader,

Libby Demp



WISELY, SAFELY
U.S. SAVINGS



Mrs. M. H. Lovelace
63 Wyatt Road
Garden City,
N. Y.

7/18/52

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I received your very nice card today from Mass. I hope you have a very pleasant vacation. I know you must have had a very tough time getting the book finished, but I am glad the task is finished -- especially since I'll be able to read it at last. Laurel Lake looked absolutely lovely on the card. It looked sort of Minn., I thought (but of course I'm no authority since I've never seen either!)

I really have been working. I've only been getting about five hours sleep each night. Summer school is very hard this year. There is so much to do -- too much, in fact. I get up early each morning and do homework, then dash to summer school (it takes an hour to get there.) I spend about 2 hours there. Then I run to work. Work 'till five, come home, do homework until the wee hours in the morning. Go to sleep completely exhausted. Everything seems a little harder with the hot, humid weather we've been having for quite a spell. But I am getting something out of all this work. For instance, yesterday, we had to give talks in front of the class about our imaginary businesses. I spoke to the class and I noticed a silence falling over the class. I got their complete attention. When I finished the teacher nearly agast me. He said I gave the finest talk of anyone and that it compared with the rest of the work I had been doing. He was so complimentary, but I went through it blushing but without any head effects! Then today we had a 2 hour, 5 page test and the teacher went around marking manuals. He looked at mine and said, "You know, Libby, in my business you don't get much money or much enjoyment, but once

in a while we run into a student like you and it makes it all seem so worth-while." I was so very happy, I felt very good. It made all the work seem minor and most important I like the work and the teacher and that is probably the reason I'm doing so well. So far, I've gotten the highest marks in the major tests and I hope today's test was a repeat performance! Our manuals are dedicated to a business. Everyone went into an imaginary business (Gift and Card for me) and we follow the same steps as a merchant -- capital, stock, inventories -- etc. It's all very hard, but very interesting.

Dear Ann has moved to Flushing, L. I. and in about a week or so, she'll be moving on to West Chester, Conn. I miss her terribly and I am very lonely. The other kids bore me, and perhaps, that sounds superior, but Ann was always the most perfect friend in the world, understanding, kind, everything! We've written since, but of course, it can't fill her place. I have been moody and sad. And Ann may marry soon. She hasn't said so in so many words, but the boy she loved most has returned to her and they are very happy. If she married, I'll miss her more than ever. Things will never be the same again, but I wish her all the very best in the world always.

We may go down Atlantic City the last week of August for a vacation. I can use one, but although it may sound silly, I'll worry of ^{MY} dog Fuzzy very much. I told some girl that the other day and she laughed at me. I felt terribly hurt about it, but I know you will understand. I am five years more mature than most kids ^{my} age, and I'm ~~not~~ bragging. I have observed others. This might be called the Period of Self Discovery, but I've found some traits in

can
myself that other people lack and which they/
use. And of course, I could use some of their
traits, but some of them I'm glad I'm missing
~~XXXXX~~, too!

I haven't done much reading at all --
my eyes are bad now, and reading hurts them
so. But I am using the power of observation
and understanding, and am learning a lot
there. I know you know what I mean.

Enclosed is a poem I wrote when it was
raining the other day.

I will write soon again. My best re-
gards to yours, and to you as ever, I remain,

Your affectionate
reader,

Lily Damp
D

Un-named as of yet.

SOMETHING PRETTY ABOUT THE RAIN,
SOMETHING I CAN'T QUITE EXPLAIN,
SOMETHING TENDER, SOMETHING SWEET
SOMEHOW COMFORT FROM THE SUMMER HEAT.

SOMETHING THOUGHT ABOUT ITS GRACE,
SOMEHOW CARESSING A LOVER'S FACE,
SOMETHING DESCENDING FROM SOMEPLACE ODD,
SOMETHING SENT BY ALMIGHTY GOD!

Libby Demp

August 2, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace?

Just a few lines to keep you posted.

I suppose you are still in Massachusetts and having a wonderful time. I know you needed a rest so much.

I am still working very hard at school. We have only to the 15th of August. I like the class very much and they are all interested in each other's imaginary business. For instance, yesterday I was up in front of the class for 55 minutes, speaking about my business and the kids & teacher plied me with questions. There was also a student

teacher observing me. The class got me confused and the teacher & kids came to my rescue. It's almost like a court and I'm still not finished my talk. But it's a wonderful idea for you lose a lot of your self-consciousness there. The teacher got a big kick out of it and winked at me. And when the little debates started I had to keep on my toes. Too bad there aren't more classes like that!

My friend Ann is in Long Branch now - before going on to West Chester, Long I

(3)
Island. She is going to ^{be} supervisor over the Clerical Dept. and she says responsibility agrees with her fine!

Ann helped me with a problem I had for a few weeks. During that time I hated myself, believe it or not. I couldn't stand myself, but now I have made up with myself???? and feel fine again.

It was a hot July,
almost everyday in the

Cute
Little
Messenger

A 121-3
COPYRIGHT
RUST CRAFT BOSTON, U. S. A.

This is Especially
for You



8/12/52

Dear Mrs. Lovelace:

I trust you are still in Massachusetts and having a grand time. I hope that holds true for your family also. What is Merian going to do now that she is out of college? Become a writer? I certainly hope the weather there is better than here - hot, humid, damp.

Just 3 days left to summer school and I couldn't be happier! I should most likely get the best mark in my class because I really threw my heart and soul into it. We finally turned in our manuals last Fri-

day, thick & bulging. I made the cover out of colored pipe cleaners and it looked real sharp! My marks all along have been very high - in 5 out of 6 tests I had the highest mark in the room & in the other I was next highest. I didn't get to bed until 4:00 & 4:30 in the morning, but I learned so much - it was really worth it.

When S.S. ends I'll try to get in some good reading at last. I do a little more writing - poetry mostly, but I have an idea for a story & maybe something will come out of it (I hope!)
My friend Anna Levin

still hasn't found "home" yet. She is in White Plains now and poor girl, she's beginning to feel lost.

We intend to spend the last week of August in Atlantic City and my sister & brother-in-law will take care of Fuzzy.

I want to get in some more oil-painting lessons and also, I want to take dancing lessons because I'm a miserable dancer and it's so important to develop my poise. I'm re-reading "How to Win Friends & Influence People" by Dale Carnegie. I read it before, but I have lost a tremendous amount of my self-confidence and I am left with a feeling of inferiority.

I still miss Ann very much and I am having trouble finding someone to take her place.

Hoping to read "Betsey in the Great World" soon, I remain, hoping also to hear from you soon.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Demp

P.S. I know you'll like the Godey ladies!

THE NEW LOOK
IN
THE 1870'S

*from Godey's
Lady's Book,
the popular
monthly magazine
of that
period*



Hart's Notes
A 111-6
RUST CRAFT
BOSTON, U.S.A.

FASHION PLATE FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, 1870

8/17/52

Miss Libby Demp - 29 South Redfield Street - Philadelphia 39, Penna.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace;

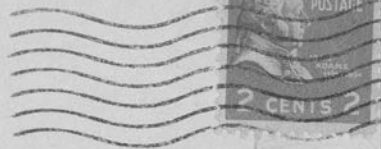
Just wanted to tell you summer school has ended at last and I couldn't feel better about the whole thing! I got a 92 -- the highest of anyone, next highest was 85!

We're leaving on our vacation to Atlantic City next Sunday (Aug. 24 to the 31). I can hardly wait to lie in the sun and hear the ocean roaring in!

Oh yes, I met a very nice girl in summer school who wants to be a writer too. I like her very much, will be seeing her a lot.

Let me know when "B. I. T. G. W." hits. I'm ready and waiting!

*As ever,
Libby Demp*



Personal Post Card

Mrs. M. H. Lovelace

63 Wyatt Road

Garden City,

N. Y.

November 27, 1952.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

First, I must apologize for not writing in such a long, long time and to thank you sincerely for the very sweet cards which you send especially for me. They bring a 'glow' into my life and I certainly appreciate them.

As you probably expect, I am learning and experiencing new things every single day. I am really maturing and observing the things you always told me to see, but until now my senses were not quite aware of them. I am keeping busy and planning.

I wish I could have told you before this about "Record Staff". It is the only big thing in my school life. Just yesterday we finished our Yearbook. Those who were apprentices last term were placed on the staff this year. We have a special English class last period and we call it "Staff English". Our teacher is the kind I've yearned for so long, real literary if you know what I mean. She is rather masculine in her ways and many times quite sarcastic, but no doubt about it--she knows her business. We have learned so very, very much this term. We started with the novel and spent quite some time on it, then poetry, the essay, the short story, article, the drama, and now "Hamlet"! Our class is very informal--Miss Gross talks and we, individually, copy notes as we see fit. Therefore, the contents differ somewhat. She mentions books, plays, music, art. We can subscribe to the "New York Times" if we wish for a dime per week. And I do. Every Friday is our free day when we work on the Yearbook. Occasionally, we listen to records of the poets. For instance, Robert Frost reciting his work, or John Gielgud, or Walter Huston. We learn philosophy along with it, and life, and the appreciation of the finer things. Everyone must keep a journal of his daily life containing comments about "Staff", our views, incidents. In this journal must go a report on a novel, reports on six poems, a play, an article, two short stories, an essay, a trip to some cultural organization, a famous persons list, and a vocabulary list. It is some job really and requires

almost constant attention. Several times I neglected it and found myself in a rut. Each journal is marked and Miss Gross sees everything--not only punctuation, but your ideas and thoughts, and she comments on them. My first journal had no requirements completed so I received a "C" for it, but that even was quite some mark considering how little substance I had in it. Of course, I expressed myself avidly, and she told me she thought it was wonderful. My second journal received a "B plus" and that is also good because my requirements are still missing quite a bit. She said she expects my next journal to receive an A. I write long entries usually and give myself a chance to air out. She is interested in my literary aspirations and in spite of her sarcasm, I believe she is really fond of me. I read "Great Expectations" for my novel and really enjoyed it immensely. I visited the Art Museum and found it intriguing. (I will return there again.) And through it all, I have learned much about grammar and construction. The more I learn the more I realize how much I have yet to learn. I have found so much in life, beauty means so much now. I can understand people much better and in knowing them I have forgot^{on} a great deal of my own shyness. I realize my own depths and I have come to learn I am not one of those run-of-the-mill fluffy, puffy girls, but that I am more Bohemian in my ways, and I am losing my fear because I know I am different. I want something out of life, and perhaps I am a bit ruthless, but if that is what I was cut out to be then I shall not attempt to change fate. I do not want to be cruel, I am not that, but neither do I want to be stepped on anymore--I had quite enough of that. I see now the many different personalities in this world. I don't try to alter my moods, I have come to see we cannot push ourselves in and out of them, but that they must come, as they surely will. I want to travel and do things and be myself. I see the scum in people, and also their goodness. I don't take the dirt that the snobs used to dish out on me. I see them now as they really are and I can laugh in their false faces. I know myself much better and my possibilities. I see now how important college is and I will try in whatever ways available to educate myself where

ever I can. I sent a letter to the University of Penn and asked for information about their night school of journalism. I don't know what will come of this, it could be too expensive, or my requirements may not fit. (I will let you know the outcome.) It will be a terrific job to work and attend school at night, but perhaps there is a way. Physically, I am not too strong, and I tire easily, but I am about as good as most. I had to quit my job at the paper company because everything started to go haywire including me. Now I have much more time and I rest more. I feel God during my days, and I look to Him, and try to rest my worries with Him. That, perhaps, is my biggest accomplishment.

Ann Linn is in the Air Force now in Texas, and a piece away from my life. I visited her in Newark (where she was living then) before she left and we visited N. Y., and in going there I came to know more of people. I was amazed at what I saw, and I want someday to visit there again. Of course, it was hard to lose Ann, but now I take everything with a grain of salt, and I feel it is her life and I cannot control destiny more than a mite so I don't try.

My sister Yonia is taking once-a-week lessons in fashion designing (that is her wish from life) and she too is striving to accomplish something in our world. However, the course is on an amateur basis, and come January she wants to start professional schooling at night. That may have something to do with my own knowledge for perhaps only one of us can be able financially to lift learning. I see now the narrowness of my Mother's understanding now and her outlook on life. She wants us to be fine, and beautiful, and cultured, but she does not entirely realize the need for professional teaching. I love her dearly, naturally, but in my new learning I can see her own crevices and I can also, at the same time, see her point of view. I want so much now, so much freedom and understanding of others. My Mom judges Yonia and I by our sister Bella who had no particular talent and was quite masculine. She expects us to be as she was at our age, and we're not so she thinks we're not as nice. I can see now the wrong in my Mother's

confinement at home. I am glad she is working the Xmas season at Wanamaker's so she can meet people, and broaden her outlook on life. It will help her considerably. I don't believe in speaking frankly as I have to you about her that I have been disrespectful in any way. I now see the good and the bad, and I think you will agree with me that it is important for writers to think as such. Just as I know my own many, many faults, I can find those of others.

In History we are taught much about the imperfections of our own government. At first I was shocked, but now I see the many, many improvements which we greatly need. The recent election came at a very convenient time for we were studying political parties. This year, the election meant so much more to me in so many ways.

We were all quite worried recently because my dog Fuzzy had to have two operations, but as it turned out he is coming along fine.

I thought it was so sweet of you to look for my home via California and I would have been more than glad to welcome you. Please feel free to visit me anytime when you are in this locality. I suppose you must have had a lovely time on your trip. As of yet, I have not read Betsy, but intend to do so shortly. I am sure it is receiving the loudest applause you have ever had, and you well deserve for I know how long and hard you worked to complete it. What ^{have} is Merion doing now? Does she miss college? Do you ^{have} plans for a new book? Oops, or did I speak too soon?

My dancing class is coming along just fine. My own dancing is greatly improved, Thank Heaven, and I am looking forward to doing even better still.

The big social thing in my life at this time is my Prom which is coming up Dec. 13th at the Broadwood Hotel. As you know, I have my gown, a real beauty, and I now have added white satin slippers. I need some other items, but they will have to come gradually. My date is a very sweet boy who I have dated a few times, and whom

I know fairly well. He is tall (5'11"), well-built, blond with brown eyes, and has a wonderful sense of humor. He is two years older than me, and we are both looking forward to the big night.

Music is more a part of me now than it ever was before. I have taken a greater interest in the classics, and am trying to cultivate something in opera. I have not seen any plays, or operas this seasons. I can't for a while because the Prom is a terrific expense, but there is time for that in the future.

I have come to know the importance of time. It frightened me terribly while I was working and had to keep pushing, pushing, pushing in order to accomplish things, but now I find beauty with it.

The Dictionary and Rogets Theasurus have made my acquaintance and I consult them frequently.

I have a little study in my bedroom. I made a desk on a card table. I hung up the nic-nac shelf, and scattered my precious books, some pictures, and I have your photograph on my desk. There is not too much furniture in the room, and it is the coldest place in the house, but somehow going in there is like entering a sanctuary (or a deep freeze!).

My poetry comes out sometimes, nothing very good yet, but it does have some feeling. (I have learned even to criticize my own work, and now, I don't dare send my work to a publisher of any kind.) I wrote the Class History for the Record. It was assigned to be done in 600 words and was the longest writing job anyone had to do. I beat around the bush for weeks and couldn't settle down to it. Then one night I knew I'd better do it or else, so I wrote it in 3 hours and didn't think much of it, but the editor loved it and said Miss Gross was crazy over it. I still don't think it's any good, but if they feel it is I'm not going to change their minds!

Miss Gross lent me a book--"This Trade of Writing" by Edward Weeks and it gives some very good advice. It

explains frankly the writing game. I have been introduced to the "Poetry" magazine along with a lot of other fine books, all by Miss Gross. By the way, in my journal your names comes up quite often, and Miss Gross is ^{very} much interested in what I have to say about you and all that you have taught me.

I am looking ahead to graduation January 22nd, '53. It will be the end of all this childishness of the high-school snobs, the end of a lot of fun, and friendships, but it will also be the beginning of my desire to do things. I will probably get a job in an office during the day. I don't want to do too much typing as that will cut the kick of writing at night. I'd like very much to meet people. In fact, I miss my work at the paper company, not so much for the paycheck, but for the slice of humanity I saw daily. I want to read all those books I've mentioned in my journal, and the classics (I know their importance now.) Miss Gross has taught so much about the art of writing that I want to attempt it, especially that stream-of-consciousness method. I even know more about the construction of poetry. I could never pay in money the riches that have come into my life lately. *The journal is the writing I do now though strictly personal and definitely not for publication!*

I know this letter has been a great deal of repetition such as "I knowI have learned so much", etc., but I have been wanting to tell you about it all for so long. I felt you would like to know the occurrences during my ~~so~~ absent letters.

I will let you know the outcome of the Prom, of Penn, etc.

Please give my sincerest regards to Merion, and Delos, Betsy, Tacy, and Tib. (Please thank the latter three for signing the card.) And to you, my best wishes.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate reader,

Libby Demp

The book arrived this morning a little after I had finished unwrapping my other presents (just as last year) and it shot a warmth in me that is undescrivable. I can only say thank you again from the bottom of my heart and I hope sincerely that you have a merry Christmas and glittering New Year in which the hope you have inspired will be returned to you.

Again, thank you.

My regards to your family and my love to you.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Demp

Libby Demp

December 25, 1952

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Your very lovely gift arrived this morning and I can't thank you enough. It was very thoughtful of you. It was certainly a wonderful thing for you to do for me and I will never in all my life forget your kindness. You have been so good to me in the past, a real friend. I thought the inscription to be so perfect (I don't think even Shakespeare could have topped it) and it is so appropriate - particularly because I am graduating next month. I am positive I will enjoy this book as I did all the others in the same admiring way. I feel very humble, but proud also that I know you. You have brought an inspiration into my life that will shine in the future. As a writer you deserve the highest praise and as a person you can't be beat.

1-12-53

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Before I say anything I want to tell you how much I enjoyed "Betsy and the Great World". You have captured the magic of travel and broadened the scope of the eye. Of course, it is hard to say which of your books I consider my favorite, but, Mrs. Lovelace, this one is a really beautiful thing. It is fine that I never have to leave my chair, yet, I can be in Venice, or Paris, or wherever Betsy is. Delightfully, you gave a homey touch even to these enchanting places. You presented culture, languages, literature, everything! And the part about Marco--I loved that! You made falling in love so beautiful and romantic. The people seemed really alive, as if they could step out from any sentence and become alive. I know in the past how you bared yourself in order to make your writing vivid. I just adore Betsy's thoughts, setting her hair, her teeth, faults. Betsy's personality is pure joy. I bubbled over with laughter when Betsy's nightcap went floating away over the solemn main. The clothes, the gifts, the descriptions--wonderful! Please tell Vera Neville the illustrations were perfect, even they captured the breeziness of the trip. Mrs. Lovelace, thank you for writing such a lovely book. But most of all, the loveliness could have never ascended if they hadn't been presented by a lovely person such as you. The beauty of the story lies in its beautiful author. Three cheers!

I don't know how long this letter will take to write--more than tonight, anyway, I think. I have been meaning to write for so very long and tell you these new and strange things.

Well, most of all, I am just about to enter that Great World. I am scared stiff. And I feel rather funny inside, sort of like a lump swelling up. It is hard to think that all of this is coming to an end, or a boiling-point, or something. I

the University of Penn might accept me, it would be a tremendous grind while I'll be working during the day. Penn's course is 7 years to get a B. A. and a loaded roster. It would be very broadening because they have many applied subjects along with journalism, but a stretch of 7 years is a long, long time to me. Naturally, it doesn't mean that I'll have to stick seven years. But this other course is sponsored by the Poor Richard Club and runs approximately \$40.00 per course. At the close of two years it will have cost approximately \$160.00. At the close of the course, I will be qualified for a beginner's job on a newspaper, and if I keep punching I should be able to find a spot in the other fields. It is a good course presented by a fine faculty. My first year subjects will include Journalism I, Short Story Writing I, and Industrial Journalism. The second year subjects: Journalism II, Short Story Writing II, and Public Relations. It is one night a week lasting about 3 1/2 hours which is in itself quite a bit. And at the end of two years if I feel up to it, I'll go on to more complicated work at Penn or one of the other colleges in the vicinity. This first course is a good basic and should be good for a person such as myself who needs to get the fundamentals fast. Then, afterwards, I can take related subjects on my own-- history, psychology, drama, and perhaps at the Junto stuff like art appreciation, jazz appreciation, personality building, a language--French or Spanish, maybe German, gracious hostess, travel, they offer so very, very much, and things which would be so good for me personally. I will try to send you a bulletin of the C. M. Price School so you can get an idea of what I'll be doing, and if you think it is worth-while. As you can see, the next few years of my life, are going to be very important ones in determining once and for all, if I can or cannot write. There is no other course open to me, I think you know, because of my half-Academic, half-Commercial schooling. Penn has very high requirements, but as long as I am learning, isn't that most important

always knew this time would come, but not so soon! I walk thru the halls of my high-school and think can all this be ending? Is this the finale of all those days, good, bad, and indifferent? I'll recall all those days. All these dear, old, familiar things. I want to leave it all, and yet, strangely, I do not. Nothing will change the coldness I feel for the snobs, the sororities, and the fraternities. I hate those deeply because they have hurt me so much. I know, now, that much of it was brought about my own shyness. But the things like the sunshine shining on the desks, and the tests, cramming, the teachers who trod the halls year after year and they are really human after all, they teach the same things year after year, their dull, quiet routine, the marble staircases, the names of poets and writers written high above the stage of the East Auditorium, the names carved on desks and seats, I'll remember them with much fondness. I want to cry at my leaving. This time went so very swiftly. Three years here? Never, well anyway it dosen't seem possible. And all I never learned at all. Now, I realize the inefficiency of the school system. I have determined that if I ever have children of my own they will go to private schools. I know just about next to nothing. Seventeen years old and I haven't read the great books, so much right here in Philadelphia that I didn't even think existed. All those letters you wrote to me and told me what to do, and I neglected so much, and now I'm sorry I've been so stupid. I have a lot of lost time to make up, and it will take forever to do it, and even that isn't enough time. I just took for fact that I was intelligent, and that was that. Now I know intelligence without knowledge is really stupidity after all. I have a perfectly good set of brains, but I've let them sit and half rot. But thank God, at least I didn't let it all go to middle age, and then wake up like so many people do. I have lost just about every drop of self-confidence I ever had, if I ever had it, which I doubt. I can't even hold a conversation without shaking in my shoes for fear I'll

get stuck. Isn't that terrible? I've been half asleep. I've neglected my writing, and myself. My poor writer's eye is sick and I deserve this mental rut I'm in, but I'm going to do my darneest to educate myself. I'm teaching myself to listen to classical music on the radio and do things I don't want to do. And also to like myself. A part of my disillusionment springs from the fact that I don't believe in myself. I stand next to the snobs in school and think I'm ugly, and no good. Yet, I know there are far worst looking people in the world, and I know I have a heart and soul, and a mind, and a good body, and just about everything else everyone else has, but I threw it all into a bundle. High school has taught me to understand people, the meaning of success and failure, pain, love, hate, good, bad. Spiritually, it downed me to nothing. There's been fun in school, too, but it never ruled. Briefly, what I am going to do this year--read more books, (Miss Gross says one classic a month), and of course, the new novels--the ones that everyone is talking about--The Caine Mutiny, East of Eden, etc., more cultural activities--the art museums, lectures, theatres and concerts (when I can afford them), music, poetry, etc, etc. etc! I want to improve my appearance--stand straighter, save carefully for the clothes I've always wanted, etc. I want to love people and put into everyday, constant practice the principles from "How to Win Friends and People". I want to enrich the lives of those I know and meet. I shall try to write something everyday, no matter what it is, and even if I never finish it--at least, I'll have written it! I now see the polish and lustre my writing needs, and it dosen't deserve to sell now because it's horrible. And then, come September, I believe I'll be attending the Price School of Advertising and Journalism. It's a two year course. Miss Gross has had me apply for the Mabel Cheney Scholarship which is in the form of \$100.00 and if I come out, it will be a great help. However, I won't know until June about that. In the meantime, I must register at the school. And while I'm on this subject, I might as well say although

of all?

1-13-53

I used to dream about being a world famous author at eighteen, but now that I know a little something about writing, I realize the absurdity of it. I wanted to be just like Betsy, a published writer at seventeen, but now I don't think I'll be up to par for a long time to come.

Miss Gross has been a tremendous help to me, especially since the close of the Holidays. We had to have our final journals in before the vacation and throughout it I wrote freely and honestly, and I thanked Miss Gross for her teachings. She wrote that my thanks brought tears to her eyes. And that is when I learned another little lesson--that is, that no matter how intellectually above you someone is they always appreciate sincere compliments. I really did not think much could touch her, not from me anyway, but I learned differently. She has spoken to me several times since and lent me Writing: Advice & Devices (excellent, which I intend to buy.) And my Journal marks went up steadily. First, C, then B plus, now an A plus! She mentioned that another girl and I showed the most improvement. I enclosed a number of your letters in the Journal (I know you won't mind) and she was really very much impressed with them. So much, in fact, that she is going to purchase one of your books for a neice! Today she gave me three writers' magazines. She asked me in my Journal to keep in touch with her and I certainly will, probably thru correspondence. I doubt if I will have a chance to return to the school because I'll be working. I don't know where that is going to be yet. I was offered a job at Curtis Publishing as a clerk-typist, but rumor has it that they're not much to work for. The woman at the State Employment thought it might interest me since it has to do very, very vaguely with publishing, and Miss Gross said it would give me a little "Something". But I doubt if I'll accept that. The thought of constant day typing will kill the appeal of writing by night. And like

most other high-school girls I want to be a receptionist. Perhaps I want too much, but somehow I feel I can learn much by meeting people. My sister says in about six months I should have gained quite a bit of self-confidence. Well, I hope so.

My sister Yonia have become much closer than ever before since the autumn. We have long talks far into the night discussing people, clothes, spirit. I am going to let Yonia choose most of my clothes from now on in because she has beautiful clothes and although I have some taste I do not find satisfaction afterwards in what I buy. We decided our types and the adjustments necessary in order to meet it. I'm the girl-next-door, listening ("the eyes and ears of the world!") I look younger than I am, but feel ~~so much~~ older. Ye gads, what a cross!

My Prom was not as great a success as I anticipated. I suppose with things like that the shopping and planning are more than half of it. I wore a turquoise and white ballerina length gown, turquoise earrings, mitts, and shoes. I had a white pearl evening bag with a lace turquoise handkerchief peeping out. It all looked very well together. My date brought me two yellow orchids. However, at the Prom everyone was strictly show. Things like that are heartbreaking; they hurt. But my date couldn't have been nicer. He gave me one of the nicest compliments I've ever received when he said, "Libby, you look beautiful, as always." I almost popped! Throughout the entire evening (and it lasted a long, long time) he was so kind and considerate to me. I think I fell in love with him that night. Now, about all I can do is think of him morning, noon, and night. However, it's probably not serious at all because I've gotten crushes and all sorts of emotions over boys before. This time it's just a feeling of peace and quiet. (I'll send you some snapshots of us soon.)

A friend invited me to a concert by the Phila. Orchestra at the Academy. It was a special concert

presented by the Businessmen's Association. I really enjoyed, but I was slightly perturbed because I didn't just listen to the music, I thought along with it. I couldn't seem to relax. Of course, I was very disturbed by the incident of losing my precious ruby and gold class ring. (It flushed away.) All through the concert I imagined the ring floating along in space throughout my entire life. It's funny how I miss that little ring; I feel sort of empty without it.

At last, Mrs. Lovelace, you can shake my hand! At last, at last, at last I've learned to appreciate Shakespeare! I should have loved it from the start-- after all the Lovelace books brought me up on it! But I didn't. This term we read Hamlet. Miss Gross requested that we all visit the school library and glance through the Variorum Hamlet. Honestly, I never realized how much information existed on one play. I was overwhelmed. Then occasionally I'd come across a passage or a sentence while reading the play and I'd copy it down because I thought it was beautiful or worthy of thought. "Do not judge people by one phase of their character". "What should a man do but be merry?" Or "To thine own self be true" from Betsy In Spite of Herself. I love to sing through the songs of Ophelia's madness. But what really terminated this new understanding was "If the man go to this water and drown himself....he goes;...but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself;...he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life." That happened just the other day. I adore the way Shakespeare reversed the incidents; so clever. It took me awfully long to find his greatness, but I did and I'm so glad!

Having seen Lawrence Olivier's Hamlet several years ago I was able to grasp the play fairly well.

I will always thank God for letting me know and learn from Miss Gross. I have told her so much of you; she knows you too. Our public education system is inferior, but sometimes into our life comes a

teacher who puts emphasis on teaching; not discipline. I will never be able to forget her.

My sister Yonia and I are planning to spend Easter weekend in New York. I learned a lot from my last visit there, especially about people. Even Philadelphia seems like a small town after N. Y. C! Yonia has broadened her interest in art. I think I told you that she wants to be a fashion designer.

I hear occasionally from Ann Linn. She is very busy in the force. But I still miss her. Not many people have the zest and love for living that Ann does. Nor do many people have interest in others so much. We can learn so much from other people!

What is Merion doing now? How is her writing turning out?

Well, it has taken me two days to write this, but I've said most everything. In the meantime, I will be looking to Commencement, and Pomp and Circumstance. Oh, by the way the Record Book will be out next Tuesday. The Record Staff are looking looking forward to it. It should be about the best issue ever.

Again, congratulations on the success of Betsy in the Great World.

I think it would be well to end this letter with the same paragraph I ended my Journal. "So leading before me are the paths of my life. I hope my future is as happy as I propose. No matter what my cause on earth, or what my true destiny, I put my faith and happiness in the hands of my maker to guide me rightiously through this wilderness which has been called "Life".

As ever,
Your affectionate reader,

Libby Demp




Hallmark

January 16, 1953.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I thought you might
be interested in seeing
the enclosed.

Your affectionate reader,
Libby Damp



7/5/57

To Maud Hart Lovelace
who won the East,
now wins the West -
the twain has met.

From one of your fans,
Libby

59218

Miss Libby Demp
29 South Redfield Street
Philadelphia 39, Pennsylvania

July 4, 1954.

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I feel that I really owe you a letter.

It has been a long time since I've sat down and written you about the things I'm doing.

At nineteen I find myself a bit different than I was a few months ago. (I think we change very quickly in the late teens.) I'm somewhat more realistic, more sensible, less romantic. It's really too bad that we must grow up and loose all the imaginative thoughts we once had. Of course, we needn't loose them entirely, but we cannot stay children forever, and adulthood has so many wonderful advantages so it is nice to grow up too.

I do like being nineteen. I am no longer a child, not quite an adult. Life is very good to me. I am happy, I am normal, I am alive. At this stage one begins to appreciate the many things that were accepted so thoughtlessly before. For instance, home, family, a normal human body and mind.

We become rather unconventional--more ourselves. We begin to build up a set of

ideas to aid in our daily living. We begin to think about what we would like out of life, and how we will go about obtaining them. We now frown on certain things. (I once supposed that I would be world famous. I could never picture myself living an average life, doing average things, but now I see that I must.) Suddenly I don't believe everything people tell me or believe everything I read in books. (After all, writers can be wrong too!) College does not matter anymore. There is so much to absorb from life on my own steam. I am free--not tied down with studies. I can read what I want, eat what I want, choose my own clothes in fair taste. I can converse intelligently, listen attentively, be contrary if I feel I must. All this, I suppose, is a matter of becoming individual.

And then we get this urge to travel. Once we wanted to get away from it all. Now we want to go away so that we can come back again.

We think about someday falling in love--not the kind of love we once pictured--walking into a room and there He is--but love for love's sake--companionship. But this in a while. Not now. We don't want to settle down. There is too much we haven't done yet, too many places and things we haven't seen. We are just beginning to live--to branch out in freedom. We used to be afraid of boys (what could you say to them?) and now we discover that they like flowers, and art, and music, and books. All these years we've

hidden in shadows, and now, now we take a walk in the sun. Life is actually fun now-- we must work, of course, but we can't take it too seriously. We aren't going to stay there forever.

We're looking for something. We have a definite taste. We're decorating our own rooms. We must have space, bare space, not old Victorian clutter around us--Heaven forbid!

We have plans (thinking about applying for a Government job someday in the near future for work abroad--India perhaps, or Europe.)

We have lots of time now. We never need to hurry.

We, of course, are me--body and soul.

I find myself writing quite a bit of poetry nowadays. A lot of it is that crazy modern lingo, but I love experimenting. I started a book of poetry "Poems for Lovers Only", but that might limit me too much. I've been thinking of changing it simply to "Nineteen". Well, I'll see.

Seventeen is (still) holding my poem. A year and four months is an awfully long time.

I feel the need for reading great books, but I ran into trouble with "Crime & Punishment".

I just couldn't get interested so I put it aside. I hate doing that sort of thing, but also I hate boredom. Some of the Russians are o.k. however.

I have vacation on my mind now. Another girl and I are planning to bus up to Pittsfield, Mass., and stay in the Pittsfield & Lenox hostels (through the American Youth Hostels). We'll be close to Tanglewood (for the Music Festival) and Jacobs Pillow (glory of all glories for our dancing). By the way, ballet is over for the summer. Ballet is a fine experience (we learn so much about motion, form, anatomy, posture). In the fall I think I'll make the switch to modern & interpretive dancing. I think I'll find myself there.

And of course, I'll return to Chas. Morris Price, finish the course, and next year this time I'll have a big decision to make. If I'm not in The Field by then, I'll want to do something. Perhaps, spend six months in New York studying at the New School, or get the India idea started.

N.Y.C. was once the most wonderful place in the world, but when I went back there recently I decided it's too big, too crowded, too much of everything. It is still fascinating though, and I would like to live there awhile. (This, I imagine can be very disillusioning and lonely, but everything, of course, is a lesson in learning. And I must learn.)

Everyone asks why do I want to visit

India (of all places!) Well, India has always interested me. I want to see a different way of life, and India has beautiful scenery. What could be better for my writing?

I don't suppose I'll ever attain the heights I mapped out for myself long ago, but I'll probably always be writing--something.

This is a lesson in humility. We must all come downstairs sometime.

I find myself becoming domestic, wanting to become a better hostess, but I certainly don't want to wash dishes, clean or cook all the time. I want to stay free for a long, long time. But we never know--things change so quickly, or is it just us that change?

I am a member of the USO. We visit Fort Dix, Naval Hospital, nearby air bases, etc. I have learned so much doing this, and I haven't been doing this very long either. The hospitals are very, very, very disillusioning experiences. I will never forget some things there. We are always fussing about our faces, our noses, the way we are built, never stopping to think that we are blessed to have faces. Some people, I have found, don't. But here is when we are giving part of ourselves away. The camps are filled with complaining soldiers, but they are normal boys. And admit it, we go to the dances to extend our own social life. But at the hospitals there is only ourselves to give away

with little fun in return. And in doing this we learn to appreciate ourselves more. We learn much at the camps, we meet people from all over the country, we learn to handle ourselves, how to talk. All of this is a very broadening experience, and I'd say it's the best finishing school I know of.

I haven't sent a snapshot of myself for such a long time that you must I'm still in pigtails. The enclosed one was taken about a month ago in good old Manhattan outside the Clara de Hirsch Foundation for working girls where we stay in N.Y. (\$1.75 per night including breakfast!)

I certainly have enjoyed writing to you. I wonder how "Betsy's Wedding" is coming along? And Merion in Europe? Do you miss the East? What are your writing plans? I guess you could fill a book with everything you have found out in California. California living seems to be invading the rest of the country. I think it's the only distinct originality to influence the American way of life.

All my love to you, and best regards to your family, and friends of the Betsy, Tacy days.

Affectionately,
Libby

UPHOLSTERERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION

of North America



SAL B. HOFFMANN
President

AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

1500 NORTH BROAD STREET • PHILADELPHIA 21, PA.

TELEPHONE—POPLAR 5-7671

U.I.U. JOURNAL

September 21, 1954

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I am writing you c/o your daughter because I don't know your present address. I sent a letter out to you in Orange, but it was returned.

I was just thrilled to receive the announcement of Merion's wedding. I am sure she was a very beautiful bride. The announcement took me by a bit of surprise because I had miscalculated her return from Europe—in fact, I thought she was still there! It must have been a wonderful experience for her, and then a wedding—why it sounds like a dream!

I am not working at Sharp & Dohme anymore. Three cheers! Not that I didn't like it there—I really loved the people. But now I am working for a union newspaper. I am the assistant to the editor and the job includes proofreading, typing copy, some rewrites, layout, a lot of research, some art work, trips to the printer, and of course, the general office duties. I've been here three-and-a-half weeks and my boss has been here about two or three days out of the whole time because many things have come up. So I've been on my own mostly.

I'm not sorry I took this job, but I gave it quite a bit of consideration because it meant a big slice in salary. I was earning a fabulous salary at S & D for what I was doing and it spoiled me. I know you will agree with me that we must learn to sacrifice ourselves for what we really want.

Shortly before my vacation (oh, ages and ages ago) I received a letter from 'Seventeen' asking me if I would do an assignment for them! Would I! It was to be a 1000-word-or-more article about classical music—teenage preferences of composers, temporary artists, description and mention of various pieces, my own personal taste and how I came about it.

I had to do a fair amount of research and technical work, and my time was limited for awhile because I was on my vacation, and then in the midst of changing jobs. I managed to do an ennie amount of work in Boston (at the wonderful Public Library), but when I came home the bucket dropped! I listened to a number of

Comprised of—FURNITURE, BEDDING, CASKET, AWNING, CANVAS, DRAPERY and DISPLAY WORKERS and ALLIED CRAFTS

 (PRINTED IN U.S.A.)



recordings at the Parkway Library here and jotted notes, clipped reviews, bought a whole cascade of musical books, waded through magazines, searched for specific pieces that had some bearing to what I was trying to say and in general, lived the article.

You must realize that my musical knowledge was terribly limited. I had been to perhaps a half-dozen Phila. Orchestra concerts last winter, and several Robin Hood Dell sessions. I listened to classical music off-and-on; mostly when I was trying to provoke a mood or when I felt depressed! But inwardly I did sway more toward the classical side. So this article was really a wonderful benefit to me. I learned a great deal and music means much more to me now.

All-in-all, it was a most interesting and enlightening assignment. I sent it in--1150 words called "Music and You" and I'm still waiting for the results.

Now, I'm eagerly awaiting the start of school next week. This year my subjects will be Journalism II, Short Story Writing II, and Public Relations. I'm going to supplement them with ballet on Saturday mornings and (perhaps) oil-painting lessons at Gimbels'.

The big plans of the future are undecided just now. I have One Big Plan, however, for next summer. That is to fly out to Sacramento and visit my old friend Ann. She has just recently moved out there and just raves about the land. So I must follow suit.

I save a certain amount every week in hope that someday I'll reach my destination no matter how I get there. I do know that most likely it will be third-class--even if I sit on the wheels, and that all this winter and next spring I must learn to do without in order to make it, but I'm very determined.

I still remain a poet-at-heart. Most of my literary bits are poetry. I know there's hardly a future in it, but somehow I don't care. It just comes so naturally that I feel it's more me than anything else I do.

(i.e. poems)

I did some things/up in New Hampshire. I found the scenery deeply inspiring. The mountains were wonderful. We climbed one. It was being let loose, and rubbing your hands in Nature, feeling God, shivering in the mountain beauty and knowing we are a part of everything. Oh, how I loved it!

I do hope you are well. It has been a very long time since I've heard from you, but of course, you must be writing. And what is it? Has "Betsy's Wedding" come out? Isn't it funny that Merion's wedding should work in about then?

My best regards to your husband, daughter, and son-in-law. You've gained a son!

Your devoted friend,

Pibly

Took the liberty of reading this. since you
always let us. Hasnt she improved?
I really think she's turning into one
self-made gal in a million.

Address on envelop is 29 South Redfield St.
Phila. 39.

Love,
M

Oct. 18, 1954

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

I was so pleased to receive your very sweet card and such an unusual one! I just loved the Betty-Tacy sketches - such a wonderful idea!

I wrote you in care of your daughter because a letter I sent out to Claremont was returned "address unknown." Seems very peculiar, but I guess there was some sort of mix-up.

Biggest thing on the East coast right now is "Hazel." She was a very naughty hurricane.

New job is coming along well. The work is endless. I'll send you a copy of the UU Journal when it comes off the presses (probably day after tomorrow or so.)

School isn't as invigorating as last year (except for Sat. morning ballet classes).

and back already!

Reading? Mournfully, not as much as once. I am on some Shaw sketches, but I must buckle down - I must, I must, I must!

Still haven't heard from "Seventeen". I keep running home to look in the mail.

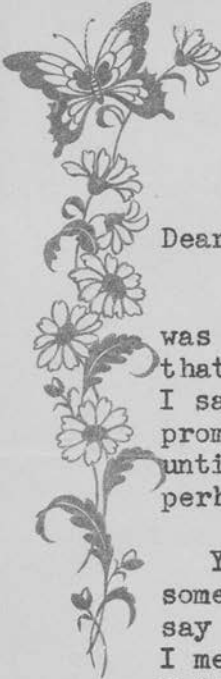
Poetry is still my love. I want to be a poet - Oh grant it, a poor, starving one, but better that than a contented sleepwalker.

I hope that someday you will write me, ^{all} about the weddings (Merion's & Betty's). In the meantime I know you are busy and happy. Please give my regards to Delos. The West sounds so very

Ballet has opened up a whole new world of breathing and living. Speaking of the dance -- saw Old Vic's "Midsummer Night's Dream," a very delicate and lovely production, but the dancing is tops. Also saw the great new musical "Penny". It'll run for years and years - has just everything; comedy, pathos, drama, a good plot, wonderful songs, James Starbuck's superb dances. Coming up: "South Pacific" and the Ballet Russe. I just can't miss any dance productions. All this, and trying to save a bit each week so that I can fly out to Sacramento next summer to visit my dear friend Ann and her husband. I just dream about California all the time - I've been there a thousand times

wonderful. I say this with complete truthfulness even though as I sit in the dusk of my office I can see the beautiful autumn sky & the distant city lights. Well, East is East & West is West.

Ever affectionately,
Libby
("Way Down East")




3/19/58

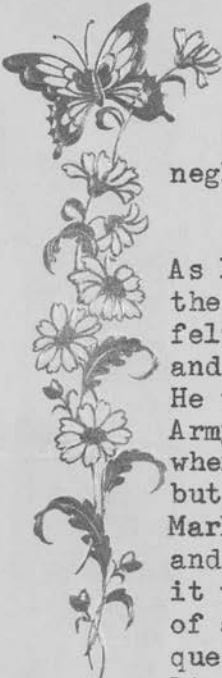
Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

My apologies for the lapse in correspondence. I was saving a photo story on the St. Paul Winter Festival that I had torn out from the N. Y. Times magazine--but I saved it so long, carting it from place to place, promising myself to send it tomorrow (always tomorrow) until I misplaced it completely SO I'm sorry. But perhaps you saw it yourselves or perhaps Merion sent it.

Yes, I did read the Drinker article. I had read it sometime before your letter came--it was as fine as you say and as shaming (for me). I recommended it to a woman I met in Creative Writing. By the way, I dropped Writing at Penn. The first week it was wonderful, I had a marvelous instructor, a small class (only six) in the graduate school (what a feeling), I came home INSPIRED. However, the school officials decided to combine the CW classes due to the low number of students and the new instructor was horrible. She's got a good writing reputation, but unfortunately she is not a good teacher. She scared me--I felt if I stayed she might do more harm than good--so I switched to American Literature Since 1925. The lit class is not stimulating (I should say the instructor isn't), but I'm learning a little and I'm not scared of being killed off anymore. But the lit isn't enough to satisfy me so I'm enrolled in a Great Books Leadership Course which I can't comment about because the flu kept me from the first session. (I'm still recovering and I am finding things to pass the time away--so many

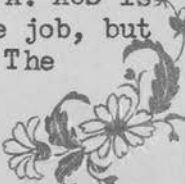


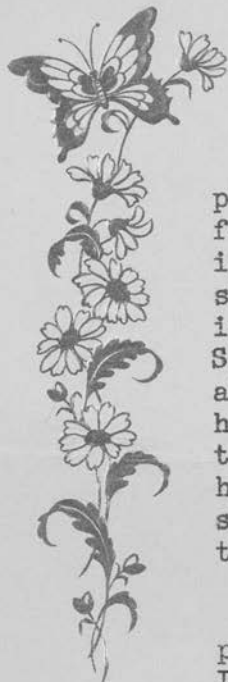
neglected things (like answering letters)).



Mark left school after the first of the year. As I told you last summer, he is a boy disturbed by the many things that have occurred in his life. He felt college was a financial strain on his father and on his mother's compensation, and for other reasons. He visited a recruiting office and enlisted in the Army--they'll be taking him soon, I don't know just when. Of course, the Army would have to come sometime, but Mark wants to get it over with once and for all. Mark, also, in a way, was rebelling against college and the ways in which a student must conform, at least it was so at Temple. He is, as you know, very much of a free thinker. He has a fine, original mind that questions everything and accepts very little. Professors like students to accept, to question nothing, many instructors are actually annoyed at questions. That was true even in Creative Writing where I asked a question and the teacher got red in the face and barked. One boy asked her what fiction is--he really didn't know--and she just assumed the question was silly. I think though you must listen to what the instructors have to say, but to find the answers through your own thinking. Anyhow, Mark spent two months finding a full-time job. He was working three afternoons atweek at the local NBC-TV station. Finally, last week he found a job as a copy writer for Snellenburg's Dept. Store.

Our future is very uncertain, as you can imagine. Two years away from Mark seems a very long time. I thought if Mark leaves this summer I would like to spend about a year overseas, working, but unfortunately, few jobs are available without at least a B. A. ACS is alright for a while--it isn't a very creative job, but I am learning administration and leadership. The





people are mostly deadheads--no humor, but I have found a friend Marion Skinner, a woman about 50 who is well read and has explored very deeply into life so we talk a lot and she has interested me in reading new people. She has lent me Ouspensky ("In Search of the Miraculous") and she is very positive about the why of life. Of course, I cannot accept her thoughts completely, she is a very persuasive talker, but I am finding some of the answers from her. She said she feels I'll arrive at my answers sooner than many people because I question and I think.

ACS is very busy just now, but after the campaign it will be gruesome with stagnation. Perhaps, I'll spend the lifeless summer creating little things. There is almost nothing to do during the summer I am told. It sounds horrible.

I expect no travelling summer, probably a nearby beach for about two weeks. Ann's younger sister plans to marry soon so perhaps Ann will roll across country.

I am very interested in the human values of my job rather than any phase of the work itself. The true professional kills himself I think by neglecting the fundamental problem in our work, I don't mean the pure professional, but the pseudo-professional who has acquired a veneer, a set pattern of approaching every problem. I haven't and I hope I never do.

Have a happy spring. Give my regards to Delos.

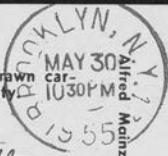
Love,
Libby





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will answer soon! Spending
the holiday in N. Y. C.
& having a pleasant time.
(I'm afraid though I'm
just a tourist at heart -
prefer Times Square to
the Zoo, etc!)

Affectionately,
Libby



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Stage Harbor
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P.S. Have kept a journal
of the whole trip!

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Space for Message

Hi from Hyannis!

I've been spending my
vacation in Boston & Hyannis,
visiting the Cape beaches, &
traveling out to Provincetown
for a day visit. Also had a
big thrill in flying my first
flight to Boston. We think
the Cape is lovely, the food
very tasty & the accommodations
excellent.

Affectionately,
Libby D.



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